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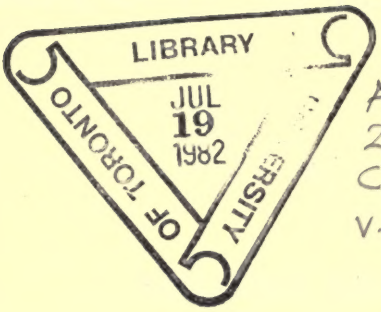

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THE

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THE MISSION OF LEO XIII.*

The Providential Mission of Leo XIII. is the title of a lecture delivered in Washington by the Rector of the Catholic University, and published for general circulation. It was a sort of Jubilee offering "laid as a tribute of reverence and affection at the feet of Leo XIII." The object of the lecture is to show that in the providence of God the Papacy, in the person of the present Pontiff, is engaged in infusing a Christian element into the movement of the nations of the world towards more democratic institutions. That as Pius IX. found it necessary to act mainly as a restraint upon that movement, because it was in his time premature and was then almost wholly under the guidance of the enemies of religion, so the present Pope can safely act upon it in a different spirit.

"To Leo XIII.," says the lecturer, "God has assigned the task of at least inaugurating this adjustment of the church to the new circumstances of the world, and Providence had admirably fitted him for so delicate and important a mission. . . . With the clear and practised eye of a philosopher, a theologian, and a statesman, he had scanned the life of the world, had noted the throbbings of its pulse, had watched the ways of Providence, and he knew that those ways, though often obscure to us, are always right."

Bishop Keane's lecture assumes as a fact, what is indeed evident to all, that the church and the world are entering on new ways. The conflict of views arising herefrom has divided and placed in antagonism among themselves the Catholic people of France, Spain, and Italy. The Holy Father has steadily incul-

* *The Providential Mission of Leo XIII.*: A Lecture. By John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

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cated "that the church is not wedded to any dynasty, or to any particular species of social organization; that she does not consider any form of government as necessarily hostile or injurious to her; that she has no fear of any result which the providence of God and the due development of nations may bring forth" (p. 16, 17). The lecturer then points out how, in dealing with Germany and other nations, the Pope followed up this statement of principle by his assertion of the rights of conscience, and by his good will towards all lawful efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes. On p. 25 he shows how the Holy Father in all this is by no means favoring that false liberty advocated by Mazzini and Socialists and Atheists, but the true spirit of the age, asserting man's inalienable rights. The lecturer refers to the Declaration of American Independence as the fit proclamation of those rights, and as the public avowal of their having God and not man as their author, "and their basis in man's relationship with God." Hence the liberty-loving tone of the Holy Father's famous encyclicals, on the Christian Constitution of States, on the Principles of Education, on Human Liberty, and on Slavery. Finally, he explains the attitude of the Holy See towards Italy, and ends with a beautiful and touching account of the Pope's private life.

Now, it is by no means wonderful that such a lecture should have been given by an American prelate. But it is significant that it should be printed in Rome in a French translation at the Propaganda Press, and copious extracts with a highly laudatory introduction published in the official organ of the Papacy, *Le Moniteur de Rome*. The old order changes sure enough.

Many years ago the writer of this article published a sermon, in the volume of Paulist Sermons for 1863, entitled *The Saint of Our Day*. It was an attempt to show by the example of St. Joseph how the liberty and intelligence of our day can be made a means of sanctification. It expressed my inmost convictions then and does so now, and offers, I think, a good reason, in the providence of God, for the representative governments of these times: their use as an assistance to Christian perfection. I undertook to show, as does Bishop Keane in his lecture, that every age of the church has its own characteristic form of expression. There is something about the sanctity of each age peculiar to itself. We have had the apostolic age, the age of the martyrs, that of the fathers of the desert, that of the cloisters, and then that of the mendicant orders, and finally that of heroic obedience and military discipline in religion inaugurated by the great St.

Ignatius and his order, and carried out practically by St. Vincent de Paul and St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Each type or form of sanctity differed from the others. Each class of men did in their day what their age required. Each class was true to its time, its wants, its promises, and therefore had its peculiar charm and beauty. As the church chants in honor of her saints the same words, "non est inventus similis illi"—"there is not found one like unto him"—so we may say of the different schools and types of Christian perfection that each stands out in its own way with unrivalled excellence. None but those of narrow capacity and a restricted education fail to see this. It is likewise a monstrous tyranny of opinion to arraign the past, judge and condemn it, by the standards of the present; and we resist it with no less energy than the spirit that would mould the minds and hearts of the present into the antiquated forms of bygone ages. The Catholic Church, like all that is divine, is ever ancient and ever new. Her mission is to guide man to the realization of the great end of his being, and for this purpose her divine Founder has furnished her with full and adequate means for all men, for all ages, unto the consummation of time.

What, then, is to be the fruit of her influence on the nineteenth century? To answer this, we must look at the characteristics of the century itself. It claims to be a period of most advanced civilization; to be marked by unprecedented diffusion of *intelligence and liberty*. So far as these claims are true, so far you have the indication of what the people of the age will be when their intelligence and liberty are completely dedicated to God. Now, will not a sanctity developed under such circumstances have at least the merit of completeness?

The more a civilization solicits the exercise of man's intelligence and enlarges the field for the action of his free will, the broader will be the basis that it offers for sanctity. Ignorance and weakness are the negation of life; they are either sinful or the consequences of sin, and to remedy these common evils is the aim of the Christian religion. Enlightened intelligence and true liberty of the will are essential conditions of all moral actions and the measure of their merit. Confine men to the exercise of a few of their faculties, or to any one class of their faculties, and the remainder will be hid in obscurity, undeveloped, and consequently unsanctified. The true development of sanctity in the saint will be in proportion to the true enlightenment of the intelligence and the right exercise of the will. A defective know-

ledge and a restricted freedom produce only an incomplete development of sanctity. The ideal of true Christian perfection is the union of religion with a fully enlightened intelligence and an entire liberty of will directed wholly to the realization of the great end of our being. It is therefore to be maintained that the more advanced a civilization, the wider will be the sphere for the display of the divine character of Christianity. Religion and sanctity are interested in the advancement of civilization, and, concede that civilization is advancing, then the fullest glory of Catholicity is not to be looked for in the past, but in the future.

The ideal of Catholicity is the union of religion with intelligence and liberty in all their completeness. Man offers a perfect worship to God when he pays the homage of his entire intelligence and liberty.

Our age is not an age of martyrdom, nor an age of hermits, nor a monastic age. Although it has its martyrs, its recluses, and its monastic communities, these are not, and are not likely to be, its prevailing types of Christian perfection. Liberty and intelligence have in many cases, and indeed in whole nations, been obstacles to religion because they have been perverted from the great end of human life, union with God. But it is the difficulties and hindrances that Christians find in their age which give the form to their character and habits, and, when mastered, become the means of divine grace and their titles of glory. Indicate these and you portray that type of sanctity in which the life of the church will find its actual and living expression.

The above is the substance of the sermon referred to. It greatly attracted Dr. Brownson's attention at the time, and he said that it was very bold. But such things are not now so considered.

Thus much has been said to show the point of view from which the true philosopher should consider the topic so ably discussed by Bishop Keane—the religious. Therefore, Bishop Keane does not mean to say that democracy is the direct object of religion, but that in these times Providence points out democracy as a means in the natural order to assist men to sanctify their souls; a better means, for these times, than other forms of government. His idea at bottom is that Catholics are now returning to a more normal religious life, and must cultivate more than formerly their personal and independent union with the Holy Spirit, and less than before that form of religious life which was dependent in great degree upon the environments

of race and national traditions. Democracy is a remedy and a radical one for some of the evils that afflict Europe. But such evils are not the deepest nor the commonest that humanity suffers from. Democracy by itself does not make a man godlike; and to be godlike is the great, one, radical need of mankind. When democracy is the providential ruling for the world then it is that democracy assists men to lead a godlike life; such, as the bishop maintains, is the ruling providence of God, in the natural order, for this age. It is a pointer to the supernatural order.

The dominant trait of European politics, as advocated by Catholics, has heretofore been conservative; it will now, doubtless only gradually, become progressive without being destructive. Religion in its essential nature is a progressive force and not a conservative force. Its distinctive action is not that good may be kept good, but that all men and all things may be made constantly better; it is elevation. True religion cannot be still.* A state of things, then, in which religion mainly works to preserve, is abnormal and cannot be permanent; as said before, the main work of religion must be elevation. The chief function of Catholicity has been mainly conservative for the last three hundred years or more; not conservative altogether, but dominantly

* While on this point I cannot help quoting from the translation of Dr. Scheeben's *Glories of Divine Grace* (Benzigers), a work which, to my thinking, shows the *positive* value of religion better than any I know of. On page 234, speaking of the supernatural virtue of hope, the author says: "In the same manner as faith communicates to our reason a supernatural power of understanding, the infused virtue of hope endows our will with a divine power and a supernatural confidence, that it may actively pursue and securely attain the highest and infinite good which no created force can ever attain. Hope carries us upward above all creatures to God, to let us rest in his bosom, to strengthen us in his omnipotence, and ground us upon it as upon an immovable rock.

"Hope or confidence, says St. Thomas, is the rising up of the soul by which it confidently pursues a sublime and arduous good, and despises and overcomes all the obstacles that are in the way of its attainment of this good. It is an elevating sentiment which fills the soul with a joyous pride in the consciousness of its power.

"It grants us the consoling and comforting assurance that by grace God has called us to the ineffable dignity of his sonship; that we are his heirs and the co-heirs of his Son, and shall sit upon his throne and shall reign with him; that the whole world will be subject to us, and God himself with all his glory, with all his treasures and riches, with all his divine happiness will be our possession and our joy. . . . This consciousness gives the children of God that triumphant confidence which fears no danger, no obstacle, which is terrified by no created power, because it is superior to them all, which knows no hesitation, no trembling, no fear, no disappointment, and renders us as secure of attaining to our end as if we were already in possession of it. . . . Why should we, then, do ourselves the harm and God the great injustice not to confide in him through his grace; and, supported by him, why should we not despise all our enemies and dangers? The youth rejoices in the fulness of his youthful vigor; the warrior is boastful of his strength and valor; the prince is proud of the great number of his subjects and of the extent of his riches; should the children of God alone remain in abject lowliness and forget their sublime dignity and power?" I have only to say that these words of Dr. Scheeben plainly enough indicate what form of government, in the normal condition of

so. The proper state of things is that religion takes man as it finds him, low or high, and elevates him always. It is the want of the consciousness of elevation that makes men irreligious. So true is this that men who have only nature can be deluded into making a religion of the consciousness of natural progress alone; such are many Unitarians and even Positivists and Agnostics. But in supernatural, that is to say, in true, religion, the sense of elevation should be so abounding as to dominate every other sense. Now, the influence of religion upon its human environment in the political and social order is to produce this same sense of elevation in the natural man and in the citizen; it must be so. So that the normal effect of religion on civil polity is to make men freer and more intelligent citizens with a form of government to suit such conditions.

The church, for the last three hundred years or more, has, in my humble opinion, been in an attitude of defence, made necessary by the civil condition of Southern Europe and the doctrines attacked by her opponents at and since the time of Luther.

The reason why Catholicity has maintained in Europe the old order of things is a transitory reason. The church has favored conservative institutions not because, as some think, she is essentially conservative, for she is essentially progressive; the aim of religion is to move man upward and closer to God. As God is continually seeking the realization of himself by his providence in the natural and supernatural order, the proper state of things is progress in both. There is no man in the spiritual life but what is conscious of a ceaseless impulse onward. And why? Because God's influence is ever elevating. Elevation and progressive movement are essential to religion. The Holy Spirit attracts the soul upwards. If such a soul acting in his civil capacity seeks a downward course, seeks less natural light and less natural freedom as a man and a citizen, he does so under a delusion. If he but stands fast and refuses to advance into freer and more enlightened forms of civil life, it must be because Providence has denied him the opportunity. There are ages of the world where to stand fast is an essential condition of any advance in the future.

There are some who seem to think that religion can become a positively constructive force in politics. Such persons, if monarchists, demand that Catholicity shall make itself responsible for monarchy; if democrats, that she shall make herself responsible for democracy. In truth the church has an influence

on each, either formative, conservative, or progressive, but only indirectly in any case. The direct action of true religion is confined to the sanctification of the individual soul. The church is always willing to follow the providence of God in the natural order of things; but it is none of her duty to officiously point it out and enforce it. The churchman does not supplant the politician. Nevertheless the tendency of the true religion, direct or indirect, in the natural or the supernatural order is ever to elevate. I have always held that it is the intent of divine Providence that the people of the civilized world should have more to do in shaping the governments by which they are ruled. The democracy will assume more power in one country than in another; it will be sooner assumed in one than in another. But this is certain, whoever loves the people most will get them. The religion that produces men and women most devoted to the people's welfare is nearest to God; it will win the people and will give them every good gift, including that which men love dearest—liberty.

The spread of intelligence—that is, the diffusion of primary education—would of itself, in my opinion, make the advent of democracy inevitable, in varying degrees, more in the West than in the East. The civilizations of the West and of the East differ from each other, and so widely as to show an essential difference in the original elements. I am not sure but that it would take three or four generations for even intelligent Eastern peoples to advance to representative institutions; some of them are never, perhaps, destined to do so, whether they be intelligent or not. The citizens of this free republic but partially understand how much difference there is between the races of men. This immense difference has been better appreciated in this country since Americans have had to face it in the Chinese question. That race, now held back from our shores by drastic laws and its members viewed in our streets almost as leprosy spots on the civil body, is not a whit behind many thousands of our native white population in intelligence; and yet it is hopelessly victimized by paternalism in China, and is a thoroughly pagan race in spite of its intelligence. And now the problem has gradually crept over other races; we seem about to extend the anti-Chinese laws to other races, and European ones, too; or at least to whole classes of certain races. There are some nations in Europe who seem to be shaking off their vermin upon the United States. They are sending to us an ignorant population who do not wish to be enlightened in our sense of the word; they have no esteem for

the knowledge for which we have a high esteem. They are people who have been ground down in political and social subjection, and with the apparent consent of religion, and exhibit no more independence of character here than at home. From policeman in their own country they pass to the emigrant agent, and, landing here, they pass from him to the labor broker and the ward politician. To their own self-control they never come, as a class. Their lives in America are but a rotation from one "boss" to another; the habit of subjection is ingrain. These men, unlike the German, the Anglo Saxon, and the Irish, are without ideas of their own whether national or personal. The instinct of self-preservation more than anything else has brought them here, and in its most selfish form rules them here. In view of this can we say that the Pope is wrong to cry *Cavete!* to the democratic propaganda set at work among such a people? Can we say that the progress of democracy, inevitable in some degree as it certainly is, is going to be uniform? that it fits every race and should be offered at once and everywhere? Such a democratic propaganda produces a democracy of Napoleonic plebiscites and South American pronunciamientos. It is the pretence of democracy and the reality of absolutism. Despots are well content with such a democracy.

Notwithstanding all this, and although such be the condition of things among certain races, it is nevertheless perfectly true that free institutions will make their way everywhere among civilized nations. A greater or less degree of democracy is, in the providence of God, coming, and men should everywhere be fitted for it, and that by methods and means to be at once applied. What Bishop Keane says is evidently true:

"It suffices us to state and to accept the unquestionable fact, and to express our firm conviction that it is not the work of chance, nor of the devil, but of the overruling providence of God. Whoever opens his eyes and is willing to see what is, must recognize that the day of absolute rule and of so-called paternal governments is over; that if, in some parts of the civilized world, they still hold a struggling existence, their duration must be stormy and short; that the laws of the nations can never again be made by one man or by a few men, unless as the delegated and responsible agents of the people, for whose welfare alone laws ought to be made."

It has, indeed, been the great problem of Cæsar to maintain himself in the face of this providential movement among the people. Some amount of freedom is nearly everywhere granted, or at least some counterfeit of it. Witness the shifts of Bismarck to rule with haughty absolutism, and to maintain the nation's

good-will by using a representative assembly. Witness, especially, the tricks of Napoleon III. He squarely asserted the people's rights and gave them the cunning device of the plebiscite; so cunning as to win the tolerance if not the actual favor of many who really loved the people and would give them true liberty. The writer remembers a conversation with the late Louis Veuillot during the Second Empire, in which the latter said that it was fortunate that Napoleon III. was giving a dynasty to France, and boasted that he had the people's approval by a recent plebiscite. I answered that in America we believed in a government of checks and balances. What check had the French people against Louis Napoleon? Suppose he should turn his accumulated power against them? I put that question to him direct. He answered by drawing himself up and striking his chest, saying nothing, indeed, but meaning his readiness to die for his rights. I replied: "Oh, yes! if all men were like Louis Veuillot, soldiers, ready to die for their country, and if the emperor felt this to be so, there would indeed be a check against despotism." He had no answer to make. Meantime Napoleon kept Veuillot constantly under the eyes of a detective. We know how little Napoleon III. really trusted the people.

Of course, the relations of church and state will undergo very material changes as the old order changes. The church will

"secure the rights and the freedom of religion, not by treating with changing administrations or governments, but by her hold on the convictions and affections of the people. It is so in our country, and it is fast becoming so in countries where Cæsarism has thus far maintained some hold. And I am frank to confess that, when I look back at history and see how Cæsar has almost habitually treated religion and the church in the past, I heartily welcome the future in which she shall no more have to deal with him, but with the people, who, in the main, and always when in their senses, know that she is their best friend, and that her interests are their own" (Lecture, p. 13).

In the long run democracy will be more favorable for the attainment of the real objects for which state and church were united than other forms of government. In reality church and state are in the truest sense united when the people are truly Christian—that is to say, in a form of government in which a Christian people control the state. An old priest of my acquaintance once said, during a discussion on this topic, that he didn't care for union of church and state if he could have union of church and people. A very wise remark, and a solution of a difficult question, but it can apply only under a popular government.

Franklin was a free-thinker, Washington some kind of an Episcopalian, Jefferson a Unitarian, and very broad at that, and Hamilton—we know not what he was, if of any religious belief: his career was short, and ended in a duel;—the Adamses were Congregationalists, Charles Carroll was a Catholic. Yet there is not a doubt but that a legitimate government, now hardly second in power to any in the world, competent for the settlement of the greatest questions between church and state to the advantage of equity and of religion, was founded by these men and their like. Where to-day in the whole world would the Holy See look for the fair settlement of a difficult question between church and state with so much confidence as to America? Where are such questions settled more in accordance with Catholic principles than here? Why so? Because we are a democracy; the men who rule are chosen by those for whom they act, and must legislate in the interests of the people. In Europe men rule on historical lines—that is to say, to maintain a traditional policy of possession or of acquisition. They have found their national or dynastic content in this. Here, and in every democracy, truly so called, men must rule more on first principles than on the lines of historical traditions; in so doing they are forced to seek their justification in the principles of sound philosophy, both heathen and Christian.

It may be asked what would be the effect upon the ecclesiastical regimen of the church herself of a wide-spread democratic polity among Catholic nations. I answer that it would be most beneficial. It would result in bringing the Papacy and the Episcopate closer together, and both into direct communication with the people, for whose real and spiritual benefit those ecclesiastical orders are divinely established. It would result in the College of Cardinals being made a representative body of all mankind. It would be the religious senate of the world. Its decisions would be the decisions of the religious sense of humanity, and whoever would resist them would be ostracized and suffer a popular abscission from the church whether he were formally excommunicated or not. When we use the word representative, we do not, of course, wish to derogate from the supreme and, under God, original authority of the Papacy, nor have we any wish to reflect any way unfavorably on the present order of things. But there is not a day in which we do not thank God for Leo XIII., and for the cardinals and bishops who share his responsibility and who assist him in fulfilling his mission, because of the evident trend of the governing body of the church

towards the new order of things. He and they are bringing us nearer to the realization of the express desire of the Council of Trent, that the College of Cardinals should be representative. The Council of Trent (sess. xxiv. c. 1, *De Reformatione*) decreed that the cardinals should be chosen as far as possible from all nations, which wise rule was to some extent enforced by Sixtus V. in his bull *Postquam verus ille*.*

Since Bishop Keane delivered his lecture the Holy Father has published his letter to the Brazilian bishops on slavery, a truly magnificent document, full of the most fundamental doctrine on the subject of human rights. And lately has appeared his encyclical on Human Liberty, containing both the true doctrine on that subject and an elaborate refutation of the false. But why is it, it may be asked, that Pope Leo says so much in this encyclical against false views of liberty? Because false views of liberty are prevalent in Europe. They are not so prevalent here, because, thank God! we have true liberty; no man who has true liberty covets false liberty. The founders of our institutions—Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, the Carrolls, and the Adamses—had sound views of human liberty. What the opponents of the church will not learn is that the fundamental principles of American liberty have never been contradicted by the church either in their reality or in the terms in which they have been expressed, but that, on the contrary, they are rooted in the eternal principles of natural equity, always defended and propagated by Catholic philosophers, theologians, doctors, and fathers.

No American wants the government of the French Republic. We may think it better than a monarchy, but it falls far short of a free republic. Just so in Italy. No body of law-makers with true principles of liberty in their minds could ever pass such a law as that embodied in the new Italian criminal code, making it a felony, punished by fine and imprisonment, for any man to declare that the Pope should have a distinct civil autonomy. This law is an offence against the liberty of the Italian people,

* The eleventh paragraph of the bull is given in the bullarium as follows: "Ut autem ipsi Cardinales in regimine universalis Ecclesiæ, nobis et pro tempore existenti Romano Pontifici utiliter assistere valeant, ac de omnibus Christianorum regnorum, provinciarumque moribus, rebus, et negotiis prompte, et fideliter certa ab eis notitia, pro rerum emergentium opportunitate habeatur, prædicti Concilii Tridentini decreto inherentes, statuimus, ut ex omnibus Christianitatis nationibus, quantum commode fieri poterit, idonei assumantur."

See on this point Baron Hübner's *Life of Sixtus V.*, in which the subject of the sacred college, as it stood three hundred years ago, is discussed with much judgment and bearing, in my opinion, on the present state of the church. The work itself is one of the best of modern historical productions.

against liberty of speech and of the press, and shows plainly enough that the Holy Father has chosen wisely to combat at length the false views of liberty prevalent in Europe. The same may be said of the laws in France interfering with education. The ideas of liberty among its self-chosen advocates in France and Italy are all wrong, according to the American ideas of liberty. If we Americans are right, they are all wrong. They have to be educated up to it as we were a hundred years ago. Whatever vagaries our non-Catholic fellow-citizens may have about non-religious education, only a few of the wildest spirits would dream of prohibiting private schools by law.

Yet we do not despair of the advocates of liberty in France and Italy. It wants only a little more study of the church and her principles and more uprightness of motive for the opponents of the church to see the truth about this matter. We can learn true liberty here in America because we have actually got it; we have got it applied here to our civil life in an established order of free institutions. But in Europe, amidst decaying thrones and vast armaments, an impoverished people have difficulties in studying what liberty is, because nowhere in their sight does true liberty exist. Men with empty stomachs and half-naked bodies are not apt to be in a proper frame of mind for the study of principles or the choice of methods. Some may be annoyed at the amount of space given by the Holy Father to the refutation of false theories of liberty; but it does not annoy me. For the strangest delusions about liberty are prevalent on the continent of Europe, as is plainly shown by the conduct of the men who come here from those countries, and who at this moment are organizing resistance to our true liberties in the form of Socialism and Anarchism. Who can say that the Holy Father did not do right to refute errors prevailing not only among his own people but among the people of continental Europe generally, where the civilized nations of the world have their chief seats?

The Western and the Eastern races are fighting for their ideas of liberty, as they understand them, in the streets of Rome, and the Holy Father stands there as the Vicar of Christ to see fair play, and he knows that such is his providential mission. However overloaded with refutation of error the encylical may seem to the Western mind, to the Eastern mind it will be found over-full of the affirmation of unpalatable truth, and in favor of personal and civil liberty. Many an aristocrat, both lay and ecclesiastic, of Italy, Spain, France, and even of Germany, will

find the words of the encyclical a bitter pill to swallow. In the minds of many of Europe's ablest Catholics, there can be no altar without the throne; and the closing paragraphs of the Pope's encyclical, which emphasize the rights of men and nations in the direction of freedom and independence, will sound far harder to many leading Catholics in Vienna and Paris than will his admonitions on an unbridled press to the Catholics of New York and Dublin.

We ought to be glad that such a pope as Leo has been granted us in these times. And we ought to make it a matter of the prayer of thanksgiving at our devotions and at Mass that he is so sincere, so studious, so attentive to the signs of the times. We ought also to thank God that such men as Bishop Keane and Cardinal Gibbons, and prelates like them, here and in Europe, know the Pope's mind and can adequately expound his utterances to the public. I thank God that Pope Leo has the courage of his convictions. He shows a fearlessness which regards nothing but God, and he dares to do his duty whether autocrats or anarchists like it or not. Supreme love of truth should characterize the head of the church when writing such documents as Papal encyclicals. The term supreme has a peculiar significance in his case. How hard is his task! How much does he need the prayers of all the faithful that he may be true to his mission! How good a claim he has on the sympathy and co-operation of all honest men!

I. T. HECKER.

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF THE KINDERGARTEN?

THE difficulties of educators in any field are great enough at best; the difficulties of those particular educators upon whom devolves the duty of organizing a system of education for Catholic children in this country—handicapped, as they are, by poverty and opposition—must be at least doubled. Considering, then, the difficulties thus confronting us upon the very threshold, considering, too, the importance of the work, and its pregnant influence upon all that is most dear and precious to us either as Catholics, as parents, or as lovers of humanity, should not our first care be directed toward an earnest inquiry into the nature and requirements of our undertaking? The welfare of the Catholic children of America, the refutation of a vigilant and fanatical enemy, motives of economy—all unite to render this our first and most imperative duty. Let us follow the injunction of the copy-books of our childhood and "hasten slowly" at first; and, to be both wise and logical, let us begin where everything ought to begin, at the beginning. It would be, to say the least, culpable in us to leave our immediate successors in the predicament of a young priest who, a few years ago, was sent to take charge of a poor Southern parish, where a new church was building, and who found, upon inspecting the new edifice, which his predecessor had gotten as high as the roof, that the first duty staring him in the face was to pull down the walls, dig up the foundation, and begin over. A very good priest but a very bad architect, the predecessor had builded much worse than he knew; his foundation was wrong.

Let us be warned, and make it our first care to be sure of our foundation. To do this we must follow the suggestion previously given, and consider before anything else the fundamental part of education—or, in other words, the beginning. But where is that beginning? The scope of this paper does not permit a discussion of the exact period at which external influences may be brought to bear upon human development; and, as such discussion cannot affect, in any immediately practical way, the establishment of our school system, it may safely be left for a little longer, at least, to the investigations of psychology. This much may be said, however: since the sacred office of educator must be first assumed by the mother, only when she shall truly appreciate and intelligently understand the functions of that office can we hope for a perfect foundation upon which to

rear our educational structure. Until that fortunate state of affairs exists, it will be necessary to consider as the beginning that moment when the child first leaves the home, and is submitted to the formal guidance of a professional educator. Judging by the provisions hitherto made, it appears to be the general idea that that beginning occurs only when the child enters the primary school and is set the task of learning to read. Is this idea correct? Is the imparting of instruction to the mental faculties the first step which should be taken in the work of organized education? If by education we mean the harmonious development of the spiritual, the intellectual, and the physical nature of man, why do we direct our attention to one more than to either of the others? And if for any good reason one must take precedence, why the intellectual? Is that the most important function of our nature, or is it the most practical? Does not religion tell us that our spiritual needs are graver? and does not every-day life convince us that our physical needs are more clamorous? But, in reality, how can we assert truthfully that one is of more importance than another? Does not the perfection of any one side of our nature demand for its completion the perfection of every other side also? Does not the spiritual lean upon the intellectual, and the intellectual upon the physical? If this be so, then the natural course would seem to be: first, the cultivation of the physical powers, and, through them, of the intellectual and spiritual. This brings us back to a consideration of the beginning; and, after the preceding remarks, no one will be surprised at the declaration that that beginning should properly be made much earlier than in the primary school. True, it is neither prudent nor practical to address formal instruction of a more or less abstract nature to the intellect at too early an age; but mental and spiritual needs may both be fed almost from infancy by careful training addressed to them through the sensuous nature of the child.

The Kindergarten, then, rather than the primary school, would seem, according to our present light on the subject, to be the true foundation which we are seeking. There is to be found the most consistent and practical application that has yet been made of the true and beautiful conception of education for which the Catholics of the United States have so long contended, and which the Protestant educational writers and workers of this country so frankly acknowledge in theory, but so stubbornly refuse to apply in practice—the harmonious development of the human being in his three-fold nature. So far as imperfect

exploration of the vast field of educational science has yet been able to discover, the methods of the kindergarten appear to be founded on the laws of human development. With a peculiar fitness they seem to adapt themselves to the needs of the Catholic child more than to those of any other. They first speak to him in his intellectual and spiritual capacity by means of visible symbols, following in this the example of the church itself.

Through the study of primitive man Froebel came to hold as true the assertion that man is a symbol-making creature; long and patient contemplation of the child drew from him the further declaration that "as even the Christian church does not attempt to make itself understood without symbols, so the deepest need of childhood is to make the intellectual its own through symbols or sensuous forms." He regarded the first period of the child's life as wholly symbolic, saying: "Let the child grow into a knowledge of truth by means of types and symbols."

The profound study of nature, animate and inanimate, ranging in its course from man down to minerals, by which Froebel arrived at his conviction of the value of symbolism to the human mind and soul at the period of its first awakening, seems—from the reverent spirit in which it was prosecuted, perhaps—to have kept alive in him a certain faith: "Creation," he says somewhere, "is the embodied thought of God"; but very early in his neglected and precocious childhood he revolted from the hard, unloving aspect which a perverted type of Christianity presented to him under the roof of his father, a German Protestant pastor; he never reached the true idea of Christianity as embodied in the Church of God, but he approached sufficiently near to her to hold with her a fundamental truth, thus expressed in his own words: "The Christian religion entirely completes the mutual relation between God and man; all education that is not founded on the Christian religion is one-sided and fruitless."

It may be owing to the influence of principles such as these that the followers of Froebel generally show a less narrow and ignorant spirit toward the Catholic Church than any other body of Protestant educators. As frequently as not, perhaps, they do so unconsciously; but an accomplished kindergartner in a recent lecture upon Froebel's use of symbols and his insight into nature, deliberately declared that Catholics seemed nearer to nature and more fitted to understand her than other people, because the church appealed to them from infancy through the symbolic form of her worship. In many kindergartens the place of honor is given to a copy of some great picture of the Madon-

na and Child; not, it is to be regretted, for the purpose of inculcating any special love of the Mother of God, but at least with an intention very laudable in itself: the picture is to the kindergartner the type of mother-love, expressed through the grandest of examples, and she aims by it to impress the heart of the child with an appreciation of the feeling upon which family life is founded and by which it is preserved. Can it be possible that these little children, after having the dear Mother of God so presented to them at the most impressible age, can ever grow into that malignant and perverted state of mind which regards with hate, suspicion, or indifference her whom the poet felt to be "our tainted nature's solitary boast"? With this thought in mind may we not cherish a hope that the kindergarten is one of the means by which the bitterness of sectarian hate is yet to be modified?

The church places spiritual education above everything else. She demands that the moral and religious instincts of the child shall receive at least as much attention as the mental or the physical. Here, again, the kindergarten is at one with her. Froebel taught that man is born to a three-fold relationship: to God, to man, and to nature, and that rightly-directed education must awaken in him a sense of his duty to each. The ultimate aim of the kindergarten training, whether it be by means of the plays, the occupations, the songs, or the stories, is to develop fully in the child habits of reverence, love, kindness, unselfishness, self-control, and obedience. Following Froebel's favorite maxim, "We learn to do by doing," the true kindergartner is in conscience bound not to let pass the smallest opportunity of exercising the child's moral nature by encouraging him in the performance of such acts as give expression to these virtues. He must learn goodness by being good; in other words, he learns "to do by doing" things of a moral nature as well as those of a mental or physical nature. This care for the spiritual nature of the child, and the practical method by which it is to be brought about, is the kindergartner's chief claim to the notice of Catholic educators. It is the advice of the church, ages old, reduced to practice in the most literal manner.

Concerning the kindergarten methods of intellectual development it is not within the scope of this paper to speak at present; a subject of such proportions requires separate and exhaustive consideration. For the present, however, we may accept it as proof sufficient that they are the best that have yet been proposed since they have revolutionized the teaching in our public

schools from the lowest to the highest grade. The public schools, notwithstanding some laudable endeavors to the contrary, still remain distinctly specialists devoted to the training of the mental faculties alone, and as such they ought to be an authority upon the surest means of accomplishing their own aim. We may, therefore, accept their dictum on the subject, and devote ourselves to a consideration of that other department of human culture which, like the spiritual, they largely ignore—the physical.

When we reflect upon the systematic care which the kindergarten gives to the training of the senses, and of the bodily powers in general, we perceive a new and very potent reason for giving it our attention. Who has greater need of the correct eye, the skilful hand, the vigorous body than the poor? and to what schools do the poor come in greater numbers in proportion to population than to the Catholic parochial schools? The kindergarten maintains that its training develops in the child at an early age manual dexterity, habits of precision and order, the power to observe attentively, to perceive correctly, to understand intelligently, and thereby lays the foundation of any and every trade. It is the duty of those upon whom devolves the obligation of improving the condition of the poor to examine the means so opportunely offered, and, if found suitable, to make good and immediate use of it. Perhaps through the kindergarten, or some system evolved from it, we shall begin at last to solve the question, How to make the school in some degree supply the place filled in mediæval ages by the guilds, and in recent times by our own apprentice system. The poor and the ignorant continue to crowd to our shores each year; our enemies have made it our reproach that these belong almost wholly to us. In common justice they should rather have made it our glory that out of such heterogeneous and apparently unpromising materials the church has produced so many faithful Christians and good Americans; but let that pass. True enough it is that, owing to the colossal proportions of the work she has been obliged to undertake, the church has failed to influence many of these immigrants; unfortunately, the state has found its educational panacea inadequate to perform what the church could not, and thus the larger cities behold in their midst an ever-increasing population given over to poverty and crime. There is ground for hope that the kindergarten erected under the shadow of the church may offer a possible remedy for this unhappy situation.

For two principal reasons, then, the kindergarten deserves to be studied by the promoters of Catholic education; and by them to be accepted or rejected on its merits:

First, because, taking the child at a tender age, before untoward influences have had time to arouse the innate disorder of his appetite and will, it begins his spiritual development along lines declared to be marked out by nature. What a golden opportunity is here offered to religion! Does not the church continually exhort the mother to begin the religious training of her child as soon as she perceives the faintest ray of understanding? And does not the mother, over-burdened, or ignorant, or pre-occupied, or indifferent, almost universally fall far short of the wishes of the church in this particular? Imagine the little child—the little poor child, especially—placed, at the age of three years, in the hands of carefully trained, enthusiastic holy women, such as the church commands in her religious orders, and, from that age until six or seven, imagine his sympathetic, eager soul reaching out to those sweet, pure, devout influences to which in its baptismal innocence it responds as it never will respond later; expanding under their combined action as the lily-bud expands under the sunshine, rain, and dew! Could any after influence wholly wither that soul so early and so carefully nurtured in the congenial atmosphere of love, of piety, and of purity?

Secondly, because the kindergarten trains the physical powers of the child and makes use of the activity natural to this period to render him self-helpful and industrious; leading him finally, through the force of habit and the pleasure born of skill, to love work for its own sake, thus making the child's education subserve the practical necessities of life instead of leaving him, as it is now too often accused of doing, helpless and incompetent.

Though these reasons appear to be well supported by observation of the facts presented by the kindergarten, they are offered here not for unquestioned acceptance, but rather in the hope that, attention having been called to them, inquiry and investigation may be provoked. This becomes imperative when we remember that the claims which the advocates of the kindergarten make have not been received with entire acquiescence. True, the opposition has been surprisingly small, yet the truth remains that leading minds, while commending the system itself, have doubted the principles upon which Froebel believed it to be founded, while others, without denying the underlying principles, have questioned the method of their application. Prudence suggests to enthusiasm that this disagreement deserves notice at

the hands of Catholic psychology before the kindergarten can be generally adopted as part of the parochial-school system. But supposing, as is likely, that the principles and practices of the kindergarten are perfectly accordant with the demands of nature and religion, it yet remains for experience and wisdom to institute such emendations as shall adapt it to our peculiar circumstances. The leading promoters of the kindergarten in this country acknowledge that it is capable of a wider development than Froebel had time to give it. The conditions of American life, it is evident, require the introduction of various modifications in order to adapt it perfectly to the development of the child born to a destiny, and to duties so radically different from those of the German child, to whose environment it was naturally most suited as it came from the hands of its inventor. But if it be true that the kindergarten must be studied in a new light with a view to adapting it specially to the needs of the American child, it is equally true that it must be studied not only in this but in still another light before it can be made to fit the circumstances of the child who, in addition to being American, still further complicates the situation by being Catholic.

Here, therefore, is a call for the Catholic scientist. Now, if ever, the time seems ripe for more words upon the subject of infant education than our philosophers and psychologists have yet seen fit to give us. A pressing need exists at present for their investigations in the field of pedagogical science—a field in which very great, and it might be added very wild, activity is evinced just now. Catholic teachers need the help which such investigation would lend to guide their own efforts intelligently no less than to counteract the effects of the unwholesome tendencies which the "New Education," left too much to irreligious and irresponsible influences, so frequently manifests; nor need this work be considered beneath the notice of the most commanding genius and the widest erudition. Whoever assumes authority to point the way in elementary education treads dangerous ground. Deep and accurate indeed must be his knowledge who endeavors to glean the truth regarding the laws governing the relation of matter to mind or of mind to soul, and it is of such material that the thousand pitfalls are constructed which a specious philosophy sets for the inquirer at the very gate of the far-reaching science of education.

But, granting that upon investigation the kindergarten prove to be all that its advocates assert, it will be asked: How is a poor, overburdened, and unjustly taxed people to adopt this

most expensive of educational schemes? Have they not already undertaken more than they can well perform in attempting to educate children within the period generally accepted as the school age proper? Leaving all answer, except the one bearing the most practical aspect, to faith, zeal, and charity, it may be said that the kindergarten advocates insist that, notwithstanding the cost of its establishment and maintenance, this is the only truly economical basis upon which to found an educational system. And for many reasons: in several ways it is a saving of time; and, to the poor especially, time is literally money. The kindergarten utilizes those years of earliest childhood which otherwise must be, in a certain degree, wasted, or worse than wasted if we consider that the child, left to his own unguided activity, or to the guidance of untrained parents, lays up a store of bad habits which it must be the first work of the teacher in the primary school to consume time and labor in helping him to unlearn—so far, at least, as such a thing is possible.

All who recognize the immense force of habit in education will see here a double saving of time, since in the kindergarten the child is led to form right habits of thinking and acting from the beginning. In addition to this, the kindergarten, with a truly German thrift which of itself might reveal its origin, seizes the opportunities which the traits peculiar to early childhood offer in the eagerness of its curiosity, the freshness of its interest, the impressibility of its mind, to garner a harvest of mental images and facts which the child draws upon as food in its future development. These qualities, if not intelligently fostered and fed when first manifested, grow dull as years advance, until, often through faulty schooling (education would be too gross a misnomer), at a later period they die out almost totally, leaving the child a listless incompetent in place of the curious, investigating little creature who a few years previous kept his elders at their wits' end with his amazing questions. The kindergarten rests its economic claim upon yet a fourth reason: the child who enters the primary school from the kindergarten, it is alleged, shows at once the advantage of his previous training in the ease with which he outstrips his less fortunate classmate who has not enjoyed a similar training. His habits of observation well cultivated, and his power of language developed, he learns to read more quickly; his hand practised in answering the behests of the will, he learns to write more readily; his mind rich in a store of those conceptions which mathematics require, he apprehends the abstrac-

tions of arithmetic with greater ease and intelligence. According to this assumption, a class of kindergarten children entering the primary school should complete the year's work in less time than a corresponding class of children having no preparation but the unsystematic training of the home. Finally, it is maintained that in those early years of childhood which the kindergarten so thriftily utilizes can be laid the foundation of every occupation and study to which in later life the youth or the adult may be called upon to turn his attention, including language, mathematics, the natural sciences, trades, art, and sociology.

These are pretensions of ambitious proportions certainly; yet notwithstanding this, the kindergarten, in the half-century which has elapsed since its establishment, has been accepted by the promoters of education throughout Europe and the United States with remarkably little show of opposition. It still remains, however, for Catholic educators to set upon it the seal of their approbation—or the contrary. True, the kindergarten is in operation in many of our orphan asylums, protectories, industrial homes, and similar institutions; but this does not indicate to Catholic teachers, parents, and school trustees with sufficient clearness that the kindergarten may be considered suited to the universal need of childhood, regardless of surrounding circumstances. Upon this must hinge our determination whether or not this system shall constitute the foundation upon which all the succeeding education of our children shall rest. Some secure foundation there must be, and that carefully laid, if we are to build a lasting monument to American Catholic education. Only with this end in view is the question to be studied; and the immensity of the interests at stake imperatively demand that all the light which genius, learning, and experience combined can give be turned upon the subject. We cannot afford to trust to haphazard experiment, as the state too frequently does. The material upon which we must operate is too precious; it is nothing less than God's most perfect work, the human mind and soul.

Certainly, if, as is claimed for it, the kindergarten is the most natural, true, and economical beginning that can be made in the work of human culture, then duty and expediency leave us no choice but to adopt it, let the question of ways and means be as perplexing as it may. We shall have to attempt it, praying that new Dom Boscos and Father Drumgooles may arise to set our weakness the example of faith and zeal, and that Mary Caldwells may appear in every parish to second their work.

The necessarily limited scope of this paper, and the many-sided nature of the question it has attempted to consider, permit little more than a cursory glance at its most striking points; but if the aim previously acknowledged—to direct more general attention to the subject in order to awaken investigation of its merits—be even partly successful, a good and necessary work will have been initiated. The kindergarten has been in operation a sufficient length of time to encourage an attempt to judge it by results. Even in this country, where it was not introduced until 1856, a generation has had time to mature under the influence of its methods. It would be a work deserving unqualified gratitude to trace the lives and work of some of the children who, beginning in the kindergarten and continuing along educational lines in harmony with its aims, have reached manhood and womanhood, and now stand ready in our midst to bear that living testimony which shall aid us in determining what judgment we are to pass upon the principles, methods, aims, and results of the kindergarten.

Austin, Tex. J. THOMAS.

DIVORCE.

THE family was the patriarchal unit of society, never the individual. Around this primitive institution centred all legislation, and in it inhered all blessings and sanctions. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of those ancient days than the supreme importance of the family, and the jealous care with which it was guarded and fenced in every direction. "Thou hast set the nations of the earth in families."

With the coming of Christ upon earth the twilight of the early dispensation passed into the clearer radiance of the coming day. "That which was in part was done away, that which was perfect" had come, and our Divine Lord raised marriage to the full dignity of a sacrament, and set upon its indissolubility the seal of his most awful sanction in those words: "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." It is impossible to exaggerate the full significance or the tremendous importance of these words. Upon this sacrament rests the whole structure of civil society. Marriage creates the family, and the family is the citadel in which are guarded the hopes and the destinies of humanity no less than the eternal weal or woe of its individual

members. Unquestionably, it is to the sacramental character of marriage that woman in all civilized countries owes whatever of moral and material well-being she now possesses. No refinements of art, no advanced culture of the intellect among men, have secured to her the proud position which is now her birthright whenever and wherever she may choose to claim it. Can one imagine a higher state of artistic and literary culture than is presented by the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome? Can human history present a more profound degradation of womanhood?

When these effete civilizations were overwhelmed by the fresh life of the barbarous tribes of Northern Europe, the change would have been for woman only that from being the degraded toy of voluptuaries and tyrants, she should have become the household slave and burden-bearer of the savage conquerors. But the Catholic Church, by her firm maintenance of the two great sacraments of Holy Order and of Matrimony, saved Christianity and constituted the Christian state, of which these two sacraments became the joint foundations. When the church's law of marriage became incorporated into the civil law then arose the morning star which heralded the dawn of woman's emancipation.

It is true that this earth was not a paradise for woman through the Middle Ages, and that she has had her full share in the frightful struggles and calamities of all the centuries. But on the whole her elevation has been commensurate with the elevation and progress of the Christian Church. Never let it be forgotten that nothing but the assertion of and the protection by the Catholic Church of the sacramental nature of the marriage contract have secured to her the fruits of this progress.

At the Reformation this sacramental nature of marriage was rudely assailed and persistently denied. It was sought to degrade it to a mere civil contract, and to place it under the sole guardianship of the state. In all Protestant countries and communions this attempt succeeded, and surely no consequences of the Reformation have proved more disastrous to society. Under the plea of obtaining relief to persons suffering from various evils incident to ill-assorted marriages, the whole social fabric of family life has been undermined, and a threatening shadow thrown upon the honor and dignity of every Christian home; for surely if marriage be not a sacrament, but merely a civil contract with no warrant of indissolubility, as a state of life it loses inconceivably in dignity and sacredness.

When the sensual and irreligious seekers after easy divorce cry out, "Prophesy unto us smooth things only," make the convenience and the passion of the individual the supreme law, we turn in edification to the heroic struggles by which in fiercer and less civilized ages the Pontiffs of the Christian Church upheld this great corner-stone of society. Happy indeed for us all, Catholics and Protestants alike, that they breasted for our sakes with unshaken fortitude the wrath of kings and emperors, and faced with unswerving fidelity the shock of wars, the threat of imprisonment and even death, rather than betray the cause of any helpless wife who appealed to them for protection. When the vicious King Lothaire, of Lorraine, wished to repudiate his wife Thietberga that he might marry Waldrade, sister of the Archbishop of Cologne, the grand old Pope Nicholas I. took upon himself her cause; and surely the pages of history cannot furnish a more sublime instance of courage and chivalrous devotion to duty than this story and its sequel. The haughty monarch determined at all hazards to succeed in his designs; resorted successively to every expedient of fraud and violence. He first compelled the queen to falsely accuse herself before an assembly of eight bishops at Aix-la-Chapelle, and again to repeat her confession before a second assembly at Frankfort. The unhappy woman appealed to the pope in these touching words:

"Should it come to the knowledge of your Holiness that I have finally been brought to make the false confession required of me, be persuaded that violence alone could have wrung it from me, a wretched queen, who have been more shamefully treated than the most menial slave could have been."

But, forsaken and condemned by all others, this poor woman appealed not in vain to the Vicar of Christ. When Lothaire hesitated not to bribe the corrupt assembly of bishops now convened with great pomp and ostentation to finally try the cause, and had thus secured their judgment in his favor, the intrepid pontiff declared all their acts null and void, deposed the corrupt archbishops, deposed and repudiated his own faithless legates, and threatened Lothaire with excommunication if he did not at once put away Waldrade, whom he had newly espoused. When the enraged king incited his brother, the Emperor Louis, to march an army upon Rome to avenge himself for this insult, the undaunted pope refused to yield one iota, and declared that under no circumstances would he pronounce the marriage of

Thietberga unlawful. Forced by the rude soldiery to take sanctuary, he retired to St. Peter's, and there passed two whole days and nights in prayer and fasting, but still refused to receive Lothaire, or to grant him absolution unless he restored Thietberga to her rightful place of wife and queen. Lothaire consented to this, but now resolved upon another expedient. He so ill-treated his wife that she had the weakness to apply to the pope to pronounce judgment against her and allow her to retire to a convent. But the pope refused, and replying to her appeal in a letter full of dignity and firmness, he admonished her to stand firm and not allow herself to be prevailed on by fear or force to utter any falsehood, but to be ready to endure even martyrdom, with the assurance that in that case she would merit a martyr's reward.

On the death of Nicholas, his successor, Adrian II., maintained her cause with equal vigor and success. The effect of this victory of the sacraments over the lustful union of man and woman can hardly be exaggerated.

This was by no means an isolated instance of papal interference in behalf of this sacrament. We need only allude to the excommunication of Philip of France by Urban II., in the eleventh century, for putting away his wife Bertha and living with Bertrada, the wife of the Count of Anjou. In this connection we cannot forbear quoting the heroic language of the Bishop of Chartres with regard to this same case: "The king may deal with me as he sees fit, and may do whatever God permits him to do against me. Whether he casts me into prison or puts me beyond the protection of the law, in any event I am determined to endure all things in defence of the law of God, and no consideration will bring me to share the guilt of those from whose chastisements I should shrink." Innocent III. compelled Philip Augustus to take back his wife Ingelburga, whom he had repudiated, and in Spain he compelled Alfonso IX., King of Leon, to break off the marriage unlawfully contracted with his niece. The contest of Clement with Henry VIII. was but the continuation of the same struggle, and the manifestation of the faithfulness to duty of the unchangeable church, "the pillar and ground of the truth." It has been well said that "the maintenance by the popes of the sacredness of marriage is the key to half the struggles of the middle ages."

It needs surely but a little reflection to convince us of the absolute necessity of the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage

in order to preserve society from the greatest corruption and disorders. The family is the nursery of the civil state. In the Christian home alone, invested as it is with the necessary attributes of stability, permanency, and sacramental dignity, can be found the requisite protection for the helplessness of infancy, and the wisdom and grace to train the child's developing powers, thus fitting it for honor and usefulness here and the perfect life hereafter. Human nature is, moreover, undeniably selfish, and if this principle were not held in check by any strong countermotive, who can conceive the wretchedness and violence which must ensue? The life of the family furnishes the greatest natural corrective to this master-instinct of our nature, and when purified by the grace of the sacrament secures to the individual a means of self-discipline and culture second only to the higher life of all, the life of evangelical perfection.

John Stuart Mill somewhere observes that "public spirit, sense of duty towards the public good, is of all virtues, as women are now educated and situated, the most rarely to be found among them." We are sorry to confess that we believe this statement to be largely true in its general sense, but in the present instance certainly it need not be restricted by any limitations of sex. What is surely most needed, imperatively needed, in this our day and generation, is that young persons should be trained to take broader, more unselfish views of marriage and its responsibilities. The thoroughly worldly person never can or will do this. These ideas are essentially Christian. We do not by any means assert that persons not influenced by Christian faith are incapable of that genuine affection which should always form its basis. But it is nevertheless wholly true that this natural affection should be strengthened by sacramental grace in order to enable it to bear successfully the strain and burden of the marriage state. If it be true that something must needs be added to perfect this earthly love, beautiful as it certainly is by nature, in order to secure the well-being of the home, what must be said of the great number of marriages contracted from inferior motives, from ambition, love of money, or, most terrible of all, to acquire a fancied freedom from the restrictions and limitations imposed upon the unmarried.

The Rev. Dr. Dix, in a recent Lenten lecture, has painted in terms as truthful as they are graphic the evils resulting from this class of marriages. Let us not accuse him of exaggeration. It is well-nigh impossible to exaggerate in this matter, and it cannot be

doubted that his own observation and experience as a pastor of souls have furnished the facts which he portrays so brilliantly and so forcibly. Ah! if some of those who listened to him, and some of us who read, could only tell the tales which have come home to our own hearts and homes, no Lenten lecture ever delivered could rival their terror and their pathos. The young girl, gifted in many ways, conscious of possessing charms of person and of manner, craving above all things admiration and "conquests," restricted, it may be, by surrounding circumstances, seeks to escape by marriage from a sphere to her so unendurably narrow. Alas! for the home; alas! for the husband and the children. "I hate a domestic life," said such a one to me. "It is a terrible bore to have a husband who wishes to play the lover and read poetry. Let him amuse himself as he likes, and I will do the same." Said her husband, in reply to a remonstrance as to the various admirers who filled his house with their gifts of music and pictures and flowers for its young mistress: "Nonsense! I should despise myself if I were capable of being jealous of my wife. People admire her, and I like to have them do so. It is all right." All right; and the divorce came, and to-day the winds sigh a dirge over her untimely grave; and her husband, the handsomest, most versatile and variously gifted man we ever knew, is consigned to a living death; and the sons, God help them! alone in their young manhood with their inheritance of shame and sorrow. And this is not an isolated instance.

We confess to a hearty admiration for the marriage service of the Episcopal Church, and indeed it is but an adaptation in English of the most impressive portions of the Catholic Ritual. But it is truly admirable in its simplicity and dignity; and is well calculated to impress, not only those to whom it is specially addressed, but all who are present. How astonishing it is that after such solemn vows of love and fidelity, "in sickness and in health, for *better*, for *worse*, *until death us do part*," and after the clergyman has pronounced those awful words of our Divine Lord, "Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder," any thus married should ever dream of repudiating those vows; and stranger still, perhaps, that this same church should find herself unable to protect the sacredness and indissolubility of the marriage tie! It is certainly true that she condemns all divorces except for cause of adultery, and that she forbids her clergy to officiate at marriages contracted in spite of this prohibition. But how recent is even this legislation, and alas! how ineffective. The par-

ties thus divorced and remarried cannot be excluded from her communion. It is only necessary to have the marriage ceremony performed by a minister of some other denomination, or even by the civil magistrate—a very slight trial, surely, when the newly-married thereby subject themselves to no ecclesiastical penalties, and their marriage is regarded as perfectly legal. It is matter for congratulation that that church is awakening to a sense of the great evils of divorce, and is endeavoring to shape her legislation accordingly. Nor are there wanting indications that all the more conservative Protestant communions are anxious in this respect to return to the first principles of Christian civilization. It all implies a growing consciousness of the necessity of a sacramental basis for the very life of the community.

All legislation which is designed to subserve the general well-being ought to be founded on the principle of the greatest good of the greatest number. No legislation ought ever to be allowed to override this fundamental principle, and it needs no argument to prove that the indissolubility of marriage is necessary to promote this general well-being. In reality, the divorce laws of most of our States, so far from protecting the rights of our citizens, invite, as it were, the very evils which they claim to repress and punish. They provide numerous grounds and open endless facilities for annulling the bond whenever it may become onerous. While in all cases assuming to protect the innocent and punish the guilty, these same laws tacitly allow the party desirous of obtaining the divorce to set on foot endless persecutions and plots to entrap and ruin the unhappy person who may stand in the way of their wicked designs. It needs but a slight acquaintance with the divorce proceedings in our courts to show how difficult, sometimes how impossible, it is for even the innocent to escape. It has been demonstrated that the procuring of divorces has been greatly facilitated by the diversity of the laws regarding it in the different States. Ostensibly the causes are limited, but practically—given the desire of divorce and the requisite money for counsel fees—and the coveted release from the marriage tie is almost certain. If divorce cannot be had for sufficient cause in one State, a temporary removal to another suffices.

In considering the evils attendant upon divorce legislation, we must not pass over the demoralization of the taste and moral sense of the community by the constant publication in the daily journals of the nauseous details of these scandals. The public

mind is thus familiarized with the tales of dishonored and wretched homes, and even the very school children may take their fill of these corrupting and sensational stories.

After all that we have said of the absolute incompatibility of divorce with the law of God and the welfare of society, it is nevertheless true, and it would be most unjust to ignore this fact, that there will ever be some persons for whom relief must be found from a married life of intolerable suffering. For such persons, in cases of adultery, gross brutality, and desertion, there remains a partial relief, which neither God nor man would deny them, in a separation. But separation does not imply a privilege of remarriage, and its disabilities ought to be borne patiently by the innocent until the death of either party dissolve the marriage bond. Truly, for such a sufferer to have peace with God and his or her own conscience is better than any earthly gain. There is, however, no doubt that a very large proportion of the unhappiness in married life, for which a remedy is daily sought in our courts, might be avoided if the sacred character of this state of life were more seriously considered in advance. The church advises her children to think well upon the life which they are about to enter, and to make their choice in the fear of God and with regard to their own highest interests.

The married would, under the pressure of such convictions, strive to adjust their lives in mutual harmony, to minimize their differences, and repress all things which might beget jealousies and discords.

We believe it to be true that the characters of all persons who are living according to the highest requirements of marriage present to the careful observer a manifest superiority over their unmarried contemporaries, in regard to the virtues of unselfishness and self-sacrifice, apart from those who practise religious chastity.

To this rule there are, of course, exceptions, but in this case "the exceptions only prove the rule." No doubt the capacity for the same virtues exists in the unmarried also, but, from the necessities of the case, individualism is paramount, and its demands are imperative. The individual needs the environment of other lives in order to properly develop and foster the powers which God has given, and which lie dormant in his soul. We need but suggest the various means by which this evolution of powers, this wholesome discipline and culture are wrought and perfected day by day in the family life. By bearing one

another's burdens, in patient endurance of varying moods and eccentricities and tastes, in mutual adjustments, and in all the numerous simple, kindly offices of affection which fill the home, the character becomes gradually but surely strengthened, elevated, and spiritualized.

No one who has lived for many years in the world, and has cultivated the powers of observation and reflection, but must often have noticed the ennobling, often the complete regeneration, of character under the influence of a happy, conscientious domestic life. We have seen the thoughtless, apparently vain and selfish young girl, whom only the excitements of pleasure, or exquisite dressing, or the allurements of the last "No-name" novel could rouse from listlessness and indolence, transfigured by a worthy affection. We have watched her with loving admiration from the hour when she stood radiant with youth and love and beauty at the altar, speaking with gentle firmness the words which bound her *for ever* to the man in whose hand she placed her own without one fear or doubt; and we have seen her as the years passed on, no longer indolent, no longer selfish, ever busied with the thousand tender, homely ministries of the wife and mother, the light and centre of a happy home. Yes, and we have seen her when sickness and sorrow and death have entered that home, watching ever for others' needs, denying herself daily without a murmur, "bearing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things," steadfast ever in her love and trust, until she has seemed to reflect in her face the very light of the celestial city. Such is the power and such the grace of the sacrament of matrimony. Happy, indeed, the country where such homes abound and marriage is thus honored. It is more securely defended by far from all the destructive theories of anarchists, communists, and social disorganizers than it could be by the presence of standing armies.

Danger to our republic lies alone in the masses of the unchristianized, the unemployed, and the unhappy. For all these classes the Church of God offers the only remedies available. On the one hand, she raises the bulwark of her sanctified homes, the nurseries of the civic virtues. On the other, she calls to the life of evangelical perfection a host of men and women whom she consecrates to the mission of alleviating or remedying every evil from which humanity is suffering. The sick, the poor, the ignorant, helpless childhood and dependent age, the vicious, the criminal, and the slave, all claim her wise and provident care.

Yes, even the very lepers are not forgotten; but strong men give up every hope and sever every tie which binds them to home and country to go and share the life and die the death of these poor, helpless outcasts.

Vain will be all attempts to reorganize and regenerate society on any other basis than the one which our Lord himself has instituted and blessed as the type of his own union with His Bride, the Church. "Three things are approved of God: the concord of brethren, the love of neighbors, and husband and wife that agree well together" (Ecclus. xxv. 1).

L. C. B.

SOUL-SOLITUDE.

FROM dreamless sleep I with a start awoke.
In deepest solitude the soul of night
Rested, unbroken by a sight or sound—
Darkness so heavy, silence so profound,
I felt their contact, and great drops of sweat
Stood on my brow, and I was trembling still
As o'er me rushed such drowning waves of thought
As sweep the country in a maddening swirl
When mighty rivers leap across their banks:
Such awful thoughts of how the whole world slept
Beneath a sleepless Eye; how all forgot
Their loves and hates, their plans, their very lives,
And lay, all shorn of power and strength and pride;
And how God sat, and held their loves and hates
And hopes within the hollow of His hand—
And slumbered not, or slept not, or forgot.
And then I shook as with a mighty chill
Lest He should call me, knowing that I waked;
And as man hides whene'er his Maker calls
Since Adam hid in Eden long ago,
I shut my eyes upon that solemn dark—
Ah! the soul fears to be alone with God!

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

UNDER the ungenerous title of "Poetry from a Dublin Garret" a writer in the June number of *Time* attempts to give a life-sketch of one of Ireland's sweetest song-writers; but it is so brimful of inaccuracies and injustice that I am tempted to give here, for the benefit of those who may never have heard of this truly remarkable man's eventful and sad career, a plain, unvarnished tale.

James (*Clarence*) Mangan (Clarence was a *nom-de-plume* he adopted when contributing to the *Dublin Penny Journal* in the year 1832) was born in Dublin, May 1, 1803. His father, James Mangan, a native of Shanagolden in the County Limerick, came to Dublin in 1801, and married Miss Catherine Smith, daughter of Mr. John Smith, a respectable farmer and grazier of Kiltale, Dunsaney, in the County Meath. They carried on business as grocers in No. 3 Fishamble Street, now a very poor neighborhood. For some years the business prospered very well, and, having amassed considerable wealth, he sold out the house in Fishamble Street to the surviving relatives of the Smith family, the former owners, and invested his money in house property in the neighborhood of Camden and Charlemont Streets. This succeeded for a short time, but being addicted to extravagant habits he very soon ran through his worldly goods, and eventually failed in business and died of a broken heart.

Young Mangan's uncle, John Smith, took charge of him and his two brothers, and when James reached his seventh year he was sent to a school in Saul's Court, off Fishamble Street. This school was opened in 1760 by a celebrated Jesuit, Father Austin, and here it was that the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, received his primary education. This school was subsequently directed by the Rev. Dr. Betagh, who was educated at Paris and Milan; he was afterwards parish priest of SS. Michael's and John's parish, and before his death, in 1811, established in the city a free school for boys. Dr. Betagh's successor and the teacher of young Mangan was Michael Blake, who in after years was Bishop of Dromore, and who restored the Irish College in Rome. He grew fond of the future poet and placed him under Father Graham, a learned and classical scholar, who taught him the rudiments of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish. He left this school shortly afterwards, owing to the straitened

circumstances of the family. It is said on good authority that he acquired a perfect knowledge of Spanish and German from a Father Villanueva, a learned Spanish priest with whom he made acquaintance after leaving school. At any rate he was shortly afterwards competent to give lessons to young pupils in German, and thus at a very early age help in a small way towards the support of his young brothers and his sister. Finding this very insufficient for all their supports—for he became their sole reliance—he, in 1820, entered a scrivener's office in the city. During his leisure moments he contributed to local "almanacs" and "diaries" short lays, charades, and enigmas; these being the only periodicals in his young days which could serve for the ventilation of amateur poetical effusions. In 1825, after five years' dreary drudgery in the scrivener's office, he obtained employment from an attorney, with whom he remained for three years. Shortly before this he made the acquaintance of a Miss Frances Stacpoole, one of the sisters of a respectable family who lived in the southern suburbs of the city; she is said to have been very beautiful, and it is quite evident Mangan fell passionately in love. In John Mitchel's words, "Paradise opened before him"; but it was of very brief duration, for she was a cold-hearted coquette, and having gained his heart turned him over to despair. "His air Paradise was suddenly a darkness and a chaos; he never loved, and hardly looked upon, any woman for ever more." He himself best describes his feelings:

"I saw her once one little while—and then no more;
'Twas Paradise on earth awhile—and then no more.
Ah! what avail my vigils pale—my magic lore?
She shone before my eyes awhile—and then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on Beauty's shore;
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile—and then no more."

He seems ever after to have been a different man. He hardly had set out on life's journey when he fell into the society of low companions, his fellow-clerks, who ridiculed and laughed at his odd manners and flouted the temperance cup. His life was ever afterwards an irresolute struggle against an appetite for drink. With his whole heart he hated the work he had to do, as well as his fellow-workers, but he could not break from their company. He wrote of them as he felt:

"As men by bond and shackle trammel
The overloaded horse or camel,

So is *my* spirit bound with chains,
And girt with troubles, till 'tis wonder
A single spark of soul remains
Not altogether trampled under."

During the few years he spent in the attorney's office he did what he could to assist those at home, as was afterwards the case when more congenial employment was given him, by Dr. Todd, in cataloguing the books of the library of Trinity College.

About the year 1830 there was formed in the city the "Comet Club," consisting of about a dozen members, amongst them the subject of our sketch, Samuel Lover, Maurice O'Connell (son of Daniel O'Connell), and Coyne, the poet and dramatist. They started a newspaper of their own, *The Comet*, to which Mangan contributed several prose essays, many of which are forgotten or unheard of, but are all marked by a quaint humor and great literary ability; notably his "Treatise on a Pair of Tongs" and his "Adventure in the Shades."

While engaged in Trinity College he made the acquaintance of the celebrated George Petrie, who obtained for him an appointment in the Ordnance Survey office, situated then in Great Charles Street, where he came into contact with John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry, from whom he learned much of the hidden gems of the old Celtic ballads, which he would get them to translate for him, and immediately he would transpose them into vigorous English verse, preserving the spirit of poetry of the original authors as none other could. It seems, indeed, incredible, but it is a fact, that he did not know Gaelic, as in later years he had the valuable assistance of John O'Daly, a celebrated Irish scholar, in turning into English prose rare old Gaelic songs, as well as his supervision of the *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, published in 1849. The same can also be said of those poems which he disguised as translations from the Persian, Hindostani, and other languages of which he knew nothing; these and many other so-called translations were in reality all his own original work.

In 1832 Petrie and O'Donovan started the *Dublin Penny Journal*, to which Mangan contributed eight or nine poetical pieces under the signature of "Clarence," now used for the first time. Amongst these were "Two Sorts of Human Greatness," from the German of Blumauer, and the "Glaive Song," from Körner. This latter is the Marseillaise of the Germans. Notwithstanding his success at this period, his life appears to have become a burden to him; his one passion claimed him; the slightest quantity of spirituous liquor seriously affected his delicate constitution and finely

strung nerves. He was not given to taking opium, as is stated, but ever and anon would sip during his work a mixture known as tar-water, of which he prized himself as having an invaluable recipe, which he gave to several friends. It is curious to note that in this recipe he forbids those about to use it ever to approach any intoxicating liquor. For the benefit of my readers I will give this celebrated tar-water recipe as it appears in a letter from Mangan to his friend, John De Jean Frazier (who wrote such stirring songs in the *Nation* as "The Gathering of the Nation," "Song for July 12, 1843," and later, in John Martin's paper, the "Irish Felon"): "Pour a gallon of cold water on a quart of tar; stir both up with a stick for five or six minutes; let it lie for three days, then pour it off. Nothing more need be done, except to skim the oil from its surface. With respect to quantity to be taken, this will depend on the nature of the disease. In most cases half a pint in the morning and another in the evening are sufficient. Bishop Berkeley cured a hideous malady (a gangrene in the blood) in one of his servants by forcing him to drink tar-water by night and day. One thing, however, should be particularly attended to—this, namely: that he who takes tar-water must take nothing that will interfere with it. He must not approach any intoxicating liquor. Tar-water knows its power. It is a jealous medicine. It is the Emperor of Specifics, and, Turk-like, 'twill bear no brother near its throne." Mangan seems to have had great faith in the curative effects of this strange medicine. Often he would disappear for weeks and months, and then suddenly turn up like a ghost, and tell his friends he had been in the country suffering from fever, and cured himself with draughts of tar-water.

He was ever on the move and most restless, for it cost him nothing, poor fellow, to shift his lodgings, as of wardrobes and furniture he had none. This unsettledness was not a matter of necessity, as many of his friends made generous offers to him of bed and board and money; but a dread of any restraint, and what he regarded as a surrender of liberty, made him decline their kindly overtures.

In 1834 he first contributed his German translations to the *Dublin University Magazine.* He wrote for over fifteen years for this magazine, prose and verse, under the initials "C.," "M.," and his full signature, "James C. Mangan." The most admired of his German translations were collected together in two volumes under the title of "German Anthology," in 1845, but only a third of them all are so collected. In 1841 Petrie started the *Irish Penny*

Journal, and Mangan's contributions in the poetical line were some of its chief attractions. In it we find his "Lament for Kincora," "The Woman of Three Cows," "Elegy on the Tironian Princes buried at Rome," etc. The next year we find Mangan heralding to his countrymen the great event of the *Nation's* first number, started by Charles Gavan Duffy and the Young Ireland party. Who has not heard or read with enthusiasm Mangan's inaugural ode?

> "'Tis a great day, and glorious, O public! for you,
> This October fifteenth, eighteen forty and two!
> For on this day of days, lo, the *Nation* comes forth,
> To commence its career of wit, wisdom, and worth;
> To give Genius its due—to do battle with Wrong,
> And achieve things undreamed of as yet, save in song;
> Then arise, fling aside your dark mantle of slumber,
> And welcome in chorus the *Nation's* first number."

After Davis' death, in 1845, Duffy spared no pains to secure Mangan's services for his paper and reclaim him from those peculiar habits which he often relinquished and ever resumed. The warm-hearted editor looked with pity on his truly forlorn condition, and agreed to pay him one pound each week, on the condition that he should at least contribute one article, prose or verse, for each week's issue. It is said this was more honored in the breach than the observance by Mangan. Duffy, in his great work, *Young Ireland*, says: "The man most essentially a poet among the writers of the *Nation* was Mangan. He was as truly born to sing deathless songs as Keats or Shelley." To the *Nation* Mangan contributed several pieces, generally under the signature of "Terræ Filius." During one of his visits to the *Nation* office he was introduced to John Mitchel, who had heard from Duffy and others great praise of his poetical writings. Mitchel was greatly struck with the strange appearance of Mangan; he remembered having seen him on several occasions in the library of Trinity College, perched on a ladder perusing some old tome, dressed in an odd-looking brown garment. On the 12th of February, 1848, Mitchel started a paper of his own, the *United Irishman*, and in the third number we find Mangan contributing, under the initials "J. C. M.," a long prophetic poem, "The Vision." In the sixth number "The Marseillaise" appears, in which he calls on the sons of France to awake, arise, and an "Irish National Hymn" in the fourteenth number. All his poems in Mitchel's paper are full of the political fire which distinguished the prose writings of its great editor. To this short-

lived paper he contributed about twenty poems. Mitchel says in his biographical sketch of him, that from the time he commenced to write for his paper he contributed to no other organ.

The last two years of his life saw him pursue in his private life the same erratic course, and every effort of his friends to reclaim him failed. They, however, induced him toward the close of 1848 to go down to Kiltale, his uncle's home, thinking this would be the means of restoring his enfeebled constitution; but after a stay of a few weeks he came up to Dublin again, tired and weary, as he expressed himself, of his existence while there, everything having been dull and dreary.

It will not be out of place here to give a life-like portrait of the *personnel* of this remarkable man, just as he could be seen in the streets of Dublin, at the old book-stalls round Trinity College wall, or at the Four Courts. He was about five feet six inches high, slightly stooped, very thin. His head was large and beautifully shaped; blue eyes; and complexion pale—indeed, of a deadly pallor. He was most eccentric as regards dress, seemingly putting on his garments at haphazard, and generally ill-fitting ones. He usually wore a blue cloth cloak buttoned tightly round him, and under his arm he carried a large, old-fashioned umbrella; he wore a broad-leafed, high-crowned hat. He seemed totally unaware of his eccentric and remarkable appearance, and never seemed to notice the jocose remarks on him made by passers-by.

In 1849 there was an appalling outbreak of cholera in the city, and Mangan had some peculiar idea that there was no such thing as contagion and that precautions were unnecessary. However, he seemed to have had at this time a presentiment that he was doomed to fall a victim to the terrible epidemic. In June he fell seriously ill at his lodgings in Bride Street, and was removed to Meath Hospital by direction of his friends, Dr. Stokes and Rev. C. P. Meehan. The latter was one of his truest and best friends, ministering to his spiritual wants till, on the 20th of June, 1849, he passed away to a brighter and happier home, of which he had written:

> "Where neither passion comes, nor woes,
> To vex the genius of repose.
> No darkness there divides the sway
> With startling dawn and dazzling day:
> But gloriously serene
> Are the interminable plains;
> One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
> O'er the wild, silent scene."

Dublin, June 30, 1888. R. M. S.

UNITED ITALY.

ITALY has puzzled English-speaking Catholics for well-nigh fifty years. She is called a Catholic nation and is ruled by an infidel government. She produces the highest types of saints—Cottolengo,* *e.g.*, and Dom Bosco—and is constantly at war with the Roman pontiffs. While her religious orders are robbed and pitilessly dismembered, new ones arise, one of which at least, established primarily for the education and religious training of youth, is already the wonder of this age, and recalls the time of Loyola and Vincent de Paul. Religion is banished from the universities, colleges, and primary schools of Italy, and she continues to send missionaries to Asia, to Africa, to Patagonia, to the Rocky Mountains.

The pope, bishops, and priests of Italy are certainly persecuted by a minority of the Italian people, and the Catholic majority does not protect them at the polls. Were Italy tyrannized over by an autocrat, holding in fetters both church and state, it would not be surprising to see the pope a prisoner in his own domains. But she enjoys now the blessings of a representative government, and her people can shape their own laws and their own destinies. Why do not Italian Catholics avail themselves of their right of free citizens, go to the polls, elect their own representatives, form a Catholic government, and invite King Humbert to walk out of Rome? Why do they allow the Italian parliament to frame in this very year of grace 1888 a set of laws that will empower the enemies of the church to gag and imprison every bishop and priest in the land, if he dare do his duty and refuse to become a traitor to his chieftain, the Vicar of Christ? Thus reason many Americans. I have been asked to give an answer to these and similar questions, and in doing so I will endeavor to explain:

1st. How Italy came to find herself in her present religious state.

* To answer the question, "Who is Cottolengo?" in a foot-note would be utterly impossible. He established the Piccola Casa of Divine Providence in Turin, which is the most remarkable single institution of charity of this century. The buildings are joining those of Dom Bosco. If you should visit the Piccola Casa, and then all the institutions of charity of the Catholic Church in New York City, you would find out that the former does not fall short of equalling all the latter. Its inmates number now between three thousand and four thousand. Any afflicted human being finds its doors open to him. Cottolengo has been declared "Venerable," and I hope to live long enough to see him canonized. His life is written in three volumes by Gastaldi, who, I think, is a nephew of Silvio Pellico. The work awaits a translator.

2d. Why the Catholics of that country do not seem to endeavor to get out of it by the means suggested.

I must ask the reader to glance at the contemporary history of Italy. We shall begin with the year 1815. It must not, however, be forgotten that the French encyclopædists had already made their influence felt among the educated classes of the Italian people during the latter half of the eighteenth century—witness Ugo Foscolo and Alfieri. The Congress of Vienna so dissected Italy as to render her powerless and lifeless as a nation. The possessions of the ancient Republic of Venice (which had died of old age and given up the ghost without a struggle at the approach of Napoleon) were given to Austria. The house of Savoy and the Pope were allowed their time-honored sceptres, while the King of Naples and the Dukes of Tuscany, of Parma, and of Modena were permitted to re-establish their hated rule in Southern and Central Italy. The island of Corsica reverted to France, and that of Malta (the grave of mædieval knighthood) was allotted to England. Switzerland, the Prince of Monaco, and the Republic of San Marino were given the other shreds of the peninsula. Meanwhile, not fewer than 150,000 sons of Italy, who had been drafted into Napoleon's army, had returned to their homes with their religious ideas shaken or wrecked by contact with the French soldiers; these latter, during the different stages of their mighty revolution, had been brought up without religion. They found their country as fifteen years of war had left it, ravaged and parcelled out to foreigners and to petty rulers, who seem to have been unable to realize that with the nineteenth century a new era had dawned upon the world, one of progress in developing the material resources of nature. The North of Europe had awakened to the necessity of popular education, and while France and Switzerland were busily engaged in teaching their people how to read and write, in Italy, Southern and Central Italy especially, it was decided to be unnecessary to give schools to the lower classes. As late as 1860 the eight or nine million subjects of the kingdom of Naples were found to be an almost solid mass of illiteracy. No wonder if everywhere discontent was breeding among the lower and middle classes, who looked upon their country as a "once noble queen now uncrowned and humbled to the dust." No room was left for national aspirations, no hope to patriotism, unless the hideous political fabric was pulled down and a new one built upon its ruins. Liberty, as Americans understand it, had no resting place between the Alps and the Gulf of Taranto. The mas-

ters of Italy, frightened by the horrors of the French Revolution, made everywhere their absolutism more absolute. To speak a word, to write a line of protest against the dismemberment of the *Patria* was a crime. Men began then to band themselves into secret societies under the names of Carbonari, Giovane, Italia, etc. Their leaders found shelter and protection in France, Switzerland, and England, whence they carried on their propaganda through a secret postal service of their own, embracing the whole of Italy, and operated mainly by the numerous sailors who had been initiated into the mysteries of the associations. It has been generally taken for granted by Catholic writers that these societies were naturally anti-religious and composed exclusively of bad men. But the evidence for this has never been clearly stated.

The Roman States, between 1815 and 1870, were little more than dependencies first of Austria and then of France, the self-appointed protectors of the Holy See. The influence of the powerful Prince Metternich (the Bismarck of the early part of the present century), and of his master, Francis I., was directed towards absolutism, while beyond the Alps the Bourbon kings were hard at work to make of France what it was under Louis XIV. Had the popes dreamed of giving the people of the Roman provinces a voice in the affairs of state, they could not have done so without placing themselves in opposition to all the Catholic crowned heads of Europe. Their policy would have been suicidal. They, however, who occupied the chair of Peter between Pius VI. and Pius IX. gave no sign of being so inclined. The numerous dukes and kings of Italy, swayed by France and Austria, united in crushing every aspiration of the malcontents and every attempt to establish popular forms of government. Conspiracies, rebellions, and revolutions, now in the North, now in the South, became of frequent occurrence, and the little monarchs were more than once forced to empty their treasuries to feed hosts of political prisoners, and to pay the passage of exiles out of the country.

Meanwhile there arose in Piedmont and Lombardy a galaxy of brilliant writers, who gave Italy the best productions of the Italian literature of this century—Manzoni, Cesare Cantù, Silvio Pellico, Massimo d'Azeglio. Catholics in faith all of them, all of them had dreams of liberty and national independence. In the lecture-room, in the theatre, in fiction and in history, in prose and in verse they fanned the flame of what they thought to be patriotism. They soon became the victims of the ruling powers, and the idols of

the educated middle classes. All of them were laymen, and bequeathed to Italy the cleanest and wholesomest pages of her literature. Philosophizing priests followed them—Gioberti, Rosmini, Ausonio Franchi. The first named—a profound thinker, idolized by the people for having flattered them in works written while an exile of absolutism, a court chaplain, a professor in the university, a prime minister—wielded a powerful pen and never stinted its use. Finding his political schemes thwarted by the Jesuits (the faithful adherents of the pope in politics as well as in religion), he dipped his pen in venomous gall and wrote that encyclopædia of calumnies against the Society of Jesus called the *Gesuita Moderno.* No other book proved as hurtful to religion in Italy during this century. It was promptly placed on the Index. But forbidden fruit is attractive, and for a few years, in Piedmont at least, where the liberty of the press had been proclaimed, it passed through more editions, probably, than the Bible itself. Rosmini was a saintly clergyman and the founder of a religious congregation. But he thought he saw abuses in the church, and wrote about them. His book, too, *Le cinque piaghe della Chiesa*, was placed on the Index. Ausonio Franchi, whose real name is Francesco Bonavino, is said to have fought for a time against scruples and doubts, and then unfrocked himself, turned rationalist, and spent the rest of his life in writing popular philosophical works calculated to poison the minds of the people on the subject of religion. Gioberti and Rosmini found not a few followers of their philosophical theories among the clergy, but the priests who believed in their political schemes were few and far between.

By concordats with the Holy See the rulers of Italy had obtained the virtual nomination of bishops. The rélations between church and state were so manifold and intimate that the occupants of episcopal sees were, in more than one respect, the officers of the government, and clerical appointments were made with a view to solidify the different tottering thrones, and, as sometimes claimed, to give honorable positions to deserving members of aristocratic families in full sympathy with their patrons. The lower clergy and religious orders, at that time well provided with benefices, thought as the bishops did, and viewed the new idea of government reform and reconstruction as the germ of a future political revolution destined to shake, as it had done in France, both church and state to their very foundations. They used their moral influence over the people to oppose the revolutionists. These soon learned to look upon the church as their

enemy, and saw behind every altar a tyrant, in every clergyman an enemy of progress. Absolutism is enthroned, they said, behind the sanctuary; we must demolish the one to reduce the other. Thus began the war of what became known as liberalism against the church. Gioberti, Manzoni, Cesare Cantù, who had dreamed beautiful dreams of Italian nationalization and free institutions, with the pope as honored chieftain, having been used as tools for a while by the occult sects, soon lost influence, and radical men, enemies of the altar as well as of the throne, became eaders of the revolution.

Mazzini, a crafty Genoese, and thoroughly unscrupulous as to the means to obtain his ends, became the guiding genius of the vast system of conspiracies in Italy and in Europe. Trained from youth to hate the Catholic Church by his mother, who was herself imbued with the principles of the French revolution, he received in his native city and abroad an education that made him master of the principal European languages.* He was at home with his French, German, Spanish, and English fellow-conspirators as well as with the Italians. While yet a student in Genoa he was already found, during a popular commotion, insulting and beating an inoffensive clergyman. The unfortunate Baudiera brothers, in foolishly attempting to destroy an Austrian fleet in 1844, became the victims of Mazzini's ideas. Rossi was assassinated in Rome, Louis Napoleon's life was attempted by Orsini (a frequent emissary of Mazzini), while he remained quietly in London under the protection of British politicians. No one else, probably, could give as thoroughly satisfactory an explanation of the epidemic of revolutions that broke out everywhere in Europe during the year 1848 as Mazzini. A universal republic built out of the debris of monarchies, and a new religion based on rationalistic principles, was his Utopia. For a time, at least, there was a Young Italy, a Young France, a Young Switzerland, a Young Poland—a Young Europe; and Mazzini, from his hiding-place, directed the movements of all. His agents in America were numerous.

Garibaldi, a sailor from Nice, had early in life become an associate of Mazzini, and was used by him, like many others of his profession, in secretly disseminating revolutionary literature in Italy. A fearless adventurer, he helped to form republics in South America, fought bravely in 1848 against the Austrians, defeated in 1849 a French detachment near Rome, and one of Nea-

* Mazzini and his mother are buried side by side in the famous Campo Santo, but beyond the limits of consecrated ground.

politans at Palestrina. Twice exiled from Piedmont, he settled in 1850 in New York. Between the years 1854 and 1859 an agreement was entered into between Cavour and the leading revolutionists to unite Italy under the Sardinian flag. Garibaldi was quietly invited back to Piedmont. By this time the thrones of Naples, of Parma, of Modena, of Tuscany, and the Roman provinces had been thoroughly undermined by the ever-active plotters of the secret societies. Austria alone stood in the way; and it was left to Cavour's diplomacy to overcome the obstacle. He procured a matrimonial alliance between the courts of Paris and Turin; the saintly Princess Clotilda, Victor Emmanuel's daughter, was sacrificed in marriage to the Prince of Paris (Plon Plon), and a promise was made of the cession of Savoy and Nice to France. As a *quid pro quo* Napoleon crossed the Alps with his armies, and with the help of the Sardinians drove Austria from Lombardy, which was given to Victor Emmanuel. Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, by successful revolutions connived at by Cavour, and several of the Roman provinces, were annexed to Piedmont with the secret approval of the French emperor. On May 5, 1860, Garibaldi, a native of what was then a French province, and a citizen of the United States, embarked with one thousand volunteers near Genoa on board a Sardinian steamer flying a foreign flag. He landed at Marsala, in Sicily, and, aided by local revolutionists who were in the plot, took possession first of the island and then of the mainland in the name of Victor Emmanuel, whose navy and land forces openly co-operated with him.

The kingdom of Italy was thus established. How Venice in 1866 and Rome in 1870 came into possession of the present government of Italy is fresh in the minds of every reader. By an alliance with Prussia the former was acquired and the Franco-Prussian war gave the opportunity to enter the latter. It is needless to say that the clergy opposed revolutionary wars and insurrection, and remained faithful to the pope and to their monarchs. The masses of the people, especially of the rural districts, followed their priests and bishops. It was, therefore, necessary to the permanence of the new government that the influence of the church should be crushed and, if possible, annihilated. Priests and bishops by the hundred from Southern and Central Italy were banished to Northern provinces, or, to use the hypocritical jargon of the revolution, were relegated to a *domicilio coatto* (forced domicile). The writer remembers receiving the blessing more than once of one of those exiles, the ven-

erable Archbishop of Parma. They for years were the victims of the daily insults of the ribald Garibaldians, and subsisted, as best they could, on the commiseration and charity of the Catholics. At the same time the pay-roll of the men who lived on the bounty of the government was swelled to immoderate proportions. Former Carbonari, plotters from Venice, from Tyrol, from the Papal States, were invited to become citizens of the new kingdom, pensioned and settled in the towns of Piedmont and Lombardy. Many of them, who had learned in the secret haunts of conspiracy to handle the dagger better than their beads, lived in idleness and became the terror of law-abiding people. The pension rolls and the wars against the Austrians, the Papal States, and against the kingdom of Naples, had brought the government to the verge of bankruptcy. Its credit was little more than zero. A vast system of church spoliation, called by the euphonious name of secularization of ecclesiastical property, was promptly devised. It answered the three-fold purpose of depriving the clergy of the sinews of war, of deterring young men from entering the sanctuary, and of successfully meeting the financial crisis. Those magnificent structures, the monasteries of the religious orders, the pride of Italian architecture, their rich treasures of art, their immense libraries, the accumulations of centuries, were sold out at auction. Hundreds of churches went the same way or were demolished. Others were turned into soldiers' barracks, and even into brothels. The bishops' estates and those of their chapters, the innumerable benefices of the secular clergy, all fell in their turn under the hammer of the government auctioneer. Thus the Italian scoffers at religion, Jews and foreigners, the minions of the triumphant revolution, were afforded an opportunity of enriching themselves by buying church property and church estates at one-third of their real value.*

Still the work of religious destruction did not proceed as rapidly as desired. The church must be sapped at its foundations, and endeavors made to deprive her of ministers. Laws were enacted forcing every able-bodied aspirant to holy orders into the ranks of the army. And when it was discovered that Catholics willingly paid from three to four thousand francs to

* My indictment against the Italian government is strong enough without exaggerating the gravity of its charges. The benefices belonging to *parish* churches have never been sold, but taxed to an amount equal to over one-third of the net income. Bishops, canons, and others were given in exchange for their benefices an amount, in bonds, equal to the net proceeds from their sale. But as these were sold generally very cheap, and as the bonds are heavily taxed, little income is left to the beneficiaries.

redeem each of the young Levites by procuring for them substitutes, a supplementary law was passed forbidding it. It seemed as if the times of Antichrist had come. The clergy, the Catholics and the conservatives, looked in dismay upon their tyrants as a scourge from God. A stand might have been made with the ballot which the constitution had placed in the hands of the Catholic majority. But elections and plebiscites are farces in the face of a standing army of not less than two hundred thousand men, especially among peoples wholly unaccustomed to the electoral system. To aggravate the situation there came forth from Rome the famous formula addressed to Catholics: *Ne eletti ne elettori*, which paraphrased means, You are forbidden to have anything to do with national elections. You must be neither candidates nor voters. That order has never been revoked. Pius IX. stoutly refused to recognize the usurpation. And, although retaining for himself after 1848 only the shadow of power through the interested intervention of France, he undertook to protect the rights of the former rulers of Italy, depending on Providence for the triumph of his ideas. He withheld from the new government the privilege of interfering in the nomination of bishops to vacant sees. Many dioceses remained vacant for indefinite periods, while the ordinaries of others were prevented from taking possession of their episcopal residences and the remnants of their revenues.

A system of centralization was next devised which soon made it impossible for any but the partisans of the revolution to enter the more honorable and lucrative walks of life. The universities (brought into existence and nursed by the church) were thoroughly secularized, and the military academies established. Thus, to obtain a professorship, to practise law or medicine, to become an officer in the army, to follow even the humbler calling of a druggist or engineer, you must first "go through the mill" and obtain a diploma from the government. A clerical—that is, whoever remains faithful to the practice of the Catholic religion and dares to protest against the paganization of his country—need not apply for position or entertain any hope of advancement. The old men of letters and the scientists of Italy were Catholics. Infidels, Protestants, and Jews were called from beyond the Alps to take their places and teach in the universities. The railways and telegraphs were in the hands of the government, and the employees must subscribe to the new political tenets. The government reserved to itself the exclusive right to manufacture and sell salt and tobacco, and thus recruit-

ed thousands of adherents. Judges, magistrates, policemen (their name is Legion), and the entire army are forced to subscribe to the new order of things, not only politically but frequently to renounce the practice of their religious duties. Chaplaincies in the army in time of peace were abolished, and once a year the common soldier is allowed a few hours to receive the sacraments at Eastertide. But the day before the captain thus addresses his company: "If there be a fool in my command who wishes to go to confession, an opportunity will be afforded him to-morrow morning. He will be allowed to leave the barracks for that purpose between the hours of six and ten. His comrades, however, will learn to know him as an enemy of the country." It looks incredible. But in 1866 just such a harangue was addressed to the company of which my brother was a member.

It would be useless to attempt to tell of all the obstacles thrown in the way of aspirants to holy orders, and how priests and bishops are hampered at every step by vexatious official interference with the exercise of their ministry. Pilgrimages, religious processions, funerals, the ringing of bells for service, etc., have all been subjected to legislative enactments, and frequently prevented under frivolous pretexts. In 1870, being then twenty years of age, I was subject to the law of conscription. I was then a student of theology in the seminary of my native diocese. On a given day the order was handed me to present myself at the seat of the *mandamento*,* and draw a number which would assign me to the first or second *categoria* of the army. Providence favored me. The number which I drew from the fatal urn with trembling hand made it possible for me to continue my studies in the seminary instead of beginning four years active service as a common soldier. A few days later it became necessary to present myself, together with all the young men of the *circondario* of my age, to a mixed committee of army officers and surgeons, to be examined as to my physical ability for army service. I was forced not only to put off my seminarist's soutane, but to strip myself naked before them and some fifty other persons. A uniformed officer scanned me from head to foot, felt my chest and other parts of the body, and with a sneering compliment that I must have been descended from the ancient

* They divided Italy into provinces, these into *circondarii*, and the *circondarii* into *mandamenti*. The army was then divided into two *categorie*, or classes. The first was the standing army in time of peace. The second class, after a few days' drilling, was dismissed, only to be called out in time of war.

Taurini,* and would make a good bersagliere, put my name on the roll. An humble petition from my bishop,† who stood well with the government, to his majesty's minister of war, after several months' delay, obtained me permission to prosecute my studies for the priesthood. I was ordained in 1874 for the foreign missions, and on the eve of my departure for Mississippi asked for the necessary passport to leave Italy. It was not granted without a security of two thousand francs for my prompt return to Italy should I be called at any time between the years 1875 and 1887, the period of my liability to service. Had I not done so, I would have been arrested on crossing the frontiers as an ordinary deserter. Is it any wonder if it is difficult to obtain young Italian priests to minister to their countrymen in foreign lands?

The press, oftentimes subsidized by the government, is used as an instrument of torture upon the clergy. No calumny is too base that it may not be used against the ministers of religion to vilify them in the eyes of the people. The pictorial art is prostituted by illustrated monthly magazines and weekly sheets in vile cartoons against priests, bishops, and popes. The most august ceremonies and practices of religion are ridiculed in romances, in which ecclesiastics appear as debauchees, in vulgar street ballads and on the stage as well as in periodicals. The courts of justice afford no redress.

From what has been said the conclusion might be drawn that by this time religion has been well-nigh banished from Italy. On the contrary, the very fact that the government is now busily engaged in framing a new engine of persecution to be used against the church, in the shape of a new set of laws against the abuses of the clergy, is proof that the fortress has not been taken and that the siege has been laid in vain. Ninety per cent. of the Italian women and seventy per cent. of the men are to-day practical Catholics. Faith was too deeply rooted in the Italian people to be swept away by a few decades of persecution. The masses of the Italian *contadini*, or farmers (Italy is an agricultural country), kept aloof from the religio-political strife and continued quietly to practise what the catechism had taught them, and to

* Taurini, a broad-chested and broad-shouldered race, were a people inhabiting parts of Piedmont before the times of the Romans. Turin (in Latin, Augusta Taurinorum) is called after them.

† He was the priest who assisted at Victor Emmanuel's morganatic marriage with the disreputable Countess Mirafiore, and got as a fee the mitre for the Diocese of Cuneo. One of his first episcopal acts was to dismiss the Jesuits from the Episcopal College, where they had been teaching in the garb of secular priests. *Requiescat in pace.*

pursue the cultivation of their fields. Enormous taxes and the forced military servitude of their sons, at a period of life when they are most needed on the farm, did not contribute to endear to them the new régime. Meanwhile, the clergy have not been idle. Fra Agostino da monte Feltro finds no church in Italy large enough to give standing-room to the throngs of artisans and workingmen that flock to hear his lectures. The children of Dom Bosco are training hundreds of thousands of young men to stand by the church in the work of saving their country. A Catholic press is being gradually established to answer the attacks and refute the calumnies of the parasitical official periodicals. Editors and publishers cheerfully undergo fines and imprisonment in the defence of truth. During a visit to my native country two years ago I saw everywhere, especially in the Northern provinces, evidences of a religious revival rather than of decay.

King Humbert and his ministers, after seventeen years' residence in the Quirinal, do not yet feel at home. They lately heard the voice of reaction and felt insecure in "intangible Rome." That voice must be stifled, the priests must be gagged. It must become a crime to say that the pope is the rightful sovereign of Rome. The following laws have been, therefore, formulated by the ministers and are now being discussed in Parliament—by this time, perhaps, placed on the statute book: "Whoever attempts any overt act intended to alter the unity, the integrity, or the independence of the state is punishable with penal servitude for life." Or, following Cardinal Manning's translation of another formula of the same law: "Whosoever does anything tending to make the country or any part of it subject to a foreign power, or to tamper with the unity of the kingdom, is punishable with penal servitude for life." "The minister of any denomination who, in the exercise of his functions, publicly censures or outrages the institutions and lords of the state, is punishable with a year's imprisonment or a fine of one thousand francs." A third law provides that if "a minister of any denomination, abusing the moral power he possesses by virtue of his office, brings into contempt the institutions and laws of the country or the acts of the authorities, he is punishable with imprisonment, six months to three years, and a fine of from five hundred to three thousand francs." The reader needs not be told that these statutes are tyrannical, not only because they are intended to stifle the Roman question, but because their elasticity and the indefiniteness of their wording will leave it in the

power of judges and the government executive to convict or acquit as the political exigencies of the case may require. Henceforth it will be possible, if these laws are approved, for every petty magistrate or *pretofobo* (priest-hater) to have priests and bishops indicted and convicted, if any of them will dare (as surely they will) to condemn the usurpation of Rome or any of the iniquitous laws against religion. Will these statutes be approved by the Chamber of Deputies and by the Senate, and will they obtain the necessary signature of the king? Assuredly they will, judging from past experience, notwithstanding the protest of every priest and bishop in Italy, unless foreign pressure be brought to bear on the Italian government rendering it impolitic to adopt them. This is all that can be said of them at present.

I am done with my first point. The way is now smooth to the second. Why do not the Catholics of Italy endeavor to overthrow their government by electing Catholic representatives? Answer: Because the pope forbids them to do so. Why? First, because he knows that to go to the polls, to accept candidatures and offices, would be recognizing, before the world, the *status quo* and the revolution. Second, because he knows that a Catholic party could not be successful. It must be borne in mind that Italy is not a republic governed by universal suffrage, but a limited monarchy with the balance of power largely in favor of the crown whenever it chooses to exercise it. The constitution by which it is governed provides for two legislative bodies, the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. Only the deputies are elected by the people; the senators are appointed for life by the king, and are naturally his creatures. The hereditary monarchy retains for itself an unlimited veto power. Suppose now that an election takes place. A ministerial candidate is in the field and the clericals or Catholics nominate an opposition ticket. All the government employees, the judges, the magistrates, the policemen, all the soldiers of the neighboring barracks would be ordered at once to carry the election or the officials be dismissed and the soldiers punished. The priest should leave his pulpit, the people their church to enter the political arena. The government invariably selects Sunday for election-day. But let us look at the bright side of the medal and suppose that a Catholic deputy is elected. He will present himself to the chamber to be sworn, and, as likely as not, will be told that his election is annulled owing to the undue influence of the clergy in procuring it. Let us continue to suppose. His

credentials are accepted. Before taking his seat he is required to take the following oath: "I swear to be faithful to the king and loyally to observe the constitution and the laws of the state." Can he conscientiously swear to be loyal to the usurper of Rome and not to do that which he was elected to do by his constituents? Again suppose the highly improbable. A majority of Catholic deputies are elected and seated. They legislate to break the fetters of the church. Will the life-senators repudiate all their former legislation and write the sentence of their condemnation before the world? If they should, there would yet be the royal veto to overcome, backed by an army of two hundred thousand men, capable of immediate increase to eight hundred thousand men.

I have heard it said by Americans: Let the people of Italy rise in their might, throw their tyrants into the Tiber, and set the pope free. Would the attempt succeed? Not without perjury and treachery. Leo XIII. would rather breathe his last a prisoner in his own house than consent to become the monarch of the world by unlawful means. And what right-thinking man would turn the fair land of Italy into a pool of blood and a house of carnage to re-establish the temporal power of the pope? Americans have also offered the Italian Catholics the following words of sympathy: "You are the slaves of a handful of infidel demagogues, but your shackles are of your own making." But I answer, let somebody write a truthful history of Europe during this century, and it will be seen that, were it not for the gold of Protestant nations interested in destroying the temporal sovereignty of the Roman pontiffs, were it not for Louis Napoleon's double-dealing and the apathy and dereliction of duty of the old autocratic rulers of Italy, Victor Emmanuel's unclean ashes would not to-day pollute the Pantheon of Rome.

What is the future of the Catholic Church in Italy? It will grow stronger and healthier under persecution until Europe shall see the propriety of again giving freedom and independence to the Vicar of Christ, the centre of unity and peace in the Christian world. The words of St. Ambrose have proved prophetic for fourteen hundred years and they will continue so: "*Italia, Italia-aliquando tentata mutata nunquam!*"

Jackson, Miss. L. A. DUTTO.

"IN DURA CATENA."

O OUTRAGED land! O tortured land!
Let not thy burdened heart grow faint;
Remember thy fair brow hath borne
The crown of martyr and of saint.
The judgment blast shall ring at last;
The tyrant's knell shall ring at last.
Thy voice, that seems too weak in pain
To fire a nation's blood again,
Is not too weak for God to hear
The power of its plaint:
Is not too light for God to slight
The passion of its plaint.
Poor Erin, struggle on!

A fateful day—a final day
Is coming to thy foes and thee.
Ah! not to be a tyrant's prey
Is thy eternal destiny!
Thy freedom bowed hath cried aloud,
For vengeance hath it cried aloud.
That cry shall bring its answer down;
Yet shalt thou wear a nation's crown,
While crushing persecution's might
Shall stand thy liberty:
While stern and strong, defying wrong,
Shall reign thy liberty.
Brave Erin, struggle on!

Baltimore, Md. M. LOUISE MALLOY.

JEANETTA GRUDZINSKA, PRINCESS OF LOWICZ.

AN interesting article in a late number of the *Revue Britannique*, by a Polish pen, recalls to mind a lady whose memory had well-nigh faded out of sight, though an imperial throne was forfeited for her sake, and in a most difficult and exceptional position she seems to have exhibited fidelity, self-restraint, good judgment, and many endearing qualities.

This lady was Jeanetta Grudzinska, Princess of Lowicz, wife of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, elder brother of the Czar Nicholas, and, during the lifetime of the Emperor Alexander I., heir-presumptive to the Russian throne.

The article in the *Revue Britannique* contains a brief biography of the princess and extracts from some of her letters, but it presupposes the reader's acquaintance with events on which the interest of her life is founded. We therefore propose to offer a short account of the condition of things in Russia when, in 1820, her marriage connected her with the imperial family.

The father of the Grand Dukes Alexander, Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael was the Emperor Paul, son of the Empress Catherine and her husband Peter, who did not survive a cup of coffee drunk in prison the day after he had abdicated the imperial throne.

Paul was exceedingly distrusted by his mother, who kept him in a state of abject pupilage. He was allowed no influence at court, no part in public affairs. He was merely permitted to superintend the drill and the uniforms of the army. The only gleam of happiness in his sad life was when he passed a year as the Comte du Nord, travelling with his sweet young wife, Dorothea of Montbélliard, to the courts of France, Holland, Italy, and Germany. The history of that journey has been told us in the memoirs of Madame d'Oberkirch, who was the intimate friend of the grand duchess, and in her pages Paul appears in a most amiable light, though throughout the narrative, notwithstanding its reserves, we can see with what terror the Empress Catherine inspired her son and her daughter-in-law.

We judge from his wife's letters to Madame d'Oberkirch, to whom she wrote as friend to friend, and from that lady's account of the life led in private by the married pair, that Paul was exceedingly attached to the beautiful, amiable, and intelligent lady he had married when a young widower.

The Czar Paul, after succeeding his mother, is believed (for court chronicles in Russia are seldom matter-of-fact) to have shown symptoms of the insanity latent in his family since the days of Ivan the Terrible. He disgusted the army by his strict regulations as to drill and dress, especially in the matter of hair-powder, concerning which Suwarroff got himself into disgrace, notwithstanding his splendid services, by reminding the emperor that hair-powder was not gunpowder; and lastly, he exasperated his people by suddenly becoming the partisan of everything French and forming an alliance with the Emperor Napoleon.

A conspiracy was formed to dethrone him. Alexander, his heir, was notified of this plot, and appears to have accepted it as a necessity. But the conspirators had no idea of putting their own lives in jeopardy by showing the dethroned emperor any mercy. They surprised him at night. Naked and unarmed, he fought with desperation, but they overpowered him and strangled him with the sash of a young captain who was looking on while the work was performed by leading Russian generals.

Alexander never recovered the shock of this night's tragedy. He was forced to accept the situation, but his mild, gentle, and just nature made him all his life liable to fits of deep depression, which, had he lived, would probably have ended in religious melancholy. After the close of the Napoleonic wars he planned the Holy Alliance in a fit of fervor. Considering all revolutions as tending to atheism and all reforms as tending to revolution, he formed a league with the new ruler of France and the sovereigns of Prussia and Austria (England, under Lord Castlereagh, approving though not joining the alliance) to put down any symptoms of revolution as calculated to disturb the new map of Europe marked out by the treaties of Vienna. Faithful to this alliance, he refused to encourage the Greeks or the Rumanians when they revolted against the Turks, although in alliance with them he might either have secured permanent influence with a Christian emperor at Constantinople, or have acquired for himself that much-coveted city.

He died of malarial fever at Tangarog, in the Crimea, December 5, 1825, and his last hours were embittered by the discovery of the first Nihilist conspiracy—a plot to assassinate him, not because he was unpopular or accused of any tyranny, but because he was an obstacle to that programme of reform which, based upon the principle that "whatever is is wrong," was to begin by making a clean sweep of existing institutions and reducing everything to nothing.

On Alexander's accession to the Russian throne he had endeavored to associate his brother Constantine with him in the affairs of government. Constantine had in his father's lifetime made, in 1799, a campaign with Suwarroff. At Austerlitz, in 1805, he distinguished himself by his rashness and his bravery, and he attended his brother Alexander through the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814. After the wars were over he returned to Russia, and was married to a refined and gentle lady, Princess Juliana of Saxe-Coburg, sister of the Duchess of Kent, King Leopold the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and aunt both to Prince Albert and to Queen Victoria.

But the eccentricities, the fits of passion, the brutalities and the savagery of Constantine so terrified and alienated the poor lady that she refused to live with him, and retired first to Switzerland and subsequently to her own family at Saxe-Coburg. Complaints of all kinds poured in upon Alexander concerning the unbearable brutalities of his brother's conduct, and Constantine was dismissed from the Russian court to superintend affairs in the new kingdom of Poland. In this capacity some French wits called him the chief of police to the Holy Alliance.

In Paris, in 1814, the grand duke had been thrown into contact with some of the Polish leaders and had conceived a high esteem for them, showing preference thenceforward for the Poles over his own countrymen. At Warsaw he was head and chief, in St. Petersburg his position was secondary and uncomfortable. At the beginning of his career he had exhibited his father Paul's strange fancy for matters of military dress and drill. It was currently reported at St. Petersburg that he had said he hated war because it spoiled his soldiers' uniforms. A button loose, or boots ill-blacked, or a beard a fraction too long was sufficient under his generalship to destroy for life the professional prospects of any officer, and yet he had talent and a quick knowledge of character, was generous, industrious, and by no means inaccessible to emotions of kindliness. He was a good son, a good husband (at least to his last wife), and a good brother; but his fierce explosions of rage and his general eccentricity destroyed the effect of his good qualities. Nevertheless all Polish writers unite in saying of him, "*Qu'il avait un bon cœur; tous ceux qui l'ont connu sont d'accord sur ce point.*"

His administration in Poland had little to distinguish it. It was a field where his rude and savage character found full sway, but his private life after his retirement from the Russian court is a far more attractive history. Between Constantine in public

and Constantine in private there was a strange contradiction. The two characters are inconsistent, and their reconciliation might form an interesting psychological problem.

At the period when Constantine appeared in Warsaw as generalissimo of the troops, and governor-general of the Kingdom of Poland there was living in that capital a family of good birth but of impaired reputation. Broniec was the name by which it was known, though it often was called Grudzinska. The truth was Count Grudzinska, who appears to have been a "just man," and even a pious one, had been the first husband of a lady who, having with great difficulty procured a divorce from him, married a certain Broniec, once marshal at the court of the King of Saxony, a mere adventurer in spite of his title of marshal, which he habitually bore. By her first husband Madame Broniec had had three daughters, whose custody she was permitted to retain. The names of these young ladies were Jeanetta, Josephine, and Antoinette.

The Poles have a proverb that no apple falls far from its apple-tree, but the three young ladies Grudzinska were not like the maternal apple-tree at all. They may have inherited amiable and attractive qualities from their father, but they owed more to their education, which was undertaken by a lady who, though political events had reduced her to needy circumstances, moved and was esteemed in the best society. Daily to this lady's house the three sisters repaired at seven in the morning, not returning to their own home till evening, receiving there not merely knowledge but education. Subsequently they were introduced into society in Warsaw by this lady with her own daughters, for in spite of her small means she had the best *entrées*.

The fair young girls were pitied, approved, and soon became great favorites in society, where they were taken under the especial patronage of the chief leaders of fashion.

The state of affairs in their own household was neither creditable nor comfortable. Count Grudzinska, a devout Catholic, had refused to lend his name to his wife's proceedings for a divorce, and whilst the young girls were growing up confusion, intrigue, and distress prevailed. A legal divorce had been at length procured by Madame Grudzinska, who forthwith married Marshal Broniec.

It is not surprising that with this man at the head of the household debts increased rapidly and disorder and discomfort reigned. Even the money remitted by Grudzinska for his daughters' education melted before reaching their instructress.

Hence it was felt by every one to be desirable that the three fair sisters should marry early and leave their home. Josephine, an amiable and beautiful girl, married a distinguished Polish gentleman. The youngest sister, Antoinette, married General Chlapowski, subsequently a leader in the Polish Revolution, and dictator of Poland in 1831, for a brief period, between the overthrow of the Russian government and its terrible restoration.

Jeanetta was not so beautiful as her two sisters, but, as a contemporary writer has said of her, "in all things that she did she charmed." Her sweetness of disposition was as attractive as her powers of conversation. "In amiability she was without a rival." In 1818 she met the Grand Duke Constantine for the first time, and the acquaintance soon ripened into love. The courtship lasted for more than two years. Constantine was still the husband of the Princess Juliana, and in Russia a divorce can only be obtained by favor of the emperor, who claims to be, *ex-officio*, the head of all Greek Christians in his dominions. In 1820 Constantine repaired to St. Petersburg, and made it his earnest request to his brother and his mother that he might be divorced from his Saxe-Coburg wife and marry (with the imperial permission) the lady whom he loved.

It cost him tears and prayers and sacrifices to attain this end. The divorce was at last given and the consent granted, but a heavy price had to be paid for them. Previous to the marriage an imperial ukase was published depriving the children of any marriage contracted by a member of the imperial house with any lady not belonging to a reigning family of all rights of succession to the throne. To this Constantine consented, and also agreed that his Polish wife should not be considered a member of the imperial family. Besides these conditions, which were known to the public, there was a third kept a profound secret between Constantine, his brother, and their mother. Constantine had signed and placed in the hands of his brother a paper by which he renounced his right of succession as heir presumptive to the imperial throne. This paper was sealed and deposited by Alexander with the president of his grand council, only to be opened in case of his death, when it was to be read immediately.

These conditions having been at last arranged, not without much difficulty, for Constantine, though willing to surrender his own rights, was jealous for those of his wife, the imperial lover went back to Warsaw, made his formal demand to Count Grud-

zinska for the hand of his daughter, and was married to Jeanetta on April 24, 1820.*

A contemporary memoir writer thus speaks of this wedding: "The Grand Duke Constantine Paulovitch, brother and heir of the emperor, married April 24, 1820, Mademoiselle Grudzinska. For several years there has been talk of his attachment, and those who knew him well predicted how it would end. Of course disparaging remarks have been made on the young lady. But these are effectually silenced by the marriage. Mademoiselle Grudzinska immediately after her wedding took up her residence at the grand ducal palace, and since then she and the grand duke are seen everywhere together. It is considered very surprising that the emperor and his mother should have given their consent to this marriage. It is said that the grand duke when last at St. Petersburg wept three days at their feet imploring their permission. Jeanetta has no title as yet, but it is said the emperor intends to give her one. This subject is the theme of conversation in all circles. Many ladies envy Jeanetta, but I pity her."

The marriage on the whole was not unhappy, though the bride soon found herself assailed by annoyances, many of them caused by the insatiable demands of her needy and voracious family. Jeanetta seems most sincerely to have loved her husband, but from the first he forbade her interference in public affairs and warned her never to intercede with him on behalf of her countrymen. If she had hoped to stand the friend of Poland and to assuage the miseries of her own people, she soon found that no influence on such subjects was allowed her.

The emperor created her Princess of Lowicz and presented to his brother large estates that bore that name. These were settled on the prospective children of the marriage. But no children came. By degrees the princess adapted herself to her anomalous position. She overlooked much, she forgot much. She could "suffer and be still."

But though denied all political influence, her influence was great over the semi-barbarian who was her husband. In her society and under the spell of her affection he became calmer and more refined. He always spoke of her as his home angel. Though forced to be deaf to innumerable demands for honors and money which harassed her continually, her correspondence

* The marriage, of course, was invalid, Constantine's divorced wife being yet alive. Let us hope that Jeanetta's imperfect religious instruction left her in good faith in contracting it.—EDITOR.

with her mother and sisters was most loving. Never did a family fête-day or a birthday pass forgotten. To her family she wrote only of her happiness, of her husband's attentions to her, of the kindness that she received, of the embarrassment she felt when she found herself treated with more distinction than her rank gave her a claim to. After a great review at Lowicz she writes:

"I slipped away into the church, thinking that no one would notice that I had disappeared; and was astonished to find that a chair and a carpet had been made ready for me in one of the chapels."

And yet within a few days of the anniversary of her marriage she thus opens her heart to a friend of her childhood:

"BELVIDERE, April 3, 1821.

"MY BELOVED ANGÈLE:

"I have no excuses to offer you for my silence, nor will our mutual affection require them. But I must tell you that I have passed the first year of my married life in sadness, vexation, and perpetual irritation. This will explain my silence. I am now recovering by degrees my strength, moral and physical. . . . My surroundings are charming. I find all sorts of pleasant things in my home, all kinds of advantages. But this is only of late. At first it appeared to me all gloomy and sad, and its luxury was unbearable. . . . I have suffered very, very much. It seems to me that I never had so many trials in my life as during this year, *qu'on dit être année de miel, mais que j'appele plaisamment, mais avec raison, l'année de fiel*—the year not of honey but of gall. But all that is over now and I am completely happy, and all things have improved. My health, too, is better for a long rest. After some months of married life people know each other far better than they can possibly do, as you know, before marriage. One has to bear and forbear, and make mutual concessions. I am doing so and begin to feel happy. You will understand that this letter is only for you and for your mother."

Notwithstanding the conditions on which the emperor and the empress-mother insisted before they would consent to the grand duke's marriage, the relations of the princess with the emperor and the court were always friendly. When Alexander came to Warsaw soon after his brother's marriage he gained golden opinions even from the reluctant Poles. The Princess of Lowicz felt the attractions of his character and always spoke of him with enthusiasm.

For three years and a half after this the princess led a quiet life at Belvidère, a palace which, though almost a country-seat, was within the limits of Warsaw. Her health was not good, but time and her husband's tender solicitude for her in her weakness

drew them more closely together. Besides this she had the good opinion of the czar, and the affection of the whole imperial family, more particularly that of the Grand Duke Michael and his sisters, the Grand Duchesses Anne and Marie.

A few days before Christmas, 1825, the Emperor Alexander died in the Crimea after a brief illness. Up to the last he pathetically refused to be thought ill, or to omit the duties of his station.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, residing in St. Petersburg, immediately on receipt of the intelligence took the oath of allegiance to Constantine, his elder brother. He then despatched two couriers to Warsaw to inform Constantine that he was now emperor. Strange to say both couriers died upon the road, and the news was brought to Warsaw by an aid-de-camp of Nicholas, who was charged to present to the new emperor the respectful homage of his brother.

Before, however, this messenger was despatched from St. Petersburg, the army, as well as Nicholas, had sworn allegiance to Constantine. No sooner had they done so than the president of the council produced the letter that the Emperor Alexander had confided to his keeping. It conferred the imperial crown on Nicholas, and enclosed a letter from Constantine confirming and sanctioning this arrangement.

In spite of the production of this document Nicholas persisted in despatching his aid-de-camp to Warsaw to assure his brother of his loyalty and submission.

The effect produced at Belvidere by the arrival of this messenger was very great. Some say that Constantine fainted on learning of the death of Alexander. It is certain that he at once shut himself up alone in a state of great excitement. Even the princess was not suffered to come near him. From a distance she stood with clasped hands where he might see her from a window. At the end of two hours he came forth self-collected and calm, though all the furniture in his room had, during his transport, been broken and battered. His first words were to the princess, an assurance that she might make her mind easy, for he was not going to reign.

He at once despatched his youngest brother, Michael, to Nicholas, confirming his resignation of the throne, and Nicholas, who during the interval had thoroughly crushed the projected insurrection of the Nihilists, made preparations for his coronation. But Constantine was still popular with the party of Old Russia, the party that loved long beards and the national costume, and

Nicholas was anxious that his subjects should receive some personal assurance that he was to be crowned czar with the full consent of his deposed brother. He therefore urged Constantine to be present at his coronation. Constantine returned no answer, but on the eve of the day appointed he drove into Moscow in a travelling carriage, attended by a single aid-de-camp. Nicholas, grateful and delighted, hastened to welcome him; but his surprise and embarrassment were great when Constantine announced that he only meant to stay one night, and should set off on his return home the next morning. It had to be explained to him, with fear and trembling, that there had been some delay in the preparations, and that the coronation would not take place for a week. With some grumbling at the delay, Constantine consented to remain till after the ceremony. His native ferocity, aggravated by the excitements of the occasion, kept the new Czar Nicholas all that week in a state of great uneasiness, and it is not quite certain what thoughts were stirring in the heart of the elder brother, but not many hours before the coronation took place Constantine became aware that in the preparations for the ceremonial everything had been arranged so as to do him honor. This seemed to produce on him the effect of a sudden revelation. That afternoon, at a review, he abruptly placed himself at the head of his own regiment, and advancing to where the emperor sat on horseback at the far end of the great court of the Kremlin, he raised his hand respectfully in military salute to him as his superior. The emperor seized him by the arm. Constantine bent forward and kissed the hand of his brother. The emperor flung himself upon his neck and they embraced in a transport of brotherly affection. Next day, the Grand Duke Constantine refused to place himself upon the throne that had been prepared for him at the coronation, but took his place simply as a grand duke of the imperial family by the side of his brother Michael. The next morning, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the emperor, he started back to Poland.

He returned to his home, to the Polish army he was endeavoring to discipline after the western fashion, and to the wife who loved the wild nature she had conquered. That he was unpopular only made her love him with more wifely devotion; and in truth he must have had some qualities well worthy of her love.

Here are parts of two letters written by him to his wife's mother:

"MADAME: I had much pleasure in receiving the letter you wrote me on my birthday. Accept my thanks—nay, my gratitude—for this new proof of your kindness. The pretty casket you have sent me was a surprise, and I am greatly obliged for it. Its design reminds me of that time in my life when, under your protection, I was endeavoring to secure my future happiness, and when my wife was beginning to make me happy. My affection for her increases daily, for she is the source of all my happiness, and my sole aim is to try to make her happy and content. Thank God, her health is improved, and she is ever that sweet and charming Jeanetta whom you have always known."

And again:

"Thanks to our excellent Jeanetta, I enjoy a happiness in my home that I had never dreamed of, and I pray God it may continue until death."

But events in Poland were in preparation for a crisis. In 1830–1831 all Europe was enveloped in clouds and darkness, and the treaties of Vienna, then shattered by the shock of revolution, were in another generation to be swept away. Revolutionary fires had indeed been smouldering throughout Europe ever since the Spanish revolution of 1823. In Poland, as in Italy, there were secret societies which kept up fermentation beneath the social surface. The Revolution of 1830, in France, attracted the sympathies of all unquiet spirits, and when an order came to mobilize the Polish army, that it might be ready to advance on revolutionary France, the latent spirit of disaffection burst out into activity. On the night of November 29, 1830, a party of young men began a movement which at first, for a few hours, seemed to fail of success, but by daylight, owing to a variety of causes, had become a temporary victory.

Eighteen of the conspirators made their way to the palace of Belvidere. They entered it without opposition while all within it lay asleep and in apparent security. They murdered two of the grand duke's gentlemen in cold blood and made their way into his chamber. He had been awakened by his valet. He sprang out of bed, flung a cloak over his night-clothes, and rushed down a small stairway to his wife's apartments. There he found the greatest confusion. The court ladies had all left their beds and had assembled in the *salon*. The princess made them all fall on their knees around her husband and pray aloud for his safety. Unhappily Constantine had wholly lost his self-possession, and though a soldier brave to rashness in his early career, he now trembled with terror. The eighteen conspirators, after searching his apartments, retired in haste, murdering General Gendre, his chief counsellor, on their way. They had not gone a hun-

dred yards from the palace when a party of Polish horsemen galloped up to the rescue. Why the little band of conspirators was not annihilated it is hard to say. But by this time the insurrection had spread among the populace of Warsaw ; Polish soldiers were fraternizing with the instigators of the movement, and no troops remained faithful to the grand duke but four regiments of cavalry.

Had he put himself at the head of these four regiments he might have won the victory, but he seemed dazed by the events of the night. He trembled like a leaf and wandered aimlessly among his troops, a prey to a despair which seemed to have stupefied him. He and his wife retired before the fury of the storm and sought shelter at Wiezbno. There for some days they lived in a gardener's hut, destitute of comforts of every kind. The princess showed courage and capacity in this emergency, but she could not always restrain her feelings.

The leader chosen by the insurgents was General Chlapowski, and one of his titles to their confidence was his resentment against the grand duke for an insult publicly put upon him in 1818. Yet since that time he had married Antoinette Grudzinska, the Princess of Lowicz's favorite sister. The princess had favored the match, in spite of her mother's opposition. Chlapowski deemed it his duty as a patriot to negotiate. The negotiation came to nothing, and it lost him the confidence of his countrymen. But as the deputation sent by him to confer with the Grand Duke Constantine left the camp in which Constantine still retained eight thousand men, it was followed by a large part of the Polish cavalry. There was nothing left for Constantine but flight, and as Chlapowski took no pains to arrest him in his retreat he lost still more the confidence of those who a few weeks before had been blindly devoted to him.

Not long after this the Polish revolution lost all prospect of success, though the struggle was continued a few months longer. The czar hurried troops to the scene of action, his army being already mobilized with a view of threatening France under her new sovereign. The general in command was Diebitsch, who had won his laurels in the Turkish wars. He advanced upon Warsaw, and with him came the cholera. The Poles won a battle, and those who had been hand-to-hand with the Russians in the conflict were stricken down within a few hours. The dirt, the fever of men's minds, and the absence of all sanitary precautions made the plague horrible in Warsaw. Nevertheless the war went on. Step by step Diebitsch advanced, but early in

January the Poles gained an important victory. Diebitsch retreated to his camp, and in his despair and self-abandonment took refuge in drunkenness. It was thus that a messenger from the czar found him and presented him his dismission. The next day Diebitsch was seized with cholera and died. The messenger passed on to Minsk to carry despatches to the Grand Duke Constantine. The day after their interview the grand duke also died of cholera. He was fifty-three years of age.

His widow retired to St. Petersburg. On her way she wrote thus to her mother:

"AUGUST 2, 1831.

"DEAR MAMMA: Your daughter is very, very miserable. She has lost him for whom she lived, and now she is alone, without husband, friend, or protector. O mother! you can never know the grief this parting has caused me."

In the middle of September a few words written in a trembling hand close the records in her journal: "I am very ill and have received the last sacraments."

Yet she lingered a few weeks longer. She was watched over with affectionate solicitude by the imperial family. She had a presentiment that she would die upon the anniversary of that dreadful night when, roused from peaceful slumber, she fled with her husband from their home at Belvidere. The Emperor Nicholas, with kind consideration, had the dates changed in the little calendar she always used in order to mislead her. But in vain. She died on November 29, 1831, exactly one year after the attack on the palace of her husband.

She was buried in the Catholic chapel built by Alexander I., at Tsarskoé-Sélo, near St. Petersburg, and the court wore mourning for her for two weeks.

"Many tears," says a French writer, often hostile to emperors and kings, "were shed upon the tomb of this Polish lady, so fair, so tender, and so faithful. Her own conjugal devotion, and the beneficent influences of her love upon the character of her husband were no secrets to any one. The Grand Duke Constantine, though fierce in temper and generous by impulse, gave up a throne to win her, and having won her he showed her during the remainder of his life the submission of a child and the devotion of a knight in a romance of chivalry."

E. W. LATIMER.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE CHILD.

ABOUT three roods from the main street, in a garden, amidst many elm-trees, stood the house in which I was born—a gray stone cottage, lichen-roofed, ivy-hidden. A large casement window overlooked the street on the north side of the house. Facing the east was the porch, vine-covered, a stoop on either side. The south end rambled away into a summer kitchen and outhouses; the west led to the spring and a path through fields. Cross the threshold of the porch and straightway you are in the dining-room: a cheery room, with substantial table of mahogany, a side-board of like wood holding quaint candlesticks, odd caddies, winter or summer never without its vases of flowers, put there by the hands of my dear mother. From the dining-room, turning to your right, a corridor led you to the parlor. In the corridor stood a book-case, hanging above it a family tree together with a water-color painting of a coat-of-arms.

The parlor: with its leathern, brass-nailed chairs, but two of them alike—such comfortable chairs, made for every lazy posture. On either side the fire-place that bloomed with roses in the summer, whose fire ruddily lit the blue and yellow tiles in the winter, were placed the two Spanish chairs, alike, sacred to father and mother. When mother died and, other troubles following, I became my father's companion, her chair fell to me. Portraits of grandparents, and great and greater-grandparents hung on the parlor walls. Everywhere there are books, and in a corner, fitted in the wall, an organ, which, after my mother died, I never heard played but once again.

At the end of the dining-room, to the left, a door led to a sitting-room, beyond which were the kitchens; to the right was a staircase leading straight to the garrets. On the second floor was a corridor, opening on bedrooms and a library, terminated by the "little room"—the room where I and my brother, some few minutes my senior, first saw the light of this world; the room destined to be mine for fifteen years after. Pink carpeted, pink curtained, the furniture wicker-work, I have a notion that this dainty room influenced all my after-tastes, making me foolishly seek for a prettiness that is neither manly nor artistic. There

were two garrets: one, the smaller, a maid's room; the other had curious gable windows, its floor strewn with boxes of novels, boxes of *Punch*, boxes of the *Illustrated London News*, boxes of magazines and miscellanies. A charming garret, under whose roof I have spent many hours with my good old friends, the books and pictures. How much was learned there, how much that had to be unlearned!

My father's occupation—if what was done without an effort may be called an occupation—was to be a gentleman. It was the general opinion that he succeeded admirably. He was a stern man, a reserved man, an excessively proud man, and my mother loved him with a love that fell just short of worship. But once do I remember his ever having spoken a kind word to me, though he had a term of endearment for me of which I shall speak. He ruled me; for years I was his constant companion; yet he never conversed with me, and I loved and revered him. There must have been an attraction about him, for there were servants in the house who had served him a lifetime, to whom he had never opened his lips, and they declared that there was no man like the "master."

"What sort of a man is Mr. Ringwood, Maggy?" asked a gossip of the parlor-maid.

"Sure," said Maggy, "I've lived in his house eleven year, and he never's spoke the first word to me; he's one of the rale sort."

He was a very handsome man, a lavishly generous man. These may have been reasons for the liking all had for him, though every one feared him. As dearly as my mother loved my father, so he loved her. Mother was as unreserved as he was reserved; as lavish with endearments as he was chary of them. They had but one trait in common. She, too, was generous, always giving. And yet theirs was a perfect union.

Bert was idolized by my mother; it was different with me. I was a freckle-faced, red-haired, snub-nosed little monster; my twin-brother, with his flaxen curls, rosy complexion, and black eyes, a young Cupid. How often have I heard myself contrasted with my brother. Glad as I was to hear his beauty praised, I could not help but wish that I were not so ugly, that I might have more of my mother's love. Not that she was unkind to me; she could not have been, for she was kind to every one. Yet I felt that I was not much loved. I inherited nothing of that charm my parents had that drew people to them. I knew that I was lacking in something. How often, when a little child, have I cudgelled my brains trying to find out what that was I lacked.

What was there I did not do to gain the love of the people about me! I gave away all my little possessions to win the love of some boy friend, and, thank God! I was blind enough to think that it was I was loved, not my gifts. Yes, I humbly thank him, for those were happy moments when I dreamed I had gotten the one thing lacking in my life.

The first remembrance I have of the decade now in the telling is of Bert, our nurse, and myself talking of a summer trip we were to make to Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania. My mother had well taught us the story of Him who was cradled in an Eastern Bethlehem, and it was of this Bethlehem Bert and I thought and spoke as we stood under the archway of the stone bridge crossing Wingo Creek, the creek that runs by Allemaine, the town where we were born. We wondered whether there would be angels in this town to which we were going, asking Nurse Barnes to tell us. I am not sure that she told us that we would find angels there, but am inclined to think she did, for she was a very oracle to us, and I know we settled between ourselves what to say to the angels when we met them. I remember our getting down a folio of colored Scripture prints, finding the one of the stable-palace of the King, our being much troubled because of the shepherds in the scene having but scanty clothing.

"It was terrible cold," said Bert, almost whimpering.

"Let's give 'em our fuzzy coats," I proposed.

"I was a-thinkin'," said Bert.

Then we went to mother to tell her of our new philanthropy, and she fondled Bert, telling father how good he was. We did not find angels in the staid Moravian town, but we did find shepherd boys, to whom we gave clothes and sweets. To us they were very real shepherds, who spoke as Bethlehem shepherds should speak, in an unknown tongue. It mattered little to us that their speech was that most barbarous of all dialects, Pennsylvania Dutch. We did not understand them, and that delighted us.

It was in Bethlehem that my father gave me the name that remained with me as long as he lived. I was suffering as only a child can suffer with toothache, and it was decided that the tooth must come out. So I was taken by my father to a dentist, Bert insisting on coming along. The dark room hung with dingy curtains; the worn, carpet-covered chair in which I was to sit; the dentist, an old man in scarlet wrapper, fumbling in a horrible box for a horrible steel instrument—all these things are visible to me to-day. I can hear the old man telling me in a droning

voice that he would not hurt me, I knowing full well that he was an arrant liar. I can see Bert on the other side of a glass door looking in at me, and weeping. I can hear my father coldly telling me not to make a noise and frighten Bert. "No," I said to myself, "I won't scream; I won't frighten Bert." Poor Bert! how frightened he did look. Then the dentist puts the cold steel into my mouth. A wrench, two wrenches, a third, and I feel as if my whole lower jaw has been pulled off. I did not scream, though I bled like a knifed pig.

I was in a plight when I got home; blood over my shirt, hands, and face. "Well, it does not hurt now, does it?" father asked. It did hurt, and I said so.

"Nonsense!" said my father, "the tooth is out; how can it hurt?"

Looking up from her tatting my mother exclaimed: "How bloody you are, my dear Paul!"

Faint, I staggered to a chair, mother letting fall her work and running to fetch me some water.

"What is the matter, Paul?" father asked surprisedly.

I could barely stammer, "I think, papa, he pulled some bone"; then I fainted. Yes, the old man in scarlet had fractured my jaw. When I came to I was stretched on a bed, father and mother beside me.

"Better, Soldier?" asked my father. That was the name he gave me ever after, saying it coldly, but I think it meant much to him. What a misnomer it was you who read this autobiography will know.

I can remember no time when my brother and I could not read. We were born in such an atmosphere of reading that, for ourselves, I can accept Dogberry's dictum, "Reading comes by nature." In every other branch of learning I was a dullard. Not so with Bert. His progress was rapid in all things. No wonder that father was proud of his handsome son, that mother loved him as she did. Our first teacher was a sweet-faced maiden lady of English birth. Her name was Chelsea, and I think her father had failed in business. Out of her small means she had educated and cared for three orphan girls. She patiently tried to teach me, hiding my dulness from my parents as well as she could. I distinctly remember her telling my father that I was dull, not stupid. This she acknowledged when pushed to it by my father, who, with reason, was finding fault with me. Her saving clause, that I was not stupid, has been the means of keeping me from becoming so. It heartened me when,

burdened with many studies, I was becoming hopeless. May God bless this good woman wherever she be!

Our next teacher was a man by the name of Whit. He was a New-Englander, a Puritan of the most pronounced type. Never can I forget the horror he filled me with. I am sure that the man did not mean to be unkind to me; he could not help being harsh, it was his nature. He had two hobbies, arithmetic and grammar. Miss Chelsea said that I did very nicely in the first; the second I hated with the hatred of a Grant White. Anything well done was now in the past tense of his beloved grammar. It seemed to me the more I tried to understand his explanations the further I was from doing so. How his ringing, "You are an arrant ass!" stung my ears and set my head aching. It must be acknowledged that I was deserving of the first application of this gentle alliterative.

It was a question as to the numeral affix to the name of that much-wived maker of martyrs, Henry Tudor, first head of the English Church. Bert was stating that "Henry, eighth of that name—" Here I interrupted, anxious to show my learning: "Wasn't it because he had eight wives, too?"

"You are an arrant ass! Proceed, Elbert," said our master.

Mr. Whit was succeeded by a Mr. Woods, a kind and good man. He taught Bert Latin and French; tried to teach me. I did learn some Latin, did learn to read French. How I tried to speak it and could not! Father said that I was obstinate and would not. To make me pronounce the French words correctly I was kept days and days from Bert, from the books I loved. I tried; how I tried! Sometimes I succeeded fairly, most times not at all; and then it was that I was accused of obstinacy. I obstinate, father, when I would have given anything and everything for a kind word from you? Yes; though in all else dull, I loved books. How well I remember the first novel read by me —that wonderful book, *Nicholas Nickleby*. My first reading of it must have been in my eighth or ninth year, for it was in Mr. Whit's time.

Probably there were never two men more opposite than Whit and the monster Squeers. Yet to me the first was a personification of the last, and I was Smike; Bert, Nicholas. Of course, it was very ridiculous, but how often did I plan that Bert and I were to run away! Not that home was in any way like "Dotheboys Hall," only that I was so often wretchedly unhappy. My plans were never told to Bert; I felt too sure that he would laugh at them. Nicholas Nickleby has never been an abstraction to

me. He is my oldest friend. And my next was Hamlet, or, rather, Hamlet as I saw him in Booth. Reading and rereading the play, I thought—as many others have thought with perhaps as little reason—that I understood you, Hamlet.

It has just been said that mine was an unhappy life. Not altogether. The happiness my books have given me is not easy to tell. I cannot think that I was discontented. A discontented being is one who thinks every one and everything wrong but himself, and I was sure that all things were as they should be; only myself was wrong. I knew how lacking I was in mind and person. I wished to please and could not, no matter how I tried. Fault was not often found with me, no one systematically scolded me, save Mr. Whit. My mother pitied me, Bert patronized me, my father ignored me. Sometimes father noticed me; for instance, the day he called me to be taught chess. It may seem overstrained to talk of the exaltation of a child's soul. However that may be, I was weeping tears of joy in my heart as I followed my father to the library, which opened out of his bedroom. He was the greatest of men to me, and he was going to teach me how to play chess. We sat down at the board, and I took up the box of men to slide open the lid. Trembling with excitement, the box slipped from my hands, and kings, queens, and pawns clattered over the table and the floor. It was a valuable set, and I cried out: "O papa! I am sure I have broke none!"

He said nothing, lightly drumming on the table with his fingers whilst I gathered together the scattered court and army. I was stooping beside him to pick up the last of the pawns, one of his hands hanging over the arm of his chair. I don't know what possessed me to be so bold, but I took his hand, so white and fine, and kissed it. He smiled, and put his hand on my hair to stroke it. Only for a moment. No wonder the harshness of my red crop irritated him. "Come, Paul," he said, "get to your place if we are to begin to-day."

For a while I learned very well. Then things began to go wrong. I cared nothing for the game; I was happy and proud because I was with my father. Full of this happiness, I made blunder after blunder, almost playing at random.

"Paul, do you know what you are doing?" father asked gently.

I looked up at him, laughing from very glee.

"Paul, get down a dictionary," said my father.

"The large one, papa?" I asked.

"Either," he answered very gently.

When I had brought the book to him he said, not angrily but how he cut me: "Look for the word blockhead."

I stared stupidly at him, stared stupidly as, going to his bedroom, he poured water into a basin to wash his hands. And the hand he washed most was the hand I had kissed, the hand with which he had stroked my hair. I turned dully away, and went to my "little room" and sat down on the floor by the window. Not crying, only thinking and longing. It was a very little child, but it was a child longing to die.

After all these years I do not blame my father; I was far from blaming him then. He was so fine; not a dandy, mind you, never was a man less of one; it must have been hard for him to realize that he had begotten so coarse and dull a lump of flesh as myself.

CHAPTER II.

DEATH.

Our birthday, my brother's and mine, falls on the 8th of September. It was shortly after we had celebrated our entering into our tenth year that we lost our mother. Devotedly religious, mother was not satisfied with seeing that her children learned well the Episcopal catechism and the collects, and that they attended the frequent services, but she would have the servants of her household perform their religious duties. Never was Catholic mistress more in earnest about her servants going to confession and to Mass than was this Protestant mistress. How often, early of a winter morning, would she leave her warm bed-room to go to the stables to rouse the coachman's family and send them off to Mass! She could and did forgive Dan and Dan's wife many omissions of duty, but she would excuse no staying away from church. There was no severity about mother's religion, but to much sweetness was joined a very exact idea that for religion to avail one its precepts must be rigidly conformed to.

One Sunday morning late in October mother rose from her bed to rouse Dan and his wife. She said afterwards that had the weather been fine she would have remained in bed. Snow had fallen over-night, and now a heavy sleet was falling. Pattering against the pane it had waked me, and standing by the window, a quilt wrapped about me, peering into the darkness, I saw my mother pass, a lantern in one hand, the other carrying an

umbrella. Looking out on her, slipping and stumbling through the sleet and snow, an overpowering sense of my naughtiness came over me. In a childish way I thought of the reprobates of whom I had heard, thinking I must be one of them, or how else account for so good a mother caring so little for me? Still watching, I saw her returning to the house. Suddenly she threw out her arms, the lantern waving frantically, then it fell to the ground extinguished, and all was dark. Wringing my hands helplessly, I ran down-stairs in my night-shirt, bare-footed, out into the garden towards where my mother had fallen. It was pitch dark, and several times I fell. Although my eyes were becoming used to the darkness I could see nothing of mother. Standing still, I called softly, "Mamma! mamma!" calling many times before I heard faintly whispered: "Is that you, Paul?"

I had passed my mother in the carriage-drive, and going back a little way soon found her. She was lying on her back in the road, and when I stooped over her and begged her to get up and come to the house, she said that she could not, but that I must go and call Dan and Mary to help her, and to be sure not make a noise and waken father. I readily found my way to Dan's house, for light was gleaming in its lower windows, and before I reached it I could hear his wife's loud voice grumbling that the mistress would not let a poor woman have her bit of sleep. Dan was in his shirt-sleeves washing his face in a pail of water when I burst open the door, calling on him and Mary to come to mother, for she was dying.

"Glory preserve us!" exclaimed Mary. "The poor craychur is a mash uv blood, an' naked!"

My night-shirt was torn and my legs scratched and bleeding where I had fallen. Pulling Mary by her gown and taking Dan's hand, still wet from his morning's wash, I prayed them to come quick, before mother died. Mary hoisted me on her shoulders, and, bidding Dan bring a lantern, we went, an odd procession, to mother. She lay as I had left her, and, setting me on my feet, Mary began to wail over her.

"Hush, hush!" mother commanded in a whisper, "you will rouse Mr. Ringwood. Help me to my feet, and then you and Dan can support me to the house."

In that way we went, mother leaning on Dan and Mary, I going before with the lantern. With all mother's caution, she was the one who roused father. When we had reached the house, by the light of a candle she had left burning on the side-board, mother noticed the strange plight I was in.

"My poor child!" she cried, "out in all that cold with nothing on!"

Her crying-out brought my father, half-dressed, running downstairs, Bert and the maids at his heels. No one spoke to father; instinctively he seemed to know what was the matter and how it had all come about. With scarcely an order, he had mother carried upstairs, Dan off for the doctor, myself sent to put some clothes on.

I had washed and dressed myself, feeling stiff and sore and was sitting before a little fire I had kindled in the grate, when cook came into the room. She was weeping, and said: "Master Paul, the mistress is askin' for you." Then she burst out: "Oh! this is the black day for us all."

Not questioning cook, I left her to weep and ran to mother's room. She was in bed, my father sitting by her side, the doctor giving his directions to Nurse Barnes, who still lived with us. Bert was not there; I found he had been sent to breakfast. Mother put an arm about my neck and rested my head on her bosom, whispering: "You must stay with mamma till she gets well, Paul." By way of answer I did what I had seldom done before, kissed my mother.

Had it been but the fall my mother suffered from, she would soon have gotten well. But she had taken a cold which brought on a lung disease, and day by day she grew weaker, less able to talk to father or to me. She was so good to me, showing me so much love, speaking so often of how I had gone to her on that cold morning, that had I not understood that she was dying she would have made me very happy. Hanging in her room was a picture of Christ healing the sick. They were the prayers of a child, but they were hearty ones that I put up to him to heal my mother.

One cold November night the unwatched fires had gone out in the parlor and the library; we were gathered together in my mother's room—all our household, the clergyman, and the doctor. My mother was gasping for breath, and the hand that held mine was nerveless. Father stood beside me, one hand resting on my shoulder, the other holding the lower part of his face, his head bent, gazing on my mother, listening to what she was saying. "Be good to Paul, Arthur," she said, and smiled. There was a stir in the room. The clergyman was preparing to give my mother the communion. We all knelt. It was then about seven o'clock.

Another hour had gone when mother called out for my father to raise her. At the same time she made a motion to her

lips, and the nurse thinking she wanted drink, brought it; but she motioned her away, looking earnestly at me.

Did she want me to kiss her good-by? I thought so, and clambering onto the bed, kissed her cheek.

She smiled and, heaving a deep sigh, fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

MY BROTHER LEAVES HOME.

We are told that no one is necessary in this life, that there is no situation in life, however well filled, but there is some one who will fill it as well. We are told that the instances in proof of this are beyond number. Were this sincerely believed in, vainglory would be at an end. There are exceptions to this sweeping belittling of man. Who ever heard it advanced as a doctrine to be believed that the place of a good mother is readily supplied? Not by a stepmother, if the stepmother of literature is a faithful picture of the thing it portrays. If my father believed, and I am sure he did not, that my mother's place could be filled, he never acted up to his belief.

When my mother died the house was cared for by Nurse Barnes, who did her work well. The two creatures left motherless cared for themselves as best they could; in wholesome awe of a father who did not interfere with them as long as they kept within bounds, the bounds being the garden gates. Every moment passed beyond the gates was to be strictly accounted for. The territory being limited in which we could work mischief, we were seldom in trouble. Do not give children opportunity and they will not be troublesome, is a maxim that should be cherished by parents.

Bert and I kept close together for more than a month after mother died; then we drifted apart, as we had been before that time—I to my books, Bert to his boy friends. He could not be blamed for finding me tiresome; I made myself tiresome to every one; he drew every one to him. Not a boy in the neighborhood but looked up to Bert. All things that a boy can do he did excellently well. Wherever he went were bright faces. I was fond of one thing, reading. It is true that I liked cricket—liked, indeed, all the games the boys played; but who would want a fellow on his side who would be sure to lose? This I will say for myself: I think that I could have become a good cricket-player only, when I found the boys did not want me, I became too timid to join them. Not the whole truth. There

was much, too, of the spirit of "if you don't want me I don't want you" mingled with this keeping of myself aloof. When one is told, time and again, by word and deed, that one's company is not wished for, it would argue an entire want of spirit if one did not in some way return the compliment.

During the Christmas holidays it was decided that Bert was to go to Segur Hall to prepare for college. I was to remain at home to be taught by Mr. Woods, my education not having progressed enough to fit me for the Hall. When father was not within earshot Bert went about singing, delighted at the idea of a change; and no wonder, for ours was now a very gloomy house. I was feeling badly enough about his leaving home, dreading nothing so much as that he would find it out. I feared he might think me envious of him. Child as I was, I managed to keep a cheerful countenance up to the night of the third of January, the eve of his going away.

All that day Bert and I had not been apart. He had been very good and kind to me, giving me his horned frog and pigeons to take care of. I am sorry to say that Blacky, our tom-cat, ate the horned frog, save the horns, before Bert returned home. We were seated before the parlor fire-place, the burning coals redly lighting up the drawn window-curtains. For the hundredth time since it had been settled that he was to go to boarding-school, Bert wondered what it would be like, and I listened to his conjectures with a very full heart.

He had talked till, I think, it irked him to talk more, when, throwing himself back in his chair, he began to hum the air of the hymn—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us"—

a hymn my dear mother sang so often for us, herself playing the sweet music on the organ. There was the organ, shut and silent, and she gone where is ever sweetest music. When Bert began to sing I turned to where the organ stood, all the pent-up sorrow in my child's heart breaking forth. I did not shed tears, but locking my hands, beat them against my little bosom, crying in an undertone: "Bert, Bert! what am I to do? Mamma's dead, and now you're going away!" Bert's big eyes rounded as he said: "Well, Paul Ringwood, you're a funny boy! I'm just as sorry, I'm sorrier than you about mamma, but that won't do nothing."

I have hinted that Bert was wise beyond his years, but somehow his philosophy did not console me. It heartened me, however, to keep down all other outbreaks with which I was threat ened on that evening. Shortly after the scene I had made, Bert

went to bid father good-night; I to Bert's bedroom to wait for him. The fire was blazing brightly for Bert when he came from the library, something hidden in his hands, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks glowing with excitement.

"Guess what I've got!" he exclaimed; "I bet you won't!"

"A watch," I said, not exhibiting much discernment, for this was the one thing Bert desired most.

"Yes," he said, a little downcast at my ready guessing. "You won't guess what kind."

For a wonder I had tact enough to say: "A silver one?"

"There! I knew you wouldn't," he cried, triumphantly opening his hands and exposing a gold stem-winder nestled in a blue velvet case. After we had gloated over it for a while, Bert said: "I don't like this black string," showing me a silk guard like my father wore. Long before two chains had been made, one of Bert's hair, one of mine. My hair for Bert, his for me. Both were ornamented with gold, and I humbly proposed to Bert that he should wear the chain of my hair.

"Wear that red thing!" Bert cried indignantly. "You must be crazy."

At last it was settled that Bert was to wear the silk guard till, with our united savings, a gold chain could be bought. I was to stay with Bert till he fell asleep. "It's the last night, Bert," I pleaded, when he asked me what was the use of it. We said our prayers together for the last time, then Bert kissed me lightly on the cheek, jumped into bed, and was soon asleep.

Watching him from where I sat in a great chair before the fire, I, too, fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

"GENTLE AMY MORRISON."

Bert gone away, I was left entirely to myself and Mr. Woods. If the progress I now made in my studies was not first-rate, it was sure; what I got, gotten well—Mr. Woods telling father that I compared favorably with boys of my age. When it was taken into consideration that my desultory reading had given me a stock of varied information, I was less and less looked upon as a dunce. My studies went on until March, when my teacher falling sick, I was so unfortunate as to lose him. No one came to take his place; still, I did not give up study, often floundering, often losing myself; in spite of all, making progress. As frequently as when mother lived, I went to St. Bede's. No matter

how bad the weather might be, I was present at what we called "Matins" and "Evensong." There was a young girl of about eighteen who was as regularly at service as myself. Her name was Amy Morrison—I knew it from hearing Nurse Barnes speak of her—and to this day I do not know who had the sweetest, prettiest face, Miss Amy or our Lady in the picture of the Annunciation on the great glass window above the altar. I often wished that she would speak to me, but though when we met she nodded and smiled, she never spoke. The desire to know her grew on me as time passed, till I found myself praying that we might be friends. I would sit in church looking at her so wistfully that had I been other than a very little boy it must needs have annoyed her. At last she was brought to speak to me, as I devoutly believed, in answer to my prayers. There was a notice in the vestibule of the church, placed above the reach of my eye. I was standing tip-toe trying to make it out, when a hand was laid on my shoulder and a gentle voice read the notice for me. Looking up I saw Amy Morrison smiling down on me.

"You will not be able to come," she said; "the service is at night."

"Oh! yes, I'll come," I replied.

"By yourself?" she inquired.

Drawing myself up, I answered with much dignity: "Of course! Why not?"

She laughed, and asked: "Does your father let you go out at night?"

"I know he'd let me go to church," I answered confidently.

"But nowhere else?"

"I never go anywhere; no one wants me," was my frank confession.

Miss Amy looked pained, and asked if I was Paul Ringwood.

"Yes, Miss Amy," I replied.

"So you know my name?" she said smiling.

"I've heard Nurse Barnes say how good you are," I answered, with no intention of paying a compliment.

Reddening, she said that I must not mind Nurse Barnes, and took a little watch from the belt about her waist to see the time. "I am going to walk down the road with you, Paul," she said.

Putting my hand in hers, I told her how glad I was, and how I had been longing for her to speak to me.

"Had I known, Paul!" she said. "You looked so cross at me in church I thought I must have offended you."

Then I had not been looking wistfully at her, as I had fondly thought. "I didn't mean to; I was born with this," I explained, putting my finger on the crease between my eyebrows. "I was born with front teeth, too; Richard III. was born with teeth; he was bad; Nurse Barnes says I will be very bad or very good."

Miss Amy said that she did not believe that my teeth would have anything to do with it, but she hoped that I would be very good. We got along finely. I talked as I had never talked before, telling her all about Bert and mother. When we reached our garden gates I begged her to come in, offering as an inducement for her to do so a sight of the horned frog. But she said no; she would another time.

After this she took a walk with me almost every day, though the other time for her entering our gates did not come. I owe much to her. She brought me out, made me manlier, and laid the foundation for what was to bring me the greatest blessing that can come to man. She was the confidant of all my little troubles. When Blacky ate the frog, and I did not know how to tell Bert, it was she who wrote a little letter, which letter I copied and sent him. When his answer came I gave it to Miss Amy to read to me; I was afraid to read it myself. To my horror, he wrote that the letter I had sent him was the foolishest he had ever read; that he did not care about the frog, but that he hoped the horns choked Blacky. When she had read Bert's letter, Miss Amy laughed very heartily; then examining it closely said: "How much alike you and your brother write, Paul!"

CHAPTER V.

THEOLOGICAL.

One June morning Miss Amy asked me if I had ever thought of being confirmed. I told her truthfully that I never had. It was the one church ceremony I disliked, being associated in my mind with Good Friday and penitential works. Our bishop was an enemy to colored stoles and altar furniture; this being the case, all our altar ornaments were banished, save a cross and pair of candlesticks, when he visited us. In a chancel after his own heart he may have been a pleasant enough man; but in St. Bede's sanctuary he was always cross, openly finding fault with our clergymen, who were, indeed, unhappy during his visit. After the bishop's departure they would soon get over their misery, wearing just as fine vestments and burning as many

candles as if their bishop had never expressed a wish that they wouldn't.

I have not forgotten my first impression of an Episcopalian bishop. We had at home an illustrated *Arabian Nights*, in which was a picture of the Barber's seventh brother. He had a scowling face, and was dressed in a white gown with a sleeveless robe over it. When our bishop began to scold, I, a very little boy, took him to be the seventh brother, and with tears begged my mother to take me home, which she did not do, but let me hide my face in her lap for the remainder of the service.

When Miss Amy pressed me to think of confirmation I replied that I did not believe there was much good in it, for every one seemed to be so sorry when the bishop came. No doubt but that my frankness shocked her, though she was too gentle to show it. She could never have read the Thirty-nine Articles, for she told me confirmation was a very great sacrament the receiving of which brought many blessings, the bishop the instrument by which those blessings were imparted to the faithful. Although it was Miss Amy who declared it, I did not at all believe this last. I suppose that I must have looked incredulous, for she entered into an explanation of the apostolic succession that I understood pretty well, except, as I told her, I could not make out how a man who had it would try to make little of it. Miss Amy said that it was unfortunate, and I said I thought so, too. The end of it was that I made up my mind to overcome my horror of the bishop, and get from him whatever he could give me of confirmation.

The annual scolding was over, the clergymen were looking hopefully for the morrow when the bishop would leave us, and Miss Amy and I were taking a stroll in the graveyard. We had not gone far when we saw the bishop and our pastor advancing towards us. We would have gotten out of their way, but before you could bless yourself, as Dan's wife would say, the bishop had my hand in his fat, flabby hand. Afterwards I told Miss Amy, in confidence, that he had no bones in his hand. He opened his mouth and grinned, and, never having seen a person with so many teeth, I wondered if he, too, had been born with teeth.

"Now, my little boy," the bishop said patronizingly, "I confirmed you this morning; tell me, What is confirmation?"

I thought our rector was looking so uncomfortable because he thought that I would not be able to answer the bishop's question. I knew that I could. Had not Miss Amy instructed me, and if she did not know, who did?

"Confirmation," I replied, "is a sacrament in which, by the imposition of the bishop's hands, we receive the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost."

"Umph!" exclaimed the bishop; "who taught you that?"

"I prepared Paul for confirmation," Miss Amy said firmly. Still grinning, the bishop turned to the rector and said: "What does Brother Linton say to his parishioners holding such views?"

The rector shirked the question. "I think Paul a very apt pupil," he said, kindly laying his hand on my head.

The bishop swelled up. "Will you have it announced this afternoon that I shall preach some Gospel truths—Gospel truths, please to remember—at an especial service to-night?" he said, and then walked off pompously, the worried-looking rector following. The bishop's sermon, owing to the slim attendance he had, was a failure, and the following Sunday the rector had his revenge in a sermon on the one, true faith.

"Miss Amy," I asked, after the rector's sermon, "have we one faith in our church?"

Miss Amy looked surprised, and said—how she could believe it I don't know—"Certainly, Paul; what makes you ask such a question?"

"I was only wondering," I answered.

CHAPTER VI.

"I AM BLIND."

During the time of which I have been telling in the last two chapters, I do not suppose my father spoke to me half-a-dozen times. I was much troubled about him, fearing that he was not in good health. Physicians often came to visit him, remaining for what seemed to me hours, shut up with my father in his room. I begged Nurse Barnes to tell me what was the matter, but all she could do was to exclaim: "Bless you, child! how am I to know?" And when I teased her to ask father, she shook her head, and said that it was as much as her place was worth to do so. After a time, as he never complained, we began to think less and less of the visits of the doctors. One day Nurse Barnes came to the "little room," where I spent the greater part of my time reading, a satisfied smile on her face.

"Them's phrenologers," she said.

"Who?" I asked.

"Them doctors," she answered. "They tells fortunes by the lumps on a person's head."

"How do you know?" I asked, meaning how did she know that the doctors were phrenologists.

"Didn't I see them feeling his head, an' Mr. Ringwood settin' still, lettin' 'em?"

This was convincing enough to set Nurse Barnes and myself to feeling our own bumps for the next half-hour. As neither of us knew anything about phrenology we derived no benefit from this absurd proceeding, except the benefit always derived from a hearty laugh. About two weeks after Nurse Barnes' supposed discovery I went to the library for a book. In my frequent visits to the library I would always find my father there, reading or writing. He never looked up from his occupation, and I would softly get what I needed from the shelves, afraid of disturbing him. On this day he was neither reading nor writing, but sat bent forward in his chair, his head resting in his hands. Quietly as I passed over the strips of green carpet on the oaken floor, he heard me. Looking up, he said sharply: "Who's there?"

I was too startled to think of the strangeness of his question, he looking me full in the face.

"Paul, father," I said. "I've come to get a book; shall I go away?"

Getting up from his chair without answering me, he put out his hands as one does who walks in the dark, and went slowly to a shelf of books. He passed his hands over their backs, took one from its place, fluttered its leaves, and, in attempting to put it back, let it fall to the floor. Giving vent to a short laugh, he muttered something to himself about being awkward, but did not again attempt to put the book in its place. I stood staring stupidly at him, afraid of I knew not what; afraid to remain in the room, still more afraid to go away.

After a little he asked: "Are you there, Paul?"

Still I did not see into the meaning of his putting such questions to me, and I answered, surprisedly: "Yes, papa; do you want me to go away?" For answer he said: "Come here." I went over to where he stood and timidly touched his hand. He hastily withdrew his from mine, a moment after laying it kindly on my shoulder.

"Are you fond of reading?" he asked.

Was it possible that my father did not know how my time was spent? of my frequent visits to the book-room? I had thought he knew of my love for books, and that, although he had never said so, he was pleased with me for it. So full of self-love

was I that there was a lump in my throat as I answered: "Yes, papa, I like to read." Not seeming to notice what I had said, he commanded gently: "Bring my chair here."

I rolled his big chair to where he stood, and again putting out his hands as those do who are in the dark, he felt for it, and sat down.

As I stood by him, timidly resting a hand on the arm of his chair, sweetly and quietly, as I had often heard him speak to mother and to Bert but never before to me, he said: "Soldier, I am blind."

HAROLD DIJON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUARTET OF CHRISTIAN JOY, WITH A SOLO ON TASTE, BY THE ORGANIST.

THE SOPRANO.

LA me! I am all of a flutter
As I think of that *duo* to-day
Which I sang with Miss Flatus
In the *Et Incarnatus*—
I wish she would just keep away;
You know how she flats; and it sounded like cats
At a serenade up on the gutter.

THE ALTO.

I pity that blonde-whiskered German
Who thinks he sings tenor "to kill."
He always will blunder
In trios—no wonder!—
Looking sideways at little Miss Trill,
Who draws the green curtain to hide all the flirtin'
She carries on during the sermon.

THE TENOR.

There's that horrid old Signor Bassedo,
Whose singing I never could bear;
At the *vitam venturi*
I got in such a fury

To see him reach over my chair,
And eat all my candy that I had kept handy
To ease my throat after the *Credo.*

THE BASS.

Just fancy my mortification!
To give my *Qui tollis* to Fedge,
Who sings like a cow,
And only knows how
To set all one's teeth on an edge.
If I'm to bear that I'll just take up my hat.
After all, it's a poor "situation."

THE ORGANIST.

I'm sick of this church-organ playing,
And singers like these I'll not stand.
If 'twere not for the sal'ry they're paying
I'd go and beat drum for a band.

And I'm sick of the spittoons and candy,
The peanuts, and papers, and such;
The men smelling strongly of brandy,
And the ladies of perfume—too much.

This quarrelsome quartet surpasses
The worst that e'er sang in a choir;
And we've got such a poor set of "Masses,"
Only fit to be put in the fire.

And it's just where I'd put them to-morrow;
But his rev'rence has "taste," and I can't.
For "of music," he says, "one must borrow
The *joy* that is lacking in chant."

Truth, you know, all depends upon taste,
And Goodness and Beauty likewise.
Believe what you please,
And be quite at your ease,
Though 'tis horrid or naughty—if nice.
Sing to make them "feel good," not to be understood:
Why sell diamonds when one prefers paste?

ALFRED YOUNG.

SOME MEXICAN HACIENDAS.

The ideal system of farming is that of small freeholds, where the farmer possesses sufficient land to employ the powers of himself and his numerous family, who, far from being a burden to him, are an essential factor in his operations if prosperity is to be attained. When, as in France, you see a blue-bloused peasant attempting to work his little holding—in all about as large as a fair-sized building-lot—you see a thrall engaged in a hopeless struggle, a Sisyphus created by the Code Napoléon, a nominal landowner but actual serf of the banker or money-lender; the man's life is infinitely harder and his fare coarser and more scanty than that of the hired laborer, and the yield of his land only a third of what is attained with capital and modern appliances. On the other hand, what more dreary than the contemplation of the huge wheat farms of thirty or forty thousand acres in Dakota and California—wheat-mines, they may be more fitly styled—no children's prattle, no snug homestead, no warm fireside and abundant though simple hospitality ; a mere monotonous wilderness of grain, a bald, prison-like barrack for the "hands"—not a home, this ; half the workingmen being discharged on the arrival of the slack season ; a pecuniary success, perhaps, for the absentee owner : and that is all.

The Mexican agricultural system, however, seems to possess the evils of both these methods and the advantages of neither. The land is held in immense tracts (instance a case in the neighborhood of the writer where the traveller has to ride for eighty miles through a single property), but from the withdrawal of wealth with the Spaniards, from devastating wars and gambling losses, the great majority of landowners are without the means of developing the resources of their estates ; so that, for all practical good resulting from large portions of them, they might as well be in the moon. In Spanish days ample means to work these principalities were derived from the silver mines, and the produce of the lands in turn supported the miners ; the two industries were interdependent ; but peonage is the sole remnant of that golden age. Years ago, when inspecting a Mexican hacienda, amongst the assets we came on three thousand dollars debt. "Who owe these moneys?" "Oh ! the work-people," replied the owner. "And what chance is there of collecting these debts?" we rejoined. "You don't want to collect them," said

our friend; "leave things as they are; the law compels the debtor to remain with his employer till his liability is discharged, which it never is; by this means you insure reliable labor." Where you find a native landowner in Mexico you often find an overburdened wretch loaded with debt and ready to sell his birthright to any brother who will offer him a mess of pottage in exchange.

We lately made an interesting excursion to a fine hacienda in Northern Mexico. At an early hour we repaired to the appointed rendezvous, a servant carrying blankets, pillows, and a valise containing changes of clothing, knives and forks, and various comestibles. The first hour's delay passed pleasantly enough in discussing matters of local interest, and in anticipations of the journey; after that we speculated on the cause of our entertainer's delay. Two hours elapsed; we began to look out for his carriage, and finally, losing all patience, we returned to our home loading Mexican properties and proprietors with the reverse of blessings. As dinner was preparing, arrived an emissary with a rambling story about horses that wouldn't go and a carriage in ruinous condition, replaced by a fine team of mules and a first-rate ambulance, and urging us to hurry off without delay; this request, however, met with a flat refusal, hunger and annoyance not tending to produce amiability. But the midday meal discussed with a bottle of Bordeaux and a havannah restored confidence. We repaired to our host's town-house. Here the main party was assembled, but our Jehu had departed to water his mules; a fresh delay this, and on his return we found by his uncertain gait and convivial aspect that this worthy's potations had been different in character from those of his beasts. And now the question was, how to stow such a varied assortment of bedding, baggage, and provisions; some on the box-seat to the driver's discomfort and chagrin, more inside jamming the passengers together, and a miscellaneous array of goods corded on behind; the old Bostonian's night-cap, which insisted on protruding from his pillowcase, exciting the derision of a knot of youthful "greasers." At length, with a liberal accompaniment of yelling, hallooing, and whipcracking, we were off, pounding and bumping over the cobble-paved streets, the inside passengers being cannoned against each other in most aggravating sort, the fat baker and his vagrant portmanteau being especially an object of terror to his neighbors; the sole stable object present being a swarthy daughter of the soil, who, reclining easily in her seat and emitting cigarette smoke from her nostrils, smiled benignantly on the

confusion and hubbub. In front, around, and behind us rode a guard of honor, composed of sons, cousins, brothers-in-law, and other attachés of the proprietors, caballeros all in bravery of sabre, carbine, and pistol, and formidable for attack or defence: in reality lazy, unwashen Bardolphs and ancient Pistols preferring to hang on to their relative's coat-tails to doing a stroke of work for themselves. The pitching and heaving of our laboring vehicle started the case of apples which we had provided to last us a week, and the juicy fruit bounced about ricochetting against the nasal organ of the luckless New-Englander and endangering his spectacles, he the while wishing himself safely back in the Hub of the Universe. So we distributed the luscious missiles amongst the attendant horsemen, who fell on them with the voracity of wolves.

Onwards we urged our wild career, the driver shouting, swearing, and gesticulating with arms and legs after the manner of his kind. Now a trace would break, now a strap unbuckle, and at every such contretemps the lithe, active youth who sat by the driver with a second whip would bound over the wheel, run by the team, and speedily adjust the disarranged harness. But in the open country we progressed more smoothly, passed a few ranches, rattled through a country town, and so onwards again. Across our path lay prostrate telegraph wires, and inquiry elicited that they had been erected by a former progressive State governor, who but half-completed the work; his successor, caring more for champagne than telegraphy, discontinued the undertaking; so there stand or lie the abandoned posts and wires as Providence may dictate, a monument of half-hearted measures and dissipated public funds. About dusk we reached a collection of adobe hovels at the foot of the mountains. Ere this we should have been at our destination, but we were in Mexico, where delays are the rule; so there was nothing for it but to remain where we were and wait for morning. The interior of the rest-house had variety enough: tutelary divinities decorated the walls, and sleeping infants were strewn on the floor, where the denizens of the fowl-yard disputed the possession of stray bones and other relics of ancient repasts. It was picturesque in the gloaming to watch our retainers preparing the evening meal at a fire in the road. Strips of goat, impaled on iron stakes stuck in the ground, hissed and broiled to perfection, and proved most appetizing when we subsequently tore them to pieces, cannibal fashion, with teeth and fingers, seated at a dining-table as large as a writing-desk. Throughout the trip our

knives and forks, with other superfluities of civilization, reposed within our cases. We should have given dire offence by producing them, so we imitated our entertainers' manners with indifferent success, taking practical lessons in the customs of the cave-dwellers and others of our remote ancestors.

With previous experience of the ways and usages of the Mexican flea, an insect as diligent as the ant, as large as the house-fly, and as virulent as the wasp, the writer resolved to pass the night in the ambulance ensconced in his own blankets; but all in vain. The hospitable natives forced on him a choice assortment of teeming goat-skins, which it was impossible with a good grace to refuse; and as a consequence repose was banished. So wore away the weary hours, enlivened by the crowing of roosters perched overhead, the grunting of hogs beneath the carriage, and the yelpings and bayings of the colony of curs without which no Mexican hamlet is complete. A cup of chocolate (and you must come to Mexico to learn what chocolate is) and a bite of bread, and we started betimes with the usual accompaniments of shouts, barkings, and cracking of whips. And now began the exciting part of the journey, the ascent of the mountains by a steep, zigzag path cut in the hill-side. This was well enough, and a fine prospect we gained, from the summit, of the country traversed on the previous day; but when we began to descend again the case became different. Our *cochero*, who had continued his potations, made various creditable attempts at driving us over the edge to shorten the journey, but he was eventually dethroned and placed on one of the horses; and now that no neck but his own was in jeopardy general satisfaction prevailed and confidence was restored.

Here we came on the river (save the mark!), a large, broad sinuosity of boulder and pebble, along one side of which trickled "*mucho agua*"—*anglicé*, a rivulet which those possessed of powerful eyesight were able to make out unaided by their binoculars, about enough water for a frugal housewife to boil her beans and cabbage in. Well, we can't have everything; the dry, bracing climate of Mexico and the moisture and verdure of Old England together. Not being farmers, we prefer things as they are; besides, water, being scarce, has a corresponding value and is worth more than the land it fertilizes, and farm produce has a high value; it's as long as it's broad.

A friend once remarked that if Mexico had more water and different inhabitants it would be a delightful country, which elicited the rejoinder that the same remark would apply

to Tartarus, a reply more epigrammatic than just. For this country grows upon one, and Humboldt is not the only foreigner who has felt its charm. Still it is a dry country, as the writer once proved, riding a day and a half between two rivers; and his patient steed, unprovided with even a flask of refreshment, must have been yet more strongly of that opinion. Why he did not burst himself by the amount he finally gulped down, or why, like Munchausen's horse, he did not empty the stream by his prolonged efforts, has always remained to me a mystery.

So for hours we wound our way through mountain wilds and desolations, seeing no sign of human habitation and little animal life of any sort or kind. But it must not be hence inferred that these lands are useless; the Yankee farmer, his view limited to hogs and corn, might have no use for them; but large flocks of goats flourish and increase in districts like these, finding in bush and thorny shrub their favorite sustenance. Their skins constitute their chief value, goat's flesh being sold in the towns for what it will fetch; a nickle for a leg is certainly not excessive; animal diet is cheaper than any other, and a great benefit this must be to the poorer folk. But the frequent spectacle of half-a-dozen kids lashed together by the forefeet and balancing each other on the back of an ass, their bodies and hind legs dangling helplessly in space, they the while performing a piteous chorus, is not one that Mr. Bergh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would be likely to approve; and if the goatherds were now and then suspended by their thumbs from a rafter for a few hours at a stretch it might perchance give them a practical lesson in humanity.

In these mountain wastes is found an inexhaustible quantity of lechuguilla, a small plant of the aloe family, the strong fibre of which, called ixtle, is one of the staple Mexican products—tougher than hemp, and of great value for ropemaking and the manufacture of mats and brushes. The laborer engaged in procuring this fibre betakes himself to the wilderness, stretches his blanket as a shelter on a bush or booth of rods, and, seating himself beneath it, with a common knife draws the white, strong strings from the lechuguilla leaves with which he has surrounded himself. More work can be done, however, by the aid of an inexpensive and portable machine now made in the United States; but an arroba (25 lbs) is in any case a good day's work.

Before noon we reached the hacienda, consisting of a large square of adobe buildings, with corrals, barns, stores, out-houses, and tanks for drinking-water. It was an extensive place, though

decaying; but a little money spent in plaster, whitewash, and other needed repairs would do wonders. On entering the owner's house the effect was that which one experiences in chancing on some deserted military post in the Territories; but in this case the building was tenanted, absence of adornment and furniture to the contrary notwithstanding. Some of the smaller dwellings were more homelike, and in one of these we took our meals, our female companion of the journey, one of the daughters of the house, supplying our needs with ready grace, her cigarette in her mouth, and her beaming smile suffusing her features. Her brother's baby swung chandelier-like from the ceiling in its cradle, a converted oil-can case; neighbors lounged in and out by the open door to see what it was all about, and we thought that to sit on the corner of the bed, or on a candle-box, dining on tortillas and frijoles hot and hot from the kitchen, was an *al fresco* feast by no means to be despised. One rough-looking old gentleman, weatherbeaten as his habiliments, asked us into his house, and with honest pride showed us a photograph of his son, a professional man and master of six languages. And then a vast individual, stouter than the head-man of a village in Hindoostan, introduced himself to us, and did the honors of his home; like a wise man, he let others do the working—he having several dozen hands employed in collecting ixtle—giving him leisure to retain his two hundred and forty pounds of avoirdupois, and means enough to surround himself with various conveniences and mementos of civilization which one was astonished to see in parts so remote.

The one thing in thorough repair on the property was the chapel, built in 1805, and but lately restored in taste which we have not the heart to criticize. The local decorators acted up to their lights, and the best of us can do no more. "Still wedded to their old habits," remarked one of the party, "no progress here." To us it seemed inexpressibly touching that amidst all this poverty and decay means should yet be found to rightly order the house in which a Bread of higher worth than that grown in neighboring fields is dispensed to the simple population, and we wondered whether our mammoth wheat-farms in the Western States, already alluded to, have also their temples of the Most High.

"Man, as a moral and intelligent being, cannot be made happy merely by explosions of merriment, or by a cheerfulness derived only from stacks of corn or vats full of new wine. . . . Amidst all her joyful increase Nature breathes a sadness which directs us beyond the earth for a remedy.

Like many a marble statue of Mary, ever virgin, nature says, Look above me to my Maker. And by the sadness which underlies her smile she directs us away from this shadow of death to worlds where 'their sun shall no more go down, nor their moon withdraw her shining.'"

A night's rest at the hacienda was a choice of evils. Those possessed of a lofty indifference to fleas arranged their couches on the earthen floor, but others, more squeamish, in the absence of bedsteads, sought repose stretched on narrow benches, and eclipsed the feats of the mighty Blondin, who exhibited his dexterity in balancing his body only during waking hours. The entire absence of the lavatory and its adjuncts proved embarrassing for some days, till the writer, panting for relief from his earthy envelope, surreptitiously abstracted some soap from his travelling-bag, and, adjourning to the horse-pond, cleansed his hands forthwith, to the admiration and wonderment of the unwashen natives.

Rides about the property were most interesting. Marvellous engineering skill has been displayed in the construction of the endless succession of irrigation ditches and their ramifications. The amount of land cultivated and capable of culture is bewildering, and the yield enormous, the towering corn-stalks being sometimes weighted with two or three cobs covered with, say, a thousand grains each. And when this is cut a dense carpet of grass of deepest emerald remains, on which and the corn-stalks the oxen speedily fatten and attain to the true form of bovine grace; and when we remember that two good crops, wheat and corn, are yearly taken from the same ground, and that without the use of fertilizers, it may be seen that the soil cannot readily be exhausted. The implements employed are of the crudest description, the single-handled wooden plough merely scratching the ground. Owners without means to pay wages often farm on the share system, but this, too, implies capital; for the laborers being destitute of means, the landlord must provide tools, seed, and beasts. How should these places be treated? Owned by princes and worked by poorly-paid labor? acquired by companies and sold or let in moderate portions to yeomen farmers? or how? Some little time ago, we believe, a Socialistic colony was established on the Mexican Pacific coast. There is certainly more sense in this than in speechifying against the existing order in large centres of population, and trying to render the artisan dissatisfied with his lot. It will be interesting to watch the outcome of the experiment mentioned. In an able paper recently read it is pointed out that

"the sentiment and aspiration of Socialism are distinctively Christian To be pained by the discrepancies of conditions round us; to own the enormous chasm yawning between Lazarus and Dives; to hold the brotherhood and essential equality of all the children of our Father—if this is the spirit of Socialism, so it is also the spirit of Christianity. . . . Every Christian is a bit of a Socialist, and every Socialist is a bit of a Christian. Socialism only exists in Christian countries."

But granting all this, our scheme cannot be worked out without a head, a presiding spirit of considerable administrative power, and he must be seconded by able lieutenants. Though the district is healthy, we must have our physicians, and it is to be hoped the chapel will not be converted into a materialistic lecture-hall. Can Socialism fill these conditions? We quote again from the paper just referred to:

"No doubt the city of God itself is a place where men hunger no more, neither thirst any more. But supposing this attained in glorified workhouses and model lodging-houses, what then? As I lay down Socialistic books I sometimes seem to see men, each like the other, ticketed and labelled, and hear the boast: 'There are none but workmen here.' Give humanity any end but dying of dulness; the slow holocaust of humdrum, the stertorous martyrdom of stupidity. . . . Socialism takes no account of the spiritual nature, says nothing of sorrow or sin, of penitence or pardon. In the perfectly drained rows of model lodging-houses, where it proposes to feed the millions of the future, it makes no provision against these inherent evils of our earthly condition. It may squeeze all things flat; it cannot make all things new."

One thing is certain, these vast fertile tracts of Mexico are not for ever going to lie fallow or partially developed; as in ages long ago so now the movement of population is Westward, and the Rio Grande is fordable. The Mexican government is aware of the fact that an increased industrious population means increased production, increased revenue, and increased national prosperity. It will encourage and assist any reasonable project of the character in question. And it does seem passing strange that men should make their homes in plains which during the greater portion of the year are frozen wastes and chilly solitudes, when the garden of the Lord lies before them in Mexico, sparkling in perpetual sunshine. But the matter must be taken in hand by a capitalist, a syndicate, or a company, and the large estates let, leased, or sold in manageable portions to farmers. The only chances the poor white man now has in the country are on the railroads, and in the mines and business houses of foreigners.

One hears various stories of the treatment of strangers by

Mexican employers that are not encouraging. Thus, a proprietor engaged an American engineer to manage his saw-mill. Now, when a thing is done by a competent hand it appears simplicity itself. So the cunning Mexican carefully observed his workman's movements, and then, estimating that thirty dollars a month in wages would be more economical than a hundred, forthwith replaced the trained mechanic by a native, with this result: on the first day of the new régime the machinery was broken; no one competent to repair it could be found, and the business came to a full stop. Plenty of similar instances of short-sighted acuteness might be cited. It is better to employ than to be employed by the Mexican. One poor fellow we knew, an amiable person of some literary power, grinding in the prison-house for the Philistines: in other words, teaching English in the public schools for thirty-five dollars a month—if he could get it.

When you find a prosperous hacienda it often happens that it is the property of a native lady who has married a foreigner; the former is the capitalist, but the latter supplies the brain-power and activity without which capital is of little avail. We lately visited a property of this description in the neighborhood of a large town, and a charming place it was. There is the busy hum of the cotton factory, employing seventy or eighty hands—and the Mexicans are said to be teachable and to make very good mill operatives—hard by is the flour-mill; then there is the distillery, where mescal is made from the maguey, of which there is a considerable plantation adjacent. And something else is thought of but mere money-making: there are several gardens with broad gravel walks, flowers and fruit trees, fountains and fish-ponds stocked with golden carp. The avenue of noble trees by which the property is approached makes the visitor imagine that he is entering a baronial demesne in Europe, and a lovely little park of dark evergreens stands in the centre of the place facing the owner's residence; the houses of the work-people being ranged in a broad street on either side, clean, substantial, and orderly. The foreman is a Frenchman, and the proprietor's son, a handsome, bright young fellow, combining in his person the united graces and virtues of Gaul and Iberia, gives a general supervision to the whole, and occasionally betakes him to the neighboring mountains for a few days with rifle and hound, bearing back with him bears or deer as tokens of his prowess. These heights are heavily timbered with oak, pine, and cedar, and the woodmen who cut and remove the fuel on the backs of

asses pay a toll to the owner for the privilege. Lime is also prepared for building purposes; goats and cattle browse on the rich herbage; and a little cultivation is undertaken. Looking on the broad expanse of rich, black soil, with a sufficiency of water to give it a high productiveness, we mentally construct an idyllic picture. Wild grasses have given place to crops of grain, the substantial farmer has replaced the sandal-shod goat-herd, and where the howl of the coyote was heard the prattle of children's voices enlivens the smiling homestead.

C. E. Hodson.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the foregoing paper, intended as it is for general readers, we have studiously avoided the wearisome statistics of the emigration agent. But for the benefit of any would-be Mexican emigrant who may chance to see it we here add a few facts.

The Mexican government is acting in an enlightened spirit, and, as its own population does not increase and is moreover poor, welcomes *bonâ fide*, industrious emigrants whencesoever they may come, and offers them all assistance and protection. It is found more economical for this work to be left to private companies than for the government to undertake it. In some cases, in consideration of surveying unimproved lands, the company receives from government a portion of it, say a third. A great deal of attention is now attracted to colonization in the territory of Lower California. Lorenzo Castro, in his *Republic of Mexico*, gives this district twenty-two thousand inhabitants and eight thousand square leagues. He describes it as

"a chain of mountains bathed by the sea. . . . The country is broken, its plains barren, and the landscape disagreeable and unpleasant to the eye. The climate is temperate in its northern portion and extremely warm in the south. . . . Natural productions are but few, for the want of streams, the scarcity of rains, and the barrenness of the soil."

For our own part we would rather buy a hacienda with buildings, irrigation ditches, and cultivated land than undertake the wearisome task of reducing a desert; and if a property were purchased with judgment, this course might prove the more profitable one. Large haciendas may be had at half-a-dollar an acre or less. Mexican husbandry is unscientific; the plough is a simple wooden affair with an iron point to scratch the soil, and is drawn by a yoke of oxen. Possibly, Mexican methods are best

for Mexico. Irrigation ditches are skilfully constructed, and no people understand the whole matter better than these; but perhaps they are too generous with the water. Wheat is sown in October and reaped in the spring, the fields being irrigated monthly. After this corn and pumpkins are planted, which are irrigated three times and gathered about September. Prices vary very much, but two dollars and a half a bushel for wheat and seventy-five cents for corn is a good average at present. Wheat-straw, cured in the milk, is used instead of hay, and costs sometimes fourteen dollars a ton; corn-stalks are also chopped up and fed to work animals.

No doubt the cultivation of cotton would pay very well, as there are a number of mills to supply. The best cotton comes from the Laguna district, with Villa Lerdo, at the junction of the Mexican Central and the Mexican National Railroads, as its distributing centre; much cotton is imported from the United States. No doubt fodder crops—alfalfa, johnson grass, timothy, millet, luzerne, and so on—would pay well on lands with convenient railroad facilities. As these are being increased prices are being equalized, the old mode of transportation by lumbering ox-cart or on the backs of asses being tedious and costly. Some persons assert that the railroads bring rain with them; in Coahuila there certainly appears to be enough for anybody. This State will probably attract emigrants to it, being so near the American frontier, having plenty of water, good soil, railway facilities, and a choice of climates. It is hard to imagine where so perfect a climate may be found as that about the capital of this State; certainly in no part of the United States with which we are acquainted, and we have lived in most sections. There is a winter, though neither long nor severe, and one does not perspire in the summer, except, of course, from exercise; it is a country formed for the white man to work in. Fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone flourish and it is a garden of roses. At Parras there are many vineyards, and it is famous for its wines and brandies; this industry is peculiarly adapted to this district. The art of making good butter and cheese is unknown, and one pays seventy-five cents per pound for Goshen butter or the sour, unsavoury produce of the country; a well-conducted dairy would meet a want.

The simplest and most promising industry of the country is the produce of ixtle already referred to. The hands who gather it are paid about half-a-dollar for an arroba, which sells on the spot at double the money, and at Tampico for half as much

again. The trade in hides and goat-skins is considerable, and when systematic farming and stall-feeding is adopted, a good class of beef will be produced, to be shipped by rail to the capital of the Republic, and other large centres of population. Those wishing for information on Mexican land laws, titles, etc., may consult Castro's book already referred to, and he himself having had some forty years' experience in the subject, must be a good authority on Mexican titles. The same remarks apply to the postmaster of San Antonio, Texas (where, too, Mr. Castro resides), but his official duties, added to the care of some eight millions of money which, to the gratification of himself and his friends, has lately fallen to his lot, may disincline him to other business. On titles to properties bankers at the leading cities might be properly consulted, and Mr. Seixas, an American gentleman long resident in Mexico, and now at Saltillo, has many valuable properties placed in his hands for sale.

C. E. H.

CHURCH MUSIC: ITS ORIGIN AND DIFFERENT FORMS.

Ecclesiastical chant forms an important part of the Liturgy of the church, and greatly promotes devotion and piety if composed and executed according to the spirit of religion.

"The church," says St. Basil, "in order to excite in our souls tender sentiments of piety, combines with her teaching an agreeable melody, that, though unable to understand the words pronounced, our hearts may be lured to a willing captivity in the soft bondage of its delicious sweetness."

St. Augustine thus recalls the memories of what he had heard in the church of Milan:

"The hymns and songs, O my God! and the sweet chant of thy church stirred and penetrated my being. These voices streamed upon my ears and caused truth to flow into my heart; from its springs the emotions welled up and lastly tears poured forth, and I rejoiced in them."

Nothing, however, is known of the music which the early Christians sang in their churches, and whatever may be advanced as to the origin of early church music rests on speculation rather than on fact. Not one piece of music, either of the

Hebrews before Christ or of the Christians before the era of St. Gregory the Great, is now in existence. Even the Gregorian chant, which was sung from the day of the great saint until the day of Guido of Arezzo, four hundred years later, though some fragments exist, is quite unintelligible. The signs which expressed the value of the notes were learned in the musical schools by means of tradition, and when Guido changed the method of teaching they were no longer used, and their meaning became lost.

The Greeks attained to a higher degree of civilization than the Egyptians, yet the latter were more advanced in music. The old Greek instruments, found in ruins and preserved in museums, are not furnished with a neck, and each string is capable of producing but one tone; whilst some Egyptian instruments have been found furnished with a neck and dividing marks, so that by the pressure of the fingers, shortening or lengthening the strings on the neck, a deeper or higher tone could be produced. The Hebrews were for four hundred years in captivity in Egypt, and it is by no means unreasonable to suppose that there they became acquainted with this more advanced music, and that in the Promised Land they used the same general style of music, the same or similar musical instruments. "Praise him with sound of trumpet, praise him with psaltery and harp. Praise him with timbrel, praise him with strings and organs. Praise him on high-sounding cymbals" (Psalm cl. 3–5). Their music, if it corresponded to the poetry of their psalms, hymns, and canticles, must have been beautiful. The Lord sang a canticle after the Last Supper, "and when they had said a hymn, they went forth to the Mount of Olives" (Mark xiv. 26). Said, in this place, means sung, "for a hymn is sung," says St. Augustine, commenting on this passage. Some conclude from old Hebrew rituals that this was the hymn which the Hebrews sang in thanksgiving after the eating of the Paschal Lamb, which commenced with Psalm cxii., *In exitu Israel de Ægypto*, and finished with Psalm cxviii., *Beati immaculati in via.*

The early Christians sang in their churches, St. Paul admonishing, Eph. v. 19: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." The first converts to Christianity came from among the Jews, many Christian rites and ceremonies found their origin in the Jewish rites and ceremonies, and may we not conclude that the music also of the early church was borrowed from the synagogue? But who can tell its nature, its

melody and composition? As the church spread among different nationalities, her rites were modified by the temper, habits, and costumes of these different peoples, and her music also was modified and altered according to the pre-existing national musical taste. There was then no Congregation of Rites to prescribe universal and exact ceremonies and vestments and chant for the universal church, and each nation, whilst keeping to the unity of faith, suited itself to its own predilection and national tradition. The various Eastern rites, the Slavonian, Bulgarian, Ambrosian, Spanish, Lyonnese, the Sarum rite in England, etc., bear testimony to this diversity. As with the ceremonies of each national church, so also with its chants and canticles. The Jews sang some psalms alternately, in two choirs; not so the faithful in the Western Church until the time of St. Ambrose (who died 397), who was the first, at Milan, to establish this custom, according to what he had already heard in the Oriental churches, and it was from Milan that antiphonal singing spread to all the churches in the West. He is said to have first introduced in the West the custom of singing hymns, and most of the hymns which occur in the daily or ferial office are ascribed to St. Ambrose. Prudentius and Hilary, contemporaries of Ambrose, composed also many of the hymns of the Roman Breviary. The Gloria in the days of St. Gregory was recited by the bishops on Sundays and feast days, and by the priests only on Easter, and the Credo was not said at all in the Roman Church: as Mabillon remarks: "It needed not to make a profession of faith, because it had never been affected by any heresy."

To understand the gradual development of music we should first call attention to the great difficulty with which pupils had in early times to contend in order to learn the value and pitch of each note. The notation of music among the ancients was very inaccurate and intricate. They knew neither bars, nor clefs, nor keys. The Greeks used all the letters of the alphabet, each letter indicating a certain note, and when notes went above or below them, in height or depth, the same alphabet was used, but inverted or contorted. Pope Gregory (who died 604), a great lover of music, improved on the Greek method by using only seven letters, *a, b, c, d, e, f, g;* the first seven were made by capital letters, the next by ordinary letters, the third seven by doubling the letters, etc., and in the reformation of church music he based himself principally upon the Ambrosian chant. John the Deacon, who lived towards the end of the ninth century, thus writes in his life of Saint Gregory:

"He built two dwellings, one at the Church of St. Peter, the other at the Lateran patriarchal house, where unto this day are still preserved the couch on which he reposed when modulating, his strap (flagellum) with which he threatened the boys, and also the authentic Antiphonary."

From the Roman schools, which existed for over three hundred years, singers were sent to England, Germany, and France, but many of the churches, especially in France, fell back to their old chants, which, if more barbarous, were better suited to the popular musical taste and comprehension. Abuses crept in, and already in the life of St. Leo II., who died 683, we read that he reformed the Gregorian chant and composed several hymns for the divine office. The middle ages, with their migration of nations, and great civil disturbances, were not a suitable time for the improvement and advance of arts. Guido of Arezzo, in the beginning of the eleventh century, invented the bars and clefs; he discarded the letters of the alphabet, and substituted the first syllables of the beginning and middle of the three first lines of the hymn in honor of St. John the Baptist:

UT queant laxis REsonare fibris
MIra gestorum FAmuli tuorum,
SOLve polluti LAbii reatum
Sancte Joannes.

He made use of two movable clefs, of G and F, as we now call them, which, placed on any bar, indicated the beginning of his notation. This so facilitated the teaching of music that, whereas before it required three years to acquire the art of solmization, it now required but as many weeks.

As a matter of interest to musicians we here add a few remarks. The ancient nations had a predilection for the sombre and grand modulation of music, and commenced the scale with the minor key of A. Guido changed it to the major UT or C. St. Gregory adopted seven notes, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, the same as now commonly used; Guido used only six, from UT (*c*) to LA (*a*). This was undoubtedly a retrogressive movement, and later on the seventh was again added and called SI. The sign ♭, mol or flat, which lowers the note a half-tone, was known already at the time of Guido, and was used to soften the fourth when ascending, to be replaced by the sign ♮, natural, when descending the scale; but the sign ♯, dur or sharp, which elevates a note half a tone, was invented about two hundred and fifty years after Guido's death. In the old Gregorian system sharps are unknown and the newer editions have also discarded them. Counterpoint and

harmony were invented after the great disturbances of the middle ages, when music, cut loose of its narrow swaddling clothes, began to be cultivated in earnest and made rapid strides in advance.

Gregorian chant thus belongs to the infant days of musical art; we admire it for its simplicity and a certain solemnity, which the flavor of antiquity has imparted to it. Some of its compositions, especially the Requiem Mass and some of the hymns, many of which date from a far later period than St. Gregory—the thirteenth and fourteenth century—are truly grand, impressive, and majestic; but the greatest portion of the Gregorian chant lacks harmony and melody. Owing to the innumerable variations in the older manuscript copies, even the best experts find it impossible to tell which manuscripts come nearest to the early Gregorian chant.

Gregorian chant was sung in cloister and monastery, but it was not much relished by the people in the parochial churches, particularly in those which had but few clergy; * and the music substituted to please the people soon degenerated into songs, worldly, light, and frivolous, which evoked the bulls of popes and the decrees of councils to check this crying abuse.

It is said that the Council of Trent intended to pass some severe canons against the music then in vogue, but just at that time Palestrina composed his church music, which, though entirely unlike the Gregorian, was received with such favor as to prevent a strict legislation on the part of the council. But, notwithstanding these endeavors, the Gregorian was not successful in keeping its ground to the exclusion of other music. At the present day very few churches confine themselves to this chant alone. Nor is it intended by the church that it should be so. All the basilicas in Rome have their own figured music, of a rather florid style, not printed but in manuscript, for fear they might lose the exclusive ownership.

In 1882 there were in Rome but three churches, and two of these collegiate churches, which confined themselves to the Gregorian chant. And why should they? The rigid architectural style of earlier ages was superseded by the florid Gothic style of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, and why should not the rigid and uncultivated style of early music be developed by

* A law passed in the year 520 prescribed that the principal church of Rome should have sixty priests, one hundred deacons, ninety subdeacons, one hundred and ten readers, twenty chanters. Clerics were required to learn music; what a grand and tremendous choir, then, of three hundred and eighty trained voices! These, supported by a powerful organ, would undoubtedly satisfy the musical taste of any congregation, and would soon teach them to join in.

man's genius and be made subservient to God's service? Why not adopt the grand chords, the harmonious melodies of later composers wherewith to praise the Lord and to chant of his glory and power? If they breathe religion, if they are the outpourings of devotion, why not dedicate them to Him who granted genius to the composers?

Tollatur abusus, maneat usus. This seems to be the guiding rule of the church in this matter, as we will now see by its decrees. The Council of Trent, *De Sacrificio Missæ*, commands the ordinaries of dioceses "to banish from the churches that kind of music which, whether for organ or for chant, contains anything lascivious or impure." The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, No. 361, repeats the same injunction, and in No. 380 recommends the teaching of the rudiments of Gregorian chant in parochial schools, so that the people may sing at Vespers and other similar services. Mark, no mention is made of the people singing at Mass. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, held 1884, speaks in the same manner, and specifies in No. 117 that profane melodies be not used, but only such as are grave, pious, and truly ecclesiastical. It forbids music that mutilates the words of the Liturgy or repeats them by too frequent iteration, or transposes them in such a manner as to change their meaning either entirely or partially.

The same council refused to entertain a motion made by a few bishops, to give the council's recommendation to the so-called Cæcilian music. Neither the Council of Trent nor the Council of Baltimore, approved by Rome, desired to enforce, not even to recommend, any particular kind of figured music; they only specified what kind of music should not be tolerated in the churches. The Gregorian chant stands in high favor with the church and is decidedly her property; it is the only music to which she has deigned to give her full approval, because it contains nothing that can ever be censured in the least: it is grave, not lascivious, impure, or profane; it does not mutilate, transpose, or repeat the words of the Liturgy. Still, in view of the fact that all Roman basilicas execute their own figured music, that it is sung in the solemn Papal celebrations at Rome, that in principle it is neither condemned nor disapproved by popes or councils, we may conclude that the ordinaries of dioceses need not be more Roman than Rome itself. It is their duty to be vigilant, to banish from choirs all music frivolous, sensuous, worldly; music that does violence to the Liturgy of divine service; and should abuse run so high that nothing but an heroic

and extreme measure could check it, it might then be deemed the bishop's duty to banish all figured music, and to tolerate nothing but what the church has approved—the Gregorian chant.

F. JANSSENS.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

FAIR Arlington, mute camp of warriors' tombs,
Thy fame is perfect now! For in thy breast
Is laid the Nation's Mars. Break not his rest,
Save when the funeral volley hoarsely booms
Across some new-made grave within thy glooms.
God grant him peace! He loved sweet Peace the best,
E'en when, like scourging whirlwind of the West,
He swept the valleys, arm'd with War's dread dooms.

He warred to strangle War. The horrid game
Of blood begun, he knew it must be played
Unto the bitter end; and Mercy bade
Him play it fast. So, where his riders came
They rode like Ruin's angels, battle-mad;
And War made way for Peace, as he had prayed.

CHARLES ALPHONS WINGERTER.

Wheeling, W. Va.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XXXIII.

CORDS OF ADAM.

"I will draw them with the cords of Adam."—Osee xi. 4.

THE day, which had been clear as well as cold until several hours past noon, was fast growing gray and blustery when Zipporah let herself out of the front door. The air was heavy, either with the promise of unshed snow—which would not be so bad a thing to be caught in, thought the girl—or, possibly, with the sharp, disagreeable needles of sleet and hail. But she was in the mood to be venturesome in any case. She was thoroughly dissatisfied with herself and with things in general, for reasons into which she did not care to look too curiously.

Although she was no longer the Zipporah who had stood on Shirley's corner, innocently quarrelling with her maidenly impulses, and essaying to put them down with the strong hand of common sense, yet she had not even now given up her fight to the extent of squarely admitting to herself that she had one on her hands. The last two months should have done a good deal towards enlightening her had she been less nervously bent on blindness. But she was like one who has been half-asleep behind jealously drawn curtains, not anxious to admit the day with its call to action and decision. To such idlers it happens now and again to oversleep themselves entirely, and to find, when they are ready to welcome the light, that thick darkness has once more settled down upon them.

Some dim notion that a catastrophe of this kind had befallen her had been besieging the girl's mind for the last fortnight, and to-day nothing prevented its triumphant entrance but the sheer, blind courage that will not admit itself beaten even in extremity, and which sometimes carries the day at last by virtue of its apparently insensate resistance in the face of long odds. There had been many times when she and Paul Murray had drawn so perilously near each other that the barrier between them, fully defined as to its nature to his apprehension only, had been more than once in danger of yielding altogether. Both of them had felt it, but in their different fashions—he entirely conscious, she averting her eyes and flying, as she had done again to-day. Per-

haps it was only the veil of reserve which nearly hid the girl's heart from her own view in guarding it so jealously from his, which had finally allowed her lover to persuade himself that he alone would be the sufferer from their knowledge of each other, and that he might absolve himself from any explanation. Possibly he was afraid to trust himself to make one, since it was only when he was away from her that he was able to be quite so sure that she was scathless. At all events, after yielding again and again to a temptation which on each occasion he assured himself that he would master in the end, he had at last grown certain that it was mastering him, and must be dealt with by the strong hand, and at once, if it were to be dealt with successfully at all. But as frequent meetings could not well be avoided under the existing circumstances, it was his manner only that had changed, and that in ways so undefinable that the girl, while she was quick to feel the difference, was more than puzzled to account to herself for the sense of depression and of ill omen that had begun to cloud her remembrance of their recent meetings.

She had run away from danger many times, and knew it, but that was instinctive and inevitable. She was an Atalanta whom no golden apples would ever cause to stop or turn her face. If she were caught it would be by a pursuer who legitimately outstripped her in the running. More than once the beating of her heart had warned her that her strength was failing and that the end was near. What would the end be like? That there was a scruple in his way she knew, but its strength she underestimated, measuring it by that of her own feminine pride, whose gauge she had of late taken more exactly. Would he give way, so that they might meet on equal terms? Why not? But was she quite sure that she wished to see him yield? Would she not, at least, be willing to make concessions if she could bring him to the point of bending first? Spite of her criticism of the Doña Blanca, it was in her also to say, "Return to the desert—don't give in for me." They are not the weakest women in whom that sentiment is developed the most strongly. The girl was built on honestly natural lines, and the supernatural lay as yet entirely beyond her. Perhaps she had reached her first real appreciation of what it might mean to him this very day.

Something, at all events, had quickened in her. The sense of failure and disappointment which had dimly troubled her for the last fortnight had grown more palpable in these days when Paul Murray had absented himself altogether from the house, for a reason of which she knew nothing, not having been in the room

when the doctor advised him to keep himself for the present out of John Van Alstyne's sight. Of all possible endings to her flight, that of the cessation of pursuit had never once occurred to her until now. What was in Paul Murray's heart had been more than once too evident in his eyes for her to misread it, and if she averted her own it was only because that was her nature. Half-denying it to herself, she had yet instinctively credited him with knowing how things were going with her, at least as fully as she knew with regard to him. And that he was a man of honor and of conscience she knew as she knew his eyes were blue and his hands strong. Two weeks ago nothing could have made her believe that her little romance could end as she now perceived that it was ending.

She had said nothing as yet to any one but John Van Alstyne himself of her determination to remain in the village for the present, though she had this very morning written the letter which should notify her parents of her intention and the reason for it. She had been entirely honest both in her reason and her statement of it. It was for the old man's sake alone that she had resolved to stay at her self-appointed post of duty. Yet doubtless there had lain at the bottom of her reticence to her pupils, when she had closed the school on the previous Friday noon, some unavowed hope that what he would naturally take to mean her impending departure would restore matters to their old footing between her and Paul Murray. But as he continued to stay away, and, even now when he had come, had not put a single question which suggested that he had given her movements a passing consideration, the horrible dread that he might suppose she stayed on his account seized and worried her as one beast worries another. Even the unavowed hope whose existence she would have calmly denied to herself a few days earlier now showed itself unblushingly, and mocked at her until shame drove her from the ground where charity had entrenched her, and she resolved to tear up her letter, to take back her promise to John Van Alstyne, and to go home the very next day. Altogether, she had a "bad quarter of an hour" of it as she was slowly walking toward the bridge that blustery Sunday afternoon, the wind, and presently the hail, cutting her face with what she may have felt to be a salutary castigation. At all events, she made no effort to shield herself against it. It was only when the down-pour changed into a driving, icy rain which threatened both to drench and to freeze her that she turned back toward the house. She had been absent perhaps an hour, and as she was going up the steps of the piazza

Paul Murray opened the front door. He had an umbrella in his hand, and what Zip recognized as her own water-proof hung across his arm. He had thought of her, then.

"I was just coming to look for you," he said, holding the door wide open; "I should have started when the rain began, but it was impossible for me to leave Mr. Van Alstyne just then. Are you very wet?"

"No," said the girl; "only cold and damp. I was on the bridge when it began to pour so, and my dress is water-proof."

Paul looked at her critically from head to foot. "You'd better go and change it," he advised. "It poured with a vengeance when it did begin, and you look something more than damp."

He had closed the door, but was standing with his hand upon the knob. Zipporah turned away without a word and went toward the stairs. His voice arrested her as she set her foot upon the lower step.

"There is an excellent fire in the library," he suggested; "I closed the door as I passed it, thinking you might want to go in there to warm yourself."

"Thank you," said Zip, who had turned half-round to listen, "but there is a fire in my own room also."

She began her ascent again, but again his voice followed her; he came toward the stairs, laid his hand on the lower banister, and looked up at her where she stood, a trifle above him.

"School is over," he remarked. The girl nodded.

"You are going back home, I suppose?" he went on in a tentative sort of way. Zip inclined her head again.

"This week?"

"To-morrow," said she, swallowing something in her throat and not looking at him.

"Mr. Van Alstyne will miss his kind nurse sadly, I'm afraid," said Paul. "The squire knows that you are going, I suppose?"

"Not yet," she answered, coloring.

"No? Oughtn't you to have told him?"

Getting no reply, and seeking her eyes in vain, he began again:

"I have business in Riverside to-morrow. Perhaps you can be ready to go up in the noon train, when I do?"

"No," faltered Zip. "I have—I must wait and see Squire Cadwallader. I—I forgot about him."

She lifted her eyes, and for a minute they looked at each other in the half-light coming through the transom window.

"Come back into the library, won't you?" he said in a tone

grown unfamiliar to her ear of late, and which gave her a little, quick shiver. "Not now—when you have changed your dress. I have something to say to you. You won't be long, will you?"

But Zip was long enough. There was lead in her feet, apparently, and numbness in her fingers, if all the useless efforts she made to be quick about her toilette might be put in evidence. When she did get down-stairs again the library door stood ajar, the glimmer of the fire showing through the opening. Paul Murray was standing beside the hearth, his arm resting on the mantel-piece, his eyes plunged into the glowing coals. Her step was light; perhaps he did not hear it. She came inside the door and stood still, feeling conscious of nothing so vivid as the impulse to flee upstairs again and hide herself. He looked round at her, smiling gravely, and then came and closed the door behind her.

"There is a draught," he said, as if the action needed explanation. "Go over and put yourself in the arm-chair by the fire. You look cold."

The girl did as she was bidden, and Paul sat down opposite her and looked into the fire again. A coal fell out of the grate and tinkled on the fender. A sinister face shaped itself in one of the dark hollows that broke the glowing mass above, and looked out at Zipporah, who could not turn her eyes away from it.

"I had something to say to you," Paul began at last, rising and beginning to pace up and down in front of the hearth, "but I don't know how to say it."

He stopped, but if he expected any assistance he was disappointed. He sat down again and leaned forward, his elbows on his knees.

"Suppose," he said, "that Aben Hamet had known himself thoroughly at the outset, and had reason to believe that he knew Blanca likewise—don't you think he ought to have gone back to the desert at once, without putting her and himself to the pain of obliging her to tell him to do so?"

"I don't know," faltered Zip at last, breaking the long pause that followed this diplomatic essay in criticism.

"I think he ought," said Paul, "but probably he couldn't. I think I ought," he went on in a way that a strange listener might have found irrelevant, but which was plain enough to her to whom it was addressed; "but I, too, have let the occasion slip when it was possible. I wish I might ask you not to go home to-morrow, or to go only to come back again, and to be my wife. But how can I? God knows, there is nothing in this world that I want so much as you. You forgive me for telling you so?"

"I thank you," said the girl, so low that he barely caught the words. Then she covered her face with her hands.

"I have been a fool, and worse," Paul went on with his self-accusation. "I knew as well, or nearly so, the first night I ever saw you, that it would come to this—so far as I am concerned—as I know it now. What I could not have known, or guessed"—a little tremble in his voice here—"was that what was so dangerous, and so sweet, to me, might perhaps become so to you. I knew what I was about, God forgive me! for my own part, but how were you to know? And how could I tell you? I should have kept out of the way."

Then there was silence, which, after a time that to both of them seemed long, the man broke again:

"You forgive me? And you understand me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered.

"But you don't understand me? How shall I explain and not seem to wilfully offend you? We differ in religion. I make no pretence at being a pious man. I am only an average, ordinary, every-day Christian. But that I am, to the core of my mind as well as of my heart. I don't mean that I could not ask for and receive a dispensation which would save my conscience while permitting me to marry you, remaining in your present belief. But there is another obstacle. I promised my mother, just before she died, that I would never do a thing like that. And almost my only virtue is that I don't know how to break my word."

The girl sighed, but she said nothing. The situation could not well have been more embarrassing for her.

"There is only one way," Paul began again. "For me, no change is possible. But what you said up-stairs this afternoon gives me courage to ask whether one is not possible to you?"

"How should it be? I also have been taught to believe I am a Christian—or will be, some day. I can hardly say as much about myself at present. But how can you expect me to hold the things taught me by my parents more lightly than you do?"

"Well, if the case were as simple as that, I couldn't expect it. Yet, even if my faith were as narrowly traditional as that would make it, I am bound to say that I think it would carry its own warranty with it to me, as it does, and I suppose must do, to millions in all ages. The test of experience, if it is a narrow one, is a final one, also. We each eat our own loaf. You say you cannot call yourself a Christian. Why not?"

"I have never joined any church. I have never been baptized. But, of course, I shall some day."

"Why not mine?" said Paul, with a smile more persuasive, and more usual, than any expression that had thus far crossed either face.

"I haven't any," responded Zip, a little glimmer coming into her eyes also. "But if I had, and you should enter it, what would your people say?"

"I thought we agreed this afternoon that to adhere to a religion because our parents did so—or because it was our own, *simply* for that reason—was not an admirable thing to do. Don't you see that unless one religion is absolutely true, none is of any vital importance? What do you believe, anyway?"

"I believe the Bible, I suppose," said Zip.

"So do I," said Paul. "We are on common ground so far, at any rate. What do you believe about it? Do you believe, to take the chief thing at once, that our Lord Jesus Christ is God?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, then, how do you avoid the conclusion that the only church which even pretends to trace its history back to him must be that which he founded?"

"But I have been told always that it became corrupt, and that the Protestant churches came into existence to reform Christianity, and to bring it back to what he taught."

"And it never occurred to you that of two contradictories both cannot be true? Don't you see that you cannot at the same time believe that God founded a church which he promised should never fail, and yet assert that as a matter of fact it did fail? Admit the failure of the church, and you have denied the Divinity of its founder. You see that?"

"I think so," said Zip. "My brother Tom wrote me something like it in a letter I got yesterday."

Then she blushed, seeing Paul's amused smile.

"Did you consult him?" he said. "You were interested in the question, then?"

Zip caught her breath. "Yes, I was," she admitted. "But Tom denies both."

"You mean he denies the Divinity of our Lord? Well, he is logical. It is really all or nothing, as we agreed once before today. But you and I, we stand on the same ground at bottom, don't we? You can't have faith, I suppose, seeing you have not even baptism. But be honest, dear. You *want* to believe, I see you do. And that is the first step, I've heard say."

It was the old Paul Murray who had somehow got nearer to

her during this speech. The laugh was in his eyes again, and his hand found hers. She let it lie still a minute, but then she drew it away.

"Yes," she said, blushing, "I do. But I must be honest with myself, and with you, too. As yet, I truly don't see my way clearly. And though I do want to, for your sake, and for mine too, still I don't think it would ever have occurred to me to consider the matter at all except for you. And how can I be sure that is a good motive? Besides, there are my father and mother. Do you know how terrible it would seem to them? Who is to persuade me what I ought to do?"

"Not I," said Paul, rising to his feet again. "You and I are both too far gone to be sure of our own motives. I don't want to persuade you. But, for your own sake, I do want you to consider the matter fairly and study Christianity to the bottom. Your mind is too clear for it to be even moderately safe for you to stop short of that. And when you have arrived at a decision? You will let me know?"

"Yes," said the girl, rising also.

"And you can't be ready to go up to town with me to-morrow?" he asked, as they turned toward the door. "I know a good priest in Riverside—a convert, too—to whom I would be glad to introduce you."

"No," said Zip, in a momentary forgetfulness. "I'm not going home just at present. I have written to tell them so. How can I leave Mr. Van Alstyne when he needs me so much? I promised him."

Paul threw back his head and laughed. The girl turned scarlet.

"I thought you told me you were going home to-morrow," he said, catching her hand again and turning her to face the fire. "I'm afraid you haven't any conscience about fibs. Or have you just changed your mind? What made you?"

"I won't tell you," she said in a little heat, yet not quite able to keep back a smile. Then she pulled away her hand and ran out of the room.

XXXIV.

GETTING OUT OF THE WOODS.

Altogether, Paul Murray felt happier than he had ever done in his life before. It seemed to him that he had got on to

a watch-tower whence, far on the horizon line, he beheld all his ships coming in, well-laden and prosperous.

The afternoon had been a notable one to him in more ways than that just recounted. He had come up to the house in a state of serious and apparently well-founded depression. The year was drawing to a close, and if things continued much longer as they stood at present with Mr. Van Alstyne, his own hands would be tied completely. During the last week one of those periodical crises in the business world had taken place which disturb trade through all its centres, and to all appearance it was likely to be of long standing. At the Corners one of the mills was to begin running on half-time the present week, and was like enough to close entirely by the end of it. But that was a mere item, one of the straws which show how the wind is blowing.

In John Van Alstyne's factory such a wind, in ordinary times, would have blown up "nothing but a shower." This time it looked as if the veritable deluge had set it. Somehow or other, the projects which had shaped themselves between Seth Lamson and Mr. Hadleigh had slipped into the stream of current rumor, and were now common property throughout the neighborhood. John Van Alstyne had sunk into complete imbecility, though he was fast regaining physical strength and might live on for years. His factory could no longer be kept running on the existing basis, nor, indeed, on any other, for who was to authorize the necessary access to his capital? His cousin being on hand, it was competent for him to make application to have the old man adjudged in lunacy, and his business wound up and converted into cash by the ordinary processes of law; steps to that effect had either been already taken or would speedily be so. Such was the gossip which was now on all tongues, and who was to dispute it? Things looked black enough for the hands. To lose such employment as many of them had now had for years was bad enough at the best, but to face the prospect of having none at all to replace it for an indefinite period, and at the hardest time of the year, was worse still. But that was the outlook. Paul Murray, when appealed to for confirmation or for contradiction of the reports flying about, could say absolutely nothing. He was a fixture at his present post until the year was ended, and could keep the works running till then. After that he would be powerless.

Unless, indeed, he had suddenly thought to himself when left alone with John Van Alstyne on this Sunday afternoon, the im-

possible should happen, and his powers should be renewed at the source from which they had originally flowed. He had never been sanguine in his hopes for the old man's recovery. It would mean, should it happen, so very much to him that a certain native modesty had, perhaps, more than anything else to do with his incredulity about it. Why should the skies fall to let *him* catch a singing, far-flying lark?

But to-day the expression of John Van Alstyne's face, the keen intelligence in his eyes, even the word or two which found their way across his lips, had begotten an involuntary belief and hope within the young man's mind. The caution Squire Cadwallader had given him passed out of his memory altogether, and he acted on his own initiative. Taking a leaf from Zipporah's book—with the half-conscious imitativeness which belongs to the feeling he had for her, perhaps—he sat down before the old man and gave him a rapid summary of the state of his affairs. Naturally, he omitted all reference to the rumors which have been described, but he put the situation clearly in all other respects. Most of it Mr. Van Alstyne could not but have divined already. It was plain enough to Paul Murray that his statement was closely followed and fully apprehended. But, after all, what could be done about it? That the old man's tongue was still bound was but too evident. Only detached words, or fragments of them, would issue from it.

But, while Paul was still facing that difficult problem, one of these fragments, reiterated for the third or fourth time, arrested his attention, chiefly because it was at last accompanied by a significant movement of John Van Alstyne's right hand.

"Paper?" suggested Paul, rising. "Do you want to try to write?"

Plainly, that was exactly what the old man had in mind. Without much confidence in the success of such an experiment, since he was aware of the failure of those made at Squire Cadwallader's suggestion a month earlier, Paul brought a pad of scribbling paper which he found lying on the table, took a pencil from his pocket, and put both in a convenient position at Mr. Van Alstyne's hand. Evidently the invalid had his own doubts also. He made an apparently aimless mark or two, perhaps to test his own power to carry out his volition, for while Paul Murray turned away his face to conceal the sense of overwhelming failure which he felt these meaningless lines had written there too plainly, John Van Alstyne went on to make his signature, as clear, as characteristically bold as he had ever executed it.

He looked up when he had finished it, but Paul's head was still averted. Before he raised it again, John Van Alstyne had at last opened the gate of communication between himself and his kind. One of the rarer phenomena of aphasia had taken place, and while the portals of his speech were still barred, his will and his intelligence had regained complete possession of his organs of voluntary motion.

Nevertheless, his instructions were given very briefly. He asked for his check-book, and he demanded to see his lawyer with the least possible delay. And then, looking out of the window near which they were sitting, it was he who, with a touch of the old kindness which, perhaps, showed more than anything else how completely he was his own man again, had suggested to Paul that Zipporah was out in the storm and ought to be looked after. And then Paul had found her, and, however their affair might terminate, it too had sought the issue of open speech and complete mutual understanding, and so had left memories behind it which silence, however well comprehended, would have been too barren to produce. No wonder Paul Murray felt light of heart. It was too well ballasted that day with gratitude to God to be otherwise than buoyant.

He called the hands together the next morning, and, without referring in any manner to the current gossip, announced to them that Mr. Van Alstyne had so far recovered that it was certain that the works would be kept running, and the state of affairs sketched out by him just before his seizure realized to the letter. Possibly the assurance was a trifle premature, like all things which depend upon contingencies, however near they seem to their actualization, but Paul Murray, though neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, was for that once in the true prophetic vein. Prudent as he ordinarily was, he could not refrain from leaving behind him something of the gladness he carried with him when he went up to Riverside to execute John Van Alstyne's errand to his legal adviser.

Judge Mount heard him through in silence. Then, turning to his desk, he drew out of it a document which he threw across the table on either side of which they were sitting. Paul took it up and looked at the endorsement on the back of the folio. It was the application to the Supreme Court of the State of New York of Francis Van Alstyne-Hadleigh, acting for himself and other heirs, for a commission in the nature of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* against John Van Alstyne, of the village of Milton Centre, county of ——. It contained his petition, which Paul

did not trouble himself to read, followed by the affidavits of Sarah Porter Van Alstyne, Seth Lamson, Alfred Morrell Sawyer, and Eben Lant. It was on the last name only that Paul Murray paused.

"Lant?" he said, looking across the table at Judge Mount, who was smoothing his goatee while regarding Paul over the top of his glasses. "What on earth does Lant know about Mr. Van Alstyne's mental condition?"

"Been a sort of body-servant to him lately, hasn't he? That's what his affidavit indicates."

Paul looked at the date of Lant's testimony. It had been sworn to before a notary in Milton Corners the previous Monday. "He made up his valuable mind with considerable rapidity," he said. "He must have been at Mr. Van Alstyne's house just about a week when this was signed, and I am greatly in error if his opportunities for seeing him have exceeded a half an hour daily. Most of his free time is spent in boozing about the village. He is at the house at all only because his wife and children were taken in there as a sort of charity, and he has been allowed to make himself useful in little ways in order to save what remnant of self-respect he has left. As for Mr. Lamson, I am aware that he has called once or twice lately, in company with Dr. Sawyer, and that he was present when Mr. Van Alstyne had his stroke. But as for Mr. Hadleigh, I am not sure that he saw him at all, after the very first."

"You think the witnesses not competent, is that it?"

"I wouldn't say that, exactly," returned Paul. "It is their haste rather than their incompetency—except, perhaps, in the case of Eben Lant—which strikes me. I must own that I think such a conclusion might have been honestly drawn by any one who saw Mr. Van Alstyne but seldom. Even now, as I tell you, if you judged solely by his attempts at speaking, you might infer that his mind was crippled in some permanent manner. But the note I brought you from him puts that supposition altogether aside, it seems to me."

"Yes, yes; I incline to that belief myself," assented the lawyer. "This application was submitted to me for decision on Friday last, and I meant to run down to the village this week in any case, in order to try and form some independent judgment of my own. I knew that Dr. Cadwallader had entertained an opinion of his case diametrically opposed to that sworn to here by his colleague. Still, I thought it not improbable that he also might have changed his views."

"Not in the least," said Paul. "I notice Dr. Sawyer's affidavit was sworn to last Tuesday, in Montpelier. I heard he had gone up home for a visit a week or more ago. I'd like to lay something heavy that he didn't consult the squire as to the propriety of making this statement, although I don't doubt its perfect honesty as coming from him. In fact, I know no good reason why I should doubt it in the case of any of these witnesses. I am bound to say, though, that very different testimony would have been borne by all those who have been in constant attendance on Mr. Van Alstyne. Then you will go back with me this afternoon?"

"I think I can manage it," returned Judge Mount, looking at his watch. "I have rather an important interview on my hands, though, between this and train time. However—yes, I will go without fail. I have never quite forgiven myself for my delay last fall, necessary as it seemed. It is rather curious, considering all things, that I should happen to be the court to whom this application is submitted. I was never more surprised by an apparently small coincidence in my life."

"There has been a rumor flying about for the last week as to what was under way," said Paul. "All of Mr. Van Alstyne's employees had got hold of it, and I was puzzled to guess how, until Lant's name here explained it."

"You didn't mention it to Mr. Van Alstyne, of course?"

"Naturally, I didn't. He is by no means out of danger, as Squire Cadwallader told me this very morning. His mind is perfectly sound, but a recurring stroke, which may or may not occur, might easily be fatal. That is why he has been kept in ignorance of many things. I incline for my own part, at least since my experience of yesterday, to think we have been more reticent than was really advisable. He has plainly been fretting over it. Still, I don't know what good it would have done to talk more. He couldn't have accomplished anything until now. He wants to go down to the factory at once, or at least as soon as he gets through his business with you. We have kept him away thus far, though he has been out frequently in the carriage."

"It was a frightful position for him if he has been conscious all the time, as I see you believe," said the lawyer, rising to accompany Paul Murray to the door of his office. "You haven't any remaining doubt on that head?"

"No; he wrote as much to me this morning. I did doubt it, I confess, though Squire Cadwallader has always been of that

opinion. The doctor was as pleased as a child with a new toy when I told him what had happened before I came away today."

Judge Mount laughed. "Yes," he said, "there's nothing in the world like having made a lucky guess for putting a man in a good humor with himself. If the doctor wasn't all abroad when I was down there, I'm as blind as a bat. I know it struck me that he was whistling to keep his courage up. Well, I'll meet you at the depot without fail, Mr. Murray. By the way, you kept, I hope, Mr. Van Alstyne's communication to you concerning his mental condition throughout this period? He signed it?"

"Well, no, I didn't. I left it on the pad on which it was written, for the doctor to see. Why?"

"Because it might easily be an important document in case Mr. Van Alstyne's death should soon occur. His will would be tolerably certain to be contested in that event, and his condition closely inquired into with retrospective reference to such testimony as I have in my desk there. Well, let us hope there may not be another slip between the cup and the lip for him."

So that affair got itself satisfactorily settled, and by the end of the week the news that Mr. Van Alstyne was driving daily to the mill and taking active interest in what was going on there had reached nearly all who were concerned in knowing it. He was practically dumb, but he signed all necessary papers, and otherwise put more strain upon himself than Squire Cadwallader was satisfied with.

"'The night cometh wherein no man can work,'" John Van Alstyne wrote once when the squire was expostulating with him concerning his activity. And with that the squire was obliged to be contented. More than once he had it on the tip of his tongue to try what additional force he might lend to his remonstrances by laying plainly before the old man the nature of the misunderstanding he had fomented, together with the results which had ensued upon it. He would have liked to caution him, too, that his hesitating and apparently purposeless speech—though those who were most about him had now begun to attach the old man's own meaning to his words, so that in calling for what he wanted he no longer was obliged to resort to writing—might easily be used as a lever in upsetting the conditions of his testament, should his natural heirs find them unsatisfactory. But he refrained, not liking to seem to take it for granted that they would be so. What ground, for that matter, had he for such a

supposition? That a will had been signed he knew, having been one of the witnesses to it, but heirs-at-law must be grasping indeed who could not be well satisfied with such a generous slice as might easily have been cut off from John Van Alstyne's immense fortune, while leaving its bulk almost unimpaired. Despite Mr. Hadleigh's application, the blame of which, in some of his self-upbraiding moods, the squire laid mostly at his own door, he hoped that the young man might be a heavy beneficiary by Mr. Van Alstyne's death when it should occur. The squire was indulging in that sort of vicarious generosity with which most of us would be glad to pay our debts to those whom we think we have injured.

XXXV.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Meantime, Zipporah, after a brief storm of epistles which raged for two or three days between the village and Riverside, and which ended in the most abrupt and unexpected descent of Mrs. Colton upon the Van Alstyne mansion late on the last day of the week which had opened so auspiciously, had been left there after all in peace, to her own most unfeigned surprise. The little tempest in a teapot had had some not unamusing features. Zip's first letter, giving her views of the situation, and what she thought the law of kindness required at her hands, reached her mother in the afternoon of the day when Paul Murray went up to interview the lawyer. There had been no diplomacy at all in the composition of it. It had struck the girl as such an obviously necessary thing to do, seeing that the old man's only natural friends had departed, leaving him to the care of servants and of strangers, that she simply announced her intention at the same time that she recorded her refusal to continue teaching throughout the winter. To do Mrs. Colton justice, had the matter seemed to her quite as simple as her daughter's statement represented it, she would have been quick to commend her resolution. But while she was yet pondering over it, her son's wife came in, brimming over with teasing information.

"Zip isn't coming home this winter, is she?" she began. "She isn't going to teach school, either."

"What makes you say that, Fanny?" asked Mrs. Colton, looking up from the letter which lay open on her lap.

"That's a letter from her, isn't it?" Fanny went on. "I suppose she tells you."

"Did she write to you, too?" asked Mrs. Colton in considerable surprise.

"Not she," returned Fanny. "She doesn't waste valuable time in that way. She is deep in the study of theology, I understand. I suppose that is what she is going to devote her serious attention to, now that she has given up the school."

"What *do* you mean, Fanny?" said Mrs. Colton severely. "Who has been telling you anything about her intentions? She writes to say that as Mrs. Van Alstyne has gone away for the winter, and as there is nobody but the servants to look after the sick old gentleman, she would like to stay for the present, as he seems to need her and be glad to have her there. I don't see that there is anything that need prevent. She says it seems to her a thing laid on her to do, and I don't know but what she is right."

Mrs. Colton had been reared among Friends, and had carried from them, when she "married out of meeting," not a little of their respect for inward "leadings." Moreover, Mattie's account of what had seemed to her the true state of matters with regard to Zip had entirely eased her mind of its apprehensions about Paul Murray. Mattie's visit, occurring during the week of preparation for the birthday celebration, when Paul's manner was at its stiffest with her sister, who on her part was apparently much occupied with Mr. Hadleigh, had resulted, so far as her mother was concerned, in no very great access of light, though it had put to rest the fears awakened by Brother Meeker.

"I shouldn't at all wonder if it *was* laid on her," said Fanny, mocking. "I thought so when I heard about it this afternoon. It just struck me what a neat little sum in addition it made along with a letter from Tom that Nat got this morning."

Mrs. Colton took off her spectacles and put them in their case and rose as if to leave the room. It was not merely her little ruse when her daughter-in-law grew too vexatious, but her safest device for keeping the temper which Fanny enjoyed seeing her on the point of losing.

"Going upstairs to answer Zip, Mother Colton? Oh! that isn't necessary. Your desk is here, and I'm going. Give her my love, won't you? And tell her I entirely approve of Mr. Murray, and that I think her investigations of his religion are a most excellent way of spending her time. I walked all the way down High Street with him this afternoon, and got my information

from him about her movements. Say I think he is quite worth the trouble she seems to be taking for him. Tom wrote Nat that he had been carrying on a lively controversial correspondence with her lately on that subject."

Mrs. Colton turned back and faced her daughter-in-law with the most rigid and uncompromising of her expressions.

"Mr. Murray said that to you?"

"Mr. Murray said what to me? That Zip was studying his religion? Did I say so? Didn't I tell you Tom wrote it to Nat? As for Mr. Murray, we talked about lots of things. He is a most interesting person—full of information. I wonder Zip didn't apply at once to headquarters instead of going round by way of Tom. *I* would."

Then Fanny took her departure, having out of sheer kittenish love of mischief worked an entire change in Mrs. Colton's views concerning the propriety and prudence of acceding to her daughter's proposition. It had been hardly a request on the girl's part. That sense of independence in their filial relations which is of quick growth in so many young Americans had been in her one of the results which followed her involuntary exile from home the previous summer. Although she had speedily more than reconciled herself to the new order of things, the little pang of mingled pride and wounded feeling with which she had first received her father's determination on that head had, to her mind, cut, or at all events greatly weakened, that thread of complete subordination which had, until then, been whole in all its strands. Her father had by no means intended to throw her altogether on her own resources. But his experiment, which had never secured the approbation of his wife, had been accepted by the girl as her sufficient warranty for relying on them should she so elect. Still, her letter expressly asked for approval of her present course, and would probably have received it but for what had just taken place between her mother and her brother's wife.

Her mother's response, therefore, which was peremptory in its refusal, though it contained no allusion to the cause which made it so, struck the girl strangely.

"Needed at home?" she said to herself. "Why am I needed any more than I have been for the last three months? Father expressly said he thought I would decide to keep the school all winter. Mother can't really understand how matters stand here."

But this time her reiterated statement of her reasons ended with some brief words which showed well enough that she considered herself entirely competent to decide the question for her-

self. It was that which, after some prolonged consultation with her husband, who inclined this time to be of one mind with his daughter, suddenly resolved Mrs. Colton to go down and "spy out the land" for herself. She knew her daughter well enough, or thought she did, to be sure that her presence and her spoken wishes would carry their old weight with her.

Lewis R. Dorsay.

[to be continued.]

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

Frederick Thickstun is a name we do not remember to have noticed before, even in the list of contributors to the current periodicals. If *A Mexican Girl* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) is his first effort at novel-writing, he cannot have wasted much of the time devoted to preliminary training. Though he comes into the arena unheralded, he is fully equipped for action, and carries off the prizes with unmistakable ease. His book not only shows direct observation, which is not uncommon, but direct transcription, which is. We are accustomed to hard straining toward it on all sides. What is known as "realism in art" is one of the results which those of us who try to keep abreast of current literature are at once most familiar with and most fatigued by. Realism is not a bad thing in itself; it is distinctly good, one would say, if only as a contribution to psychology, to know just how things strike minds capable of receiving and of passing on impressions. But one has a choice even among impressions. The chief of those one gets from the majority of the artists, so busy in recording them, is of the operator himself, with his head under the photographer's black cloth. The plate he produces is apt to be blurred. It shows, indeed, what he thought it advisable to look at, but in such a way that one takes at once, and instinctively, to surmising why he turned his lenses in this direction rather than in that. Yes, we say, this must be Jones's pig-sty and that Smith's dung-heap, and this looks like a section of a wheat-field with nothing more enlivening than a scarecrow in it. Why didn't the man slant the glass up and get that cliff with the sun on it, or show us Ruth, yonder, with a clean

apron on, gleaning after the reapers? They belong equally to the landscape, besides being agreeable to the eye and not repellent to the other senses.

Mr. Thickstun, although he shows nice discrimination in the choice of his point of view and thoroughly good workmanship in the reproduction of his subject, is by no means a mere photographer. Still, his skill in that line is what strikes his reader first, since it is what comes first before his notice. Fine points of psychology were not what interested Mr. Thickstun in his observation of Captain Jack Hawley, the superintendent of the "petered-out quicksilver mine" at New Ripa, California. The nature of his mental operations was clear enough to him, the proof lying not merely in the extremely good page or two in which they are described, but in those others where Captain Jack, being left to speak for himself, produces on the reader the precise effect indicated in advance by the author. To give such indications is often a disastrous policy for novelists to adopt; but Mr. Thickstun evidently knew his man well enough to venture on it without even a suspicion that he was skating on dangerous ground. And yet he had the courage to say things like this about him:

"Whatever was of interest to Captain Jack immediately assumed, from his point of view, an axial relation to all mundane affairs. And as his speculations concerned only the visible and tangible, and as the visible and tangible in New Ripa always bore a well-defined relationship to the mine superintendent, it is evident that his friends were frequently called upon to regard his personal concerns as the pivot on which a dependent universe balanced falteringly. He was never without his opinion, neither was he backward about expressing it; yet he was so sincere, so unconsciously transparent in his healthy, hearty egoism that he could hardly be regarded as offensive. . . . His talk was superabundant, but his lively interest in his own remarks was likely to prove contagious, even to people who were brought constantly under his influence. . . . To materialize on paper the nice inflexions of his numerous languages would be as hopeless a task as to clutch and hold the images of a dissolving view; but, through whatever language or dialect he uttered his feelings, *he left the impression that his words were a part of himself—had been wrenched from some portion of his insides and flung down before your face and eyes, to be contemplated in spite of any pangs of conventional squeamishness.* . . . Captain Jack's irreverence was in reality of the sort that is very commonly associated in the West with the simplest, most childlike veneration for holy things. His belief in the power and grandeur of God was orthodox in the extreme, yet he was for ever associating the Creator's name with belittling objects. Ideas and their opposites came to him simultaneously; he was always himself and his antipode. . . . The result was often an intellectual monstrosity whose existence another man would have concealed; but Captain Jack no

more thought of hiding an idea because of a possible blemish than he thought of hiding his nose because there happened to be a little white mole on it."

That is a sufficiently difficult programme, seeing that Captain Jack does nothing more important to the conduct of the story than talk consistently up to it. The strength of the book lies in its delineation of the men in it, spite of its title. Panchita is a mere animal, useful only to bring about and accentuate that inward struggle by which Roslin, the schoolmaster, begins to round out and complete his knowledge of himself. And her animalism, to Mr. Thickstun's praise be it spoken, is indicated without one offensive touch. Roslin is a triumph of psychological portraiture. He has begun life in poverty. He has no brilliant qualities, and such education as he has gained he has worked hard for.

"He studied hard, but learned slowly; he even displayed less quickness of intellect than he actually possessed. But he mastered what he undertook, and was sometimes conscious of certain solid qualities of brain, as well as of muscle, which his more versatile companions seemed inclined to admire. Quick-witted boys were a never-ending source of surprise to him."

There is a brief period in Roslin's youth when, having learned "at least the dictionary definition of an ideal," he, too, unimaginative as he is, becomes a dreamer. His visions soar no higher, indeed, than that earthy philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, whom he secretly worships as "the greatest man that ever lived." He longs to immortalize himself, to do something heroic; he is sad because he was born too late for the war. But that mood soon passes. He weighs himself conscientiously in the scales of comparison held out by the world, and is honest enough to read the verdict without impatience. He settles down to teaching as his life-work, is successful in it so far as his pupils go, but at last awakes to the fact that in the place where he is he cannot earn money enough to meet his actual wants. So he goes to California. If you had watched him, sitting in a public place for an hour or so, says Mr. Thickstun, "you would have known him for such as he has been described.

"You would not rank him below the average man in intellect; but if you studied him closely, you would conclude that his knowledge of himself, though conscientiously accurate as far as it went, was quite elementary; that he had never rightly comprehended those qualities of soul and body which most men, studying them earliest, comprehend best. He had

never received nor given largely. The world had never touched him effectually. His whole air was settled and serene. You would ask yourself, as you looked at him, How will it be when passion beats its way into that calm retreat, overturning with tempests, deafening with thunders, and scorching with lightnings?"

Roslin's apprenticeship begins on the first evening of his arrival, when Panchita's voice, thrown purposely into the moonlight to allure him, pierces him with a sense of somewhat altogether new and strange. He meets her, and feels that "sympathy of sense rather than of mind, that wonderful physical attraction of souls which, disembodied, would repel." He knows nothing to her discredit, but though he doubts her instinctively, he doubts still more "the justice of his judgment of her. *A man of large conscience and small experience is never sure of his relations to people.*" There is searching analysis in the pages which describe Roslin's struggle with himself. His love is honest; why, then, does he know it to degrade him? Why is it he feels that all his old ideals of unselfish devotion to his kind, which should render back to God at least one little corner of his universe redeemed and purified, must give way if Panchita becomes his wife? What friendship could he have with her, "whom he knew to be in some way unworthy, whose very beauty was the outward stamp of some secret inward fault."

Nevertheless, the thought of parting with her does not occur to him. To gain her he will come down from the loftier plane on which he had hoped to walk for ever. "He had lived his active good, it was now time to try the passive. He had figured in life as a positive quantity; henceforward it must be as a negative, or at best as zero." One grows strangely interested in him. It is Good and Evil balancing, without picturesque or brilliant accompaniments to distract attention from the simple equation. Captain Jack's little story of Panchita's antecedents, told intentionally, comes as a relief. You have been in safe hands. Mr. Thickstun knew his man too well to let him turn his back on positive knowledge, or degrade himself utterly below the lowest ideal of a "pure-minded man, who is not strong enough to be something more than that only."

We have given unusual space to this novel—it is so seldom that one deserves it! Dr. Stafford is as real as Roslin or Captain Jack, and even Warner barely less so. As for their delineator, he should have a future before him. His work is stronger than that of Howe, the author of *The Story of a Country Town*, not only because it is more objective, but because it is much

healthier. One feels that he has by no means exhausted himself, that he has not been autobiographic save in that sense in which one's own experience must always help hold the candle by which we study other lives.

An Iceland Fisherman (New York: W. S. Gottsberger) is translated, by Clara Cadiot, from the French of Pierre Loti, whose *Lands of Exile* was briefly noticed in the July CATHOLIC WORLD. It is a beautiful story, exquisitely told—so exquisitely that even a translation as awkwardly made in some respects as this one is, cannot avoid retaining much of the peculiar charm of the original. To say that is to say, also, that the art of Pierre Loti is not merely a matter of technique, admirable as his technique is. His work will not always permit a critic to recommend it who thinks mere literary art, or art of any kind, to be distinctly not an end in itself. But the *Iceland Fisherman*, taken as a whole, and in spite of a slight blemish or two of the kind which is popularly known as French, is a delightful piece of imaginative literature. It is simply that. It has no ethical purpose whatever. But the central characters, Yann Gaos and his sweetheart, his "first wife," Mademoiselle Gaud, though unusually well conceived and delicately drawn, are entirely natural and agreeable types. Temperamental pride, as distinguished from that which is occupied in, and bred from, the pleased contemplation of self as other, and presumably better, than one's neighbors, is painted with extremely fine touches in Yann, who so long torments his own heart, and that of the girl who loves him, through sheer, instinctive obstinacy. Gaud herself is most charming and pathetic. And yet, when the sea, Yann's first betrothed, claims him after their brief six days of wedded happiness, the reader bears it no resentment. It is to the sea the fisherman belongs, for he too is of the number of the blind, elemental forces.

The book is poetic—a romance rather than a novel, and it addresses the imagination in a singularly articulate voice.

Maiwa's Revenge (New York: Harper & Brothers) is interesting, well written, and particularly adapted to the entertainment of boys. Allan Quatermain is again Mr. Haggard's hero, and so absorbed does the reader become in the old gentleman's after-dinner account of the "three bull elephants" who fell at his hand, slain by three successive shots, that he almost omits to notice that the story is half-finished before Maiwa, her wrongs and her revenge, come into sight at all. But she is just sufficiently picturesque when she does come, and she wins the applause of the right-minded when dread of her well-hurled assegai shunts

her husband into his own lion-trap, whose iron teeth "sprang up like living teeth and fastened in him." That should be accounted an achievement for a novelist, even when he is writing of heathen Zulus. For one, to quote Allan Quatermain, "though I trust I am a Christian, I cannot say that I felt sorry for him."

Mrs. Lynn Linton's latest novel, *Through the Long Nights* (New York: Harper & Brothers), is long, and, after a fashion, entertaining. Mrs. Linton, though she has not the charm and the purity of tone which honorably distinguish Mrs. Oliphant, has a good deal of her staying power. Year in and year out her novels trickle into the stream of current literature, where, if they do nobody but their author any marked good, they can also produce nothing much which is actively evil. Not that their writer is over-careful of the moralities. But she is, or we mistake her, entirely guiltless of any intention either to corrupt the pure or to sneer too obviously at the conventionally correct. The trade of novel-writing is evidently a hard one for good women.

Good men, or even moderately prudent men, seem, somehow, to find it not so difficult. Mr. James Payn, for example, who once seriously recommended respectable British parents to consider it as a profession which might well share their consideration with law and medicine, the army and the navy, as a possible and even desirable issue for the aspirations of their sons toward a remunerative career, himself keeps on working at it as faithfully, and as harmlessly, to say the least about it, as he might have done as a doctor. *The Mystery of Mirbridge* (New York: Harper & Brothers) is really a very skilful piece of mechanism. It is entertaining, too, and quite innocuous. Is it, perhaps, because the male steersman knows better where the shoals and quicksands lie that, when he is guiltless of evil intent, he avoids them so much more skilfully, as a general rule?

The September *Lippincott*—the magazine, publishing an entire fiction in each number, may be considered as a monthly novel with minor appendices—brings Amélie Rives once more very prominently before the public. Like that which contained "The Quick or the Dead?" this is pre-eminently a Rives number. For some reason, which, if it be not glaringly obvious must be almost impenetrably recondite, this young lady, whose own blast upon her trumpet is ear-piercing by itself, does not appear of late without an escort, so to say, of inferior trumpeters. Or are they meant to do duty as expounders and apologists? Mr. Edgar Fawcett plays chorus to the tragedy with an essay entitled

"A few more Words about Miss Rives," which opens with the remark that "In literature, as in life, the candor of innocence is sometimes mistaken for that of intentional impurity." He thinks, having given "The Quick or the Dead?" a second perusal, that he can see some reasons why people were actually so much offended by it, as well as others going to show why they need not have been so. One of them, which seems intended to do double duty and solve both doubts, is to the effect that while Miss Rives intended to make Barbara a very emotional person, and succeeded, she failed to make her sufficiently intellectual to establish an equilibrium. Hence, much slopping over. If we had Miss Rives' ear we should incline to bid her beware of this particular variety of apologetics. There is something that seems almost invidious about it, isn't there? Then comes the editor, devoting two or three pages of Book-Talk to the task of showing, chiefly by means of the example of dead and gone geniuses whose fame owes little to the opinions of their own generation of reviewers, that "if a man believes in Miss Rives, he need not be disturbed in any way by contemporary criticism."

Herod and Mariamne, which is based upon the narrative of Josephus, shows, in point of fact, a force of conception and a vigor of expression very unusual in a woman inexperienced and young. Unusual, but not unprecedented. Emily Brontë displayed as much strength of diction and of feeling, combined with a far higher and more spiritual idea of love, in *Wuthering Heights*. Cruel, hardly human as Heathcote is, where his passion for Cathy is concerned he rises to heights impossible to Herod. Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, too, a girl in her teens at the time, gave equally strong evidence in *Love's Martyr*, published three or four years ago, that she knew, as Mr. Fawcett puts it, "how to steep a love-story in realism, acted on by some peculiar force of her time, without stopping to consider what dangers must surround any such literary exploit, unless a good deal of discriminative caution be made to accompany it." The greatest danger, one inclines to believe, is retroactive in its effects. "This sword's hilt is the sharpest" in the case of these young persons who appear to wield it with such expertness, but who must, after all, bleed their own veins dry while awkwardly hacking at alien flesh.

Still, Mariamne, though near akin to Barbara, is an improvement on her. As was said once of the nuns of Port Royal, she is pure as an angel and proud as a devil. Cruel, too, like her predecessor; as ready to order a slave to the scourging or to humili-

ate an enemy of her own sex as Barbara was to lash a dog. There is undoubtedly verisimilitude in that combination. What other sort of honest woman could be the willing mate of a monster of bestiality and cruelty such as the Herod of Miss Rives' tragedy, even for a day? What Herods become actually they are potentially; as the tiger's cub is none the less a tiger because its coat has not yet grown mangy with man-eating.

Yet, on the whole, Miss Rives shows more promise in this tragedy than in what has gone before it. If her soul, to use the words once addressed to George Sand by Mrs. Browning, shall ever begin to "moan defiance among the lions of her tumultuous senses," she has enough imagination, combined with a certainly unusual facility of expression, to do good, and possibly enduring, work. As yet there are not many signs of it. Mentally and spiritually she is still painfully out of equipoise.

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne's latest poem, *The Armada*, may be found in the August *Fortnightly*, where it occupies twenty-odd pages. It is the grimmer and more grisly of the two deities who preside over his temple of art to whom the poet this time offers incense. It is the praise of hatred—*Laus Odii*—which he celebrates: hatred of God, hatred of the Christian church and her priesthood; even hatred of Ireland is dragged into his verse in defiance of all principles of art, since Ireland had no necessary connection with the theme he undertook. But, when all is said and done, Mr. Swinburne is not that thing beloved of Dr. Johnson, "a good hater." He shrieks too much in falsetto; he foams too impotently at the mouth. So the sea, which he worships, lifts its waves just so far and no farther with each recurring tide, and overshoots the mark assigned it with nothing more effective than wind-blown spume. Mr. Swinburne overshoots his own aim in like manner, and nobody but him is likely to fail to see it.

When England went out to repel the Spanish invader, as she was bound to do by every natural right, the admiral who chased the foe out of her waters was the Catholic Howard of Effingham, who, like his opponents, had priests on board his vessel, and Mass said daily. When the "kernes of murderous Ireland," as Mr. Swinburne puts it, "raged down as a ravening flood to slay . . . their brethren whom shipwreck spares," it was the lord-deputy of England who incited the slaughter, legalized and took part in it. So, too, just as this poem must have been passing through the printer's hands, English middle-class Dissenters and English Churchmen were hanging on the lips of a Roman Car-

dinal, pleading the cause of human freedom, and middle-class English Liberalism was all arrayed on the side of "Catholic Ireland, murderous Ireland," to protest before the world that the England of their forefathers and of to-day, though not indeed the phantom England of the Swinburnian fancy, has been uniformly on the side of "greed and fraud," and that the cup of her iniquities at last is over-full. In the face of independent testimony of that order, how oddly sarcastic sounds this apostrophe to her:

"Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie, forsaking the face of truth :
Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee, born again from thy deathless youth :
Faith should fail, and the world turn pale, wert thou the prey of the serpent's tooth.
Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may strive to sting at thy heel in vain."

Taken at its worst, and the best in that direction is bad enough, the venom of hatred which is slavered throughout this poem is still almost innocuous. Mr. Swinburne is as futile in spite as he is in homage to the other object of his melodious aspirations, the Venus rising from the sea which always affords him his happiest inspirations. One feels tempted to say that from the "Lord God of the priests of Rome," whom the poet also addresses as "God the Devil, God the Liar, God the Accurst," down to the last poor victim being Balfoured out of England's way in an Irish prison, not one being, Creator or creature, need be actively offended by him. His venom harms no one so seriously as him who, for his sins, is condemned to the bootless satisfaction of spitting it out in sounding words. He should stick to the sea. She alone repays his love by bringing his fancies serenely and harmoniously to the birth. Nothing could be better or more admirably descriptive than these lines, for instance:

"For the sepulchres hollowed and shaped of the wind in the swerve of the seas,
The graves that gape for their pasture, and laugh, thrilled through by the breeze,
The sweet, soft, merciless waters, await and are fain of these.

"As the hiss of a Python heaving in menace of doom to be,
They hear through the clear night round them, whose hours are as clouds that flee,
The whisper of tempest sleeping, *the heave and the hiss of the sea.*"

There is a fine, Swinburnian ring, indeed, in all these verses, but so, too, is there now and again the familiar piling up of words

which are sound only, so far as conveying ideas or creating tangible images is concerned. The poem, in fact, having a definite aim, surpasses, by so much, a great deal of Mr. Swinburne's later verse.

Mr. Edgar Saltus has just published another novel, *Eden* (Chicago, New York, and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.) It is open to fewer objections on the score of morality than its predecessors, but it is hardly less unpleasant in its manner and its general effect. Mr. Saltus seems to us to have hit himself off very neatly, though, we suppose, inadvertently, in the description of "Alphabet Jones, the novelist," which he puts into the mouth of Mrs. Manhattan. "Personally he is as inoffensive as a glass of lemonade, but I can't bear his books. *He uses words I don't understand, and tells of things I don't want to.*"

Eden is married, for love, to a man old enough to be her father. She suspects him of an intrigue with a lady who turns out to be his daughter by a wife previously divorced, of whose existence he has never thought it worth while to inform Eden. On her own side, she is rather inclined to flirt with her husband's secretary, who turns out to be his son. She runs away to her father when, as she supposes, her husband betrays her, and tells him she cannot live longer with a man whose honor is not as unstained as that of her father himself.

"'Tell me,' she asked, her sultry eyes flashing with vistas of victory—'Tell me how my mother would have acted had such an indignity been put on her. Tell me,' she repeated, 'and through your knowledge of her, so will I act. Yes,' she added, and then paused, amazed at the expression of her father's face. It was as though some unseen force had stabbed him from behind. The mouth twitched in the contraction of sudden pain, the nostrils quivered, and he bowed his head; then, his eyes lowered and turned from her, he answered in a voice that trembled just a little, and yet was perfectly distinct:

"'It was such a thing as this that marred your mother's life; let it not mar your own.'"

Here is one of the bright sayings he puts into the mouth of Mrs. Manhattan: "It is my opinion, an opinion, I believe, which is shared by many good people, that a woman who marries a second time, does not deserve to have lost her first husband." Here is another, repeated by her to Eden, from the lips of an "elderly man at her side," at the opera: "He has been minister abroad, you know. He says," she added, "*that you are the most appetizing thing he has seen.*"

And thus he describes Eden at the dinner-table:

"When the meal was served she ate it in solitude, but the solitude was not irksome to her; it was populous with recovered dreams. Among the dishes that were brought her was one of terrapin, which she partook of with an art of her own; and subsequently, in a manner which it must have been a pleasure to behold, she nibbled at a peach—peaches and terrapin representing, as every one knows, the two articles of food which are the most difficult to eat with grace."

When Eden gets into a rage with her husband, "Don't speak to me!" she cries; "and if anywhere within the purlieus (!) of your being there is a spark of shame, leave me." And presently, after a considerable more tall talk on either side, she makes a movement to leave the room.

"But this Usselex prevented. He planted himself very firmly before her. *His attitude was as arrestive as an obelisk, and uncircuitable as a labyrinth.*"

A mere, ordinary writer, not master, as his friends say Mr. Saltus is, of a style beyond all praise—which is about what we think of him ourselves—would doubtless have said that as she could neither get around him nor go through him, she was obliged to stay just where she was. But how cheap and common that would sound beside Mr. Saltus' arrestive obelisk and uncircuitable labyrinth! Really, a man might write thus who had climbed up into literature from the counter of a retail dry-goods store, and got his knowledge of society from the flashily dressed women to whom he has sold cheap ribbons, cotton-backed, by the half-yard, his morality from an anæmic imagination, and his command of language from incessant studies in books on synonyms!

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

Born in Philadelphia, and in a section of it which was intensely "Native American," among my earliest recollections are scenes of the riots of 1844, I being then a boy of ten years. I grew up among the prejudices born of such events, and early learned to look upon a "foreigner" with suspicion, and upon a "Roman Catholic foreigner" as one who lived in this country by tolerance, not by any just right.

My father died when I had hardly emerged from infancy, and so I know little of his religious notions save by tradition. My good mother was a sincere Baptist of the "Hard-shell" school, and I was early taught that Sunday was a day for gloomy silence and cold dinners. On Sunday mornings, at 9 o'clock, I was sent, with my sisters, to the Sunday-school of the Spruce Street Baptist Church, and on emerging therefrom, about half-past ten, I was duly led, by my pious and watchful mother, into the church, there to listen to sermons extending over an hour. The only recollection of these I now have is that of being unwillingly kept awake by chewing cloves, which my mother carried in her pocket, I suspect, for the benefit of my older sisters as well as of myself. Occasionally I escaped this ordeal by playing "hookey" amidst the tomb-stones of the adjoining grave-yard, to me a far pleasanter place than the church, with its blank walls and elevated pulpit. In the afternoon we again attended Sunday-school; but to this I did not object, for what with the singing; the striving for, and occasionally winning, a prize for memorizing Scriptural verses; the "library books" to be taken out, and the chance to talk to my boy companions, I needed no cloves to keep me awake. Certainly Protestants contrive to make their Sunday-schools pleasurable and attractive, if not spiritually profitable, to children, and this is, I believe, one of the chief methods by which the sects are recruited.

My mother was little given to talking about religion, except to the minister when he occasionally visited our house, and I do not recollect that I was taught at home more of it than to say the Our Father and to sing infantile hymns of the "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," order. Of my Sunday-school training I retained only the Ten Commandments and the notion that I must not "hit the other fellow when he was down"—in other words, that I must do to others as I would have them do to me. Of the "library books," of which I read a great many, I only remember that boys who went fishing on the Sabbath were generally drowned, and that the Catholics had been guilty of numberless cruel persecutions of innocent Protestants, who, so far as I then learned, never retaliated. Here also I first learned of the iniquities of the Inquisition, for which, of course, the Catholic Church was to be held responsible. However, to this moral ballast, so to speak, I owe it that during the many years I lived without religion I was enabled to keep fairly before the wind of my neighbors' good opinion, and even occasionally to do some little good to my kind.

At about the age of fifteen I went to reside on a farm on the borders of Maryland, a few miles from Dover, Del., where I remained about four years. The people I now came in contact with were nearly all Methodists, and here for the first time I witnessed what is called a "shouting" Methodist revival. At first this sort of religious service excited curiosity, then astonishment and emo-

tion at its excessive fervor; and indeed—helped on, no doubt, by the example of youthful companions, and being of a sympathetic if not religious temperament—on several occasions I was brought to the verge of "getting religion." The next day, however, freed from the spell of the eloquent "exhorter," I would fall back to my normal condition. I was, perhaps, abetted in this weakness also by those about me, for I observed a calm worldliness about those who had "shouted" loudest the night before which greatly helped me to throw off the spell. If I were asked to name the chief excitant of these "revivals," I should reply that, while undoubtedly some of the speakers were really eloquent and capable of exciting intense emotion in their auditors, the very life and spirit of the meetings was the extraordinarily fervent congregational singing. One need only to attend a Southern Methodist camp-meeting, and watch the effect of the singing, to appreciate the force of some of Father Young's arguments in favor of congregational singing in the Catholic Church. Indeed, while sermons made little impression on me in those days—perhaps because I had no real bent toward religion, or it may be because of the fine-spun theories of which the sermons were generally woven—I even yet recall the pleasure with which I mingled my voice with those of others in giving fervent utterance to the hymns of Watts and Wesley. Of the supernatural side of religion, at this time, I knew little or nothing, though I possessed, in a misty way, a belief in the Holy Trinity, that Jesus Christ died to save sinners, and that belief in this was sufficient for salvation; but that church-going was an essential to my eternal welfare was no part of my creed. And this attitude I believe to be that of thousands of decent-living Protestants, especially in our large cities.

About the age of nineteen I returned to Philadelphia, and began to learn the printer's trade. Being self-willed, my gentle mother's exhortations and example had little effect upon me, and I seldom entered a church, and when I did so was indifferent as to its denomination. Soon after reaching my majority I married a young lady who had been reared in the Episcopal faith, but who, like myself, was rather indifferent to religion. We seldom attended any church, spending our Sundays quietly at home in reading, or else seeking recreation in out-door excursions. Indeed, I think we were fair samples of the average Protestant, looking upon religion as a mere matter of good morals, not something to be cherished and lived up to as of the most vital concern. Our religion was, practically, summed up in the desire to pay our debts and live decent, inoffensive lives, and to this end church-going did not appear to us a *sine quâ non*. Holding such notions, it may seem illogical, but nevertheless when our children were old enough we faithfully sent them to Sunday-school. One ground, perhaps, for our notion about church-going was, that we observed that the daily lives and actions of punctilious church-goers, among our acquaintance, were not much different from our own. In other words, that their religion was mainly a Sunday affair, and did not materially affect their dealings with their neighbors. The following incident may illustrate my meaning; yet I by no means wish to be understood as implying that this is an average sample of Protestant church-goers, though I have known a good many such. Sitting with a friend one Sunday evening, on the piazza of a house near a country church, there came to our ears the loud tones of a voice in fervent prayer or exhortation; gradually the sounds increased in loudness till they became stentorian. Turning to me, my friend, something of a wag, dryly remarked, "He's topping-off." Inquiry elicited the information that the voice proceeded from a farmer who had the reputation of

partly filling his market-baskets with small, scrubby potatoes, and "topping-off" with big ones.

In 1860 I came to New York to fill a position on a newly established daily paper. In this occupation I remained about five years, and as I slept in daytime in order that I might work at night, I did not during those years enter a church save once. And that exception occurred in this wise: Going to my home in Brooklyn, between the hours of four and five in the morning, in passing through Court Street I observed a crowd of people hurrying into a church. As this was a daily occurrence, and as inclement weather seemed not to diminish the number, I was curious to know what drew them. Asking a car-driver, one morning, I was told: "It's first Mass they're going to, sir." Soon after, on a cold, sleety morning—such a morning as would cause most people to shrink from venturing out—I noticed a crowd larger than usual struggling along into the church. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I sprang from the car on which I was riding, resolved to see for myself what attractions there were in a "first Mass." Passing up the steps with the people, in a few moments I stood for the first time within the walls of a Catholic church. The service soon began, and for a while I watched the priest. Understanding almost nothing of what was passing before me, I turned my attention to the people. The first thing about them that impressed me was their self-abandoned, devout attitudes. Then for some time I sat curiously watching a poor old woman passing through her fingers what I took to be a black cord, and I also noticed that she occasionally kissed some part of it and passed her hand down and across her breast. While speculating as to what all this meant, I suddenly heard the tinkling of a bell. Straightway down upon their knees fell all the people, with bowed heads. This sight and the sudden movement —or was it the Divine Presence?—sent a thrill of awe through me, and involuntarily I bowed my head, though ignorant of what was transpiring. Soon after the service ended, and as I passed out with the crowd I was struck with the fact that it was composed mostly of those who were evidently working-people. For a while I thought much of what I had seen and felt, and especially I wondered what there was in the Catholic religion that could draw people from their comfortable beds and homes at such uncanny hours; but gradually the matter passed from my mind. This was due partly, perhaps, that up to this time I had not numbered among my friends an intelligent Catholic, nor, though all my life a diligent reader of miscellaneous literature, had I read a Catholic book. Occasionally I had seen a Catholic paper, or read an extract from one in a secular journal, but the over-vigorous and often offensive polemics, and, as then seemed to me, unwarrantable claim to possessing the only *true* religion, disgusted and repelled me.

But I had now reached the turning point in my life. As I look back to this period I recognize the hand of God directing for my good events which I then deemed great misfortunes. In 1865, owing to broken health, I quitted the night work and became "reader" in a book-printing office. Here I read many Catholic books while they were passing through the press, especially those published by the Catholic Publication Society, then recently established by the Very Rev. I. T. Hecker—a work, by the by, which should win him the lasting gratitude of American Catholics, for through this instrumentality our Catholic literature has been lifted up and greatly enriched. I also read THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

I was now brought into mental contact with minds capable of enlightening me as to the real history of the Catholic Church, and also of setting clearly before my mind the beauties, truth, and consistency of the Catholic religion. Gradually my

mind opened to and absorbed these facts: 1st, that the Catholic Church, being the only church of Christendom for sixteen hundred years, must be the one founded by Jesus Christ, and the one whose doctrines were promulgated by the apostles; 2d, that I found in the Apostles' Creed whatever sound doctrines I had learned of in Protestant churches, and that, consequently, they must have been derived from the Catholic Church; 3d, that the history of the Catholic Church was identical with that of modern civilization, which was moulded by her; 4th, that heroic charity had always marked her religious orders, as is splendidly illustrated by the lives of such saints as St. Francis and St. Vincent de Paul, who especially excited my veneration; 5th, that if abuses had at times crept into the church they were due to human weakness or the meddling of laymen, but in no way invalidated the Divine infallibility of her doctrines; 6th, that she had been, in the days of her greatest power, the benefactor and protector of the poor and the humble. This latter point especially impressed and won me, and this impression has been deepened by subsequent reading upon the middle ages, the monastic orders, and the guilds. Indeed, I am fixed in the belief that the Catholic Church can and will solve the social problems now everywhere pressing for solution, and I rejoice exceedingly that the best and highest Catholic minds are now earnestly striving to this end.

It was, however, no easy task to reconcile my mind to accept the facts so plainly presented by Catholic writers, for they completely overturned all my previous notions and refuted what I had heretofore held as the truth. If I were to accept as true what I was now learning, what was to become of my cherished beliefs as to the Inquisition and its horrors; the St. Bartholomew massacre; Bloody Mary; the poor Covenanters and Huguenots; the malevolent Jesuits, who were stealthily striving to establish here, upon the ruins of our republic, a despotism similar to those upheld by them in Europe, and a host of other grievances that I had been taught to lay at the church's door? I struggled hard against admitting the truth of what I had now learned, arguing that Catholic writers colored or suppressed the facts to suit their purposes, but the evidences accumulated—some even being furnished by Protestants (about this time I read Cobbett)—as I went along, and in the end I was obliged to succumb. Perhaps nothing did so much to reconcile me to this as the constant reading of the always temperate and fair-minded pages of The Catholic World. Indeed, I do not hesitate to say that, under Providence, I largely owe my conversion to the teachings of that magazine, for I have never cared to read purely theological or didactic writings. So far as I can now recall, the first book which gave me a taste of the true flavor of the Catholic *spirit* was *Constance Sherwood.*

Thus far it was the historical or human side of the church which most interested me. Her supernatural side had not as yet much attracted my attention. What religious ideas I had thus far imbibed had been received unconsciously, and perhaps not fully assimilated. And so for some years I drifted along, making no practical application to myself of the precious knowledge I was acquiring. But the seed was not falling upon altogether barren soil, as the sequel proved.

At this period there fell upon me long-continued afflictions and sorrows—such sorrows as cause the soul, however blindly, to reach out beyond its earthly tenement for consolation. In the midst of my troubles I began seriously to ask myself, "For what was I created?" "Is this life the beginning and end of my career?" "If there be another and a better life, should I not strive to attain it?" I determined to do so. This resolution once formed, I begun to weigh the

claims of the different forms of religion of which I knew anything. Study of a catechism, with frequent reference to a Bible for verification, proved to me that the claims of the church to be Divinely founded were substantiated, as were her doctrines, by Scripture as well as tradition. I soon reached the conclusion that if any religion was true it *must* be the Catholic religion. I resolved to seek admission to the Catholic Church. Then I began to find stumbling-blocks: first the confessional; then the "worship"—as I still ignorantly viewed it—of the saints (so astounded was I when I first came upon the teaching of the Church relative to the Mother of God that I turned to a Protestant Bible to ascertain if it were the same personage whom I had known simply as "Mary, the mother of Jesus," for I had never heard mention in a Protestant pulpit of the Immaculate Conception); then I had a lingering doubt about the Real Presence, but especially I was haunted with the fear that I could not really "get religion," as I did not feel any overwhelming religious emotion. Fortunately, during these latter years I had made acquaintance and gained the friendship of some intelligent Catholics, and at this crisis I had the wise counsel of a well-informed and experienced Catholic gentleman (a publisher), who introduced me to a Lazarist father then giving a mission in Brooklyn, whose advice and explanations were extremely helpful. I attended the mission, and was much benefited therefrom. I was, however, astonished at the character of the preaching—its practical and direct simplicity, not to say bluntness, "a spade being called a spade." I had said nothing to the priest about my doubts as to "getting religion," and this still troubled me. Again I consulted my friend, and he introduced me to the present Bishop of Peoria, who quickly convinced me that the Catholic religion was an intellectual, not simply an emotional, religion, and that it required no spiritual convulsions to fit me to become a Catholic—a view which has since been more fully developed to my mind by reading the writings of the Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, who has also made clear to me that there is no dissonance between Catholicity and republican institutions. Since then, too, I have learned that the Catholic religion, while not emotional in the sense in which I had looked at it, is yet adapted to every cast of soul; that however fervent of spirit one may be, his soul can here find ample food; that if he be fired by heroic charity, he can here find wide fields for its exercise; that if he be curious to explore the deeps of metaphysics and ethics, he will here find them almost soundless. And I have also learned that to live up to the letter and the spirit of the Catholic religion is no easy task.

Nothing now prevented me from following the bent of my inclinations, and soon afterwards I received baptism and was admitted to the church. As the years roll by I am more and more satisfied of the wisdom of my choice, and more and more I rejoice and thank God for the peace and happiness I have found. God has blessed me far beyond my deserts. May he grant me the grace of perseverance and a happy death!

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN INDIA.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for July Sir William Wilson Hunter, a candid Protestant, presents a view of the progress of Christian missions in India which affords encouragement and consolation to those who hope for the spread of Christianity among the peoples of that vast and wonderful region. The writer's well-known reputation for scholarship, accuracy of observation, freedom from

sectarian rancor, and discernment of good wherever found, entitle his statements to great consideration. His judgments have not been formed simply by viewing the field from afar in a peaceful English home, reading the reports of missionaries, and hearing the superficial accounts of travellers, but he has lived for a quarter of a century in India, and labored in an honorable service, though not as a missionary himself, but, as he styles it, as "a plain secular person." He gives precise, positive information which seems not to be exaggeration of the favorable nor depreciation of the adverse view. His article, we regret to say, deals almost wholly with Protestant missions. We should be glad if so fair-minded and just an observer and courteous a critic had seen more of Catholic missions and would tell about them. We have studied to some extent the work of Protestant missions, but have never found them set forth in so favorable a light as in this article.

The difficulties attending their inception at home and abroad are described. A century ago Protestant Christendom was in a state of absolute apathy concerning the condition of the heathen. This had to be overcome by the pioneers, and hostile prejudices had to be encountered in the field itself, for European governments and trading companies had despoiled and enslaved the Hindus. The missionaries have finally succeeded in awakening, to some extent, the political conscience of England, and have brought about the abolition of abuses that were worse than pagan, and have obtained for the natives secure protection against the rapacity of the whites.

Let us compare this field with others. Mr. Hunter's estimate of the results of Protestant missions in the entire heathen world is as follows:

"In 1795 there were two half-starved missionaries. At present there are 6,000 missionaries with 30,000 auxiliaries engaged in active work." The whole number of converts made since then he estimates as 3,000,000. He considers the number of Protestant church communicants in Christendom as 30,000,000. According to these figures a good percentage of the Protestant Christians of the world have been made such by missionaries. India has been the largest missionary field: it has to-day 138,000 Protestant communicants.

While exhibiting the utmost impartiality toward the different sects engaged in this work, Mr. Hunter calls particular attention to the successful methods adopted by the Oxford Brotherhood, who belong to the High-Church party in the Church of England.

"They are," he says, "men of birth and scholarship living in common a life of apostolic simplicity and self-sacrifice. . . . Among the Hindus, for the past twenty-four hundred years, every preacher who would appeal to the popular heart must fulfil two conditions and conform to a certain type—he must cut himself off from the world by a solemn act, like the Great Renunciation of Buddha; and he must come forth from his solitary self-communings with a simple message to his fellow-men. Our missionaries do not seem to Indian thinkers to possess either of the initial qualifications necessary for any great awakening of the people.

"Many years ago, when I lived in an Indian district, and looked out on the world with keen young eyes, I noted down certain personal observations which I may venture to reproduce here. The missionaries enjoyed the popular esteem accorded in India to men of letters and teachers of youth. They were even more highly regarded as the guides who had opened up the paths of Western knowledge, and who were still the pioneers of education among the backward races. The mission printing-presses might almost be said to have created Bengali as a language of literary prose; and they had developed ruder tongues, like Santali or Assamese, into written vehicles of thought. But whatever might be the self-sacrifices of our missionaries, or the internal conflicts which they passed through, their lives did not appear in the light of a Great Renunciation. 'To the natives,' I wrote, 'the missionary seems to be a charitable Englishman

who keeps an excellent cheap school, speaks the language well, preaches a European form of their old incarnations, and drives out his wife and little ones in a pony-carriage. This friendly neighbor, this affectionate husband, this good man, is of an estimable type, of a type which has done much to raise the English character in the eyes of the natives, but it is not the traditional type to which the popular preacher in India must conform.'"

The writer has thus acknowledged a glorious principle as old as the church, and we are happy to applaud his appreciation of it.

The prospects for future conversions are not discouraging, he thinks; but "the process must be slow and difficult," and the converts will probably come chiefly

"from the low castes and the so-called aboriginal peoples. . . . There are fifty millions of human beings in India sitting on the outskirts of Hinduism or beyond its pale, who, within the next fifty years, will incorporate themselves in one or other of the higher faiths. . . . I myself do not expect that any Englishman or any European will in our days individually bring about a great Christian awakening in India. But I think it within reasonable probability that some native of India will spring up whose life and preaching may lead to an accession on a great scale to the Christian church. If such a man arises he will set in motion a mighty movement, whose consequences it is impossible to foresee. And I believe that if ever he comes, he will be produced by influences and surroundings of which the Oxford Brotherhood in Calcutta is at present the forerunner and prototype."

He gives also indirect testimony of the great results which Catholic missionaries have attained and may hope to attain. He says that Protestants

"must purge their cause of bigotry and cant. Of bigotry, such as the injustice which some pious people in England do to the Roman Catholic clergy in India; to that great church which is quietly, and with small worldly means, educating, disciplining, and consoling a Christian population three times more numerous than all the Protestant converts in India put together."

We do not ignore the good which Protestant missionaries have and are accomplishing in India, but the article under consideration shows that the Catholic Church is the greatest and most successful instrument for propagating Christianity in India, and that this superiority is to be attributed solely to its unparalleled spiritual influence upon mankind. The Oxford Brotherhood have repudiated the Reformation doctrines and methods and have adopted Catholic teaching and practices, and the results are in their favor as compared with other Protestant missionaries. Mr. Hunter's conclusion, though he has not expressed it in so many words, is undoubtedly that the hope of the conversion of India lies chiefly in the Catholic Church. If some native of India does rise up to lead great multitudes to Christianity, as Mr. Hunter thinks probable, he will not be merely the kindly neighbor who keeps a cheap school and drives out with his wife in a pony-carriage. He will be one who will follow with giant strides in the footsteps of St. Francis Xavier. The true typical missionary hero would be easily recognized; a man of God cannot be disguised. If St. Paul were in Calcutta the whole city would find out his character and doctrine within a month; they would hear his cry, "I am crucified to the world and the world to me."

To wrest a people from the dominion of Satan and bring their proud hearts and sensual bodies under the dominion of the spirit of God would be a difficult work for a comfortable, well-fed, and well-paid apostle to attempt. Evidently it will be useless to expect such an apostle as the writer describes as necessary unless the Catholic Church gives him. Moreover, it is not a pious fancy for Mr. Hunter, who is no enthusiast, to suppose a means fitly adapted to the end. Christianity from its very cradle has been propagated on a large scale only by

such instruments. The apostles of nations, says Alban Butler, are, next to the twelve apostles, the greatest wonder in the church of God.

But does not the favorable showing which Protestantism makes in India present a formidable obstacle to the success of Catholicism? it may be asked. On the contrary, it may prove a help. Arianism was propagated among heathen nations more extensively than Protestantism has ever been, but this only prepared the way for a more complete triumph of Catholicism.

And it must be borne in mind that Protestant missions have succeeded in later times by un-Protestant methods. Nothing could be more untrue than the claim that their missionary converts have for their rule of faith the Bible and the Bible only. They have been taught Christianity by men claiming, at least implicitly, to have authority from above. A large proportion of them have been trained in missionary schools from early childhood. The Protestant missionary appears among the heathen with not one whit less of authority, so far as the heathen can perceive, than the Catholic, and he is looked up to as the official exponent of a religion and a civilization gifted with supreme right to spread everywhere their beneficent institutions. Furthermore, it was only after the era of Bible distributing had been supplemented and in great part supplanted by that of authoritative teaching that any appreciable progress was made. And at this day, the Protestant missionary who appeals most confidently to his vocation to preach Christ (not simply to deliver the Bible that Christ may preach himself) is the one who behaves most like a genuine apostle of Christ and makes most converts.

Judging from the past, says Mr. Mallock, it would not be strange if Catholicism reconquered Christendom. Islam is most to be dreaded; its past triumphs have been great, but it swept away only churches that had fallen from Catholic unity. The Catholic Church hurled it back from Europe, and even bore its own victorious Christian banners to Jerusalem. The triumph of false religions over mankind, where the circumstances are favorable, is the most natural thing in the world. The inclinations and passions of man will come to a compromise with righteousness quite readily, but they will not submit to be crucified without a struggle. When we consider what the Catholic faith requires of men, it seems to us a wonder that it has held so great a sway as it has in the world. Truly, the mercy and goodness of God toward the nations is marvellous.

H. H. Wyman.

The Editor of The Catholic World:

Sir: A mysterious writer in your August number—mysterious in more than one sense—criticises several sentences from the article, "Our Drinks and Our Drunkards," published in the June number. He well deserves the hint you give him in the head-line: "Please be More Accurate!"

The good-natured and learned critic inadvertently omitted one sentence that is of equal importance with the three sentences he quoted. To be accurate, let me quote four sentences from page 348:

"From corn, rye, and wheat we get the alcohols which, in the form we drink them, are known as whiskeys. These alcohols are not the same as the alcohol of brandy. They are amylic alcohols. Amylic alcohols are hurtful. They may be made less hurtful by means of successive distillations, but even distillation will not give them the quality of the alcohol of wine."

In these four sentences I have tried to convey to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD *a fact* which it can do them no harm to remember, a fact of which, I hope, no special pleader for whiskey will make them lose sight. This fact is not "that the alcohol of whiskey is amylic (or amyl) alcohol," but that the alcohol of whiskey is an amylic alcohol. "We have only to consult any organic chemistry to find that" the *technical* compound-word "amylic (or amyl) alcohol" has no plural. "Amyl alcohol is not a wholesome thing," says my instructor, "and it may well be admitted that three ounces will kill a man." But do not fear whiskey on this account. *Please think well of whiskey!* Try six ounces of it! A fine argument, indeed!

You can imagine a man used to the text-book or the laboratory mentally dividing his glass of whiskey into compartments, wherein he fictitiously stores in exact proportions common alcohol, "amylic (or amyl) alcohol," and those other constituents of whiskey which every reader fully appreciates now that he has learned all about them from Richter (Smith's translation). When this skilful analyst, having performed many delicate mental operations, swallows the whiskey, will he be any better off than you or I? No. He takes it as a whole. If his mental analysis has been "checked" in the laboratory, well and good. His eyes are open as well as his mouth. But forty quotations will make the whiskey neither better nor worse than it is. If the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, leaving Richter to the lecturer and his chemistry class, will take up Dr. Francis E. Englehardt's Report to the State Board of Health, 1882—which was not in my hands when writing "Our Drinks and Our Drunkards"—they will learn something practical about the liquors we actually drink. The learned doctor analyzed twenty-five samples of whiskey. In twenty of these he found appreciable quantities of the poisonous "amylic (or amyl) alcohol," and traces of the same poison in the other five samples. Whether our favorite whiskey contains thirty or sixty per cent. of common alcohol, we shall do no injustice to the alcohols of corn, rye, wheat, rice, oats, the beet-root, or the potato—nor shall we injure ourselves—by qualifying them as amylic alcohols. Where, on page 348, I venture to say that three ounces of amylic alcohol will kill a man I use the term "amylic alcohol" in its technical sense. If in the four sentences I have already quoted I have not made clear the sense in which I use the adjective "amylic," then indeed I am rightly chargeable with a want of clearness, but not with a want of accuracy. I fear my statement is too accurate to suit some people. Certainly I have not said that three ounces of whiskey will kill a man. Nor shall I say this, unless I know the man and the whiskey.

Pardon me if I now quote the critic's fifth paragraph:

"Later on we find it stated (page 349) that the 'brandies,' as well as other liquors, 'which three-fourths of the people drink are made from these poisonous alcohols'; though previously the writer made a distinction, but not a very well founded one, for they may be formed to some extent in the fermentation of grape sugar as well as in that of maltose."

May I be allowed to join the author of this lucid paragraph-sentence in the honest criticism of his own work, expressed in the last and tersest paragraph of his note?

"Loose writing of this sort should be avoided. It does as much harm as good to the cause of temperance."

And may I add—it can do no good to the cause of whiskey, good or bad, and it does positive harm to a cause which some men still have at heart—the cause of the mother-tongue?

Respectfully,

J. A. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. From the French of Mrs. Augustus Craven. By Henry James Coleridge, S.J. London: Bentley & Son.

Mrs. Craven's French biography of Lady Fullerton we have not seen, but it surely must be a delightful book. Father Coleridge was sure to make the English translation as nearly equal as possible to the original. It is, indeed, a charming volume, aside from any comparison with the French *Life*, which we are unable to make. Nor is it a mere literal translation, but, while in the main a reproduction of the original, it is in some respects modified by expansion and retrenchment, with a view to making it better adapted to an English-reading public.

The subject of the memoir is a remarkably interesting person in two respects. First, as an author of great merit, and again as a distinguished convert to the Catholic Church, eminent for her great piety and for her numerous and excellent works of charity. Lady Georgiana Fullerton was the daughter of Lord Granville, long British Minister at Paris, and the granddaughter of the Marquis of Stafford and the Duke of Devonshire. Her husband was Mr. Fullerton, who became a Catholic a considerable time before his wife, and in the sequel was equally generous and zealous in promoting the good works to which both devoted their efforts and their wealth during a long course of years.

Lady Georgiana's career as a novelist was brilliant and successful. The most noteworthy of her novels are *Ellen Middleton*, *Grantley Manor*, *Constance Sherwood*, and *Mrs. Gerald's Niece*. Those who have not read them will find their perusal not disappointing, even if they credit our assurance that they are far above the common mark.

The biography of Lady Fullerton is full of an uncommon interest, enhanced by the delightful style of its authors. To a certain class of readers it will be especially attractive because of the high social and intellectual position of the subject of the memoir, and of the many other persons who are introduced into the narrative as connected by blood or friendship with her life and taking parts in the events of its history. If such readers are attracted by the humility, the self-denial, the intense sympathy with the poor and suffering, and the other Christian virtues which shone out so brightly in the life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the perusal of her biography may be very useful to them as well as entertaining.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE HON. AND RIGHT REV. ALEXANDER MACDONELL, first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, and (incidentally) of other old residents of the province. By W. J. Macdonell. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

A brief and extremely interesting account of the life and character of a strong man in soul and body has recently been printed. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Kingston, Upper Canada, died nearly fifty years ago, his gigantic frame worn out with years and labors spent in the apostolic ministry. He was a true

missionary; there being indeed not very much difference between the heroic men who lived and died evangelizing the savages of British America and those who, like Bishop Macdonell, quickly followed in their footsteps in the wilderness, the pastors of the pioneer settlers.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1762 on the borders of Loch Ness, Invernesshire, was educated at the Scottish Colleges of Paris and Valladolid, and ordained priest in 1787; and from the very first to the very last of his ministry was the faithful shepherd of the little clan Macdonell of Glengarry. Father Macdonell's first great success in life was saving his people from starvation. The lairds would not allow them to live by the land, and his gracious majesty George III., or the government which called itself by his name, would not allow them to escape starvation by water—that is to say, the clansmen were dispossessed of their holdings in the mountains by brutal landlords who converted their estates into sheep-walks, and then were prevented by cruel anti-emigration acts from going to the colonies; the object being to force them into the army. This amiable purpose Father Macdonell defeated with infinite difficulty by moving his bare-legged gillies and their families in a body to Glasgow and procuring them employment in factories. But this only postponed the crisis. By 1795 the wars of the French Revolution had so interfered with business that the Highlanders were thrown out of work. Now they must enlist or starve; and if they enlisted, the author of this memoir says that they would be "compelled, according to the then universal practice, to declare themselves Protestants." To escape this misery Father Macdonell and his relatives resorted to that curious thing called "Catholic loyalty to the king." A deputation was sent to London, their address was most graciously received by the king, and the first Glengarry Fencible Regiment was enrolled, the first Catholic corps raised as such since the Reformation, and Father Macdonell, in spite of the laws to the contrary, was gazetted chaplain. After spending a few years in the Island of Guernsey, the Fencibles were sent into Ireland to help put down the Rebellion of '98. The chaplain was, from the account before us, the ruling spirit of the regiment, commanded as it was by a kinsman and a Catholic, and he used his power for good. The Protestant yeomanry and some portions of the regular troops had carried on a most savage warfare against the people whether combatants or not, and showed a particular spite against the poor little chapels of the mountain districts of Wexford and Wicklow, many of them being found turned into stables for the horses of the soldiery. These Father Macdonell "caused to be cleansed, and restored to their original sacred purpose, performed divine service in them himself, and invited the clergy and congregations to attend, most of whom had been driven into the mountains and bogs to escape the cruelty of the yeomanry, etc." The poor people came back with joy to their homes and altars.

The regiment was disbanded after the peace of 1802, and again that eternal problem of the poor Scotch and Irish these many generations back, how to keep alive under English rule, confronted the clan. Father Macdonell journeyed to London to obtain a grant of land in Upper Canada with a view to emigration. He was offered instead a grant of eighty acres and four slaves per man if he would lead his people to the Island of Trinidad in the West Indies, and "for himself and a few special friends such salaries as would make them independent." The reason for this generosity was the total lack of British colonists in that quarter of the colonies, and the difficulty of obtaining settlers on account of the deadly fevers incident to the climate. He preferred the unbroken wilderness and the

healthful snows of the far north, and by dint of earnest solicitation got a royal patent for a grant of land to every officer and soldier he should take with him.

Somebody has said that to be under British laws administered by British landlords is to be between the devil and the deep sea. When a man has got the British government on his side he may be secure so far as the deep sea is concerned, but he has yet to look out for the devil. "The Highland proprietors took alarm," says Mr. Macdonell, "and endeavored by various means to prevent their people from emigrating. The regulations of the Emigration Act were rigidly enforced, and many of the poor men, after selling their effects and repairing with their families to the place of embarkation, were not permitted to emigrate. Such effect did the fears and threats of the Highland lairds produce upon the ministry, that even Lord Hobart, Colonial Secretary of State, urged Father Macdonell to conduct his emigrants to Upper Canada by way of the United States, that the odium of directly assisting emigration from the Highlands might be avoided, there being at the time a provincial law which granted two hundred acres of land to every loyal subject entering Upper Canada from the United States with the intention to settle in the Province." This advice was declined, and regardless of opposition, and almost smuggling his people away, he settled them in a wilderness remote enough from British law to leave them free to live. They had to fight Orangemen in their new home, and they were annoyed in various ways by meddling officials and bad neighbors. But all this they could bear. They had their era of privation and toil in the woods of Canada, but every tenant was his own landlord and every subject a citizen, and so they in course of time prospered greatly. That these poor Highlanders had escaped with their lives from the Egyptian house of bondage, even after having been cruelly battered by the enemies of their race and their religion, was owing almost wholly to the tender, priestly love of Alexander Macdonell, and to his unflinching determination to place the sea between them and their landlords and lawlords.

For more than thirty years, as priest and bishop, he served them; and besides them very many other little scattered pioneer communities of Scottish, Irish, and French Catholics. He travelled incessantly through a vast tract of country, mostly without roads or bridges, often a-foot and carrying his vestments, altar furniture, and personal effects on his back, later on using common country wagons or going on horseback, sometimes in Indian bark canoes. His soul was fired with love of God and of his kind; he celebrated Mass, preached the word of God, heard confessions and administered the other sacraments; the knowledge of the precious graces his ministrations would give to his poor, struggling people would not allow him to rest. Like every other pioneer priest, he was also the father of his people; and his advice was sought by all, and ever given with prudence as well as affection upon affairs of every kind. By his zeal, judgment, patience, and good sense the social standing and the material prosperity of the early Catholic settlers, whatever their race, were wonderfully improved.

On the last day of the year 1820 he was consecrated bishop *in partibus* and became vicar-apostolic of Upper Canada, embracing the present dioceses of Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ottawa, Pembroke, and Peterborough. From this time till his death he was of infinite help to the whole Canadian Church by his dealings with the English and Canadian governments in its behalf. It is well known that it was for many years the policy of Great Britain to control the Catholic religion in Canada, with a view to making it practically a "church by law established." That this abominable union of incongruities failed of consum-

mation was due in great part to the vigor and tact of Bishop Macdonell's resistance.

It is nearly half a century since the weary limbs and brave heart of this noble apostle of the Gael in exile were laid at rest. But the effects of his labors abide. Not only in Canada, but in many places in the States are the Macdonells and Macdonalds to be found, intelligent, prosperous, and soundly Catholic men and women. The writer of this notice remembers serving at a mission in a busy little Western city whose population was made up of representatives from the great nations of Europe absorbed into a community of the most energetic type of the pure New England stock. On asking the pastor who was the gentleman who acted as volunteer usher during the services, the answer was: "His name is Macdonell, and he is one of the Macdonells of Glengarry. He is a first-rate Catholic, an excellent lawyer, and is mayor of the city."

AN EXPOSITION OF THE GOSPELS: Consisting of an Analysis of each Chapter and of a Commentary, Critical, Exegetical, Doctrinal, and Moral. By His Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. Two volumes. Matthew, Mark, and Luke. Third edition, revised and corrected. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL AND OF THE CATHOLIC EPISTLES. By His Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam. Two volumes. Third edition, enlarged. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The reader might ask, What is the good of such books as these to a layman? In answer to that question we ask another: What do you mean by a layman? Do you mean that if he be intelligent he is sure to be totally given to worldly ambition or money-getting? If simple, that his soul is daubed with the mire of his barnyard as well as his boots? If so, then a layman has no use for such books, or any other books. But if a layman means to be a man and a Christian, and does not permit himself to be cut off from the delightful and profitable study of the word of God, these volumes are of infinite use to him. The assumption that a Christian, because he is a layman, has no practical use for a plain commentary on the Gospel, is not true, and is extremely unjust to the average lot of the Christian. It is equivalent to saying that the baptized and communicating Catholic is not much because he is not ordained. Until men rid themselves of the pernicious error that the priesthood is a caste, monopolizing the whole intelligent side of religion, our Catholicity will lack a trait of genuineness. Our progress towards the divine ideal involved in the complete acceptation of Christianity will be clogged and halting, unless it take on an element of individuality. The response to the ruling of the Holy Spirit in the individual soul must be largely mechanical if devoid of spontaneity. This is an error which cannot but be fruitful of a progeny of near-sighted Christians—Christians within whose range of mental vision the great and wide purposes of the faith they hold are at best but vague; Christians who, in fact, "cannot see beyond their nose."

In the words of our Divine Lord, "*we* adore that which we *know*" (St. John iv. 22), and the first and vital condition of our worship is knowledge. Of all men, the Christian has wisdom for his birthright. And the Scriptures of the New Testament contain the original documents of that birth-

right. There is no reading so profitable, in the long run so entertaining, as that which tells the story of the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. Any conception of the layman's vocation which leaves out of view the frequent use of Scripture is, to say the least, defective. Hence Archbishop MacEvilly, as he says in his preface, wrote these commentaries in the vernacular, "to furnish the intelligent laity and the reading portion of the Catholic community with a thoroughly Catholic exposition, in their own language, of one of the most important portions of the Holy Scriptures, and to serve as a practical reply to the clumsy calumnies so often refuted of those who charge the Catholic Church with interdicting for her own purposes the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, even when such reading is hedged round with the proper safeguards." The archbishop further says, "The character of the age on which we have fallen influenced me in publishing a commentary on the Gospels at the present time," and he goes on to show that the errors of our day are more fundamental than in the age which immediately preceded this. Hence he asks:

"Was it ever more necessary at any period in the history of Christianity than it is at the present day to place before the world in as clear a light as possible an exposition, in accordance with the unerring teachings of the Catholic Church, of the fundamental principles of faith and morals with which the Son of God came down to enlighten a world which he found sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death?"

This is the third edition of this really great work, a fact very encouraging, and one that proves its merit and its timeliness. The plan adopted is to collate the comments of the Fathers and Doctors of the church, adding the author's own. The scope is critical, explanatory, and doctrinal, interspersed with moral reflections. The work is full of learning; the style is direct; the language easily understood by any intelligent person. There is no parade of erudition, though the author is fully equipped for his work.

THREE INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT, delivered at the Royal Institution, London, during the month of March, 1887. By F. Max Müller. With an appendix which contains a correspondence on "Thought without Words," between F. Max Müller and Francis Galton, the Duke of Argyle, George J. Romaine, and others. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

In these three lectures we have an instance of the tendency of a specialist to exaggerate the importance of his own particular line of study and research. Prof. Max Müller is certainly a great philologist, but we think he is out of his element when he enters the domain of psychology, notwithstanding that the two subjects are so closely allied.

His thesis is that language and thought are identical, because inseparable. We cannot think without words, he asserts; therefore thought is language and language is thought. By thought he means the formation of concepts, which is nothing but addition and subtraction. Now, the concept cannot be formed or expressed without a sign, which is the word spoken, written, or merely thought. Hence the word and the concept are the same, and language and thought are identical. Such is his argument; and we think that every candid reader will give to this presentation of the case the verdict of "not proven." Even were we to admit that language and thought are inseparable, there is a wide difference between insepara-

bility and identity. As the Duke of Argyle well says in his thoughtful and suggestive letter: "Language is a product of thought; an expression of it; a vehicle for the communication of it; a channel for the conveyance of it; and an embodiment which is essential to its growth and continuity." This is correlation, not identity. Max Müller has fallen into an error similar to that of those specialists who, engrossed in the study of man's bodily frame, lose sight of his spiritual nature, and because the brain is the organ or instrument of thought, boldly proclaim that thought is but a secretion of the brain. In both cases the inference is altogether unwarranted.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

LOURDES: Its Inhabitants, Its Pilgrims, and Its Miracles. With an account of the Apparitions at the Grotto, and a Sketch of Bernadette's subsequent History. By Richard F. Clarke, S J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

A CATHOLIC CONVENTION OF ONE VERSUS THE CINCINNATI PRESBYTERIAN CONVENTION. By Rev. Abram J. Ryan. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. By Thomas Charles Edwards, D.D., Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

STUDIES IN CRITICISM. By Florence Trail. New York: Worthington Co.

FATHER VAHEY'S CONTROVERSIAL LETTERS. Rev. J. W. Vahey, Ridgeway, Wis. Milwaukee, Wis.: Hoffmann Bros.

THE WATER LILY: An Oriental Fairy Tale. By Frank Waters. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.

THE PRACTICE OF HUMILITY. By His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Translated from the Italian by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

ST. PETER'S CHAINS; or, Rome and the Italian Revolution. A series of Sonnets by Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

PADDY BLAKE'S SOJOURN AMONG THE SOUPERS, and other Poems. Second edition. By the Author of Verses on Doctrinal and Devotional Subjects. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.

AUTHORITY; or, a Plain Reason for joining the Church of Rome. By Luke Rivington, M.A., Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. By his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, late Archbishop of Westminster. With a biographical introduction by the Rev. Jeremiah Murphy, Queenstown. London: Thomas Baker. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHIES. Vol. I. St. Patrick, St. George, St. Bede, St. Ignatius Loyola, Blessed Thomas More, Queen Mary, Father Arrowsmith, Dom Bosco, St. Columba. London: The Catholic Truth Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHIES. Vol. II. Venerable Philip Howard, Blessed John Fisher, Miss Catherine Boys, The English Martyrs, Blessed Edmund Campion, Venerable John Ogilvie, St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Francis de Sales. London: The Catholic Truth Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHIES. Vol. III. Leo XIII., St. Peter Claver, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, St. John Berchmans, St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Teresa, St. Augustine, St. Benedict. London: The Catholic Truth Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth (1535–1583). London: The Catholic Truth Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Publications of the Catholic Truth Society Seven vols. London: The Catholic Truth Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

MEXICO PICTURESQUE, POLITICAL, PROGRESSIVE. By Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

THE

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THE LIBERTY OF CATHOLICS IN SCIENTIFIC MATTERS.

PROBABLY no Catholic scientist has contributed more to point out the weak points of Darwinism, and to correct the false opinion of many that the theory of evolution in any and every form means the elimination of the Creator and Ruler of the universe, than Dr. St. George Mivart. He, indeed, "deserves the gratitude of English-speaking Catholics for his writings on these subjects," * and it is to be hoped that he may long continue to labor in his chosen sphere of scientific investigation. Yet like other intellectually great men before him, who on some point or other were in advance of their age, Dr. Mivart has had to face, and probably will have still to face, hostile criticism.† Perhaps he has advanced some rather too bold and untenable opinions; yet as long as a higher authority will not decide on the mooted points, his views deserve at least the careful consideration of reflecting Catholics. Dr. Mivart is not in the habit of publishing his views hastily. Besides, he seems to be in correspondence with some of the most far-seeing Catholic thinkers of England.‡

For these reasons it might be rather rash for Catholic writers to declare that he has transgressed the limits of that scientific liberty to which every Catholic thinker is entitled. Yet the discussions he has started have no doubt made the following question a timely subject for inquiry: What are the proper limits of the liberty of Catholics in matters of science?

* *Dublin Review*, January, 1888, p. 189.

† Cf. *Dublin Review*, October, 1887, pp. 401–19, and January, 1888, pp. 188–9. *The Lyceum*, Dublin, September, 1887, pp. 1–5, and November, 1887, pp. 69–71.

‡ Cf. *The Forum*, New York, March, 1887, p. 10.

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I.

A Catholic scientist must always bear in mind that no fact of science can ever really contradict any truth of divine revelation. God, being the Author of both nature and revelation, cannot teach contradictory propositions. Hence scientific truths can never be contrary to truths of revelation, but they may, and generally are, outside of the domain of divinely revealed doctrines. Intelligent Catholics of all ages were well aware that God never intended to teach mankind all possible knowledge by his supernatural revelation, but that he has left to human investigation the vast realm of the visible universe. Hence the church has always respected scientific liberty within its proper sphere, and never considered it her mission to interfere in purely scientific questions. Whenever she has officially taken notice of scientific discussions, it was only when, and so far as, these seemed to intrude on her doctrines, a domain which every Catholic scientist is bound to respect. On this point Pius IX.* has declared that all Catholic teachers and writers are obliged to firmly hold not only what has been defined by express decrees of general councils or of Roman pontiffs, but also those things "which are taught as divinely revealed by the ordinary *magisterium* of the entire church scattered over the globe, and therefore held by Catholic theologians with universal and constant consent to belong to faith."

II.

Now, just hereby, some may think, the scientific liberty of Catholics is cramped, for how can a Catholic scientist impartially investigate and decide on scientific views which some respectable Catholic theologians may denounce as incompatible with Catholic doctrine? No doubt in such cases Catholic scientists ought to have a proper regard for the opinion of the theologians and proceed cautiously before declaring such views settled facts of science. But this will not prevent them from treating the same, so long as no unquestionable final results are attained, as mere hypotheses or provisional assumptions, in accordance with which various facts can be explained. Catholic scientists have all desirable liberty to search for facts supporting such hypotheses, to compare and classify such facts, and to draw such

* In the Apostolic Letter to the Archbishop of Munich, Freisingen, December 21, 1863.

generalizations or conclusions from them as they may undoubtedly imply. By doing so, Catholic scientists may gradually either find out that the respective hypotheses are untenable—that is, conflicting with facts ascertained with certainty—or they may establish the truth of such hypotheses so firmly that no theologian of any consequence will care to call the same any more in question.

A simple illustration of how Catholic scientists may consistently go on within the proper sphere of their investigations, in spite of theological opinions to the contrary, is afforded us by Columbus.* When he broached his intention of seeking a new world beyond the wide Atlantic, "he was in danger of being convicted not merely of error, but of heterodoxy," for believing in the possibility of antipodes. He "was assailed with citations from the Bible and the Testament: the book of Genesis, the Psalms of David, the prophets, the epistles, and the gospels. To these were added the expositions of various saints and reverend commentators: St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Gregory, St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and Lactantius Firmianus." Without questioning the authority of the Bible and the Fathers, within their proper spheres, Columbus made the necessary preparations for the voyage, and discovered America. After this, theologians generally were no longer inclined to dispute the existence of inhabitable land on the other side of the ocean.

There is nothing on the part of the church to prevent Catholic scientists generally from following this example of Columbus. If, instead of raising theological quarrels, they will remain within the proper spheres of their investigations, they will be in no danger of ever getting into collision with the ecclesiastical authorities. In a letter on a meeting of Catholic scientists, addressed to Mgr. Mauritius d'Hulst, May 20, 1887, His Holiness Leo XIII. especially inculcated that in matters concerning theology every scientist should act as a naturalist, or historian, or mathematician, or critic, and never assume the character of a theologian (". . . in rebus ipsis quæ habeant cum intima Theologia cognationem, sic unusquisque agat physicum, sic historicum, vel mathematicum, vel criticum, ut numquam sibi sumat eam quæ propria est theologi personam"). If this advice were generally followed, there would be no occasion for controversies between Catholic scientists and Catholic theologians. Had Galilei quietly pursued such a course, instead of arousing bitter theological disputes by his

*See Washington Irving: *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, vol. i. chap. iii.

indiscreet zeal,* the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome would undoubtedly not have meddled with his scientific investigations. How far Rome was from intending to interfere with reasonable scientific liberty even in Galilei's case, is plainly shown by the fact—which is generally overlooked—that the Copernican system was then only forbidden to be taught as an established theory, but not as a hypothesis to account for some then known astronomical facts. Hence also the correction of the works of Copernicus, which was officially ordered, March 15, 1616, merely consisted in changing the sentences which taught the Copernican system as an established doctrine into sentences proposing the same as a hypothesis. Had Galilei quietly started from this hypothetical assumption, had he gradually removed the objections which were advanced against it at the time even by prominent scientists, and had he finally proved conclusively the truth of the system, the theologians would, no doubt, have gradually ceased to combat it. If Catholic scientists would always pursue the line of conduct indicated by Leo XIII., in the above-mentioned letter to Mgr. D'Hulst, they would certainly avoid raising useless and often harmful controversies with theologians.

III.

But, on the other hand, theologians ought to be very circumspect before denouncing any widely held or respectably held scientific view as heretical, or inconsistent with Catholic doctrine. It is not the part of theology to instruct mankind on matters of natural science. Even the authority of the Fathers, the venerable ancient teachers of the church, as an eminent modern theologian† truly observes, "extends only to matters of faith and morals, and truths essentially connected with them. Consequently, purely scientific views of the Fathers have no greater weight than the scientific principles on which they rest. . . . For sufficient reasons we may deviate from them, no matter how unanimously they may have been held by the Fathers." What we are obliged to hold *fidei divinæ actu* is, as Pius IX. has declared,‡ that which has been defined by the general councils and the Roman pontiffs, and which is taught by the ordinary teaching authority of the entire church (ordinario totius Ecclesiæ per or-

* See Dr. Joseph Aschbach : *Allgemeines Kirchen-Lexicon*, *sub* Galilei.

† Dr. J. B. Heinrich : *Dogmatische Theologie*, Mainz, 1873, vol. i. p. 810.

‡ Litteræ "Tuas libenter," addressed to the Archbishop of Munich, Freisingen, Dec. 21, 1863.

bem dispersæ magisterio) as being divinely revealed ; and which is *therefore* with universal and constant consent taught by Catholic theologians to belong to faith ("*ideoque* universali et constanti consensu a Catholicis theologis ad fidem pertinere retinentur"). The "therefore"—"ideoque"—it seems, has often been overlooked by some theologians. It is to be remembered that infallibility has been promised to the ordinary teaching authority of the church, the bishops united with the successor of St. Peter, and to the latter alone if speaking *ex cathedra*, but not to the theologians as a class of learned divines, no matter how eminent they may personally be, or how unanimous on any particular point. Their unanimous consent on any point will only then be a guarantee that the respective doctrine is to be held as divinely revealed, if this consent is founded on the infallible authority of the ordinary *magisterium* of the church.

Now, as to the great scientific questions which have been raised in recent times, there is no reason for assuming that the ordinary *magisterium* of the church has ever given them any serious attention. And inasmuch as such views as that the sun moves around the earth were superseded by the progress of scientific discovery, so we may expect the same with regard to other views. That the world was created in six ordinary days, that the deluge at the time of Noe covered the entire earth, are not doctrines of the church, but merely opinions. Such views can be and have been given up in consequence of indisputable proofs establishing their contradictories. Perhaps some other views at present widely held among theologians and educated men generally will gradually be given up, and that even before this century closes. But this does not affect the infallible teaching authority of the church, nor any one of her dogmas of faith, but only some theological *views* and *opinions* which have been built up on more or less unsafe foundations.

IV.

From all this we see that Catholics do enjoy all reasonable scientific liberty which may be desired, and that all talk of the church being an obstacle to the progress of modern science is without foundation. Of course the ecclesiastical authorities do not favor useless, and often even harmful, controversies between Catholic theologians and Catholic scientists. Yet this does not impede the progress of true science, but only tends to make the

representatives both of theology and of science work within their proper spheres with greater circumspection. True, solid science can only gain thereby, and mankind will be afflicted with fewer wild and false theories.

In order to work harmoniously together for the best interests of both science and religion, our theological and scientific writers ought to be capable of viewing all sides of the religio-scientific questions which they intend to discuss. This they are unable to do if they are "mere specialists, entirely deficient in that general cultivation which alone enables a man to see his own subject in true perspective and proportion, and to teach that subject in the most effective way." Hence Catholic scientists ought to be well informed on all points of theology, with which their own peculiar lines of investigation are likely to come in contact; nor is this so difficult a matter as one would suppose. But, on the other hand, every theologian who intends to publicly pass a judgment on any scientific view, ought to be fully acquainted with the real or apparent foundations of such view and its exact bearing on Catholic doctrine.

If anywhere, it is in our United States that the representatives of religion ought to be abreast of the age, if not in advance of it in scientific matters. For in all our public universities and higher schools the various branches of modern science and the latest scientific theories or views are carefully taught. Hence, too, the wisdom of establishing the Catholic University of Washington, in which our brightest minds will be fully equipped with both scientific and religious learning. Hence the Fathers of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore have wisely decreed (No. 149 and 167) that the study of the various branches of natural science shall for the future be carefully cultivated in our ecclesiastical seminaries. They have thereby effectually proved that the Catholic Church is neither hostile nor indifferent to the progress of modern scientific truths.

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It is a fortunate thing for a nation, and especially for a nation whose national temperament is so artistically impressionable as the Irish, when its leaders are heroic leaders, set apart from other men by qualities loftier and stronger than fall to the lot of common humanity. This heroic quality was to be expected, perhaps, in the men who have led all Irish national movements before the present one, movements which often partook of the character of a gallant forlorn hope, calling for special qualities of devotion, self-sacrifice, and heroic enthusiasm in its adherents, but that the movement of to-day, born with the elements of success in its practicality, should be led by men not less in heroic qualities than their predecessors, is, I think, a matter for comment and congratulation. The Parnellite movement has none of the glamour and glitter of a military revolution, but no heaven-sent soldier of them all makes a more impressive figure than that consummate statesman, Mr. Parnell, cool and keen, with his genius for silence or speech—oftener silence—his gift for opportunities, a sphinx to his enemies, a great mind, not always to be read, but always to be trusted, to his friends and his followers. Not Dante eating his bitter bread at Can Grande's table was a stranger or more distinguished figure than is John Dillon in his prison-cell to-day, gloomy as Dante's self, weighed upon by that sense of responsibility for the race which burdens here and there the shoulders of an exceptionally gifted nature, almost repellent in the coldness of the clear face and deep eyes, which look at one but to look away; in those windows of the soul one finds but little trace of the common humanity; there is almost anguish in their solemnity, while there is also exaltation—the rapt and distant look of one who sees not Thabor but Gethsemani. More lovable than either in his warm humanity is William O'Brien, a tall man with shoulders slightly bowed from delicacy, or from much bending over a desk; with a long, colorless, worn face, which is no mask to hide the fervent nature; deep-set, short-sighted eyes needing strong glasses to eke them out—eyes which have more crow's-feet about them than belong properly to the man's thirty-six years; a low but ample forehead with the fair, brown hair pushed away from it, with ideality and imagination large above the temples, heavy brows, and a large, slightly hooked nose—these, with a somewhat ragged beard and an elo-

quent and kindly mouth, make the facial characteristics of the man who is to-day the best-loved man of the Irish people. But no mere cataloguing of looks and features can give any idea of the genial manner, helped out by the richest of Irish brogues; a chance meeting with him leaves one with the sense of some new pleasantness come into one's day—that is, if one is fortunate enough to be a friend; he has other sides to his nature, and can be also the terrible enemy, or the keen man of business, as the occasion requires.

Mr. O'Brien was born at Mallow on October 2, 1852. The American who joins his transatlantic steamer at Queenstown will have a charming glimpse from Mallow station of the town, lying in its valley of the Blackwater—sleepy enough, as I saw it; a very Sleepy Hollow—and looking little like the mother-town of so fiery a son. It is cool amid its green trees, with around it the softly-swelling, gray-blue hills, and its green valley checkered in lines of silver, with many a rivulet flowing down from the higher lands. He was born of a patriot stock, and alas! a stock bearing in its veins the fatal germ of consumption. In his childhood the house was full of merry boys and girls; at the beginning of his political career no one was left to watch with and hope for him but his mother, and even she stricken with blindness; she was not long spared, and now no mortal could stand more lonelily alone than this young leader, beloved of millions. He was never robust, though God gave his angels guard over him because he was destined for great things in the future of this faithful land. At school—Cloyne Diocesan College—he left leaping and hurling to his brothers, while he carried off the intellectual honors of the school. In '67, the year of the Fenian rising, his elder brother was out with Captain Mackey, one of the most daring of the Fenian leaders, taking part in wild raids on police-barracks, and coming unscathed through danger only to be arrested and imprisoned after the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. This was the first blow to the hitherto happy and prosperous family. Afterwards there is an almost unbroken record of disaster and death. The father's death was followed rapidly by the deaths of two brothers and a sister—the three lay dying at the one time—and when the house was well-nigh empty and desolate it fell to the lot of the lad yet in his teens to provide for those still left. A sketch of Captain Mackey, contributed to the Cork *Daily Herald*, was the means of securing for him a position on that paper, where he remained till 1876. Then he came to Dublin with his mother, and joined the reporting staff of the

Freeman's Journal, doing the ordinary short-hand work of a reporter. The late Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, with that fine quality of discrimination and selection which marked him, was quick to appreciate the new-comer, and at a time when William O'Brien's health, always precarious, had ebbed to a very low point indeed, he in all probability saved his life by sending him to Egypt for some time, perhaps the greatest among the great services rendered by this most brilliant of editors to his country. Here in his new leisure the young journalist had time to pen those charming letters from Egypt which, appearing in the *Freeman*, first drew attention to a style picturesque, fervid, and full of color and life, with an incisiveness as of the journalist, but with an added literary quality distinct and distinguished, which not all the rush of newspaper and political life has been able to kill out of his work. He returned from the East greatly better in health. Soon after came those letters from the distressed districts of Ireland which in 1879 startled the people in Ireland, alike classes and masses, as it were, from a slumber. Scarcely ever before were there such newspaper letters, unless it might be those of another Irishman, Dr. W. H. Russell, from the Crimea—impassioned, appealing, denunciatory, heart-breaking; it was as if the Prophet Ezechiel had suddenly appeared among the hardened and the light living, with the very inspired words of warning and terror on his lips. Soon there were two relief funds in full working order, the amiable Duchess of Marlborough at Dublin Castle receiving and bestowing generous alms, as well as the representatives of the people at the Dublin Mansion House. But the distress of those bitter years was the beginning of the end. The stars in their courses were fighting against a system of landlordism which rendered imperative occasional famines. The time had come when rent so long paid to the last farthing—at what cost only Heaven knows—could no longer be paid. Then the English House of Commons brought in a poor and grudging relief bill, passed it, to see it haughtily rejected by the unteachable and unforgetting House of Lords. It was time for the few strong men here to act. In the autumn of that last of three years of lean kine, 1879, the Land League was founded—how and where the history of to-day and yesterday records. We hear nothing of Mr. O'Brien at its inception, but when the day of persecution came he was quick to offer his services, to be used as the leaders should see fit. However, his frail health made those leaders pitiful; they hesitated to place him in any post of danger, seeing too clearly that in all probability it would be to him a post of

death; so for a few months longer he remained hidden. The fight with Mr. Forster waxed fast and furious. In 1881, in the summer of the year, it was resolved to found a newspaper as the organ of the new revolution. Mr. O'Brien's services were again ready, and he was appointed editor of *United Ireland.* What a terrible and effectual weapon it proved in his hands we know; the unknown young journalist sprang at once into notoriety, and the very day after Mr. Parnell's arrest the newest and ablest of his lieutenants followed him to Kilmainham Jail.

Now comes one of the saddest episodes of William O'Brien's life. His mother, long weak and ailing, helpless in her blindness, was stricken with mortal illness when the last of her boys was taken from her, to an imprisonment fatally unsuited to his delicate health. She was removed to the Hospice for the Dying, that loveliest of charities which the Irish Sisters of Charity have in their tender keeping, at their spacious old house at Harold's Cross, in the outskirts of Dublin. Here her son, in charge of his jailers, was permitted to visit her once or twice; here he came, a free man at last, to her death-bed.

If you would know William O'Brien under an altogether new aspect, you must see the sweet-faced English nun in whose arms his mother died, and hear her speak of him. Upon her some of that mother's tenderness must have descended. Here for her counsel, and her blessing, and her prayers comes this terrible revolutionist on the eve of any great event in his eventful life, be it Mitchellstown, be it Canada, be it Tullamore. Perhaps he could not so well have taken in his hands his life, his fortunes, his stainless honor—yes, and the reputation of the cause he would die for—and gone down into death and danger almost into the bottomless pit, if it were not for the presence upon earth of this visible angel-guardian. What she will say of him is too sacred to be repeated, but she will give one a glimpse of the passionate fervor and devotion—one had almost said saintliness—which mark him out pre-eminently as a Christian soldier, which makes one realize what a detestable insolence and mockery that was which at his Belfast trial four years ago questioned his faith, by way of discrediting him with the unco guid Northern Orangeman. One thinks of him as wending his way up the stately old avenue, blooming with chestnut boughs, of Our Lady's Hospice. It is such a preparation as the knights of old made, with fasting and vigil, before enrolling themselves under the banner of God. No great Church of the Templars or the Knights of St. John could be holier than this ante-chamber

of heaven, where those are waiting for whom the curtain shall in a moment, sooner or later, be withdrawn by angel hands, from the circle of whom every minute one arises, and, with a smile backward, passes the portal into the Presence. And who shall say that the less picturesque knights of to-day, fighting God's battles and the battles of his poor, with a knightliness continued through ages, are less in his sight than those splendid knights of old? I have shrunk myself from the sadness of seeing the wards of the Hospice, though I have been told there is no sadness, rather heavenly joy; but I know the gray, stately old house, with its large windows, through which the wide sky and the waving of green boughs may come to dying eyes. I know the lovely chapel full of light and color, pure as a large lily, where in peace rests for a while the mortal shell from which the bird has flown before being laid reverently in holy earth. It is a lovely place to come to for peace and comfort and counsel.

Mr. O'Brien has held his editorship since 1881, and has impressed his spirit strongly upon the paper. Its history was for some years a history of persecution, over the details of which one need not linger; they are too well known. For long it fought desperately, with the strength and courage of desperation, and with desperate weapons; but turning the files of it one can pick out its editor's work by its nobility, its loftiness, even when it is violent. He is an underpaid editor by his own will, refusing to accept any but the barest stipend for his splendid services; this is but a single instance of his selflessness. During what Mr. T. M. Healy has called "Lord Spencer's three-years' agony in Ireland," Mr. O'Brien waged with him an unrelenting duel. To-day, when the Red Earl, with unexampled splendor of generosity, is Mr. Gladstone's right-hand man in the struggle for Home Rule, O'Brien's not less generous heart must be sorely wrung by the remembrance; only one feels the more detestation for the hideous system which made two such men foes, two as brave and as generous as were that Godfrey who fought for the Holy Sepulchre and the great Saladin. Not that there need remain any bitterness. Again and again, in his place in Parliament and on the public platform, and to-day, when his comrades are engaged in wresting from the grave and the prison the secret of brave John Mandeville's death, Mr. O'Brien has made his recantation. During those years of his editorship *United Ireland* and its editor have faced many perils: in Mr. Forster's strong régime of 1881, when the paper was suppressed after a gallant struggle, its entire staff being either imprisoned

or obliged to fly the country; again, in Earl Spencer's "White Terror" of the three years following Lord Frederick Cavendish's murder, when prosecution followed prosecution; even within the present Tory régime, when a *coup d'état* was planned and all but executed, being stopped at the last moment by a newly cropped-up, legal difficulty. The files of the paper for those years are very interesting; it is a lurid page of Irish history, and it could have found no fitter chronicler than O'Brien. The story is told in tense, nervous, brilliant English which flashes before one vividly the days of the Terror. Nor is he always at fever heat. The kindly and affectionate nature of the man is revealed here and there when he deals with his friends and colleagues; the narrative grows silken, soft, and tender when he touches upon Mr. Parnell, a great and chivalrous love of whom seems to be in many ways the guiding passion of O'Brien's life. I recall a description of his some years ago—I wish I could put my hand upon it—of a visit paid to the Irish leader's shooting-lodge in the Wicklow Mountains. That was a glimpse worth having of two little-understood men. Mr. Parnell was no longer the sphinx, immobile and mysterious; he was the grave, strong, repressed man, with strong passions and strong emotions—ay, and kindly ones, below his calm. One heard how as a child he had drunk in greedily the shameful and horrible story of the abominable cruelties and wrongs of '98—a story which had bitten itself into the soft tablet of the child's mind, to grow deeper and more ineffaceable as the child grew to manhood, with a resolve to do all within him to free his Ireland from the rule which made such things possible. One saw clearly, too, little disguised, the love of the writer for his subject, a love as tender and admiring as the love of Oliver for Roland.

Yet another side of Mr. O'Brien the writer is as he appears in his lectures, where he can be all things by turns. Within the last couple of years he has made three notable appearances on the lecture platform, each time in aid of a charity or some other public object. For the Cork Young Ireland Society he took as his subject a stirring one: "The Irish National Idea"; for the Sacred Heart House, a Dublin charity instituted to fight the old evil system of proselytism, he lectured to a huge audience on "The Lost Opportunities of the Irish Gentry"; last month the Leinster Hall was filled to overflowing to hear his lecture on the Press, in aid of that society of his brother pressmen of which he is president. Nothing in his career is a more interesting fact than the way in which those lectures were attended by

a class in all political matters bitterly opposed to him. That their eloquence bore inquiry, almost conviction, into many of those hitherto unquestioning minds one cannot doubt. I have in my mind one convert of his, an artist singularly gifted and a member of a family nearly every one of whom is distinguished, who was swept away altogether out of life-long prejudices and class pride by the torrent of his fiery eloquence. One cannot but feel in reading after him that while journalism has gained a brilliant member in him, literature has lost. For a quiet and contemplative bookish life would have mellowed this fiery genius into a great and restrained power. Here is an extract from his "Irish National Idea," the rush and fervor of which took strong men off their feet:

"The Irish cause has all the passionate romance and glamour of love: it is invested with some of the sanctity of religion. No knight of chivalry ever panted for the applause of his lady with a prouder love-light in his eyes than the flashing glance with which men have welcomed their death-wound, to the fierce music of battle for Ireland. The dungeons in which unnumbered Irishmen have grown gaunt and gray with torment are illumined by a faith only less absorbing than the ethereal light of the cloister, and by visions only less entrancing. The passion of Irish patriotism is blent with whatever is ennobling and divine in our being, with all that is tenderest in our associations. It is the whispered poetry of our cradles. It is the song that is sung by every brook that goes by us, for every brook has been in its day red with the blood of heroes. It is the strange voice we hear from every grave-yard where our fathers are sleeping, for every Irish grave-yard contains the bones of saints and martyrs. When the framers of the penal laws denied us books, and drew the thick black veil over Irish history, they forgot the ruins themselves had made. They might give our flesh to the sword and our fields to the spoiler, but before they could blot out the traces of their sin, or deface the title-deeds of our heritage, they would have had to uproot to their last scrap of sculptured filigree the majestic shrines in which the old race worshipped; they would have had to demolish to their last stone the castles which lay like wounded giants to mark where the fight had been the sorest; they would have had to level the pillar-towers and seal up the sources of the holy wells; and even then they would not have stilled the voices of Ireland's past, for in a country where every green hill-side has been a battle-field the very ghosts would rise as witnesses through the penal darkness, and the voices of the night-winds would come, laden with the memories of wrongs unavenged, of a strife unfinished, and of a hope which only brightened in suffering, and which no human weapon could subdue. When it was transportation to learn the alphabet, when Irishmen were rung outside the gates of Irish cities like lepers at sundown, by the evening bell, one little treason-song, "The Blackbird," sung low round the winter fireside, had more influence in keeping alive the spirit of Irish nationality than all the enactments of the diabolic penal code could coun-

teract. What the star that shone over Bethlehem was to the Eastern Kings, what the vision of the Holy Grail was to the Knights of the Round Table, what the Holy Sepulchre was to the dying eyes of the Crusaders fainting in the parched Syrian desert, that to the children of the Irish race is the tradition that there has been, and the faith that there will be, a golden-hearted Irish nation, a land of song, and wit, and learning, and holiness, and all the fair flowering of the human mind and soul."

This is his confession of faith, chanted in the almost over-passionate oratory of the poet and the Celt: yet the confession and profession of faith of a people old-fashioned in their strange sentimental patriotism which keeps no march with the times, which Time cannot wither or distance destroy. Is it again the fascination of the hills—"the fair hills of holy Ireland"—which are blue and gray and rosy in lines across the land? No flat country has power so to fascinate the hearts and souls of her children; the strange charm is all-powerful to the Swiss, the Welchman, the Highlander, to the dweller in Wicklow hills, or Donegal mountains, or in the massive and rugged Galtees. For the air of the hills is as free as the eagle sailing above them in the blue. I have said Mr. O'Brien is not always at fever-heat. He has a fine and delicate quality of humor which is a relief to the tense qualities which mark the man and his work.

The note of passion is, perhaps, the most marked thing in Mr. O'Brien's oratory, written or spoken. At a time when Irish peasants were being tried for their lives by hostile judges and hostile jurors, the very language of whom was a sealed book to the unhappy accused, it needed no sympathy with crime to awaken in the heart of the bystander a very agony of pity for them who were as helpless in the toils of the accusers as any dumb animal might be. I was present at one such trial. The prisoners had the joyless, gray-colored faces of the West of Ireland peasantry, as unlike the Irish Thug of the English comic prints as they were unlike the rollicking Irishman of the music-halls: a certain Spanish regularity of feature one or two of them had. The crime was altogether abominable, but the criminals—if these were the criminals—had their case prejudged; it was a heartrending thing to see them look from face to face as if they would read there their fate—only one or two could speak a word of English; the police-interpreter even, who told them their sentence, was moved to tears, and then man after man flung his arms in the air cross-wise, pouring out in their strange, fierce, western tongue their denials and their appeals to a higher power. Dublin was a shambles in those days. And if it all

weighed heavily on the mind and heart of the most ordinarily humane person, think what it must have been to O'Brien! Man after man on the scaffold cried aloud before the face of God his innocence: in a time of war, and that was a time of war, there may sometimes be a mistake between innocent and guilty. O'Brien could not save them, but with all the strength that was in him he cried aloud his horror. For one such article, which I quote, he was prosecuted. He called it "Accusing Spirits."

"I am going before my God. I am as innocent as the child in the cradle."—*Myles Joyce on the gallows, December* 15, 1882.

"On my oath, I never fired a shot at John Huddy, nor Joseph Huddy, nor any other man since the day I was born. Kerrigan and his family have sworn falsely."—*Thomas Higgins on being sentenced, December* 16.

"I solemnly swear that I am as innocent of that deed as any man that ever drew breath."—*Michael Flynn on being sentenced, December* 20.

"Of the fact that, since his condemnation and previous to Saturday last, he declared that he was innocent of the murder, there is not the slightest doubt."—"*Freeman*" *report of Francis Hynes' execution.*

"Two of these men spoke from the very gallows, with the noose round their necks. They were unquestioning Catholics. The world's opinion was to them a feather's-weight. The rustle of the unseen was falling mysteriously on their ears. There was an old-fashioned maxim of the books: 'Better ninety-nine guilty ones should escape than that one innocent man should suffer.' The theory of the manipulator of the Crimes Act seems to be that somebody must be hanged—the right person, if possible; but at all events somebody. Mistakes will occur; but out of any given half-dozen victims, though there may be one or two who do not deserve hanging, there will be almost certainly one or two who do. Better, in any case, that a garrulous peasant should be kicked into eternity by Mr. Marwood than that the detective police should acknowledge itself baffled, and cream-faced loyalists go about in terror of their lives. It is impossible to study the trials and scaffold scenes of the last few months without putting this horrible construction upon them. If Hynes, or Walsh, or Joyce, or Higgins had had the fair trial by their peers which has been the proud privilege of the meanest churl in England since the day of Runnymede, their dying protestations need not have troubled the rest of the public. We desire to avoid exaggerated language, for we recognize the gravity of the subject and of our responsibility, but our attachment to the elementary principles of justice impels us deliberately to say that, both as to the tribunal and the evidence, the proceedings against these men bear an indelible taint of foul play. Upon their trial the ordinary detective machinery, vigilance, resource, and ingenuity to discover scraps of evidence, and the intelligence to piece them together, counted for little. Packed juries and bribed witnesses were the all-sufficient implements of justice. Anybody can govern with a state of siege, or win with loaded dice, or hang with unobstructed hanging machinery. When the art of trying a man consists in picking out of the panel his twelve worst enemies, and the production of evidence means chiefly the getting at the worst side of the veriest villain

in the community, and humbly consulting his prepossessions as to the reward, and the little precautions necessary to make the bed of the informer a bed of velvet, verdicts of 'guilty' and hangings may be had in any desired quantity—but if this is moral government in the Victorian age why cut Strafford's head off for tampering with Irish juries, or strike King James' crown away for influencing English ones, or hold Torquemada accursed for doing with hot pincers what the great and good Earl Spencer does with bags of gold? What is worse about the White Terror set up in Green Street is the ghastly pretence that it is all done to save the sacred right of trial by jury in Ireland; that it is necessary to pack juries that we may have juries at all; that it is better to convict upon paid swearing than to adopt drum-head ideas of evidence. Out upon the imposture! If the trials of the last few months are trials by jury such as Englishmen bled to maintain, we solemnly declare that the sooner we have the tribunal of the three judges, or the rough-and-ready justice of the court-martials, the better for public decency, and for the accused themselves. An Alexandria telegram of last Friday tells us that "nearly five hundred prisoners have been discharged for want of evidence." In Alexandria they have the advantage of martial law. We wonder if these five hundred had been tried by packed juries of Levantine shopkeepers, with sums of five hundred pounds dangling before every needy wretch who could coin obliging evidence, how many of the five hundred would have escaped the rope and boot of the Egyptian Marwood? Again we say, the dying declarations prefixed to this article may be all false, but they may be also, some of them, or all of them, true; and the scandal—a scandal which would throw England into a blaze if the victims were Sydneys or Russells, and not mere Gaelic-speaking mountaineers—is that there is nothing in the mode of trial to satisfy the public conscience that murder may not have been avenged by murder."

Strange, bitter, terrible writing, as terrible in its deadly earnest as was ever Swift's in its fiercest jesting.

I have not touched at all upon the later events of Mr. O'Brien's eventful life, for he is in the very forefront of Irish history of to-day, which also is English history. Canada, Mitchellstown, Tullamore—none of all these need I chronicle. But through all dangers his life has been preserved. From that quixotic raid into Canada, which only a man like him—un-nineteenth-century, every inch of him—could have conceived or executed, he returned safe from Orange bullets, as later he was to emerge from Tullamore, weakened indeed in health but with his life safe, though splendidly physiqued John Mandeville is in his grave to-day. Nothing can be stranger than the way in which the feeble life in him, which in "piping times of peace" flickered like a wasted candle which the next wind's breath blows out, has become comparatively strong and steady; a strange thing in an eight years' space of fighting and persecution, of terrible anxiety

and of bodily danger, of wearing excitement and incessant work, yet a true thing. May not we Irish believe fondly, as I have said, that God has given his angels charge over him, because he has done great things, because he is reserved for great things in the cause of the faithful Irish?

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE RIVER OF REST.

To live for ever on the earth—alas!
How sad it were, while time flows ceaseless on,
And all things else around us change and pass,
And everything is new beneath the sun!

Behold, how soon our hopes come to their flower,
And we have plucked the best that earth can give—
Ambition, pleasure, riches, honor, power;
We outlive all, what little time we live.

Oh! not to linger when the battle 's done,
When all the harvest 's gathered in, is best.
Come, grateful slumber, with the sinking sun!
Come, blessèd Lethe, heavenward-flowing rest!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SEA.

THE sea, which covers almost three-quarters of the globe, was until within a few years an unexplored region. We were ignorant of its geography and of the animals that live in it. We thought that below a certain depth there must be utter darkness. And what living thing could exist a mile from the surface, where it would have to bear the enormous pressure of nearly a ton to the square inch? But now we know that there is no zero of animal life in the ocean, even at a depth of five miles and a quarter. Nor is light entirely wanting at such a long distance from the sunshine, and animals do live even when they support a pressure of several tons to the square inch; and they die only when the pressure is removed and they are brought to the surface.

The first who devoted himself to the study of marine zoölogy was the late Professor Edward Forbes, of England. This brilliant naturalist maintained that animal life ceased at the comparatively shallow depth of eighteen hundred feet. But Forbes' deep-sea work did not extend beyond the Mediterranean, and his views were soon proved to be incorrect by the French scientists on the *Travailleur*. Our own government has taken a prominent part in solving the problems relating to the sea. As far back as 1846 the United States Coast Survey, under Professor Bache, threw not a little light on its physical geography, while Professor Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, added a great deal to our knowledge of the deep-sea fauna. In 1851–1852 Lieutenant Lee of our navy, and in 1853 Lieutenant Berryman—in the same brig, the *Dolphin*—made the first surveys of the deep Atlantic. In 1854 Midshipman Brooke, U.S.N., invented the first instrument for bringing up samples from the bottom. True, it brought up only a small quantity in a quill. But its fundamental principle, the detaching of the weight, has been retained in all succeeding instruments, which are simply modifications of his. There is no more fascinating book than Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea*, while the very latest and most important contribution to the subject is Professor Alexander Agassiz's *Three Cruises of the United States Coast Survey Steamer Blake.*

The bed of the ocean would seem to be of great antiquity, and the animals living on the bottom must have been for numberless ages surrounded by the same conditions. During the earliest geological period the North American continent was probably

shaped like a huge V, one arm of which lay mainly in British America, the other arm extended to Labrador. This ancient terrestrial fold was the nucleus of the present continent. But rising above the Palæozoic sea were several other elevated ridges, forming what are now the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains; and it was upon the submarine plateau which extended between the narrow coast-lines of that epoch that were deposited the interesting animal remains which have been found in such abundance. We have likewise discovered many tracks and ripple marks, showing that land, at the time they were made, was not far off. In that distant age—the Silurian—there was probably a free equatorial current flowing round the globe, and Europe was an archipelago of islands.

Coming down to the Cretaceous or chalk age, we find that the shallow-water deposits of the Devonian, Carboniferous, Triassic, and Jurassic ages have joined many of the islands of Europe together. These deposits, too, have given Africa much the form it has to-day, save, perhaps, the channel through which still flowed the water of the Indian Ocean through Arabia into the Atlantic. There was likewise a wide strait parting the north of Asia from China and India, as well as an inland sea forming the Caspian and Black Seas into one. In the chalk age we also find America very much altered. A deep bay stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The Isthmus of Panama did not yet exist, but a number of islands have risen above the waters which covered what is now Central America, and the equatorial current has been greatly diminished. Coming down to the Tertiary epoch, we find the inland sea of western Asia greatly reduced in size. The Indian current no longer passes through the Mediterranean. South America, excepting the Pampas and the Gulf of the Amazon, looked about as it does to-day; while the coast of North America had almost got to its present outlines. Towards the close of the Tertiary age the gulf which at one time had reached as far as the Rocky Mountains and covered the peninsula of Florida had shrunk to its present dimensions, while the Gulf Stream, pent up between the submarine plateau of Yucatan and the then diminutive island of Cuba, had furrowed a channel in some places over a mile deep, bringing with it the deposits out of which the peninsulas of Yucatan and Florida were to be constructed.

In the opinion of Professor Alexander Agassiz (which is arrived at by estimating the wearing action of water) five millions of years is a safe estimate of the time which has elapsed since the

beginning of the Tertiary age. It is interesting to know that of all the crinoids and trilobites which were so abundantly developed and which formed the most prominent shell-fish of the early Silurian seas, but which disappeared suddenly in the Carboniferous era, the only representative which has survived to the present time is the common horseshoe crab. The existence to-day of the very same species of shallow-water invertebrates and fishes on both sides of the Isthmus of Panama, as well as the fact that the animals of the Gulf of Mexico are much more nearly related to those of the Pacific than to those of the Atlantic, prove that the two oceans were separated at a comparatively recent epoch. At such distant points, too, as the Caribbean Sea and the Red Sea, the existence of identical fauna indicates the flow in a former age of an equatorial current which gradually swept these wanderers along the floor of the ocean. Soundings likewise indicate the former connection of the East Indian archipelago to Asia, as well as of Madagascar to Africa; while the fossil sponges found in the Jurassic beds of Bavaria and Switzerland, and which are common in the white chalk of England, speak of the time when Europe was largely under water.

Alexander Agassiz has divided the sea into three zones of depth—namely, the littoral, which begins at tide-water mark and ends at nine hundred feet; the continental, which extends to a depth of about one mile; and, lastly, the abyssal zone, which reaches to an unknown lower limit. But it is not likely that future explorations will obtain much deeper soundings than those already made in the Northwest Pacific off the coast of Japan, namely, five miles and a quarter. The average depth of the ocean is about three miles, which is more than twice as far below the shore-line as Mount Washington is above it, and the bottom temperature at this depth is very near the freezing-point of fresh water. In the Mediterranean, however, the temperature is higher, and only such deep-water species exist in this land-locked sea as can support a comparatively high temperature. In a former geological age the water of the Mediterranean must have been much colder, for we find in it fossil arctic forms identical with those found in the glacial deposits of Sweden.

A bird's-eye view of the bed of the Atlantic would show us the island of Porto Rico towering up to a great height like a mountain of the Himalayas; the Bermudas would appear like a gigantic but isolated alp, not quite so high, with several peaks; while the Azores would resemble the highest land of an extensive plateau, a thousand miles broad from east to west; and this

belt of comparatively shallow water, which begins at Iceland and runs far to the southward, divides the North Atlantic into two valleys, an eastern and a western. The Gulf of Mexico, in this bird's-eye view, would take the appearance of a great depression more than two miles deep, bounded on the south by a ridge of sand extending from Yucatan to Key West, and with an opening leading to the Caribbean Sea, while the latter would assume the form of another depression not quite so deep. Here let us observe that the latest soundings made by the United States Coast Survey reveal the interesting fact that the Gulf of Mexico may be characterized as an almost tideless American Mediterranean. The slope of the continent runs for a long distance below the sea-level before it reaches the lowest point in the gulf, which, as we have said, is over two miles deep, while a curve of little more than six hundred feet below the surface stretches almost from Yucatan to the extremity of Florida. It is likewise interesting to find how many of the West India islands are separated by water very little more than three-quarters of a mile deep, and this comparatively shallow space would make Jamaica the northern end of a great promontory; while the same depth of three-quarters of a mile unites the string of islands from Martinique to the Orinoco River.

Of all the currents of the ocean none has been so closely studied, and none is of so much importance to climate, as the Gulf Stream. If it were to disappear—and only the Isthmus of Panama, twenty-seven and one-half miles broad at the narrowest part, keeps it in its track—the effect on Europe would be disastrous; an arctic temperature would follow. This benign stream is caused by the trade-winds, and the first chart of it was made by Benjamin Franklin, who learned of its existence from Nantucket whalemen.

The whole body of the Atlantic within the influence of the trade-winds may be said to be moving slowly westward, until at length having struck the coast of South America it is deflected to the north and into the Caribbean Sea, and thence into the Gulf of Mexico, where the pent-up current, rising more than three feet above the general level, forms a hill of water from which springs the Gulf Stream proper. The velocity of the stream off St. Augustine, Florida, is four miles an hour. But as it flows to the northward and eastward—assuming more and more the shape of a fan—its velocity decreases as its breadth increases, until off Newfoundland it is less than two miles an hour.

The great influence which its warm water has in carrying to

a high latitude the fauna of a southern region was shown by the dredgings of the United States Fish Commission; many fish were brought up off the coast of New England that were characteristic of the West Indies. But if Franklin was the first to make known to the world the existence of the Gulf Stream, it should be said that the existence of a flow of warm surface-water from the equator toward the poles, and a compensating cold under-current returning to the equator, was maintained by Leonardo da Vinci.

Despite the fanciful pictures which some writers have drawn of the ocean bed, its desolation, at least in its deepest parts, must be extreme. Beyond the first mile it is a vast desert of slime and ooze, upon which is constantly dripping a rain of dead carcasses from the surface, which carcasses supply the nourishment for the scanty fauna inhabiting the abyssal region—in some places more than five miles from the sunshine; and the microscope reveals that the slimy matter covering this deepest ocean bed is very similar in composition to the ancient chalk of the Cretaceous period, while mixed with it here and there are minute metallic and magnetic bodies, which have been proved to be dust from meteorites. At long intervals a phosphorescent light gleams from the head of some passing fish which has strayed hither from a higher and happier zone. But it is not until we have mounted a good deal nearer the surface that the scene changes for the better. We now meet with forests of brilliantly colored sponges, while the phosphorescent animals swimming about are much more numerous; and the nearer we get to the littoral zone, more and more phosphorescent lights appear, till at length the scene becomes truly animated. When only twelve hundred feet separate us from the sunshine we come upon the first sea-weed and kelp (twelve hundred feet is the deepest limit of plant life in the water); but we must rise still another thousand feet and more, and get as near the top as one hundred and twenty feet, before we find any reef-building corals. As plants do not live in the deep sea, the deep-sea animals either prey on one another or get their food from dead organisms and plants which sink down to them. Thus Maury says: "The sea, like the snow-cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells." And experiment proves that a tiny shell would take about a week to fall from the surface to the deepest depths. Since sunlight does not penetrate much further than the littoral zone, there would be beyond this perpetual darkness except for phosphorescence. Many of

the animals inhabiting the continental and abyssal zones have merely rudimentary eyes. But these blind creatures have very long feelers, which help them to grope their way along the bottom. Other deep-sea animals, on the contrary, have enormous eyes, and these very likely congregate around such of their number as are phosphorescent, and may perhaps follow the moving lamp-posts about wherever they go. And so bright is this light on many of the fish brought up by the dredge that during the brief space the animals survive it is not difficult to read by it.

The reason why fishes and mollusks living more than three miles under water are able to bear a pressure of several tons is that they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allow the water to flow through every interstice and thus to equalize the weight. When the pressure is removed they perish. In the *Challenger* expedition, sent out by the British government, all the sharks brought up from a depth of a little less than three-quarters of a mile were dead when they got to the surface.

In the abyssal zone nearly all the fauna belong to the class known as protozoa, the distinguishing character of which is that nourishment is absorbed through every part of their jelly-like bodies; and it is from their skeletons—some of silica, some of carbonate of lime—that the chalky mud is formed of which we have spoken. From this mud, in the early days of deep-sea study, Haeckel imagined he had derived his famous Monera—a creature presenting the phenomena of life, irritability and nutrition, without any trace of differentiation of organs. Huxley christened this marvellous being—which fitted in so well with Haeckel's godless theory of creation—"*Bathybius Haeckelii.*" But later researches have furnished overwhelming proof that Monera existed only in the German professor's imagination.

Most of the phosphorescent animals seem to prefer the littoral zone, often living near the surface, where they drift about as the wind and waves list. The "Phrosnima" has four eyes. With one pair it sees sideways and downwards, with the other pair, placed on its back, it sees upwards; and through some of these tiny creatures you may distinguish the eyes moving on the opposite side of their transparent heads. But if there are wanderers in the sea without any fixed abode, other animals apparently live and die on the spot where they were born. Many of the blind fish of the continental and abyssal zones have burrowing habits and live buried in the mud. Perhaps the most astonishing deep-sea fish discovered is the "Gastrostomus Bairdii,"

which gets its food by doing nothing except keep open its enormous mouth, into which the water and the food it contains pours. Its head alone protrudes above the ooze of the bottom; its fins are atrophied, and its power to move about is very small —if, indeed, it ever moves.

As deep-sea animals are seldom called on to make violent movements, they are softer and less muscular than their shallow-water allies—who feel the effects of storms, and who have more enemies to escape from—while their long, eel-like bodies and huge heads admirably fit them to burrow and root in the slime.

By an inexperienced eye some of the deep-sea fauna might be mistaken for plants. The stalked crinoids, or sea-lilies, who live in colonies and are chained to the bottom, where they sway to and fro but never quit their anchorage, are very plant-like animals. Their family may be traced back to the distant Jurassic age, and a fossil one has been found in South Germany whose stem was almost sixty feet long. Not a few of the deep-sea medusæ, or jelly-fish, wander to the surface. One, dredged up by the *Challenger* in the South Atlantic from a depth of two miles and a quarter, was remarkable for its many sense-segments and for a large muscle underneath the corona. Deep-sea worms are exceedingly numerous, and they make their home in tubes composed of their own secretions. Good specimens have been obtained at a depth of three miles and a half.

But perhaps no animals living in the sea are so interesting as the sponges, which are extremely ancient, and may be traced back even to the Silurian epoch. To quote the words of Professor Alexander Agassiz:

> "All our ordinary notions of individuality, of colonies, and of species are completely upset. It seems as if in the sponges we had a mass in which the different parts might be considered as organs capable in themselves of a certain amount of independence, yet subject to a general subordination, so that we are dealing neither with individuals nor colonies in the ordinary sense of the word."

Food is conveyed to the sponge in the constant stream of water which passes through all its flesh, while the sponge remains fastened to the bottom.

The color of the sea in some places is affected by plants. The Red Sea gets its name from a tiny sea-weed of a blood-red tint. The same weed was observed by Darwin on the west coast of South America, and Alexander Agassiz, during calm weather, saw it in the Gulf of Mexico.

In the middle of the southern portion of the North Atlantic is what is called the Sargasso Sea, which was the dread of old navigators, who, when the wind was light, could with great difficulty make their way through it. This floating prairie, composed of tough and tangled sea-weed, is about a thousand miles broad, and it, as well as the floating prairies found in the Pacific, are looked upon as the survivors of a vastly larger field of sea-weed which was swept round the globe by the equatorial current in a former geological age. In the Sargasso Sea is found that curious little fish—Antennarius—provided with uncommonly long fore-fins, which enable it to cling to the sea-weed, out of which it builds for its eggs a nest very like a bird's nest.

Before we close let us say a few words about dredging and sounding. At first rope was used. But a new era dawned for deep-sea study when, in 1872, Sir William Thomson invented a machine in which wire took the place of hemp. But he would hardly know his own invention with the great improvements made in it by Lieutenant-Commander Sigsbee, U.S.N. On the *Blake* steel wire, with Sigsbee's machine, was used for the deepest soundings; and the very moment the sinker touched bottom the wire ceased to run out and the dropping of the shot was detected on deck with unerring certainty.

The advantage of steel wire in dredging is the speed with which the dredge can be lowered and hoisted. On the *Challenger* expedition the best part of a day was spent in lifting the dredge from a depth somewhat less than two miles. On the *Blake* several hauls a day were made from a greater depth.

Although much has already been done in deep-sea work, there is still a vast field to be explored in the 140,000,000 of square miles which compose the water-hemisphere. If oceanic dredgings have not yet brought to light as many types of former geological epochs as we had expected, we may still not unreasonably hope that from the abyssal region—where conditions have remained the same for so many ages—an animal more curious than any we have yet discovered will one day be brought to the surface.

WILLIAM SETON.

A SUCCESSOR TO SCHEHEREZADE.

As long as the imaginative faculty continues to be a part of human nature Scheherezade will be a name to conjure with. No man who possesses this faculty ever leaves the delights of his childhood entirely behind him. Of these, those wondrous thousand-and-one tales of the *Arabian Nights* constitute so considerable a share that, when we have once formed a loyal devotion to the fascinating bride of Schariar, it lingers with us to the end—shared, perhaps, by other and later weavers of fairy lore. Such weavers are numerous enough, for fairy tales have not gone out of fashion; so far from it, indeed, that every year the holiday trade in books of this sort grows larger. New editions and new compilations of legends and tales and folk-lore are largely issued. That such literature will continue to fill an important place in the yearly list of new publications is highly desirable. What lover of the fairy race, the benevolent "little people," can help wishing that the Christmas day may never dawn when no happy youngster will find in his stocking a copy of the *Arabian Nights* or of Hans Andersen's *Tales*—those idyllic fairy stories that are veritable prose poems? Though Andersen has clothed his stories in all the graceful and finely-textured robes of prose poetry, it has remained for Mr. Frank Waters to prove that one of Scheherezade's successors can weave us a fairy tale from the golden threads of rhyme and rhythm.*

The *Water-Lily* is one of the rare flowers of poesy that have bloomed in that literary Sahara, Upper Canada. From the Lower Provinces we could cull a nosegay of such blossoms encrusted in smooth and classic French, like crystallized flowers from the age of the "Grand Monarque."

Whether or not it is to be regretted that anything so exquisite as this poetic fairy tale should have sprung from the midst of Canadian Philistinism, it is something to be grateful for that the Philistines have not been lacking in appreciation, during the few weeks that have ensued since its publication, of the merits of the poem. An enthusiastic recognition has been given it by the leading journals of the Dominion.

Scarcely fair is it to this new and gifted poet that his first published effort should be treated merely as a fairy tale. When

* *The Water-Lily: An Oriental Fairy Tale.* By Frank Waters. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.

connected with the first productions of modest young writers, titles should, like many other things, hardly be taken "*au pied de la lettre.*" Taking the author's word, however, in all literalness, considering his poem only as "an Oriental fairy tale," we find that the story is worthy to be a fluttering end of Scheherezade's mantle of fancy. It is tender and simple and sorrowful; an appeal to all hearts, childish or mature. What deeper chords the poem strikes, the author's own words, in the charming prose of his brief preface, can best tell: "The story hints to us not only of the strength and wonder of a mother's love, conquering all death and change, but also of that strange perversity in our nature which ever goads us on to yearn for that which is forbidden us; of the veiled destruction which so often awaits us, even as we lay our hand on the prohibited prize; of the vanity with which men or angels would oppose the rulings of the ineffable and all-wise Providence that sways through all; and of the solemn certainty—bitter or sweet, as we ourselves make it—that all is best as it stands ordered for us, and that, in over-stepping the bounds marked out for us, it may be but to fall over the brink of some blossom-hidden despair."

The author's final excuse for his work is that his "little effort has been put forth as a feeble dam thrown adventurously out into the roaring torrent of evil—to abide or be swept away as it lodges on men's hearts or misses them and its object together."

Such a preface gives us high hope of the moral tone of the work, very scant hope of its poetical rank; for nowadays, though it is to be doubted if good poetry is any scarcer than it ever was, poets are divided into two classes—those with a purpose and those with a poem. Seldom do they encroach upon each other. Seldom, in recent poetry, are form and soul united. Giving always our high reverence to the master of Christian song, Aubrey de Vere, we have very few Catholic poets to be proud of. There are hardly any of them who can command the rippling flow of sound of even the least pretentious writers of *vers de société*. Most of these latter are satisfied with their page in the current magazines and their daintily bound volumes of collected verse. One of them, however, feeling his lack in one of those moments of discontent that even a writer of *vers de société* feels now and then, moans:

"Genius walked grand among us,
Her own to signify,
And, while I thrilled with yearning,
Smiled on me and passed by."

It is such a rare thing for a writer to realize that genius has passed him by that one is inclined to believe the realization a token of better poetry or less poetry for the future.

If Mr. Waters' future productions fulfil the promise of his first, we are justified in the belief that upon him also Genius has smiled and, lingering with him, has claimed him for her own. She has set her signet mark upon his poem. She has given him the true artist's dowry—keen senses, a just taste, and creative force. Thus the poem is perforce a beautiful one. If it be more than that, if it has fulfilled the purpose of all literature, the reading public must decide. "The purpose of all literature" is a phrase I use advisedly, keeping in mind the dictum of that sensible and burly old fellow, Dr. Johnson, that "a book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it." That the *Water-Lily* does both, even that heterogeneous mass, the reading public, cannot deny. Of the nearly two thousand lines of the poem none is without its own special beauty. Here is his tribute to Nature:

["Nature is the go-between
Of a loving earth and heaven—
Unto her the sign is given,
And by her the token rendered:
And her service here is tendered,
That thy mind, attuned by her
To a mood the holier,
May through her be given to see
Part of that wide mystery
Of which she holds the master-key—
The Underneath, Around, Above,
The Heart of Man, the Heart of Love."

Has any one of the few Christian poets who realize that "Nature is the handmaid of God" more beautifully defined her attributes? That Mr. Waters' word-pictures are not lacking in the poet's perspective, suggestion, the following passage, taken at random from many such, proves:

"Far around the utmost rim
Of horizon, closing all,
Rose the summits dusk and dim
Of the distant mountain-wall;
Faint as half-forgotten dream
When the morning opes our eyes,
And we grope athwart the stream
Of our waking thought, to find

The ideal, dim surmise
Of some shadowy paradise
Lost 'mid the intricacies
Of our night-thoughts, vague and blind."

Wordsworth himself never painted the "floral sweets" more minutely or more exquisitely than the author of the *Water-Lily*. With a delicate line or two he shows us

"Where the feathery fern droops o'er,
Fluttering its lace-like plumes
(Broidered with the clinging spore),
In each zephyr trembling o'er,
Making pleasant lights and glooms."

In his picture,

"Purple hyacinths nodded slowly
Where the grass grew long and lush;
Poppies, drowsed with melancholy,
Bloomed into that dark-red flush
Which the opium-eater shows
When the sleepy nectar flows
Throbbingly through every vein
With a joy akin to pain."

With a few broad strokes he paints for us, in vivid flashes of color,

"Red geraniums, all aflame,
Scarlet as a maiden's shame,
With their burning fringes set
Round the taper minaret
Of the long receptacle,
Slender as a heron's bill."

He shows us

"From every stalk-held cup
Turban-tulips streaked with gold;
Maiden lilies, lifting up
Their silver chalice, chaste of mould;
Violets, roses, fold on fold,
To the atmosphere laid bare,
Till it swooned with sweetness there:—
From all there breathed a fragrance such
As the heavenly censers yield
Which the choral angels wield
When they bend before their King,
Adoring, and adoring sing."

Mr. Waters' deft wielding of the poet's tools of simile and metaphor is nowhere better displayed than when he speaks of the mountain stream, his entire description of which almost rivals Tennyson's famous "Brook," leaping from rock to rock "like a flying antelope"; or again, when he tell us,

> "It wound meandering down
> The verdant sloping of the vale,
> Like a silver scarf outblown
> On the fluttering of the gale."

In every sense of the term Mr. Waters' diction is pure. His imagery is never in the faintest degree sensuous. The wings of his fancy are never clipped by insidious earthly passion. He has a singular felicity of epithet which prompts him to picture the mother seeking her child "with quick, *fond* feet," and describes her anxious tones as

> "A silvery voice athwart the shadows,
> Like a dove wounded, fluttering fell."

He characterizes her first intimation of the loss of her child as

> "The feeling of a want unknown,
> Impalpable as are those swells
> Of fairy music zephyr-blown
> From the slim hyacinth's swinging bells."

Though dwelling at length upon the descriptive beauties of the poem, I have omitted touching upon the darker and deeper shadings of the picture—the forcible and majestic limning of the figure of the Wandering Angel; the weird power displayed in the account of the child's dream; the pathos of the blackbird's song, wherein the child's soul speaks to the mother's with such unerring though unintelligible keenness that the mother, oppressed ever after by an overmastering sadness and unrest, and ever after haunted by the song, dies while still seeking to fathom its mystery, "and in the Unknown found her child."

There is no task more thankless than to turn over the pages of a beautiful poem with an eye to brief quotation. One passage after another is marked, one's pencil poises irresolutely in the air, till, with a despairing shrug, one gives up the effort of discrimination. In regard to the *Water-Lily*, in truth the effort is almost needless, for the poem possesses one of the qualities that Poe thought requisite to a perfect poem—viz., it is not too long to be read through at one sitting. Though the claim

of the *Water-Lily* be great or small to the epithet *perfect*, as abler critics shall decide, I fancy I may say with impunity that the busiest man or woman will not regret the hour or two of pleasant reading afforded by the poem. Its lessons are for daily life and all its needs; its cadences have the ease and naturalness of the music of a bird-song; "the silver mist of melancholy" (to quote from our new poet) enshrouding it will not trammel the cheerfulness of the reader, but give him an insight into those dreams of the saints and the poets that are so high above, so far removed from, the commonplace interpretations of life which we call realities.

In saying this of the *Water-Lily* I have said all, though this comprehensive all has been far more adequately and more beautifully summarized by the friend at whose request I have penned these straggling paragraphs. The letter lies before me now in which, with that fine discernment of the beautiful, that apt comprehension of the limitations of poetic expression which not every lover of poetry is blessed with, my friend directed my attention a few days since to Mr. Waters' "Oriental fairy tale." Brushing its privacy aside, I cannot refrain from quoting a few sentences of this letter for the benefit of any adherents of the modern analytical school who believe in the moral dissection of everything in earth and heaven and all else that lies between these spheres: "As for the analysis of this poem, as we use the word nowadays, I am sure you will agree with me that one might as well undertake to expose the 'true inwardness,' the *raison d'être*, of the beauty that's in a pure sunset, or in Beethoven's *Sonate Pathétique*, or in one of Chopin's Nocturnes, or in a collection of diamonds and rubies and pearls; one might as well attempt to show the *élite* of humanity the true diagnosis of 'the heart of man, the heart of love.' In a word, such a task is an utter impossibility. Still, the world is waiting to hear the sweetest songs, to inhale the most ethereal perfume, to respond to the noblest suggestion; only, so bulky and so busy is this world that it must be told, 'Here is the treasure,' and even then it is not the great, bustling majority that stop breathless to listen, but the precious minority, the 'saving remnant' of humanity."

Elward Eu.

A FÈTE DIEU PROCESSION IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

A FINE day in June is a good gift from God. I know of no better way of sanctifying it than hearing Mass in a country village in the Province of Quebec, and taking part in the Fête Dieu procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The particular village that E—— and I chose this year in which to combine our visible expression of devotion and our invisible study of "French-Canadian life and character" was Sault-au-Récollet, seven miles from the heart of the city of Montreal, on the southern branch of the Ottawa, known as the *Rivière des Prairies*. Half an hour's drive in one of the crowded carriages of the Canadian Pacific Railway, wherein you make acquaintance (by sight only) of one or two eminent Canadian statesmen, a missionary bishop, two nuns, three young seminarians, various thrifty housewives returning with their week's supply of necessaries, a farmer or two, divers travelling agents, a man whose leg had been blown off recently in a gas explosion and who persisted in being taken home to be nursed, three priests, and, last and most lovely, a little maid of ten summers, in spotless white raiment, wreath, and veil, going out by train to receive the blessing of "*grandpère*," she having that morning made her First Communion.

"Sault-au-Récollet!" calls the conductor, and you, by means of a brave little jump, alight on the platform, which is almost two feet below the step of the carriage, and look wildly around you as the train steams slowly off to crawl through the iron suspension bridge which spans the rapids between Sault-au-Récollet and Bord-au-Plouffe. Carriages there are none—apparently; but as you gaze a spider-like vehicle, drawn by a veritable ghost of Rosinante, comes in sight and the driver declares himself bound for the village. Along with a small contingent of our fellow-passengers, E—— and I entered this chariot, called in these parts "*la diligence*."

The road winds along the margin of the turbulent river, and the music of the ever-foaming rapids keeps time to our tuneful thoughts. Under branching elms, across cool, bubbling streams, and past picturesque cottages we are slowly driven. A turn in the road brings us to a lofty mission cross in a little enclosure by the wayside. Upon the cross are nailed the instruments of the Passion, and as we pass it our driver lifts his hat in saluta-

tion. Before this simple shrine knelt a little girl in a blue frock, her high straw hat trimmed with a band of vivid red, and her *chapelet* between her little brown fingers. Further along the road we encountered a band of children, all dressed with neatness and a picturesque effect of color; they were singing lustily, with all the power of their shrill little voices, and the burden of their song was in the interests of the morrow:

"Donnez, donnez, donnez, donnez,
Donnez, donnez un beau jour!"

When the cross-roads were reached our driver reined up Rosinante and alighted at the door of a large brick building known as "Peloquin's Hotel," a house liberally patronized both in summer and winter by excursion parties from the city.

Admirable in all its arrangements we found this village hostelry, and it was in a very contented frame of mind that we opened our eyes on the morning of "Procession Sunday." Our awakening was at an early hour, for, determined to share all the village privileges, we had decided upon approaching the sacraments in the little chapel of the Jesuit Fathers' novitiate, situate fully a mile from Peloquin's. A well-laid "*trottoir*" extends along the roadside, so that our shoes were none the worse of the dampness of earth and grass as we slowly wended our way along the beautiful country road. Throughout the night the rain-fall had been considerable, and a cloudy sky frowning sullenly above the rapid river gave promise of bad weather and a consequent disappointment. Our walk was most enjoyable, in spite of the threatening aspect of nature—the country was so lovely in its new spring livery, and the gardens all so sweet with their brave show of lilacs and lilies. Pretty cottages extend from Peloquin's to the beautiful convent of the Sacred Heart, the well-kept grounds of which occupy a large space on the map of our route. Then the road meets the river, and the two run along in harmony for a little way until the shore widens out from us, and we pass on under the lindens and over a meadow where a brook murmurs among sweet yellow cowslips and blossoming choke-cherry trees. On we go past shrines of curious style and decoration, past primitive Canadian cottages and more stately houses in shaded grounds, past the residence St. Janvier, presented by Monsignor Vinet to the diocese of Montreal as a home for invalided priests—on until we come to "the Hill which is called Beautiful," or, in other words, to the wide gateway which divides from the outer world the Canadian

novitiate of the Society of Jesus. Up the broad plane of avenue, under grand old limes and elms, past a shrine of the Blessed Mother, in the shadow of which is a parterre of flowers planted in the device of the sacred monogram, and an unpretending flight of steps leads us to the small brown door through which so many men have entered as Saul to emerge as Paul. It was a new experience this, and we trembled somewhat at our own temerity. The door was opened by a young lay brother, a pretty boy of possibly twenty years of age, whose downcast lids could not veil the beauty of his large, lustrous eyes.

We asked for an English-speaking father, and he ushered us into the poor little chapel to prepare for confession. What a poor little chapel! Poor as to space, furniture, decoration, and yet how holy! A quaint old altar, some good oil-paintings, two bits of delicate painting in needlework, old and of great value, a terrible suggestion in crude colors of St. Michael on the war-path—the picture, I was afterwards told, was painted by a native Mexican, which probably accounts for the saint having five ostrich-feathers in his hair—a side altar to the Blessed Virgin, a small harmonium, and some rows of yellow benches complete the inventory of the furniture of this nursery of saints. I am forgetting to include the confessional, of tiny proportions, tucked behind the door in such wise that the penitent is more or less shaken according as the door be more or less frequently opened during the time of his recital of transgressions.

We had time for our examen of conscience and prayer before the father entered the chapel. What a privilege it was to kneel at his feet in that sanctified spot, to have holy absolution given us, and to receive gentle words of counsel from one whose every word has a power to encourage and to heal! And then the Mass, the novices forming the chief part of the congregation, with their pious demeanor and their strange and shabby gowns. Finding ourselves the only worldlings in the chapel, we consulted the father as to the practicability of attending the Low Mass in the parish church and there receiving Holy Communion. This being possible, we did it, and hurried back to our hotel for breakfast, as the High Mass was to begin at nine o'clock.

Half-past eight saw us retracing our steps, duly fortified for the fatigue of the morning. Past us rolled neat vehicles, full beyond the original intention of the builders, for none could be left at home to-day: even the babies must come to do honor to the *Bon Dieu*. From all the quaint old homesteads come the families in Sunday raiment; along an avenue to our left came evidently

an entire household, the mother of proportions seldom attained save by a daughter of Israel or a French-Canadian matron, the father thin as a rail, his shining broadcloth coat hanging in wrinkles around him, his trousers showing a strongly marked crease down the centre of each calf, and his silk hat resplendent in gloss though antique in shape. In his arms, clad in pink and blue, reposed the baby. Before us trotted two tiny boys, aged possibly four and six. They wore on their breast long white favors, tipped with golden fringe, and having some sign printed thereon. Thinking they were goodly specimens of some village Band of Hope, we stopped them to inspect their decorations; to our amusement they consisted of a large portrait of a "fatted calf," and a golden legend to the effect that Jean St. Jean was one of the guild of butchers. The youngsters had come from the city, and had probably purloined their respective fathers' ribbons, so as to be entitled to the admiration of their country cousins. The broad space of greensward in front of the church was edged by horses and carriages tied to the fence—nicely kept horses and neat carriages, telling of the prosperity of Sault-au-Récollet. There was no loitering outside to talk of current events; each parishioner with grave solemnity entered the church and took his seat. We did likewise, with this difference, that we took some one else's seat.

In some parts of the sacred edifice there was room and to spare; in others seats were at a premium. I counted nine little boys perched on the holy-water cask. In they came, the good country people, many of them in gorgeous toilets. Why the mind of the French-Canadian peasant woman runs on plush I cannot say; that it does so was evident from the number of ruby and mustard-colored plastrons of that effective material that were proudly borne up the various aisles. After the Gospel the *curé* made the announcements for the following week, beginning with a few well-chosen words on the subject of the procession of the day, in which he recommended his flock not to engage in idle conversation on the route, but to say their beads and endeavor to remain recollected. In the sanctuary were seated three old priests from St. Janvier, the vicaire of the parish, and two young Jesuits from the novitiate.

At the conclusion of the Mass we all left the church for the greensward, where an old priest, with a beautiful, delicate face, formed us into line. He never was in political life, that old gentleman, or at least he never was an organizer of political processions, for he decreed that we should walk in a double line, four

abreast, two and two, which was, as every one who has ever tried to elongate a torchlight procession will know, a terrible waste of material. First went a man of important demeanor, carrying a blue mace whereon, under a golden ball, ran the legends, "Dieu et mon Droit" and "Honi soit qui mal y pense"—in what honor I know not. Next to him came a man, gorgeous in white gloves, bearing aloft the banner of the Blessed Sacrament, and then the women of the parish, the Sodalities of Les Dames de Ste. Anne, of Les Enfants de Marie, and female members of the Third Order of St. Francis; then the Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament, the acolytes and the white-robed choir, the cross-bearer and the thurifer, the priests, and the canopy under which the venerable *curé* bore aloft the Holy of Holies, supported by two other white-haired clergymen, and then the men of the various sodalities. Down the broad incline in front of the church and out into the village highway poured the procession, and just when the Blessed Sacrament passed the portals of the gateway the gray clouds broke and the sun shone forth in all his splendor. Along under the willows swept the cortège, and music filled the air. The main part of the singing was done by the two young Jesuits, whose magnificent voices carried the *Pange Lingua* across the blue waves of the swift river, and echoed from the opposite banks of the fair island of Jesus. Solemn and slow was our pace and recollected our demeanor; in the hand of every man and woman hung a rosary, and the plea to our merciful Mother, *Priez pour nous, pauvres pécheurs*, arose on all sides.

The village was gay with flowers and bunting, a grand decoration was formed by flags loaned by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, small standards floated from the window of every cottage, and the ground was strewn with bright blossoms from garden and meadow. In passing the neat homes of the good people of Sault-au-Récollet we had distractions, pardonable perhaps to strangers, and took many a glimpse at the exquisitely tidy and clean interiors of these cottages. In the doorway or on the gallery of almost every one was a baby, who, too small to go to church, had been securely tied to its little chair and probably confided to the protection of St. Joseph. "Anxious?" said a French-Canadian woman to me the other day—"anxious? Yes, of course I am, but I have to work for my living; I cannot be always running after my children, so I give them to St. Joseph and tell him to take care of them, and—*voilà tout*." St. Joseph took good care of these mites, and of the aged and infirm

too who, likewise propped up in their chairs, sat on the galleries and bowed their heads, encased in red or blue *toques*, as Jesus of Nazareth passed them by. In one house only did the dwellers appear too fashionable to join in the procession; they lounged on their veranda, and their devotion apparently continued only so long as the Blessed Sacrament was directly within their range of vision.

At the first repository came the sign to kneel; and even the cherished plush plastrons went down in the dust as their wearers, with a faith stronger than fashion, bent low under the Divine Benediction. Then up again and on—on past the pretty gardens, and the road to the mill and the bright river; past little shops and cottage homes to another resting place, where again the Son of Man was lifted up to the adoration of the multitude.

"Genitori, Genitoque,"

sang the young Jesuit fathers,

"Laus et jubilatio
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio."

And again the blessing, the flashing of the golden ostensorium, the clinking of the beads of many *chapelets*, the lowly adoration of the faithful Canadians. Then up and back, back towards the church, past the babies and the aged and infirm, past the homes, the doors whereof stood wide open, the better to admit the blessing of the *Bon Dieu*, and up the greensward to the church for a third and last benediction; at the close of which the people dispersed quietly and with decorum, not waiting for the usual chatter and gossip which too often mar the harmony of a Sunday morning in the country.

Our prayers finished, E—— and I set about an inspection of the old church of Our Lady of the Visitation. The *façade* is quite new, and really imposing with its tall twin towers. But enter, pass under the choir gallery, and you are at once in the last century. The interior is white; ceiling and walls both are decorated with delicate gold tracery in high relief. The pulpit—on the wall, according to the old French fashion—is also in white and gold, an exquisite bit of carving. The buttresses of the ceiling are finished with curiously wrought heads, painted in faint flesh-tints. The golden tracery in the sanctuary is very rich; the altar appears to date from the middle ages, and is probably one of those exported from France in the days when that country was

interested in the propagation of religion in Canada. It is richly gilt, this altar, and well appointed. Over it hangs an old oil-painting of the Visitation, and in the side-chapels are also some ancient works of art, along with several more modern aids to devotion, the most noticeable of which is a miniature representation of the Grotto of Lourdes, executed in wood or in stucco, and all complete.

The quaint antiquity of the church interested us so much that we were bold enough to call upon *Monsieur le Curé* and ask him to enlighten us as to the probable date of its erection. *Monsieur le Curé* lives in a magnificent modern mansion of gray stone, apparently very complete in all its appointments. We found him organizing a dinner-party; the old clergymen from St. Janvier who had assisted in the procession had accepted his hospitable invitation to remain to dinner with himself and *Monsieur le Vicaire*, but the two young Jesuits were, with many thanks, declining, and, as we entered, they departed to the adjacent novitiate. *Monsieur le Curé*, a dear old man with a kind and fatherly manner, told us that his parish had had its beginning in 1696, when the Christian Indians of Ville Marie were brought from the mountain and established at Sault-au-Récollet. The cause of their removal from the "Mission of the Mountain," which was upon the actual site of the Grand Seminary, was the too great facility with which they could purchase "fire-water" from the white traders. The same danger was found to prevail at Sault-au-Récollet, so that in 1721 the Indian mission was removed and permanently established at Oka, on the Lake of the Two Mountains, where it still exists. The actual church of Sault-au-Récollet was built in 1751; the extension and façade were added of late years.

While we talked to the *curé* the odor of boiled and roast grew more and more apparent, and we bethought ourselves of the possible wrath of the cook, and hurriedly said good-by, promising to return another day for a second chapter in the history of Sault-au-Récollet.

And then back through the daisies and buttercups, through the cowslips and clover, under the blossoms and over the brooks, until our hotel is reached. In the afternoon Benediction at the convent of the Sacred Heart, and then the convenient train from Ottawa, which brings us to Montreal in ample time to allow us to attend the last English sermon of the season at the eight o'clock service in the Church of the Gésu.

A. M. POPE.

CHILDREN AS SUICIDES.

EVERY now and then we hear a complaint from large-hearted, children-loving people that there are no longer any children for them to love. They generally utter this lamentation about Christmas time, when they discover that the babies won't believe in Santa Claus and the little girls won't play with dolls; or when they have strayed recklessly into juvenile ball-rooms under the fond delusion that they will witness an old-fashioned game of romps; or—worse than all—when they have innocently asked some solemn mite of a child if she likes *The Arabian Nights*, and have been answered, with a strong implied rebuke, that she prefers Plutarch's *Lives* and Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*. It is hard not to sympathize with these crestfallen adults, whose obsolete notions of childish ignorance and simplicity have led them into such humiliating errors. They feel, probably, like the hapless old lady in *Punch* who says weakly to her small niece: "Do you hear the chou-chou, Ethel?" To which the nineteenth-century baby replies, with chilling condescension: "If you mean the locomotive, auntie, I hear it very well."

But there is another side of the question which is not so distinctly humorous, and at which the most light-hearted of us cannot afford to be amused. The crimes of children have become as palpably mature as their pleasures, and, if less numerous than they were fifty years ago, are infinitely more painful to contemplate. Thanks to compulsory school-laws and reformatory institutions, there are fewer little vagabonds roaming around our streets, pilfering meagrely from open shops and provision-stands, and becoming inured to a life of beggary and vice through sheer unconsciousness of anything cleaner or better. But, on the other hand, we can hardly open a newspaper without seeing how a thirteen-year-old lad has adroitly robbed his employer, and has started promptly for the far West on his slender stolen capital; or how a twelve-year-old girl has been enticed away from home and safety by depraved companions as young or younger than herself; or how a nine-year-old baby has killed his little brother because he failed to see "much good in a brother anyway," which was the argument actually advanced by a sardonic infantile murderer some few months ago. Or perhaps—and this really seems the most hopeless spectacle of all—we read how some miserable little boy or girl has come to the very grown-up

conclusion that life is not worth living, and, with the help of a piece of rope or five cents' worth of laudanum, has braved the unknown and unfeared terrors of eternity. In fact, the paragraphs headed "A Youthful Suicide" have become such a frequent occurrence of late that we hardly stop to notice them, but pass lightly on to some more piquant narrative of vice. It is only when the thing happens at our very doors, and the paper consequently devotes a column or so to the details of one especial case, that we begin to ask ourselves whether self-destruction is or ought to be in the recognized catalogue of childish shortcomings.

Nothing could well seem more utterly trivial than the causes which provoke the greater number of these young people to take their own lives. From the little lad of seven who drowned himself because his mother would not give him any lunch, to the boy of sixteen who shot himself recently in Philadelphia over the grave of his pet dog, or the half-grown girl in Buffalo who hanged herself in the attic because her father would not permit her to go to the skating-rink, we read everywhere the same sad story of morbid emotionalism and unrestrained temper. Sometimes it is the fear of punishment which drives a foolish child to suicide, and sometimes resentment at parental discipline; in both of which cases there is apt to be much outspoken sympathy for the small sufferer, and much implied censure for the home methods which have produced such unnatural results. Yet, strange as it may seem, those hapless little waifs who are rescued occasionally from real and sickening cruelty never appear to have even thought of death as a possible way out of their troubles. They suffer on and on with a dim, pitiful resignation until some kindly hand snatches them from their misery and publishes to an indignant world the story of their wrongs. But the well-housed, well-fed, and often well-loved children who deliberately kill themselves rather than bear some merited disgrace or pay the penalty for some guilty misdemeanor, belong to a totally different class. Nervous, sensitive, self-absorbed little creatures, without the careless vitality of childhood or the gay defiance of youth, their physical cowardice is at the mercy of every exaggerated emotion. It is hard enough to make a boy truthful and generous; it is not possible to make him brave. I have before me now the account of a thirteen-year-old lad, the son of a wealthy farmer in the South, who committed suicide because his mother thought fit to punish him for some irritating childish offence. The boy, it seems, was the spoiled darling of

the family, and ill-accustomed to penalties of any kind. Stung to a sense of resentment which would be comical were it not so bitter, he brooded for some time over his grievance, and, finally concluding that life was not tolerable on such terms, he proceeded to hang himself with wagon-lines in the barn, leaving a heritage of grief and unmerited self-reproach to his heart-stricken parent. Another little fellow, only seven years of age, made a similar attempt because his mother threatened to tell his father about some particular piece of naughtiness. She saw him pass the door with a coil of rope in his hand, and asked him what he was going to do with it. "Make a swing," was the unconcerned reply; and when the poor woman went to the barn a few minutes later she found the child hanging by his neck to a cross-beam, while the water-pail which he had kicked from under him was still rolling at his feet. Fortunately she was in time to cut him down, a half-strangled and wholly frightened little boy, with a purple face, a deep red ring around his neck, and an altered opinion regarding the pleasures and pangs of suffocation.

The appalling part of such an incident is the extraordinary youth of the culprit. Eight years ago an English writer on suicide announced to the startled world that, of the sixty thousand Europeans who annually took their own lives, two thousand were children. The youngest case then recorded was that of a boy of nine who drowned himself for grief at the loss of his pet canary. Since 1880 we have beaten the record many times. The number of suicides has increased enormously, and America alone can point to more than one baby of seven who has wearied of his hardly tasted existence. From twelve to sixteen, however, appears to be the age at which children are most prone to self-destruction, and, if we examine a few of the instances so persistently brought before the public, we shall see but too plainly how links are wrought in the sad continuity of crime. Just as one daring robbery or brutal murder gives birth to a dragon-brood of sins, so each miserable piece of childish folly leaves behind it the germ of another tragic development. About a year ago a Philadelphia carpenter named Niblick came home from his hard day's work to find the lifeless body of his thirteen-year-old daughter swinging from a nail in his little front parlor. The girl was motherless, and had been left in charge of the house, and of two younger children who were crouched trembling on the floor, staring helplessly at their dead sister. One of them, a boy of five, made the astonishing statement that a neighbor named McClelland and her daughter Florence, who was Annie Niblick's

friend and playmate, had come in during their father's absence, and had deliberately hanged the little girl against the wall, dragging the chair from under her. The story was too absurd to gain any credence, and the child himself, on being questioned, broke down utterly and refused to repeat his words. It was shown, moreover, that Annie had been guilty of some trivial disobedience and feared her father's anger. The coroner's jury exonerated the accused, and brought in a simple verdict of "death by strangulation"; and the matter was well-nigh forgotten by the public until thirteen months afterwards, when Florence McClelland, being then just fourteen years of age, had her photograph taken as a farewell gift for her mother, swallowed five cents' worth of laudanum, and sat down quietly to die. Happily her condition was discovered before it was too late, and the prompt use of remedies brought her back to consciousness. She confessed that she had tried to kill herself because the story of Annie Niblick's death had given rise to unkind rumors in the neighborhood, and had forced her to leave her situation. The problem of living down this foolish scandal was more than her weak courage could face. It would be better, she thought, to "go and join Annie"; and, as the means of suicide are always perilously cheap and easy, only a narrow chance prevented the rapid fulfilment of her plans. As it was, the dramatic paragraphs devoted to her proceedings, the vivid newspaper accounts of her beauty—which may very safely be doubted—of her "big brown eyes and plaintive face," of the historic tin-type, "a perfect likeness, with her long brown hair falling over her shoulders," and of her charms and trials and sorrows generally, were enough to set a dozen more foolish little girls all on edge to follow her picturesque example.

A still more striking instance of the close connection which such crimes bear to one another may be found in the history of two children who, six months ago, lived next door to each other in one of the humbler suburbs of Philadelphia. The younger, Katie Kearney, was a bright little Catholic girl of twelve, and her companion, Carrie Fitzgerald, was only a few months older. Carrie had a stepmother, with whom, after the not uncommon fashion of stepchildren, she failed to agree; and one afternoon, when the friends were confiding to each other the history of all their vexations, she suggested that suicide was the easiest way out of them, in fact the way that "most people" took to get rid of the inevitable burdens of life. Katie listened, only half-convinced; but two weeks later Carrie pushed her theories into

practice by hanging herself in one of the Kearneys' bed-rooms, where she was discovered and cut down in scant time to save her life. After that Mr. Kearney, not relishing his daughter's intimacy with her neighbor, moved into another street, and Katie had new, and let us hope more cheerful, companions. But the seed had been already planted in the child's soul; the image of Carrie dangling from the rope was always in her mind; the "easy way" of getting rid of troubles was too felicitous to be forgotten. Three months later she was found hanging stiff and cold by the side of her little bed. A strong piece of bag-twine was twisted around her neck and fastened to a hook in the wall; a chair lying overturned at her feet showed how her purpose had been accomplished. Whether she had in idle mood been trying to imitate her friend, with no real thought of suicide, and had missed her footing on the chair, or whether the morbid impulse of the moment had proved too powerful a temptation, none will ever know. Her home was happy, her days untroubled, and her death one of those pitiful, purposeless, ignoble tragedies that throw a blight over the broad face of ordinary commonplace life.

Now, even looking at such cases from the most tolerant and charitable standpoint, we cannot help thinking that self-destruction is not a wholesome topic for children's conversations, and that there is something distinctly unnatural in these premature speculations and experiments. But the plain fact of their unfitness does not make it any easier to close our eyes to their existence, and it may on the whole be better worth our while to inquire into the influences at work. Little boys and girls of twelve do not, as a rule, belong to that highly esoteric band of scientific pessimists who demonstrate with mathematical precision the inherent joylessness of life. They are wont not to vex their minds over abstract questions, but each one regards his own case as exceptional, and makes it the subject of his exclusive contemplation. That lack of perspective which is the result of childish short-sightedness gives a terrible prominence to the matter in hand; and when this matter is one which embraces the whole gamut of youthful suffering, when it entails sorrow and pain and fear, each real in kind if trivial in degree, then the child's soul is demoralized and his customary serenity stands him in little stead. The troubles of children seem to us so grotesquely disproportionate because, without experience and without foresight, they feel as if the whole of life were made up of the present melancholy moment. It is true the cloud soon

melts away, but it is none the less black while it threatens; the ordeal is quickly over, but, for the moment at least, it is a heart-breaking affair.

Added to the unreasoning bitterness of a child's grief is the sense of impotence which makes it seem impossible for him to escape; and here we have a clue to the motives which prompt him to suicide. It is a way out of his hardships, and the only way that lies within his feeble power. He is weak, and grown-up people are strong; but in this fashion, at least, he can defy them. He is unhappy, and grown-up people are unkind; but by this one act he can turn the tables and inflict on them the pangs that he is suffering now. He is insignificant, and grown-up people think lightly of his woes; but here is a method by which he can suddenly become of the utmost importance and have the whole household excited over his fate. This is the train of thought which we descry in a morbid, self-centred child like Harriet Martineau, though, drolly enough, she is disposed even in mature age to ascribe much finer motives to her petulant discontent. It figures handsomely in her autobiography as a "devouring passion for justice," which is a strangely reverential term to invent for the not uncommon naughtiness of an ill-tempered little girl.

"Being usually very unhappy," she writes, "I was constantly longing for heaven, and seriously and very frequently planning suicide in order to get there. I knew it was considered a crime, but I did not feel it so. I had a devouring passion for justice—justice first to my own precious self, and then to other oppressed people. Now and then I brooded over my injuries, and those of others who dared not speak; and then the temptation to suicide was very strong. No doubt there was much vindictiveness in it. I gloated over the thought that I would make somebody care about me in some sort of way at last; and, as to my reception in the other world, I felt sure that God would not be very angry with me for making haste to him when nobody else cared for me and so many people plagued me. One day I went to the kitchen to get the great carving-knife to cut my throat; but the servants were at dinner, and that put it off for the time. By degrees the design dwindled down into running away."

The incident of the carving-knife and of the servants being at dinner strikes us as rather an anti-climax to such a passionate narrative. One feels that this was not the stuff out of which real suicides are made, and that the little Harriet found too much consolation in her own self-pity and unctuous imaginings to be ever driven to the final step. Her trouble was the trouble of most unhappy children, as well as of unhappy adults—that melancholy, unconscious egotism which turns all our thoughts in

upon ourselves. In her behalf must be urged the deafness which to some degree separated her from other children, and prevented her from throwing herself heartily into their projects and pastimes. The girl who proudly relates to you her baby sister's last and most inane witticism, or who tells you with glowing eyes how her brother has run a half-mile race in precisely ten seconds and three-quarters less than five other boys, may not grow into a brilliant woman, but neither will she desire to cut her own throat because nobody loves her. The man who waxes eloquent over his favorite newspaper, or his favorite Congressman, or his own particular plan for municipal reform, may be the least interesting of companions, but he is in scant danger of blowing out his brains because of the irremediable evils of life.

All this, however, is but a partial and, in some measure, a superficial way of looking at the difficulty. It is not granted to every one to be happy, or even to have wholesome, unselfish dispositions; but it is expected of every one that we make a brave struggle against our most depressing influences, a brave effort for better and brighter things. And this struggle is as distinctly within the compass of a child's ability as of a man's or woman's. In fact the radical difference between right and wrong appeals far more sharply to the infant than to the adult mind; for the young regard all ethical questions with a rigid directness unrelieved by any of those vague gradations that our more elaborate casuistry can devise. Harriet Martineau, indeed, cheated herself —or would have us think so—into the belief that God would not be angry with her for "making haste" to him; but the average child is quickly taught that suicide is akin to murder, that the finality of the act debars the sinner from the last grace of contrition, and that a brave endurance of our earthly vexations is the test, not only of human worth, but also of our spiritual advancement. The English writer whose statistics of suicide I have already quoted confesses somewhat regretfully that religion is the only effective barrier against this insidious disease. He himself is prepared to treat the matter from "a broader and more liberal basis" (!); but the fact remains, and he is prompt to recognize it, that for mankind generally there is no preventive like an honest hope of heaven, an uncompromising fear of hell:

"Antipathy to self-killing on religious grounds constitutes the only real resistance to it that has so far been discovered; and it is precisely the diminution of this religious antipathy which explains its recent large extension. In suggesting that a wider and more general popular view might

usefully be taken of the subject as a whole, we strongly insist, at the same time, on the practical usefulness and healthy effects of the purely religious objections to suicide. They alone have controlled it in the past; they alone, so far as we can at present judge, seem capable of holding it in the future. No other regulating force appears to be available."

The children, then, whose religious instruction enables them to realize the plain fact that self-murder is a grievous sin are provided with one efficient weapon against the promptings of a morbid self-love; and if their daily occupations be of a simple, healthy order, and their reading of a cleanly, bracing sort, it is hard to understand how such a lamentable fate could befall them. Reading, indeed, has been too often held responsible for this as for countless other evils; suicide, we are facetiously told, keeps pace with the alphabet, and to Cadmus and John Faust belong, in equal shares, the blame. Now, happily or unhappily, the alphabet is one of those gifts which can never be withdrawn from mankind. If the educated German and Frenchman kill themselves, while the ignorant Italian and Spaniard live blithely on, it follows, not so much that learning itself is in fault—especially as a very moderate portion suffices for this unpleasant result—as that the generality of readers make but an indifferent use of the little that they know. It is neither possible nor desirable to keep children in ignorance of their letters; but that is no reason why "all print," to use Mr. Boffin's pregnant phrase, should be open to their inspection. One-third of the juvenile crimes committed every year may be easily traced to the influence of coarse and vicious literature. The youthful thief and rowdy finds a congenial example in the flashy, dare-devil hero of a cheap novel; the silly school-girl has her head hopelessly turned by the romantic adventures of the low-born maidens who figure in the weekly story-papers. And to these prolific sources of vice may be added others less commonly understood and less vigorously combated. Mr. Froude has drawn for us a lively picture of the reading-rooms of free libraries, and no one familiar with these institutions will be disposed to question the accuracy of his details. Knowledge is power, or so, at least, we used to be told; but the books from which such lustihood may be garnered stand in unbroken ranks, hoary with dust, while propped up at the long black tables are little boys and girls eagerly devouring the dubious folly of the hour. Nobody knows what these small, stooping, pale-faced creatures are reading, and apparently nobody cares. The same parents who keep a close watch over the contents of their own book-shelves turn their children out to

browse, not on the rich pasturage of the vigorous old authors so bravely recommended by Lamb, but on whatever vapid trumpery their ignorance or their weakness may select.

Then again there is the ever-vexed and vexing subject of the daily press, that mighty giant whose huge bulk is the idol of the many and the abhorrence of the few; whose self-trumpeted virtues sound deafeningly in our ears, and whose plague-spots are exhibited with such ostentatious indifference before our startled eyes. It is not easy to judge this vast creation by the same rules that we lay down authoritatively for a Sunday-school annual or a primary text-book. The duty of seeing all things and handling all things is not compatible with great delicacy of mind or touch; the task of pleasing a given number of patrons is hardly conducive to a fantastic nicety of judgment. Rather let us be grateful for the general tone of our best newspapers, which is both clean and wholesome, and for their general integrity, which, save when party issues are at stake, is wont to deal squarely with the interests of the public. Because the press is obstinately blind to its own faults—through no lack of critics to point them out—we need not be blind to its obvious merits, the merits of manliness and decency; but neither need we yield assent to its extravagant pretensions, and grow to think it the one essential element of civilization. The man who makes it his curious boast that he reads nothing but the papers condemns himself unsolicited to an intellectual prison fare; but what shall we say to the following modest paragraph, which is copied verbatim from a Western daily, and which doubtless embodies the unspoken views of many American parents?

"The boy or girl who is a regular newspaper reader will grow up in intelligence, and will use good language, both in speaking and writing, even with a limited education. It is news, science, literature, grammar, history, geography, and spelling combined."

This seems a powerful combination, but there are still one or two articles forgotten on the list. The boy or girl who is a "regular newspaper reader" learns something besides science, literature, grammar, history, geography, and spelling—something more promptly recognized and easily acquired than any of these valuable studies. "The story of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is very amusing," wrote little Marjorie Fleming in her diary half a century ago; and the children of to-day seem to be much of her mode of thinking. A murderer is an object of more genuine interest to them than Bismarck or the czar; a daring train robbery is far more alluring than all the

wonders of the Lick Observatory. To them, moreover, belongs the imitative passion which is the accompaniment of an imperfect development; they naturally seek to do what is done by other and older people, especially if their imaginations are fired by the melodramatic flavor of the deed. We are told that wherever the Indiana White Caps have taken upon their shoulders the burden of administering justice after their own fantastic methods, the small boys band themselves together in imitation of their fathers, and any urchin who cheats too successfully at marbles, or otherwise offends against their stringent legislature, is lashed by masked comrades into a more delicate sense of propriety. So, too, the youthful thieves, murderers, and suicides model their actions after the example set them by adults more familiar with the details of crime. The German girl who saturated her clothing with benzine, and set fire to herself on the railway station at Nordhausen just as the train rolled in, had evidently studied the picturesque features of her part. The little American boy who flung himself on the track before an advancing locomotive followed some outside suggestion rather than an inward impulse. It was testified by the brakeman, who looked on powerless to save, that this child of fourteen raised his head but once, gave but one brief glance at the fearful engine that thundered near, and then, trembling, buried his face in his hands. Yet what were his boyish troubles, what could the troubles of that age be, compared to such a moment of horror and despair! The French lad of thirteen who hanged himself after making a will in which he solemnly bequeathed his body to the earth and his soul to Rousseau—"Reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari"—was but reproducing after his feeble fashion the sickly sentimentality of his surroundings.

It might perhaps be thought by sober-minded people that such juvenile records are not in themselves healthy reading for little people, and that the less they learn about such unpleasing possibilities the better; but not only are they given every facility for self-enlightenment, which it seems can hardly be avoided, but now and then especial pains are taken to help them on their way. That a mere baby, only seven years old, should deliberately drown himself because his mother—hard-worked, doubtless, and vexed, after the hasty fashion of mothers, by interruptions—refused to give him a slice of bread and butter, is, we grant, an interesting problem to the student of causes and effects, but it is not a pleasant study or example for other little boys of seven who would probably never dream of such a thing

for themselves. Yet Mrs. Piatt has thought fit to celebrate this infantine tragedy in verses sedulously addressed to youthful readers, and calculated to arouse their warmest sympathies for the deed. I quote the poem entire to show how many graceful and pleasing sentiments can be woven around the suicide of a child:

"Yes, brown and rosy, perhaps, like you,
Was the little boy they have not found,
Or perhaps his eyes, like yours, were blue,
And his poor, sweet head faint golden, too—
The little child who was drowned.

"I hardly think his mother was right—
Did she have it?—not to give him the bread;
But he shut the door, and then—'Good-night'
(Yes, he went alone and without any light);
'I'll never come home,' he said.

"Poor little child! he was seven years old.
Why, the bird's wild nest was new in the tree;
There were roses enough for him to hold
In his two small hands. But the river is cold
In the summer-time, you see.

"From the trouble of tears where did he go?
Where did he go with his two bare feet?
That life was bitter he seemed to know;
(What manner of bread did he think to eat?)
Did he know that death was sweet?"

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The best thing that can be said for these mellifluous verses is that no child, unless he were a member of a juvenile Browning Club, would be likely to extract much meaning out of them. Life is bitter and death is sweet, but this certainty is one which does not ordinarily dawn upon our perceptions at seven. Neither is it desirable that such a speedy and logical solution of the problem should enter the infant mind. "Suicide," says a well-known writer, "is the most exclusively personal of all forms of gratification. No other act is so intensely individual or so profoundly selfish; no other act is so restively independent or so inquisitively experimental." Now, this restless and defiant independence hardly strikes us as the natural attribute of a child, and it is not good husbandry on our part to plant such seed and nourish it. In fact, the proverbially dense little girl who gained for herself an immortal place in literature by convincing Mr. Wordsworth that she knew nothing about death, and could not be made to

understand it, is a refreshing type to the weary student of modern precocity. Imagine the guileless poet's frame of mind if, instead of the

> "simple child
> That lightly draws its breath,
> And feels its life in every limb,"

he had encountered the small American rustic wandering wilfully "from the trouble of tears" down to his self-sought grave! Fancy the author of "Lucy Gray" and "Alice Fell" reading Mrs. Piatt's verses, and conjuring up in his brain the exact species of child to whom such reflections are addressed! And fancy the little boy or girl who has listened alert and wide-eyed to the thrilling story of a baby's suicide, deigning to take an interest in such commonplace trivialities as Barbara Lewthwaite's pet lamb or Alice Fell's cloak of "duffel gray." Verily, the old order changes, and the new one, while dazzlingly magnificent in scope, is as yet somewhat comfortless in detail. We have ridden fast since Wordsworth's day, and *les enfans perdus* have paid the penalty of our speed. AGNES REPPLIER.

THE MARQUIS OF CASTIGLIONE.*

BORN a prince and marquis, growing up to wealth and splendor,
All the honors of this world wooing him to win and wear,
And a father's high ambition, and a mother's watching tender,
Pointing out the path to glory, softening every roughness there.

In his beautiful young manhood called to take his stately station
At the proudest court of Europe, by his future king to stand,
Think what visions must have risen upon his imagination—
Pleasure, but to smile and taste it; glory, but to lift his hand!

* St. Aloysius Gonzaga was by birth the Marquis of Castiglione, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Marquis of Solferino, etc., but resigned his rank and dignities to enter the Jesuit order.

Should he pluck life's reddest roses? Drain its jewel-crusted chalice?
Crowd with joys the days and years, and then leave them, satisfied?
Should he grasp the harsher laurels? For the conflict leave the palace?
Challenging a future glory from the battle where he died?

Be the happiness still higher and the glory more enduring!
Should he write the wondrous poems that outlast a thousand lives?
That were fame well worth the winning, and a vision more alluring,
Stainless—sweet and pure and golden as the honey the bee hives!

Oh! to gather all its fulness from the life that lay before him,
And yet claim a recognition from the life that was to be;
Bind the blossoms round his brows, yet plant the future laurels o'er him;
Shine in sunlight like a dew-drop—share the sea's eternity!

That were life! But here was God; and at once the riddle ended;
For he gained all things for ever when he left them, every one;
Perfect bliss on earth with future bliss in heaven blended;
And for fame! behold his church there, and beside it in the sun,
Satin-smooth and golden-hearted, breathing sweetly all delight,
See St. Aloysius' lilies, still and stately, tall and white!

M. B. MORSE.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

I HAD never seen but two blind in my life—one whose eyes were shut, one whose eyes were fearful things to look at. My father's eyes were intelligent, bright, and handsome as they had ever been.

"It can't be," I cried; "they're not shut, they're not like old Dave's—"

"God forbid!" interrupted my father. And that was the nearest approach to a complaint I have ever heard that brave gentleman, my father, utter in the long years of his blindness. Forgetting that he did not like me to touch him, I put my arm about father's neck. Gently putting me from him, he said: "Don't be foolish."

"No, papa, I won't," I said; "but I am so sorry, I don't know what to do."

"I will tell you what you must not do," he said; "you must not let Bert know, and you must not cry and pity me."

I promised not to tell Bert, but how could I promise not to pity him when my heart was aching for him? Still, I did make such a promise, the only promise I ever made my poor father that I have not kept. I wanted to ask him if he would ever get his sight again, what had caused his blindness, but I did not dare to. Afterwards it was told me that he had lost his sight from too much reading and writing, and that there was a possibility of its being restored. It may as well be said here that my father never spoke of his blindness to me, and that it always annoyed him to have strangers speak to him of it.

"Do you think that you can read to me? lead me when I wish to walk?" my father asked.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, my heart swelling with pride that I could be of service to him.

"That will do," he said, motioning me to be still. "No doubt you will do your best," and a look of pain crossed his face. "What do you do with yourself during the day?"

I told him how I went to St. Bede's every day; of my friend, Amy Morrison, how she took walks with me. "When I come home I read till Nurse Barnes has my dinner ready, and then I read till bedtime."

"What do you read?" he questioned.

"Novels, history, travels, and poetry," I answered.

He smiled, thinking, probably, what a little creature I was. "What are you reading now?" he asked.

"I am going to read Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*," I answered.

"Suppose that you read it to me," said father; "but before you begin, call Nurse Barnes to me."

Nurse Barnes dropped the sheet that she was hemming, and called on her stars, when I told her that she was wanted by my father. When she had somewhat gotten over the surprise it gave her, that she should be wanted by father, she followed me to the book-room, wondering all the way what it could be he wanted her for. Not only nurse's starched muslins but her repeated curtsies announced her. Every time she curtsied, and that was whenever father spoke, something snapped. And when this something snapped, she put on an unconscious look that did not deceive me in the least. Later on she told me what it was that snapped. "Them dused whel-buns in my cossets; an' believe me or not, Master Paul, I was that ashamed I didn't know whether I was on my head or on my heels."

"Good morning, nurse; sit down," was the way my father greeted her.

Three snaps and a crackle, during which father had a wondering look in his sightless eyes.

"I'm settin' all day, leastways, to speak the truth, exceptin' when I'm about the house; and if it be about the maids, Mr. Ringwood, I say nothing, they're that careless; and I beg pardon, Mr. Ringwood, who in all these years has never found fault; I know the soup 's not what it ought to be, but cook never did an' never will know how to make clear soup; an', Mr. Ringwood, I said it a hundred times, if you only would go about the house you never could find as much dust as you'd put on a pin's head, not if you looked ever so—" Nurse stopped breathless.

My father bowed his head and said Mrs. Ringwood had always appreciated nurse's services. "I sent for you merely to say that in future Master Paul will take his meals with me. You will have our meals, if you please, nurse, served to us here, in the book-room."

Amazed as nurse was, I was more so. I take my meals with father! What could it mean? I found out after. Blind, he would be sure to commit a thousand awkwardnesses at table, and he preferred that I should be the sole witness of what I am sure he felt to be his shame. Nurse did not let her amazement

express itself in words. The awe in which she stood of my father would have led her to do without question a much stranger thing than was the serving his dinner in the book-room. With much crackling of dress and snapping of whale-bones she asked: "Don't you think, Mr. Ringwood, the table set aside the window would be cheerfuller—lookin' into the garden?" Father smiled. "As you please, nurse," he said. "I shall not see the garden, though—you may as well be told, nurse, I have lost my sight."

I cannot convey in words my father's calm abstraction in saying this. He spoke of his loss as though it were an affair of no moment, of no interest to himself. Nurse stared at him, then looked appealingly to me, who crept softly to her side and whispered, "Papa's blind." When she quite understood, she threw up her wrinkled hands, exclaiming: "You poor, poor soul; God help you!" and burst into tears.

All in all, I think my father was pleased with nurse's ready appreciation—an appreciation clearer to him than for many days I was capable of making mine—of what his affliction must have cost so proud a man as he was; for he stretched out a hand, and receiving hers in his grasp, held it whilst he said: "You are very good, nurse."

Dropping her hand, he continued in his natural tone: "I won't detain you longer; we dine at the usual hour. Paul, get your book."

Nurse curtsied, but not hearing her move to go, father said: "Well?"

"If you please, Mr. Ringwood," stammered nurse, "if I could wait at table; Tiff"—a sort of butler—"is so clumsy."

"Certainly, certainly; anything you think fit," said father. "Have you the book, Paul?"

I don't know how she managed it, but nurse went out of the room, her dress not crackling once. Getting down the book, I sat beside my father, and began what was to be my pleasure for many and many a day and night. After I had read an hour or so, he told me to tell him when I was tired. In the beginning of these readings I could not continue for more than two hours at a time without saying, "Papa, may I rest now?" He would nod his head, and I would go to the garden for a while, or, in the winter, to talk with Nurse Barnes. After some months I cared no longer about resting, and would read on till father had tired of listening. A number of books I have read in this manner at a sitting, only stopping for my meals. He never talked to

me about the books I read to him, and it was only by guessing that I could tell what he liked. It has been said that my father was selfish in keeping me so entirely to himself that my education was neglected. I learned much from these readings, and I am quite sure that it never occurred to me to think that my father was selfish, for was not I happy—"most times"?

CHAPTER VII.

A CHILD'S LONGING.

Bert was still ignorant of father's affliction when he returned home for the holidays. When told of it he showed a great deal of feeling; weeping, he threw himself into father's arms—arms that held him in fatherly embrace. What further passed between them I do not know, for I was told to go away and leave them alone.

For several days the readings were interrupted, Bert being the greater part of the time with father. Since father's blindness I had seen but little of Amy Morrison, but now that I was altogether free we again took our walks together. It was after one of these walks, the last I ever took with her, that I had my first quarrel with Bert.

One morning early in July Amy Morrison and I were seated on a fallen tree on the brow of a hill at the entrance of a little wood. The great heat of summer had not come to parch the fields, and the hillside was yellow with buttercups swaying in a cool west wind; the Wingo a pearly thread between its yellow banks.

We had been talking of what I was to be when I became a man, and both, of one mind, had decided that I would be a clergyman.

"Paul," said Amy, stooping to pluck a buttercup, "if you are to be a clergyman you must go to college."

"Of course," I assented; "but not now; papa needs me; I must read to him."

"You cannot go on reading always," said Amy. "You are almost eleven, and I am afraid, Paul, you are not well up in your studies." And looking at me sadly, she gently smoothed back my hair.

"I just know nothing," I candidly acknowledged. "I don't believe I'll ever know enough to be a clergyman."

"You know how to say your prayers," said Amy.

"That's not enough," I said decidedly.

"It is much," Amy declared; adding, "and you have read a great deal. You should speak to your father, Paul; tell him how anxious you are to go to school. He thinks you do not care to study; tell him the whole truth."

"Oh! I cannot do that," I exclaimed. "Were I to tell him now, he would think I am tired of him. I'm not much, but I'm all he's got."

"Has he not Bert?" Amy asked.

"Bert has to go to college; he will be here only till after vacation," I answered.

"And why must Bert have an education and not Paul?" she questioned.

"You see, Bert is very intelligent, and I am so dull," I sighed. "I am afraid to ask father; I dare not. There would be no use in it, either."

Amy put her arm about me and tried to console me with the hope of better days to come. When she had said all she could to hearten a little boy who was very hopeless, the little boy felt very thankful, and began to believe that if Amy Morrison liked him he could not be so wretched a boy after all.

Looking at her watch, Amy said that it was getting late, and that I must go home or I would be missed.

"I don't believe it," I said doggedly; "Bert is there."

Looking earnestly at me, Amy said: "Paul, ask God to save you from pride; it is a great vice, and brings no manner of happiness with it."

I reddened under her steady gaze, feeling that she read me clearly. We sauntered slowly down the hillside, across the rustic bridge, through the country lane. On the way we talked but little, and when we parted, Amy did what she had never done before; she stooped and kissed me, whispering softly, "God bless you, little Paul."

Mine is but a dreary whistle, but on that day, as I went along under the great buttonwood trees that lined the street, I think that I whistled fairly well. Standing at the garden-gate to whistle, looking out on the hills so bright and gay on that sunshiny morning, I thought of my only friend, Amy Morrison. Presently I heard my name sharply called, and, turning about, saw Bert coming down the drive, his face flushed and angry.

"Father wants you," he called out; continuing as he came up, "You're a pretty fellow! Nothing to do but to loaf about the

streets, and when I come home after working hard for ten months you expect me to attend to father. If you weren't a fool I'd say you're a brute—" He stopped, choked with anger.

In my utter surprise all I could do was to gasp, "Bert!"

"Yes, Bert, and Bert," mimicked my brother, continuing in broken speech: "Do you think I've nothing to do but poke about the house all day? You're jealous 'cause father don't like you as well as me. You knew I was going to Bob Greaves' to-day, and out of spite you ran off, so 's I'd have to stay at home—as if Bob 'd want you. Why even mother couldn't bear you, you red-headed monkey—"

May God forgive me! I was but a child, and what a troop of injustices rose before me! I seized my brother by the throat, and, though he was the stronger, taking him by surprise, threw him to the ground. "You liar!" I screamed. "How dare you? Mother did love me; you know she did!"

Twisting himself out of my grasp, panting for breath, he sneered: "I ought to be proud to have a half-idiot for twin brother—"

Beside myself, I was screaming that I would break every bone in Bert's body, when father, led by Tiff, came between us.

It was to me my father spoke—in a low voice, coldly and clearly. "Paul, what is the meaning of this brawl? Have you lost your reason?"

I could not speak. I tried to, and the words would not shape themselves on my lips. All I could utter was, "Father!"

He stretched out his hand, and going to him I put mine in his. He dropped it and caught my arm. "My boy, Bert, is he here?"

"Here I am, father," said Bert, putting his hand on the hand that now always carried a cane.

"Again I ask you, Paul," said father, "why were you quarrelling with Bert?"

Again I tried to speak, failing as before.

Not letting go of my arm, he turned to Bert. "Since this fellow won't speak, what has he been doing to you, my boy?"

Bert! Bert! it was but a child's quarrel, but after all these years I can only cry out, How could you, my brother, be so cruel?

"He got angry because Bob Greaves has not asked him to-day; that's not my fault, father," said Bert.

I was now sullen. "That's not so, Bert," I interrupted; "I don't care a snap of my finger for Bob Greaves."

"Unfortunate boy!" said my father, "we all know you to be a monster of selfishness. Who has ever accused you of caring for any one?"

"Father," I cried—it is not too much to say that I was nigh heart-broken—"I am not like other boys, and, father, I am so unhappy."

"More's the pity that you are not as other boys. You are a most ungrateful one. What is there you can want? A good home, abundance of all you need. Do you know, you poor child, that there are millions of human beings who would think the poorest meal you ever sat down to a banquet? What do you want?"

It might be thought that my father was a gross man when he thus spoke of eating as if it were the highest good. Did one think so he would be wrong. My father instanced good eating because he thought there was no other sort of blessedness I could so well appreciate. In answer to his question of what I wanted, I stammered that I did not know.

"Pshaw!" he said; "I would not be surprised if you wanted a whipping."

He still held my arm, and in all simplicity I asked: "Will you whip me, father?"

Letting go my arm he said, still low-voiced: "Go away from me; if you are in a better humor to-morrow, come to me as usual. Bert!"

My brother took his hand, and, followed by Tiff, they went to the house. I ran down the garden path to where there was a short cut across the fields to the stream. There, on the bank, I threw myself at full length where I could see the clear, cool water rippling along, and it brought to my mind the river in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Do not say that a child cannot long for such things, for I longed for it, longed for death. I was angry with all of the world I knew, till, hearing the bell ringing for afternoon service, I thought of Amy Morrison, and the thought heartened me. I thought I could not be so very bad if she cared for me. So I jumped up and, after I had dusted my clothes, hurried to church.

The little boys—it was a saint's day—sang very sweetly that afternoon, and in a better way they made me again wish the journey of life was over. My little brain began to dream; the altar seemed to me to be the great white throne, and I saw my mother there. Before I was conscious of anything else, I sneezed. A tear running down my nose had tickled it. A most unusual

thing for me to do, to cry. Even when a baby, Nurse Barnes says that I was very quiet. After the service Amy spoke to me. "You have been crying, Paul," she said.

We went to a retired part of the graveyard, and there I told her all about it. And this was the advice and comfort that she gave me: "Go to your father to-morrow as usual. I am coming to see you very soon, Paul."

CHAPTER VIII.

AMY'S VISIT.

That night I begged Bert's pardon, but he would have none of it; nevertheless I felt better for having asked it. It was harder to go to father, for I was afraid of him. It was only after breakfast the following day that I did go. He was sitting with his face to the warm morning sun, twirling his thumbs and whistling softly. He stopped abruptly when he heard my footstep. Going up to him I said: "Papa, you are sitting in the sun; shall I move your chair?"

Without speaking he rose from his seat, and I wheeled the chair into the shadow where he would get the benefit of the cool west wind and yet be out of a draught. When I had led him to his seat he looked pleased, and I asked him hesitatingly if I should read to him.

"Do you think that you could read Flaubert's *Femme de Feu?*" he asked.

I don't suppose that my hair stood on end, but my blood crept. Read French to him! I knew that I could not, and I dared not tell him so. Like a little fool, I said that I would try. The book I was to read is a vile one, I know. Then I knew nothing about it. How many vile books I have read, and what a miracle of God's goodness that they did not corrupt me! Getting down the novel, I began, not to read, but to stammer over the words. I understood tolerably well, but could not pronounce. Father let me read one paragraph, then stopped me.

"Do as you please," he said, when I asked if I should get an English book. So I began another novel, Froude's *History of England*, the second volume of which was just published.

Bert and I became friends a few days after. As he was away from home a great deal, I saw but little of him, and my reading aloud went on as before his return from school. One morning, during a pause in the reading, Nurse Barnes came into the book-

room and said, with many apologies to father, that Miss Amy Morrison would be very glad if she could see him for a few minutes.

"Miss Amy Morrison," father said, dreamily; "yes, I have heard of her. She is a friend of yours, is she not, Soldier?"

I reddened with pleasure. I could say it honestly, she was a friend of mine.

"I will be down-stairs presently, nurse," father said. Feeling his neck-tie to ascertain if it was aright, he stretched out his hand, and I knew that I was to lead him to the parlor.

Amy nodded pleasantly to me, shook hands with father, and asked him to excuse her intrusion.

Father said that he was very glad indeed to meet one who had been so good a friend to his son, and surprised me by warmly thanking Amy for the interest she took in me.

They conversed on a variety of subjects when, speaking of books, Amy said that she had heard that I read to him.

"He is both reader and guide to me; he is my constant companion," said father. My cheeks flushed with pleasure as I listened to this praise.

"You will miss him when he goes to college," said Amy.

"Do you think Paul would be benefited by being sent to college?" asked father.

By the expression of her countenance I knew a way had been opened for Amy to give utterance to what she had come to say.

"Assuredly it would do him good," she answered. "I dare say that in a few months Paul would be first in his classes."

Father laughed good-humoredly. No wonder he laughed. Amy must be joking, I thought, to suppose that I should ever be head of a class.

"I fear that you overestimate Paul's ability," he said; "he has not shone brilliantly in the past."

"I did pretty well for Mr. Wood, papa," I took heart to say, Amy encouraging me with a smile.

Taking no notice of what I said, he continued: "You see, he is absolutely incapable; beyond reading a book, Paul is fit for nothing."

How heavy he did make my heart!

"Then Paul does not go to college next year with his brother?" suggested Amy.

"I have not thought of his going," father returned.

It was plain enough, in Amy's face, that she was disheartened.

But she said bravely: "Why not give him a trial, Mr. Ringwood? I feel sure he would astonish you."

"He has done so already, though perhaps not in the manner you suppose," he said.

Overlooking father's sarcasm, Amy said: "Do not think me meddlesome if I beg you, Mr. Ringwood, to give Paul a trial."

Father bowed grandly, and said: "I am honored by the interest Miss Morrison takes in my son."

Surely after that speech Amy would have nothing further to say. But she had. "I would be an impertinent miss, indeed, did I suppose my liking for Paul honored you," she said.

My father fluttered the ends of his fingers outwardly, again bowed, and asked: "Shall we talk of something else?"

Amy was plucky enough not to let even this silence her. "That is, Mr. Ringwood, you think me a busybody?" she said, questioningly.

Father was shocked. Miss Amy a busybody! He was charmed, delighted to find that Paul was capable of exciting interest in the bosom of one so highly praised. He assured Amy that she had shaken the resolution he had taken of keeping Paul at home, begged her to continue her interest in his poor son, and entreated her to come occasionally and talk with him.

Amy listened silently to this long speech. When it had ended, she took up her sunshade, and, asking pardon for having stayed so long, went away. I accompanied her to the door.

"Paul," said Amy, when she was bidding me good-by, "I am afraid you'll not get to college. I'll come again, though." Then she whispered me to pray. "Ask God," she said; "if it is his will, in spite of everything, you will get there."

I did pray. Amy came again and again, but I did not get to college.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER ORDER OF THINGS.

From ten to fifteen the years go slowly. These five years of my life seem to me like a dream. To remember anything of this period I have to close my eyes and absorb myself in thought. Then I see a little boy climbing upon a stool to get a book down from a shelf. I see him seat himself beside a man in an easy-chair, a man with a well-defined profile, handsome face, whose long, taper fingers lie folded in his lap. The boy begins

to read aloud, and his voice rings in my ears, a plaintive treble. Sometimes he stops in his reading to gaze dreamily out of the window close by; then he sighs inaudibly and goes on with his book. A thin voice, but quite a good reader. It is odd, but when I look at that little boy I feel very sad. After a time, an elderly woman in fresh white cap and apron comes in to lay a table for dinner. This done, the man and boy take their dinner. Though I listen closely, I do not often hear the man speak to the boy. For how many days, weeks, and months, nay, years, does this scene repeat itself. My father recovered enough of his sight to be able to get about by himself, but never again was he able to dispense with a reader.

It would be leaving a wrong impression did I say aught to make one believe that in these years I found unhappiness. No; but I never found happiness. Had my father lowered himself a little to my level, I might have been happy. No matter how insignificant one may be, there is always something he would wish to confide to another. No life is so quiet as to be altogether without its happenings, though they be known but to one's self. In a still life a new thought is an event that may be productive of tangibilities when communicated to another. A book is an event; yet what is a book but visible thought? I had no one to confide in. It is true that I saw Amy Morrison at times, but too seldom, and for too short a time to be able to submit to her my little confidences.

There was one thing about my life that was good. It made me rely on myself. By the time I had reached my fifteenth birthday I was as self-reliant as a man; much more so than are many men. I did not realize it then that in many things father relied altogether on my judgment. The truth of this was proved to me by the fact that, whereas I had been something worse than a nonentity in my father's house, no one now dreamt of disputing my commands.

Bert was still at college, and as he grew older was constantly getting into difficulties, principally money troubles. He always wrote to me to solve these difficulties for him. Father and he no longer got on well together, and there were times when it was impossible for me to speak to him about Bert. The worst of it was that no sooner was Bert put on his legs than he was down again. He was handsome, generous, a universal favorite, and thoughtless, not wilful, in any wrong-doing.

No longer a cipher at home, my fifteenth birthday found me almost a necessity to father. Not only did I read for him, and

write his letters; I was sometimes his counsellor. When there was a question of selling some real estate, a word of mine, hesitatingly uttered, decided father to keep it. Afterwards, when the property came to Bert, that lot sold for three times and more the price offered my father. This is not told for the purpose of making any one believe that mine was an extraordinary judgment. It is evident that, though a bookish boy, I was not visionary. I was fond of building air-castles, but averse to dwelling in them. There was and is a most practical side to me, and this side is the one most visible to the world. I am generally thought to be—perhaps I am—a hard man. Though my father no longer despised me, he looked upon me as a boy without feeling.

He silently taught me one lesson; to worship truth, to follow whithersoever it might lead me.

And this brings me to the telling of the step I took when in my sixteenth year, a step that changed the whole course of my life. This step is commonly called "going over to Rome." Not deeming this the proper place for controversy, my reasons for becoming a Catholic will be but briefly put here.

Attached as I was to what with latent humor I styled the Anglo-Catholic Church, my faith in its divine mission was doomed to be shaken. In common with all mankind—that brilliant novelist, Mr. Froude, the exception—I had a profound contempt for its unholy originator, the bloody Henry VIII. Of course I, as are all members of the Protestant Episcopal body, had been taught to believe that Henry had nothing to do with the origin of the English Establishment. Fortunately I had history and a grain of common sense to teach me otherwise. The question then put itself abruptly to me, Where is the church? Not being a visionary, I did not dream of an infinitely good God leaving man to shift for himself. In a hard and uncompromising way I knew that there was a divinely appointed guide somewhere. My duty was to find that guide, and I set to work practically to find it. I prayed sturdily, demanding of heaven to be shown the truth. That the truth was in "Romanism" I no more believed than that it was in the book of Mormon. Neither did I know how near my beliefs were to those of a Catholic.

Father's sight was now so improved that he no longer kept within the garden's limits. He was fond of music, and every night during the opera season in Philiopolis he and I were in our chairs at the Academy of Music.

It was the last performance of a German troupe, the opera *Faust*, and it was close on to a December midnight, snowing

hard, when we got to the cab waiting for us. Whether it was the grand old music surging in my ears, the crisp frosty air, the darkness and muffled stillness after the heat, dazzle, and noise of the opera crush room, I do not at all know, but I was in an exalted mood. Unconsciously I hummed aloud the air of the noble Faust march.

"You seem to be in good humor," said father from his corner of the cab. Having said that I had enjoyed the music very much, father continued, not at all to the point, and as if I had not spoken: "You are getting to be a big fellow; you will soon have a moustache."

There was a good coat of down on my upper lip.

"Now that you are getting to be a man, you will want to leave me. I suppose that I will have to send you to college next year"—my heart was beating very fast—"perhaps you should have gone before, though what more you would have learned than you have from your reading I don't know."

If my experience of college youth is of any worth, I think my father's estimate of my knowledge was a correct one.

When in the train that goes to Allemaine father again spoke of my going to college, now in an annoyed way. He needed me, and because of my love and pity for him I begged him to keep me at home.

He immediately, in a cheery tone, told me not to fret about it, and that he would see about getting a tutor for me.

It is but left for me to acknowledge myself a hypocrite. Longing to go to college, I was about to thank him when an involuntary start I gave dislodged a hand-bill from one of the Bible-racks so common in our American railway coaches.

"What is it?" father asked, as I smoothed out the hand-bill preparatory to reading it.

Then I read aloud, "The Rev. Francis Decker, C.P., will deliver a lecture entitled, 'Is it Honest?' at the Town Hall, Allemaine, December —, 18—, for the benefit of the Catholic parochial schools. Tickets, fifty cents." Then followed a list of places where tickets could be bought.

"'Is it Honest?'" father repeated. "That is a strange title; suppose we go to hear what he has to say."

I assented, though, to tell the truth, I felt no interest in the lecture.

"You can get chairs to-morrow," said father. "When does he lecture?"

Examining the hand-bill, I found that the lecture was to be given the next night but one.

"Do you think there will be many people there, papa?" I asked; not that I cared to know, but for the sake of saying something.

"A jam," answered father. "Romanists always flock to hear their priests talk."

This set me thinking. If "Romanists" flocked to hear their priests, either the matter of their discourses, or their manner of handling them, must be of interest, or people would not be anxious to listen. My curiosity was aroused. I re-read the hand-bill, and then put it in my pocket.

At home in the book-room a brisk fire was burning in the open grate, on a table a livery of cold chicken, ring loaves, and a flagon of wine. After warming ourselves we fell to eating, for we were hungry, and then, as neither of us was sleepy, father proposed my reading Tennyson's "Holy Grail." It had struck two by the great clock on the stairs before I finished reading. As I closed the book father said: "That poem is the apotheosis of purity."

I agreed with him, though I but dimly understood his saying.

CHAPTER X.

I AM DESIRED TO REFUSE A GREAT GIFT.

Friday, the day of the lecture, came, wet and sloppy, the snow of the past days having turned to rain. Father gave up all idea of going to the lecture, but told me to go if I wished. My curiosity had been roused, and at a few minutes before eight in the evening I took my seat in the crowded hall, close to a platform on which were seated a number of clergymen and several laymen.

The face of the lecturer was kindly and grave, lit up at times as he spoke by a sweet, patient smile. His lecture was a gainsaying of untruths told and retold against the Catholic Church, and as I listened stronger and stronger came over me the belief that he spoke the truth, till it quite overcame me, and I felt as if I must have always believed in the old historical church. I was like one whose working of a difficult problem, by the mere giving of a little sign, has been suddenly made clear.

When the applause following the exit of the speaker had sub-

sided, I turned to an old gentleman who sat beside me and asked: "Are you a Catholic?"

He looked very much astonished, as well he might be, and replied that he was.

"Can you tell me the best time to see a priest?" was my next question.

"It depends upon your business," the old gentleman answered. "The priests will be in the confessionals to-morrow from two in the afternoon until late at night."

"I merely wish to talk with a priest," I said.

"If that is the case, the best time would be after Vespers on Sunday. Vespers are at three in the afternoon," he informed me.

I thanked him, and we lost one another in the crowd passing out. As my father had never in any way troubled himself about my beliefs or unbeliefs—indeed, up to that time, I cannot remember that he ever spoke to me on the subject of religion—I did not suppose that he would object to my becoming a Catholic. Again, so marked had been this indifference that, when Sunday came, it did not enter into my head to tell him that I was going to Vespers at the Catholic church.

I was lingering at the church door when the old gentleman to whom I had spoken at the lecture came up and offered me a seat in his pew. I was very glad to accept his offer, still more so when I found that his sitting was near the altar. The service impressed me with the thought that I was for the first time in my life in a house of prayer. Every one present prayed.

Vespers over, my friend pointed out a door which would let me into a passage leading directly to the priests' dwelling. Following his direction I presently found myself on the door-step of the parsonage. And now my heart failed me. What if I should be laughed at? Whom was I to ask for? I knew no one. Had not the door been suddenly opened my hesitation might have led me to go away, but now there stood before me a youthful cleric, who, though pallid, was exceedingly handsome.

"Do you wish to see any one?" he asked.

"I wish to see a priest," I answered, my heart throbbing.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he asked. "There are several priests in the house."

"Any one, if it is no trouble," I replied.

"I am a priest. As I am here, will I do?" he asked.

"You might," was my not flattering answer.

He laughed, and, taking me gently by the arm, led me into a

sparely furnished parlor. Placing a chair for me and seating himself, he asked: "Now what can I do for you?"

Unable to think of a better way of putting it, I blurted out, "I believe that I want to be a Catholic."

"Oh!" he gasped in his astonishment.

"Don't people ever become Catholics?" I asked, much hurt by his surprise.

"Thank God, yes!" he answered, reverently. "I myself became one."

"You seemed so surprised?" I said, questioningly.

"You are young, my child," he explained.

"I am almost sixteen," I retorted, with some indignation.

"I would have taken you to be eighteen, at least," said the priest, smiling, and laying his forefinger on his upper lip.

My cheeks became the color of my moustache.

Looking at me for a moment in a thoughtful way, he asked: "What is your name?"

"Paul Ringwood," I told him.

"Are you a son of Arthur Ringwood, of Hill House?" he questioned, a troubled look in his eyes.

"Yes," I replied; "do you know my father?"

"He has been very kind to me, Paul," the priest answered; "I fear he will think it a poor return I make if I encourage you in your wish to become a Catholic."

"Father won't care," I exclaimed; "he lets me do as I please about religion."

"You do not know what a conversion to the Faith means, even in this age. Do you think you are able to bear calumny, hatred, the loss of every friend you have?" asked the priest.

"I wouldn't like it," I answered honestly, adding with much confidence, "but I am sure father would not care in the least."

"What has made you think of this, Paul?" he asked, at the same time looking at a nickel watch he took from an inside pocket of his cassock. "I have half an hour to spare; then I must go see some sick persons."

When I had finished telling him what has already been told here of my wish to be a Catholic the priest said: "Yours is a very old story, Paul; I have heard it many times, but never from one so young. By the bye," he added, a little sharply, "what Catholic has been talking to you of late?"

"I don't understand," I answered, somewhat startled by his abruptness.

"Who has put all this into your head?" he explained.

"I know no Catholics," was my reply; "at least, only some of the servants at home; but they scarcely ever speak to me, and never about religion."

He looked at me long and earnestly. "God bless you, Paul," he said, at last; "if you become a Catholic, take care you be a good one. God is very good to you."

Feeling his words very strongly, my heart swelled and my eyes moistened. When I had calmed myself, he asked: "What doubts have you, Paul—what is there that you find hard to believe?"

Thinking this a strange question, I said: "If I believe the Church is Truth, how can I have any doubts?"

"So you are a thinker, Paul," he said.

"Every one thinks," I answered. In my opinion, if what he had said was meant for a compliment, it did not amount to much.

"If every one thought," said the priest, "there would be fewer persons out of the church." Rising from his chair, he continued: "Now, Paul, my time is up. You are not of age; you must ask your father's consent before taking any further steps; then come and tell me what he says. By the way, you don't know my name." He then wrote on a card, which he gave me, "Clement Weldon."

"I will ask father this evening," I said. "I am coming to Mass to-morrow; can I see you afterwards?"

"Which Mass, Paul? Each priest has his hour for saying Mass; mine is half-past five, but that is too early for you?" he said interrogatively.

I told him it was not, and, impelled by some sudden emotion, I knelt for Father Weldon's blessing.

Very tenderly he said: "God bless you always, my child!" and he signed me with the sign of the cross.

On reaching home, I went straight to the book-room and was immediately greeted by my father with: "You must have had a long sermon; who was it preached?"

"I did not go to St. Bede's; I went to the Catholic church to Vespers," I answered.

"What possessed you to go there? Have you become infatuated with Rome?" Not waiting for an answer, he continued, "I have had dinner; you had better see if anything has been put by for you, and then read for me."

"I'm not hungry, papa," I said; "I'll read now if you wish."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed father, "get your dinner; the world

is not coming to an end because, for once, you said your prayers with the 'Black Robes.'"

The book I read that night to father was Ruffini's *Lorenzo Benoni.* I have never seen the book since, but my memory is to be trusted that its tales of the Catholic priesthood must be glaringly untruthful, or I could scarcely have known so well as I did that the author was falsifying. No reading that I have ever made has been as distasteful as was that.

The reading ended, I closed the book and said abruptly: "Papa, may I become a Catholic?"

Father turned quickly in his chair. "Become a what?" he exclaimed, amazed at what I said.

"A Catholic," I faltered, scarcely able to speak for the choking sensation in my throat.

Father burst out laughing. "That is a good joke!" he exclaimed, still laughing; "I thought we at St. Bede's were the Simon Pure Catholics."

As I thought he would, father treated the idea of my becoming a Catholic as a joke.

"Henry VIII.'s church," I said, no longer choked in my utterance.

"Don't bother me about such nonsense," said father; "only be a good boy. What kind of weather is it—clear?"

Not sorry that I so easily obtained what I took to be his consent, I was quite as glad as father seemed to be to change the subject. Drawing aside the window-curtain I saw that it was a bright moonlight night, clear and frosty, freezing hard.

Next morning, so as not to rouse any one, I crept softly downstairs, letting myself quietly out-doors into the bright, frosty starlight. It was a long walk to the church, but, though taken over a frozen pavement, it did not seem lengthy to me; neither did I feel the bitter cold.

There were but few persons beside myself in the dark church, lit by the two lights on the high altar, and the glow of the sanctuary lamp.

Spoken words, grand ceremonial, the charms of music are impressive. The Low Mass at dawn; the priest, whose every vestment is a wondrous symbol, a shadowy figure before the shadowed altar; an appalling stillness only broken now and then by the tinkle of a bell—all these things impress even one who does not understand. To one who does! A muffled tinkle, and he knows the Lord of heaven and earth has quickly come as lightning cleaves the skies, and even as long ago in Galilee he stood beside

the troubled ones, he now stands there upon the altar to console and comfort those who are weary. Heaven alone can present a more wondrous sight, and only heaven, because there the veil is withdrawn.

Shortly after Father Weldon had ended his Mass he came to me where I knelt. For a moment he held my hand in hearty greeting, then led me to the sacristy, where there was a fire in a stove.

"Good news, Paul?" he asked.

When I had told him all that passed between my father and myself he said: "Paul, I cannot instruct or baptize you until you have from your father an explicit yes or no. Talk to him again, tell him what you told me yesterday; if nothing else is gained, he will at least know that this is not a whim of yours."

I hesitated, then said: "It will be very hard to tell him all I told you—you don't know my father."

The priest smiled. "Yes, I do, Paul," he said; "I know it will be hard. But if you are serious this should not frighten you. You had better tell him you have talked with me; he will remember my name."

I promised to do all this, but, in spite of feeling so sure of my father's indifference as to what faith was professed by me, did not like to do it.

Preparing myself after breakfast to speak to him, father asked me, in the cutting tone he had not used for many a day: "Where were you this morning?"

"At Mass, at the Catholic church," I answered.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he demanded, the expression on his face leaving me no room to doubt his anger.

To my surprise I was not afraid of him. I told him in as straightforward a manner as I knew all that I had told Father Weldon. It was only after I had ceased speaking for some minutes that he said: "You went to this priest without asking my permission!"

"I didn't think you would care, papa; you never cared where I went," I said, making this unfortunate speech in a very shaky voice.

"Has Father Weldon already taught you to reproach your father?" he asked, speaking below his breath.

The interpretation he put upon my words hurt me beyond measure. "Papa!" I cried, "Father Weldon says you have been very kind to him; he won't instruct or baptize me without

your consent. He says I must have an explicit yes before he does anything."

Very much surprised, he asked: "Did the priest say all that, or are you weaving a tissue of lies?"

It was pride that kept me silent. I had never deceived him, and my self-love was hurt that he should doubt my word.

There was a long silence, then father stretched forth his hand, and said: "Soldier!"

This sudden change in his manner unstrung me. Tears were streaming down my cheeks as I put my hand in his.

"Soldier," he repeated, "I have never asked anything of you; now I ask you to do something for me. I have been a good father to you. Show me that you appreciate my kindness, and put this worse than nonsense out of your head."

Had I never shown any good will to my father?

There were tears in my eyes, but none in my voice, as I said: "Father, I cannot, I cannot; you may stop me from being a Catholic now, but I will be one some day, that is the truth."

He flung my hand from him, and exclaimed: "You insolent puppy! Sit down and write what I tell you."

Going to a desk I took out materials for writing, and waited for father to dictate. Perhaps five minutes had elapsed—my suspense made it seem longer—before he dictated the following note:

"FATHER WELDON: You have not acted like a priest, inasmuch as you have acted honestly. I give my full consent to your making a Romanist out of Paul Ringwood if you are willing that Paul Ringwood suffer the consequences."

"Bring it to me to sign!" and I brought the paper to him, to which he put his signature, "Arthur Ringwood." When he had done this he said: "You will now take this note to Father Weldon; do not speak to me again on the subject; only, in the event of what you call becoming a Catholic, let me know."

"Papa," I began, "I do thank you very much—"

"Leave the room!" he interrupted, pointing to the door.

HAROLD DIJON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHAT ABOUT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

During one of the many journeys by rail which the interests of the Catholic University of America have lately imposed on me, I happened to be placed at a table of the dining-room car *vis à-vis* with two pleasant-looking gentlemen, whom I had noticed as occupants of the same coach with myself. Our proximity led naturally to an exchange of civilities, and our first remarks about the comforts of this novel style of restaurant had soon broadened into a conversation. As we dashed through the vast prairies, over a road-bed so straight and level that our table furnishing was scarcely jarred as we sped along, we talked of the parched look of the country after the long drought, of the shortness of the crops, of the probable effect on our home markets and our foreign exports, and, once our thoughts had crossed the sea, we found as wide a field for an exchange of prognostics in regard to international complications there as we next did in regard to our coming presidential election at home.

Growing more communicative as we went on, they asked and ascertained who I was, and I learned that one of them was Mr. G——, a Catholic from Cincinnati, and the other Mr. L——, a Unitarian from New Haven. After this interchange of confidences, Mr. G—— seemed to think that propriety required an allusion to the Catholic University, and so he began:

"You had a great day, had you not, at the laying of the corner-stone, last May?"

Yes, I replied; it was indeed a memorable day in the history of our undertaking. The elements seemed, indeed, to have conspired against us; but the stormy background only served to bring out the lights of the picture more clearly, and I think all were agreed that it was a grand tribute to the Catholic Church, and an omen that the energy embarked in the cause would surely, with God's blessing, win success from all difficulties.

"You apprehend difficulties, then?" he inquired.

What important undertaking, I answered, has ever been accomplished without them? Every great work of the Church of Christ, especially, has had the cross in it, and we neither hope nor desire that this one should be an exception.

"From what source do you anticipate them?" said he.

Well, it is but reasonable to expect them from both friends and foes. Differences of opinion are very natural in regard to

all weighty questions, and even people of the best intentions are apt to be contentious. Then, too, it is not to be wondered at that some evil minds should be found, ready to invent what is false, or to put malicious constructions on what is true. And, doubtless, Satan will know how to raise obstacles in the way of a work on which he can look with no favor. But really we have met nothing thus far to cause us any apprehension or much disquiet. On the contrary, we have been astonished at the smoothness of our course; the success attending our efforts has surpassed our hopes, and the counter-ripples have been just about enough to arouse comment and excite interest.

"If I am not mistaken," timidly ventured Mr. L——, "you are erecting a magnificent structure that will cost some millions."

He saw by the amused look in my face that he *was* mistaken, but I relieved his embarrassment by telling him that it was not the first time I had found that impression entertained.

No, I continued, the building which we are putting up, while suitable in style and proportions for the purposes of a university, will be characterized by the simplicity and modesty becoming the divinity studies to which it is to be devoted, and will cost only a part of Miss Caldwell's gift. We have never forgotten, as one of our critics rather snappishly accused us of doing, that it is not buildings but men that make a university, and the funds which we are now collecting are meant almost exclusively for the men, for the endowment of the professorships, and afterwards for the scholarships and fellowships.

"I notice," put in Mr. G——, "that your critics doubt whether you will be able, for many a year to come, to bring together a body of distinguished professors in America."

Yes, I answered; we are blessed with a few croaking friends, who will not let us lose sight of the difficulties to be overcome. And this is assuredly not a small one, nor has it been overlooked. For a few years, of course, we will have to look abroad for most of our professors, and we find already that there is no dearth of men of learning and renown willing to unite their lives with such a work in our young republic. We will need only eight or ten for our Faculty of Divinity, and there is now no reasonable doubt that we will have our corps sufficiently complete in time for the inauguration of the University in November of next year.

"But do you really mean," said Mr. L——, with a look of bewilderment, "that all these eight or ten professors are to be engaged in teaching theology?"

Anxious to save him from a renewal of embarrassment, I

chimed in with him as far as I could. It does indeed, said I, seem at first sight a large number of professors for a special line of study. But consider for a moment, in the first place in regard to the doctrines of religion, which are obviously the primary object of the Faculty of Divinity, that they are not only data of Revelation, which one could learn from a catechism; they are great luminous principles of thought, which have guided the loftiest soarings of the noblest intellects in all ages; they are rules of action, which enter into all the duties of individual conduct and into all the multiform relationships of human society; they are springs of life, whose presence or absence has had very much to do with shaping the good or evil fortunes of all the individuals and all the communities that have ever existed. See what a boundless field is here opened of most interesting and most important study, and of most careful and conscientious and enlightened teaching, on the part of theologians, philosophers, moralists, and historians. Next, reflect upon the numerous lines of study opened up by Scriptural research—studies of ancient languages, of long buried antiquities, of Oriental historic records and sacred lore, of patristic interpretation and the multiform exegesis of the sacred text. Think, too, of the marvellously interesting and important history of the church, the inner history of Christendom, now more than ever, through the voice of Leo XIII., inviting students to its critical perusal. Then, too, the Canon Law or ecclesiastical legislation of that world-wide church, springing as it does from the development of her external organization and the modifications in her relationships with the world in successive epochs—a branch of study whose technical knowledge is indispensable in the administration of ecclesiastical matters, and whose scientific examination is the study of the church's constitutional history. Besides, think of the liturgical studies called for by a priest's sacred ministry, and the studies of literature and eloquence that will fit him for the highest usefulness as a writer and a preacher, and the acquaintance which he needs to make with the true and the false, the certain and the unproved, of the various natural sciences which to-day claim to have a word to say about Divine Revelation: think of all this, and I feel sure you will acknowledge that we have here vast realms of intellectual labor appealing to the noblest ambition of students and calling for the devoted work of numerous professors.

During this enumeration Mr. G—— had forgotten to eat, and listened as if spell-bound. "Surely," said he musingly, "that

must stir the heart of any young man of talent who has a spark of intellectual ambition. But do you intend," he inquired, "to have every student study all those branches?"

Oh! no, said I, laughing; that would not be practicable. It is not our aim to make each student "a Jack-of-all-trades," but to make him master of one or of a few. In courses of elementary instruction, scholars are given a bird's-eye view of the whole field of knowledge, or as much of it as possible; but a university course aims at making specialists, who alone can be accurate or profound scholars; and our students will be carefully directed in selecting the special studies which suit their talents or which will be called for by their future field of labor.

"But," said he pensively, "how immense is their field of labor, and how few the laborers! Is it to be hoped that the aspirants to the priesthood in our country can be spared so long from their work as to have time for such studies?"

That is indeed, I replied, a serious question, and one which we have not failed to ponder attentively. It was one of the chief problems examined by the Third Plenary Council. No one could know as well as the Prelates of the Council did what were the needs of the great harvest-field; yet when the question came up whether the term of study preparatory for the priesthood should be prolonged and perfected, their decision was that it must be done, that the condition of the church in our country now made it both possible and necessary. And when, in pursuance of the same inquiry, the question arose as to the establishment of a university course of ecclesiastical studies, that also was decided on as both practicable and necessary in the present condition of things. The strain and hurry which necessarily characterized the church's development and organization half or even a quarter of a century ago, no longer exists to any such degree in large portions of the country, and thus the careful preparation which the church desires for the ministers of the Divine Word becomes more and more practicable; while, at the same time, the intellectual requirements and the intellectual dangers of our people are growing apace, and demand of the exponent of Divine truth far more than was necessary in the simpler conditions of pioneer times. That is the conviction which was voiced in the decision of the Third Plenary Council, and you may rest assured that the bishops who so decided in regard to their ecclesiastical students will see to its realization in their regard. I may say that a plan is being perfected which will make the additional time of study required by the council

blend with the advantages which we hope to offer, so that a large number of the best students may be allowed at least one year in the University, of whom a considerable proportion will be sure to stay longer. Besides, we trust that numbers of priests already in the sacred ministry, and practically acquainted with the needs before them, will secure leave to come for a special course of longer or shorter duration. Some such applications we have already received, and they are apt to be numerous. So that there is every likelihood that the difficulty will be, not to procure students, but to accommodate all who will apply.

But, I added, our dinner is over, and there may be other hungry passengers waiting for our table; suppose we adjourn to our coach.

As we reached our seats, we were joined by a gentleman whom we had remarked as evidently interested in what he could overhear of our conversation. He introduced himself as Mr. W——, a Catholic from Philadelphia, and asked the privilege of forming one of our little group, which was unanimously granted with pleasure.

When we were cozily settled in our places, Mr. L—— was the first to recommence. "I have been listening," said he, "with great interest to what you have been saying about studies and students. But do you consider that what you have described will constitute a university?"

Not at all, I answered; it is only one of the faculties of a university. The other faculties will be added as rapidly as circumstances and means will permit, so as to offer to all comers the very highest facilities for education in general scholarship, in the sciences, and in the professions.

"But is there not," he asked, "some ground for the charge, which I have heard urged, that the whole spirit and scope of your studies will be narrowed, and made alien to the notion of a university, by being thus hinged on to dogma?"

Is the universe narrowed, I asked, by having God in it? Or humanity by having Christ in it? Or the mind and heart of mankind by being illumined by the light and expanded and uplifted by the love which he sheds forth? Or the philosophy of the ancients by receiving into it his answers to their puzzled questions? Or the study of the wonders of nature by the knowledge that they are the works of God? Or is the whole field of human thought narrow or cramped by the conviction that there can never be a contradiction between the words of God and the works of God, or between man's duty to creatures and his duty to their Creator?

"Well, no," he replied, "no reasonable being could say that; though I acknowledge that what some people say often sounds very like it. And I must acknowledge that, for those who believe in God and Revelation, it is logical to place him and what concerns our relations to him as the very centre and soul of their intellectual system. But permit me to press my question a little further and to ask, Have not we outsiders some reason for believing that your system will be narrowed by being exclusively Catholic, exclusively denominational? Is not that contrary to the broad universality which the very name university implies? And is it not equally contrary to the broad liberality of our American ideas and institutions?"

Once more allow me, said I, to answer by asking a question. Is it narrowness of mind to seek and choose the certain truth rather than the conflicting multitude of uncertain opinions? Or are we to say that there is no certain truth, but only uncertain opinions in regard to the most important questions that the human mind must ask? And is it a characteristic of a true university to profess such scepticism about those questions? Or is that to be called a university which, professing to embrace the whole field of human thought in its scope, omits altogether this most important of all realms of thought? Or does our American toleration of the opinions of others mean that you are not to hold or profess any absolutely certain convictions of your own?

"Well, really," he replied, laughing, "I must acknowledge myself overwhelmed by such an avalanche of conclusions from my own premises. Candidly, I never looked at things from just that standpoint, and I must admit that, from the standpoint of a church which believes in the certainty of Revelation and the unerringness of its transmission, your views and your course are entirely logical. And I must honestly add that I envy you who have such convictions, and your students, who will be started out in life with certainty instead of scepticism or agnosticism for their stock in trade. But tell me candidly, is there really no foundation for the charge, so often repeated of late, that if you ever get the power you will try to force your convictions on your fellow-citizens who differ with you?"

The two Catholics burst into a hearty laugh, to the evident discomfiture of our good friend. Really, I replied, we often are at a loss whether to be amused or provoked at this charge. It has been laid at the door of Archbishop Ryan, of Archbishop Kenrick, of Archbishop Hughes, of Father Hecker, and each

one of them has denounced the imputation as a base lie; and yet would-be respectable authors are found to reproduce the forgeries unblushingly, and gullible readers, no doubt, are found to believe them, though every Catholic knows them to be utterly alien to his convictions and to the spirit of his church. In other times and under other circumstances both Catholics and Protestants have advocated and practised persecution and coercion of conscience; but such are not our times or our circumstances. As we now demand respect for our just rights, and freedom to act out our convictions peacefully, so I declare that, even if all imaginable power were in our hands, we would honorably respect the just rights and the peaceable convictions of our fellow-citizens.

Mr. L—— professing himself entirely satisfied, it seemed as if there would be a lull in the conversation. But Mr. W—— took up the thread.

"May I be allowed to ask," said he, "whether there is any truth in the assertion, which I have heard, that the present plan of the Catholic University goes entirely beyond the idea and intention of the Third Plenary Council?"

Really, I answered, I cannot imagine on what such a notion could be based. The council decreed the establishment of a university course of ecclesiastical studies, around which, it expressly said, the other studies of a true university might be grouped.* That is precisely the plan which we are working out. Only we must say in all thankfulness that the development of facts since the council has given us reason to hope that the entire plan can be realized in far less time than could then have been expected. You may rest assured that the executive committee of archbishops, bishops, priests, and laymen, appointed by the council, and who number sixteen in all, will not be likely to commit so egregious a mistake as to transgress the council's intention.

"But," he ventured, "is it not rumored that the bishops are divided among themselves on the question of the University, and especially in regard to its location at Washington?"

Yes, said I, rumored by adventurous scribblers, who, when they have not, and could not have, knowledge of facts, invent them to order. That there should be absolute unanimity on

* The words of the decree are as follows: "Ita ut, seminario tali semel incepto, haberetur nucleus vel germen quoddam unde, favente Dei gratia, perfecta suo tempore efflorescerent studiorum universitas." That is: "So that, this seminary being once begun, there should be a nucleus or germ from which, God favoring, a perfect university should in time develop" (Conc. Plen. III., n. 182).

every point is not expected of any committee entrusted with any question of importance; but a more harmonious committee never managed a great work than that in charge of the University. As to the location, you are doubtless aware that, after carefully weighing the reasons *pro* and *con*, a majority of the board voted for Washington; and when, at the request of our Holy Father the Pope, the bishops of the whole country were asked to express their views on the question, the majority in favor of Washington was so great that there could be no hesitation as to the final decision. And the press, whether Catholic or not, both in America and in Europe, has been almost unanimous in commending the wisdom of the choice.

"But," he urged, "will it not be a sad disadvantage to Georgetown College?"

Can you suppose for a moment, I replied, that the bishops could have been capable of deliberately aiming a blow at dear old Georgetown, or at any other of the institutions that have been hitherto the bulwarks of our Christian education? Assuredly, nothing could have been farther from their intention, nor have they any idea that such will be the result. These institutions take boys at a very tender age, and lead them up to graduation at the age of nineteen or twenty. It is only then that the proposed university is to begin its work with them, and lead them to the highest scholarship, to the fullest learning. Hence, every young man in whose heart the desire is awakened to share in the advantages of the University, will, by the very fact, be led to one or other of our colleges as the way to it, and will have in the thought an incentive to application and success which scarcely anything else could supply. Thus the University, instead of being a disadvantage to Georgetown College or any other, will be a help to them all, as they in their turn, by their affiliation with it, will be its helpers and "feeders." The authorities of the University of Notre Dame, one of the foremost institutions of the country, told me recently that to have such a relationship with the Catholic University of America would be their ambition and their earnest endeavor. Even when we have come as far as the establishment of the professional faculties, all care shall be taken that our schools shall work with theirs in fraternal harmony and mutual aid. Our aim is not to destroy or to injure, but to develop and improve.

"But," he persisted, "might not Georgetown, or some such college, have been chosen as the nucleus of the University? And let me ask in all candor, may not the Jesuits, so long the foremost

champions of Christian education, rightly feel aggrieved that the University was not placed under their direction?"

As a matter of course, said I, the executive committee took into careful consideration the claims of the principal colleges already existing, and the great and unquestionable merits of the Jesuits as our chief educators. But their final decision was that the proposed University could not be a development from, nor an addition to, any of our colleges, but must be a new institution entirely, related to them all, but distinct from them all, and above them all. They also decided, as did the Third Plenary Council before them, that the universal and comprehensive character which they wished the new institution to possess, would not permit its being in the hands of any one religious order; that it must be organized on the plan of the church's own organization, under the direction of the bishops of the country, and with room both in its professorial chairs and on its students' benches for every order and every rank and condition, with no distinction save that of individual ability and merit. This decision our Holy Father the Pope has most emphatically not only endorsed, but made his own. And now let me assure you that the Jesuits are not the men to take amiss a decision of the Pope and the bishops of the country. They take a vow of special obedience to the Pope and are loyal in its observance; and they are intimately blended with the church's organization and life throughout the country, and perfectly appreciate the necessity of harmony with the bishops. In fact, some of our most zealous helpers in the work are Jesuit fathers; and only a few weeks ago I received from the late Provincial of the Eastern Province, himself one of the most distinguished men of the order, a letter in which he denounced as a calumny the assertion made by some silly people that the Jesuits have been in opposition to the University, and declared that any possible individual act having such an appearance ought to be explained, or be punished. I am glad to have this opportunity of mentioning this fact, for I am sure it is his desire that it should be as widely known as possible. No, dear friend, you may dismiss all such apprehensions as groundless, and may rest assured that all sensible people now recognize that no matter what notions on the subject individuals may have had—and that those notions should have been very various is quite natural—the only wise thing to do now is to accept heartily the plan to which the Pope and the bishops have committed us irrevocably, and to carry it out with the noble earnestness and the grand success which the whole church and

the whole world expect from the Catholics of America. In other countries they might make allowance for possibilities of failure or of only partial success, owing to scarcity of funds or to governmental opposition. But they all know that no such cause for apprehension exists in America, and so they expect from us unmingled success. And surely we have only to work together—as, thanks be to God, we are already doing—and their expectation will not be disappointed.

"Permit me," said Mr. G——, "to offer one other difficulty. Is there not danger that many will regard the University as a Southern institution, because situated south of Mason and Dixon's line?"

Well, really, I answered, that would be a most singular stretch of the spirit of sectionalism. Can the National Capital be considered a Southern city, or the seat of Southern institutions? It was precisely in order to avoid every semblance of any kind of sectionalism that the bishops decided in favor of the National Capital. They did not even advert to its being in the old mother-see of Baltimore; for they desire that it should no more belong to any one see in particular than to any one State or section in particular. Such, too, is the mind of Leo XIII., who earnestly desired that the University should be located in the very Capital of our country, that it may thereby be more thoroughly identified with the life of the whole country. Surely this must be obvious to any reasonable mind, and with unreasonable people, you know, there is no use in arguing.

"By the way," said Mr. L——, "did you see those two articles on the University, claiming to be from a Catholic layman, which recently appeared in the *Independent*?"

Yes, I answered, my attention was called to them, and a fine specimen they were of how unreasonable people can think and write. Candidly, I consider them as so palpably an outpouring of unreasonable spleen, that I wonder how the *Independent* could have published them. However, I am glad that they gave me an opportunity of presenting to the readers of the *Independent* a brief statement of the real facts of the case. That they should be rightly understood is all that we desire, for they carry their own evidence.

"One question more, if you please," said he, "and I am done. Do you really calculate that your University will rival the great institutions of the country, Harvard and Yale, for instance, in excellence and prestige?"

Well, said I, laughingly, while we ask other people to be

reasonable with us, of course we too must be reasonable. We know that Harvard and Yale did not become what they are in a day. They have a very long start before us. But we have their experience to guide us, and we mean to profit by it. Our calculation certainly is to give, in each successive faculty and chair that we will add on, quite as high an order of teaching as that in Harvard or Yale or anywhere else, and to give a great deal more besides, which we, from our standpoint of theology and philosophy, can well give, but which they, from theirs, cannot give possibly. And we are content to let this decide the result. Whoever desires for himself, or for his sons, just those advantages for head and heart which the Catholic University of America will supply, will know where to come for them. And if it is not these, but some different advantages, that this one or that one may be in search of, he will doubtless choose accordingly. Our thought is not one of rivalry with others, but of offering to our Catholic people, and to any others who may appreciate them, the very highest and truest educational advantages, with belief in God, love of God, dutifulness toward God and toward one's fellow-men, pervading and animating the whole system. What worldly prestige such a system may have, we care but little; that it will be appreciated by those who think rightly, we confidently hope. And among them we are content to have our field of labor.

A few pleasant comments of a summing-up character, some delightful chit-chat about things in general, and we had reached our destination.

JOHN J. KEANE.

OUR LITTLE ENEMIES.

A LITTLE less than fifty years ago, in 1839, Schoenlein found that *Favus*, a skin disease, better known as "crusted ringworm," was caused by a diminutive fungus called Achorion, which, settling on the skin, made a home there, and speedily raised a fine family of little Achorions. Think of a man's being turned into a mushroom garden! Under the lens this audacious and bothersome plant took the form of cylindrical, flexible tubes, enclosing the spores out of which the new growths were developed. Schoenlein's discovery upset the current theory of the disease, and set some men to thinking. Not one of the thinkers could have reasoned out the intimate relations which time and study have shown to exist between our life and plant-life. By degrees we have learned that the air we breathe, the water we drink, our food, the very organs and vessels of our body, are filled with minute living things, many of them so minute as to be barely visible under a powerful microscope. Fortunately for us, all these little organisms are not harmful. If they were, life and death would be synonymous terms.

Bacteria is a general term applied to our little enemies whatever their form or habits. But the different species are distinguished one from another by specific names, which generally suggest the form of the organism. Some of our worst foes have such fine names as *bacillus*, *vibrio*, and *micrococcus*. The bacillus is rod-like, as the name implies; the vibrio, curved or twisted, and the micrococcus, shaped like a grain of seed. Not only are the bacteria the smallest of all known beings, but they are the most elementary and the most simply organized. Some varieties are seemingly motionless; others move in undulatory lines or in circles. Seen under a powerful microscope, certain of the micrococci are no larger than the period at the end of this sentence. It is reasonable to assume that there are bacteria which even the microscope cannot bring within our vision. These little beings reproduce themselves in one of two ways: by spores, whence they develop as a plant from a seed; or by fissiparity, where the being breaks itself into pieces, each piece starting on an independent life, and in time multiplying its kind by cutting itself up into new organisms.

Thanks to the patient, ingenious studies and experiments of Davaine, Pasteur, Koch, Klebs, and the large number of in-

quirers who have followed in the footsteps of the older men, or cut new paths for themselves, our knowledge of these wonderful pigmies has been rapidly enlarged. Step by step it was proven that when we suffered from certain disorders, certain kinds of bacteria were present in or on our bodies. Were the bacteria the cause of the disease, or merely an accompaniment? The surgeons helped to settle the question. They adopted, under Lister's impulse, methods of treatment based on the notion that bacteria caused disease. The new treatment was successful, and the science and art of surgery were revolutionized. However unwillingly, medical science has been in turn compelled to modify its theory of disease and its methods of treatment. The very latest discoveries suggest that the new theory may before long work as thorough a revolution in medicine as it has already done in surgery.

Let us run over the list of the diseases in which the abnormal growth of special bacteria has been determined. First, there is hydrophobia. The mad dog, biting man or brute, introduces into the body a bacteria that propagates itself along the nervous fibres and in the nerve substances until it reaches the bulb located in the brain. When this point has been touched the peculiar form of madness called hydrophobia appears. The progress of the bacteria may be slower or quicker, depending on conditions not yet clearly understood. There have been cases where the brain was attacked within forty-eight hours, and at least one case is recorded where the venomous little murderer was four years and ten months in working its way to the brain In cases of scarlatina, a special growth called *bacterium punctum* is found in the blood. The connection between the *punctum* and the disease was shown by Doctors Coze and Feltz. They transferred some of the suspicious bacteria into the blood of living rabbits. There the *punctum* grew in numbers, and the poor rabbits had a speedy ending. The small-pox eruption, which we all fear, however plain-faced we may be, is caused by one of these miserable little organisms. Another has letters-patent on chicken-pox. Dr. Felheisen caught the bacteria that give us erysipelas. He inoculated man with them successfully. Cornil found that the bacteria of erysipelas make their home in the lymphatics. Ever on the watch, these hungry parasites get into the body by way of the skin. A slight pin-scratch will make an entrance long and wide enough for them. Septicæmia, or blood-poisoning, is the work of a virulent organism whose power to do evil increases as it passes from one subject to another. The

diphtheria, which makes such sad havoc everywhere, is a bacterial disease. Oertel and Letzerich have fixed on the diphtheritic bacillus, and followed it on its way through the body. Having entered by the nostrils or mouth, it settles on the mucous membrane of the throat. Sometimes the bacillus is satisfied with the location, and stays in the throat until the doctor serves a writ of ejectment. But more often this too vigorous pioneer sends out colonies into the tissues, or enters the blood, and thus spreads itself through the whole body. Until experiment had made known these facts, it was not easy to explain the many strange symptoms which frequently accompany this disease. Vernueil discovered the bacillus of tetanus, or lock-jaw, as it is familiarly called. Heretofore the character of a wound was supposed to determine lock-jaw. Now we know that the real cause is the bacillus that lights on the wound. Schütz and Loffler, in Germany, as well as Bouchard and Capitan, in France, have shown that in cases of glanders a particular kind of vibrio is found to have planted itself in the body. Letzerich and Tschamer carefully studied that dear old friend of childhood's happy hours, the whooping-cough. They captured the vile monster-let that made our little stomachs so sore, and cut right into dear mother's heart. All the trouble was caused by a contemptible micrococcus, very like the one ordinarily found on lemons. This petty thing spreads itself over the respiratory passages and the bronchiæ, which, being irritated, in time irritate us. Whereupon sensible youngsters cough themselves blue in the effort to reject the impertinent intruder. The bacteria of typhoid fever, and more lately of pneumonia, have been carefully studied and described. As to tuberculosis, or consumption, Dr. Villemin was the first to prove it a disease that can be transmitted. Koch, as every one knows, found the guilty bacilli. They are so small that a cubic millimeter of tuberculous lung holds millions upon millions of them. Cornil has followed this bacillus on its travels through the body. Entering by the nose and mouth it halts at the larynx. Thence it sends out exploring parties. When they have made themselves secure in the lungs, they send out new parties to found settlements in other organs. Leprosy, which is so much more common than we have been led to suppose, is due to bacteria. When we have a boil, or a sty, or worse still, a "carbuncle," we may feel sure that a mighty small thing with a mighty big name—a staphylococcus—has, without our leave, been having a fine time at our expense.

How do the bacteriologists—as the scientific men are called who devote themselves to these special studies—determine the bacillus, or micrococcus, which is to be held responsible for a particular disease? They examine the saliva or other excretions, or the blood, of a patient. There they find great numbers of bacteria of all sorts. The observer cannot tell which variety is the more numerous. He must separate them into families. Only then can he take a trustworthy census. The bacteriologist who would do good work must be a very cleanly man. On his hands, in the air, on the different articles in the laboratory, there are bacteria. He does not wish that any of these should get into his experimental drop of blood, or saliva. It has been proven that no bacteria will survive a temperature of three to four hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The bacteriologist keeps a stock of glass plates on hand. These he exposes to a high temperature. When they are sufficiently heated, he calls them "sterilized." He means that they are absolutely free from any living thing. Now he must look to his hands. He washes them in a cleansing solution—anti-septic is his name for it. Or perhaps he uses fresh bread-crumbs. Dr. Von Esmarch has lately proven by experiment that the soft part of fresh bread is better than any of the ordinary anti-septic solutions, not only for removing germs from the hands, but also from the walls of hospitals and sick rooms. With clean hands the operator places the drop of living liquid on a sterilized plate. The plate has been prepared in a way to assure the bacteria's receiving nourishment. Covering the plate securely, he allows the different broods to develop. From time to time he divides the rapidly growing mass, and starts new growths on other "sterilized" plates. After a while he will have the various bacteria that were in the drop of blood or saliva grouped into families according to their kind; and one of these families will be inordinately large compared with the others. Here is my game! says the bacteriologist. These little things caused the chill, or the fever, or the delirium. Putting some specimens under the microscope, he soon determines whether he has to deal with a known variety, or with a species hitherto unobserved. If the latter, he cultivates it, and then experiments with it on some of the lower animals, to see whether he can reproduce in them the disease he has reason to think his new bacteria caused in man.

Bacteria are cultivated in gelatine, or in beef *bouillon*. The gelatine is, in some respects, the more serviceable medium. It admits of freer handling than the bouillon, and so allows the bac-

teriologist more readily to separate the bacteria as they multiply. Being transparent, the gelatine offers no hindrance to a close study of the motion, forms and process of reproduction of the different organisms. However, it has one disadvantage. It decomposes more quickly than the bouillon. A sterilized bouillon will last an indefinite time. At the "Carnegie Laboratory" Dr. Grauer has a pretty glassful, four years old, and still as transparent as on the day it was bottled.

Though a number of the bacteria are unfriendly to us, we are bound to do them justice. Many are good to look upon; and whatever your prejudice, as you scrutinize the slender rootlet, and fairy mushroom-cap, you feel that you cannot but pardon such a pretty, little thing for trying to preserve its life, even at your expense. The rapidity with which they are propagated is almost incredible. Davaine calculated that were a few germs of certain species introduced into the human body, they would increase at such a rate that within three days there would be sixty thousand millions of them in the blood. What is compound interest to that? or stock in a "Trust"? The "capitalistic monopolist" may gather more dollars in a year than we can in a life-time; but when it comes to bacteria—it looks as if we had an even chance.

Death is all around us. We are rather proud of it—to judge by the pretentiousness of the marble monuments in the cemeteries. And yet the mere thought of disease frightens some people. A knowledge of details scares a still greater number. Some of us are not easily frightened. We have been through a full course of patent-medicine almanacs. In the discoveries of the bacteriologists there is nothing to add to our fears. If the conclusions of these learned men be true, mankind has always been preyed upon by beings of whose existence it did not dream. And harmful as they have been, our ignorance has not hindered us from making a good fight against them. Our pills and potions may not have done us much good; but, few of the bacteria can have grown fat on them—mark my words! New theories do not disturb a Christian. At the age of forty, if he have an active mind, he is busy feeding his own private Theory-Crematory. A new theory of disease alarms him no more than a new theory of evolution, or a new theory about the deluge. If the Christian be calm, why should the infidel, or atheist, or agnostic trouble himself? Question as we may, both Christian and agnostic will fight for their lives—the former reasonably, and the latter not unnaturally. We may contend one with another about words or

ideas, but we are knit together like brothers in protecting our lives. Thanks to the men who tracked our bitter, deadly, little enemies, the bacteria, we have already learned how to defend ourselves against their attacks.

The chief worker in our behalf has been a good Christian, M. Pasteur. The method of inoculation devised and practised by him has been followed by other men with considerable success. And yet this method rested on no scientific basis. It was wholly experimental. Pasteur noticed that when he introduced bacteria into the body of an animal, with fatal effect, the introduction of the offspring of these bacteria into another animal of the same species proved still more fatal. In other words, some bacteria grew more virulent as they were transmitted from one subject to another of the same species. Strange to say, when he introduced the same bacteria into some other species of animal, the very contrary happened. The bacteria became less and less poisonous as they passed from one animal to another. Whereupon Pasteur made up his mind to cultivate bacteria—here a batch of savages, and there a batch of tamer constitution. Then he began to experiment. A patient had a fatal disease. Pasteur inoculated him first with worn-out, exhausted bacteria. Then he tried a more vigorous stock. And so he kept on until he had introduced his strongest growth into the body of the sick man. Experience proved that Pasteur's methods were beneficial to man and beast. Why? Pasteur did not know. His method was wholly empirical. He did thus and so, with such and such results; but neither he nor any one else could say why this particular kind of inoculation was effective.

If you observe a gelatine "culture," in which a family of bacteria is growing, you will notice that day by day the gelatine is losing its solid form. In time it liquefies. Remove your bacteria, and you will find that they are lifeless. Why so? Some said that they kept themselves alive on the gelatine, that in time they exhausted it; the gelatine was disintegrated, and the bacteria starved. This was not the true reason. As long ago as 1879 Dr. Chauveau, a professor at the Lyons School of Medicine, maintained that the reason certain bacteria brought disease into the human body was because they secreted a soluble poison. If they secreted a larger quantity of poison than the body could bear, death ensued. Moreover, said Dr. Chauveau, if we are protected from disease by inoculation, we owe it to the poison secreted by the bacteria. In 1880 Dr. Chauveau was able to offer proofs in support of his position; and then and since he has

shown that his theory was more than probable. Indeed, it was a fair inference from well-established facts. Living, as we know, means continual waste and reparation. Each minute we are being consumed and renewed. The waste is hurtful to us. We have to get rid of it; and so the skin and the different organs of the body are constantly occupied in relieving us of the things that oppose life. Now, chemistry shows that all these waste substances contain poisons. Why should the bacteria escape the common law? How can they live unless they throw off the waste that accompanies all life? And if they do throw off waste, they secrete poisons. How does this fact serve us, or the bacteriologists? Let us see.

Chauveau's theory and facts were full of suggestion. However there were other men with other notions. An Italian, Dr. Cantani, had been studying the problem, and he argued after this fashion: "When we place bacteria in a 'culture,' we see that some species are stronger than others. Now, we know that in the struggle for life the strong overcome the weak. It is always the old story of the big and little fishes. I shall inoculate as a curative of disease, but not in the way M. Pasteur does. I shall look for the bacteria that is stronger than the one which kills us. Our enemy shall fight with his own enemy. It will be bacteria against bacteria—and the best bacteria will win." The argument was all right. On the face of it, the fight would be more even than it is now. After some experiments with the bacteria of consumption, Dr. Cantani fixed on the good bacteria in which we could safely trust—a bacterial St. George! It proved to be of very common stock, low-bred, the *bacterium termo*, which is found wherever there is putrefaction. Everything being ready, the doctor chose an honored patient, and introduced the *termo*, by thousands, into the respiratory passages. The *termo* must have gone to work with a will; for the patient soon improved, the more painful symptoms were by degrees alleviated, and finally the cough and expectoration ceased. Another Italian, Dr. Salama, of Pisa, took up Cantani's remedy, and found it beneficial. Further experiments have been made in the same direction, but the results have not been methodically reported.

Dr. Peyraud was not satisfied with Pasteur's way of treating hydrophobia. His experiments led him in a wholly new path. The results of his work were reported to the French Academy of Sciences in December, 1887. Some years ago he discovered that animals inoculated with essence of tansy were affected very much as if they had been bitten by a mad dog. From this fact

the doctor argued that the chemical composition of the essence of tansy must be similar to that of the poison which causes rabies. Should this be the case, might not hydrophobia be cured by inoculating the patient with the tansy essence? Such was the question that presented itself to Peyraud. He made experiment after experiment. He satisfied himself, and then challenged his peers. The doctor lives at Libourne, some distance from Bordeaux. To Bordeaux he went, and there he put his theories to the test before the faculty of medicine. Taking a number of rabbits, he inoculated one batch with the tansy essence. Then he inoculated them with the virus of rabies. Selecting another batch, he inoculated them with the virus of rabies alone. These poor fellows took hydrophobia, and died of it. The other lot, which had first been inoculated with the essence of tansy, were alive and well when Dr. Peyraud made his report nine months after the public experiment. Certainly the doctor had made a long step in advance. His theory, backed by his successful experiment, had a new value. It suggested a more reasonable and safer treatment than Pasteur's. By Pasteur's method of inoculation a living organism is put into the body. There it multiplies, uncontrolled. Instead of doing good, it may do harm. It may bring disease instead of protection against disease. This uncertain agent Peyraud would replace by a chemical substance which may be definitely controlled. The limits of a dose of essence of tansy may be fixed by experiment. Does not Peyraud's successful treatment of hydrophobia suggest a new line of inquiry? Should we not look among known chemicals for the vaccines which will protect us against the terrible, little bacteria? The bacteriologists, and physicians as well, put on their thinking-caps.

Meantime Pasteur had been trying his best to find a reasonable explanation for his own practice. Here was the problem: How came it that the introduction of weakened bacteria into a living body prevented virulent bacteria from making a fatal lodgment there? As we have seen, there are only two possible answers to this question. Either the bacteria, in the effort to live and develop in the body, consume certain substances that form a part of the body, and are at the same time necessary to the life of the bacteria, or else, in the act of living, the bacteria throw off waste matter, which is poisonous. If we assume the first answer to be the correct one, we have to argue this way: The bacteria that are introduced into our bodies by Pasteur, having eaten up the substances on which this particular kind of

bacteria live, all later intruders of the same variety are starved to death. If, on the other hand, we assume the second answer to be the true one, we must argue thus: The poisons which the bacteria secrete in the effort to live kill them in time; and this poison remaining in the body kills any bacteria of the same variety that, later on, enter the body. Pasteur leaned to this latter view. He made experiments, but they did not help him. Then he took up the other theory; was again disappointed, and returned to his first opinion. New experiments promised more definite results; but ill-health compelled him to rest from his labors, and the problem remained unsolved.

Meantime his assistants, Roux and Chamberland, pursued the investigations. When making his famous studies on splenic fever, Pasteur traced the disease to a species of bacteria called the septic vibrio. Roux and Chamberland noticed that when this vibrio was cultivated in a *bouillon*, it was short-lived, seldom producing a second generation. When they added fresh *bouillon* there were new signs of life, but only for a little while. Here, if anywhere, it was fair to assume that the bacteria poisoned themselves. To remove all doubts on this point the two investigators took a quantity of a "culture," and raised it to a high temperature, thus killing every visible living thing within it. If this "sterilized" culture were now infused into a living animal, no harm could follow *unless the vibrio had poisoned the culture while living*. Pasteur's assistants inoculated a number of guinea-pigs with a measured dose of the "sterilized" culture. When a guinea-pig is attacked by septicæmia he invariably dies. But the guinea-pigs which were inoculated showed symptoms of blood-poisoning, and yet quickly recovered. Evidently the new treatment had secured them against a fatal disease. The consequences that logically follow from these experiments point to a total change in the treatment of contagious diseases, and they prove the soundness of Dr. Chauveau's reasoning, and the value of Dr. Peyraud's suggestion. Once for all it is settled, inasmuch as anything experimental can be settled, that bacteria secrete poisons; that these poisons are fatal to the bacteria as well as to us, and that we may protect ourselves from the poisonous bacteria by introducing a dose of their secretions into our bodies. But the discoveries of Roux and Chamberland did not end here. They found that the poison secreted by the bacteria in the *bouillon* was fifty times less poisonous than that secreted in the human body by the same bacteria. Evidently, then, the virulence of the bacterial poison depends on the medium in which the be-

ing lives. And therefore, choosing the proper media, the chemist may extract from bacteria remedies of various kinds, just as, nowadays, many of the remedies in use are extracted from vegetable substances. Are we to have a new school of chemists? But the layman who ventures to ask questions about chemistry, or medicine, treads on ground hardly less dangerous than that of theology. The theologian has bowels of compassion, sometimes; but the modern "scientist" is inexorable. With Pasteur in the lead, even the layman may be bold. These are Pasteur's words, spoken before the Academy of Sciences, in March last, when he reported the discoveries of his assistants:

"It is proven that immunity against a mortal and infectious disease may be secured by the injection of chemical substances, in doses; and that these substances are the result of life in bacteria. This is a fact of capital importance. . . . My joy is great that I have been a witness of this new progress realized in my laboratory."

Steps have already been taken to utilize these discoveries. The well-known bacteriologists Chautemesse and Widal made experiments with the bacillus of typhoid fever. Usually mice give up the ghost when this bacillus attacks them. Chautemesse and Widal sterilized a *bouillon* in which the typhoid bacillus had been cultivated. Mice inoculated with this *bouillon* were not injured by it; and, after inoculation, they were proof against the living bacilli which were introduced into their bodies. If the bacteriologists are right, they have fixed upon the cure, and the preventive, of typhoid fever. All they have to do is to determine the dose suitable to man, and to prepare the vaccine in sufficient quantities for general use.

The cause of contagious diseases has always been a great mystery to mankind. Has not the mystery at last been solved? Better still, have we not good grounds for hoping that the virulence of a long line of diseases—leprosy, consumption, small-pox, hydrophobia, pneumonia, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, croup, and measles—will soon be permanently modified? Within a few weeks Pasteur has announced the discovery of a vaccine against that terrible plague, cholera. Arguing from analogy, the yellow fever is a bacterial disease. Thus far, however, all attempts to detect the true bacteria have failed. Dr. Freire's widely advertised vaccine is useless. In the South our fellow-citizens are just now falling fast before this baleful disease. Heroic sacrifices are daily made to save the sick. Let us hope that our American bacteriologists are at work in the interest of

humanity. They ought to be as clever and as philanthropic as the Germans or Frenchmen.

Are we to have a wholly new science of medicine? Whether or not, the outlook promises good things to mankind; and millions will, with Pasteur, exclaim: "Our joy is great!" Greater still must our wonder be, as we reflect on these new, and certainly incomplete, revelations of the mystery of life; a mystery that "science" does not solve. Rather does she help to deepen it. To-day there is a mighty, bawling crowd of men who claim to hold the key to the mystery. Did they wrench it from the hand of the All-Seeing, All-Knowing, Almighty God?

JOHN A. MOONEY.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XXXV.—*Continued.*

ZIPPORAH, in fact, was not nearly so well grounded in rebellion as her letters had indicated, nor even as she had been when they were written. Besides taking counsel of her own mind she had talked over the matter with Mary Anne Murray, who inclined strongly to the view that the girl's first duty was obedience to her mother's wishes. Still, she thought the case a hard one, chiefly because her own father's weak health forbade her offering to take Zipporah's place, and neither of them liked the idea of leaving Mr. Van Alstyne alone with only servants to attend to his comfort. His daily visits to the mill used up so much of his strength that when he returned home after them it was often to hours of semi-somnolence. One would have said he was vegetating in the afternoons to pay for the activity of the early hours of the day. The doctor, finding him once or twice in this condition, shook his head and looked sober. He, too, had been taken into Zip's confidence, and was strong in the opinion that she should settle her difficulty entirely by her own lights, and in the way that to him seemed the best one.

"Why," he said testily, "it is absurd to talk of going home under the circumstances. I don't see what your mother can be thinking about. Milton Centre is Milton Centre this week, isn't it, just as much as it was last week? I'll write to Mrs. Colton, sha'n't I, and tell her just how the case stands? You can't have made it plain to her. I know she must be a good woman; I've

got evidence of that before me, but the best women I know are as apt, and apter, to be cranky than the worst ones."

Zip smiled an anxious little smile. "Miss Murray thinks I ought to go if mother insists," she said.

"Well, that only proves what I've just been saying. You get a rule fixed up once before the average good woman's eyes, and she is bound to toe the line about it if she breaks her neck. Of course, girls ought to mind their mothers—especially when their mothers and their fathers are of one opinion in all things. Let me catch one of mine doubting on that point!"

The squire laughed, and so did Zip. Bella and Lucy ruled the Cadwallader household, but, as their father sometimes remarked, they were generally very good to him and their mother so long as they behaved themselves.

"You see," he went on, "the case with you is a little different from what it would be if you had not been away from home so long, and been—well, as you may say, thrown on your own resources. I had a little talk with your father, the first day he brought you, about that matter. It seemed to me a thing I wouldn't do myself by one of my girls, unless I were absolutely forced to it by circumstances I couldn't control. That is not his case, I take it?"

Zip blushed. "No, it isn't," she answered after a brief hesitation. "And that is the way I felt and feel about it, too. But I don't know. Mother is very decided, though she don't give me any reasons at all. She never wanted me to come. She thinks exactly as you do about keeping girls at home. But, after all, I am glad father sent me. And I would like to stay. That is just what makes me think I ought to go back—especially as Miss Murray says so too."

"You're a woman all over, an't you?" said the squire. "Nine out of ten of them, I observe, if you don't throw any make-weight in the other scale, are sure to come to the conclusion that the thing they don't want to do is just the one they ought to. I shouldn't wonder if they're right about it, as a general rule, but *you* won't be, now take my word for it. You stay right where you are, my dear. You are cut out for your post, and I call it providential—so would your mother, if she saw just how things stand and you are a chip off of her block, as I think you must be."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Zip. "I guess I am like her in some things, but I know she always thinks I want looking after more than—well, more than my sister does."

"That settles it," returned the squire with an emphatic nod.

"Your sister is a chip off the other block, then, and that one she don't know as well as she knows her own. I see I shall have to write to the old lady myself."

"I don't think she'd like to hear you call her *that!*" said Zip, smiling. "She isn't so very old."

"Well, to the young middle-aged lady, if you think she would prefer that classification. Let me see—this is Friday. I ought to be able to get a fair statement of the good common sense of the subject before her early enough to let her send you a despatch to-morrow afternoon. It'll be all right, you'll see."

The squire's letter, however, like many another good deed that he projected, did not get itself into tangible shape in time to be of any use. And neither her daughter nor any missive from her reaching Mrs. Colton by the noon post on Saturday, she rose up and went in search of her with that curious sort of indeliberate deliberation which was one of her occasional characteristics.

"Mother sometimes flashes at you like lightning out of a clear sky," Mattie said about her once, "and the funny thing is that she is so cool about it. She is hot and cold all in a breath then. You'd think that she had come into the world for the express purpose of doing that one thing, and had been getting ready for it all her life, when after all she probably never once thought about it until that very minute."

It was after dusk when the stage which brought Mrs. Colton from the Corners drew up in front of Mr. Van Alstyne's door, where, by a teasing coincidence, Paul Murray and Zipporah were just then standing. It was in the nature of things that the mutual understanding they had come to should have put them on another footing with each other. There was no love-making, but there had been a good deal of that close talk which either presupposes or foreshadows love between people capable of any feeling which really deserves that name. And one of the best proofs that the girl possessed that capacity was that she had even less idea of yielding her point now than she had ever had. After her feminine fashion of giving some external expression to her feelings, she had that very day scrawled in her largest script and pinned up beneath her mirror, as a text by which to fortify her resolution to be honest with herself, the lines:

> "Of love that never found his earthly close,
> What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
> Or all the same as if he had not been?
> Not so."

Her fancy, which busied itself a good deal with the future in

those days, had already provided her with several varieties of picturesque single-blessedness among which to choose when once stern reason and unpurchasable conscience should have bidden her turn away for ever from happiness and Paul Murray. As yet they allowed her to dally on the border-land, and as it was a foregone conclusion with her that friendship with him was going to last for ever, under whatever contingency, her reserve was vanishing, and they were getting very close to solid ground.

Paul had walked up from the mill later than usual that afternoon, and was going away earlier. He had declined to give her any advice at all about her movements. "I think you should be able to settle that for yourself," he had said to her the only time she broached the subject—which the girl had found more generous than satisfactory. But just after the early dinner to-day Father Seetin, who had been making a sick-call in the vicinity of the factory, and who now and again stopped to pay a friendly visit to Mr. Van Alstyne, dropped in for that purpose, and, as he passed Zipporah on entering the library, he handed her a scrap of a note in which Paul Murray had offered the suggestion that she might find the priest a more disinterested adviser than he could possibly be. She acted on the hint, and although it was the first time that she had exchanged more than a casual word or two with Father Seetin, she presently found her way to laying her other difficulty in sufficiently plain shape before him. Both naturally and supernaturally he was sympathetic and easily approachable; he had, too, a pretty clear knowledge already of the other side of the case, and what he said had the intended result of planting the girl more firmly than ever on her own ground. That is what she had been telling Paul, as they prolonged their talk, lingering at first on the porch and then going down the gravel-walk together to the gate, where they were still standing when the stage lumbered up and stopped.

"Father Seetin thinks that whether I go back now to please mother, or stay here until some satisfactory substitute for me turns up, is a thing I am capable of deciding for myself," she had begun, "so I am not any wiser on that head than I was before. I told him Squire Cadwallader had written home for me, and then he proposed to me to stop thinking about it for the present and wait for results."

"Did you talk about anything else?"

"A little," hesitated Zip.

"Well?"

"Well, he thinks I ought to go home and make up my mind in as unbiassed a way as I can. He says the only personal consideration that *ought* to enter into that question is that of my own relation to God. And then I told him that the more I think, the more confused my mind grows, so that sometimes I even doubt whether there is any God at all—at least, any God to whom it makes any difference what we do; so that I didn't see why I might not just as well—as well—please you, as hold out about it."

"And then he said?"

"He said, 'But you can't come into the church that way. And if you could, Paul Murray is the last man to wish it. Besides, you are too honest yourself in any case. No, no; stick to your integrity, and pray hard for the illumination of the Holy Spirit. I'll tell you one thing. I am convinced that no one whose intelligence is unclouded and whose heart is simple can persevere long in that road without coming out at the end where you would like to be. That, perhaps, is what sometimes moves me and others to receive those whose motives are not as single as we would like to have them. We are so sure of our remedy that to those who are weak we administer it without prescribing too severe a regimen of intellectual gymnastics by way of preparation. But I counsel it to you. Don't take a decided step until you fairly see your way.'"

"And you are going to follow his advice?"

"Why, of course. What else did you tell me to ask it for? Who is coming here in the stage, I wonder? Goodness! it is my mother!"

The two approached the steps, which the driver was letting down. Mrs. Colton, descending, kissed her daughter and scolded her almost in the same breath.

"Whatever are you thinking about, standing here in this cold with nothing but that flimsy cloud about your head!" were her first words.

"Oh! I'm used to it," said Zip. "I never catch cold. Mother, this is Mr. Murray."

The sudden additional chill in Mrs. Colton's manner would have been perceptible at the North Pole. Somehow it amused both of the young people, and, although they preserved extreme decorum, that must doubtless have been equally evident to a person so impressionable. But as Paul took his leave at once after escorting the mother and daughter to the house, Mrs. Colton made no present allusion to him. Zip took her directly to

the dining-room, where supper was waiting and a hot fire burning, and devoted herself to thawing her out with considerable apparent success.

Mrs. Colton watched the girl closely as she moved about, doing the honors of the house as if it were her own, and, as she watched, she became aware of a certain change in her, hardly definable but quite real. Zipporah was fast entering into full possession of herself; if she had not yet consciously assumed entire personal responsibility she was clearly on the way to it. Mrs. Colton had come prepared to command, but she found herself involuntarily slipping back into a position where argument, or, at the most, persuasion, would be the only available weapon at her disposal. She even began to feel that her unexpected arrival needed explanation, as if to an equal, and, feeling so, she declined attempting any for the present. She chatted away instead about family affairs, as if her dropping in at a strange place, twenty miles from home, on a cold winter night, were the most natural and customary of polite attentions.

As for Zip, cool as she looked, her heart had really been in her mouth. But as she began to catch the significance of what was going on—her mother's manner being just a trifle too natural not to be assumed—a sense of the humor of the thing began to tickle her. Looking up once from the urn as she was brewing the tea, she caught a glimpse of both their faces reflected in the glass over the mantel, and could not refrain a smile.

"Poor little mother!" she said to herself. "I do believe she is wondering what she came for. She looks as if she were afraid I am going to scold her. Well, as Lucy tells the squire, I won't if she'll be real good."

XXXVI.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Supper ended without an allusion on either side to the purport of Mrs. Colton's visit, and afterwards Zipporah went with her mother to Mr. Van Alstyne's room. They found Lant and his wife there with the old man. Having been taken up roundly by Paul Murray on the score of his affidavit, and his gossip about it, Lant had been observing a more rigorous abstinence from whiskey for several days, and as he was really handy, and gentle in his manners when sober, he made a very tolerable attendant. The pair left the room when Mrs. Colton and her daughter en-

tered. It was somewhat late for the girl's evening visit, and Mr. Van Alstyne was already in bed. He seemed, or Zip thought so, rather more fatigued than the night had found him lately, and though he smiled and gave his hand to her mother, he made no effort to speak. It was the girl's habit to read to him at this hour, and with some little nervousness, caused by her mother's presence, she attended to that task as usual. But he soon grew drowsy and they left him.

"Mr. Van Alstyne seems very feeble," Mrs. Colton remarked when they were at last settled down in Zipporah's cozy room. "I thought he was recovering his strength."

"So he was," returned the girl, "but the squire thinks he is overtaxing himself now by going down to the factory every morning and insisting on looking after so many things. Now to-morrow he will keep quiet all day and will be brighter."

"Do you always read the Bible to him nights? Somebody said he was a regular old infidel."

"*Somebody!*" said Zip. "Perhaps it was the very somebody who ran up to Riverside with gossip about my affairs. If somebody were half as good as Mr. Van Alstyne, it might be better for him. Yes; I always read the New Testament to him before he goes to sleep. He used to do it himself until he was taken ill."

"Is that all you do for him?"

"Why, no. I amuse him, I talk to him, and try to keep him cheerful. And I superintend things here in the house a little, now that he begins to go out more. Until last Monday he was more dependent on me than he has been since. He was shut up in a dungeon, you might say, before that. Now he is out, but only on ticket-of-leave, the squire says. Did you get a letter from Squire Cadwallader to-day, mother?"

"What should I get a letter from him for?"

"Because he wrote one, I suppose. He said yesterday that he was going to."

"Why, what could he have to say to me? I don't know the man."

"Well, mother," Zip answered slowly and after a little pause, "he is Mr. Van Alstyne's doctor, and as it seems to him that I am needed here for awhile longer, and I told him I couldn't succeed in persuading you to be of that mind, he undertook to write as much to you. Now that you are here, I suppose you will be able to see it for yourself."

"You don't ask me to believe that there is no one else who

has more interest in him than you have? Suppose you hadn't been here at all—then what?"

"Well, I don't know. Suppose I had been born without a nose—then what? I am here, and he is in need of the very greatest care. Only that his daughter-in-law thought he was certainly booked for the grave, and that he would never recover the use of his reason, I think she probably might have remained. But she didn't, and now Mr. Van Alstyne declines to have her come back. She sent him a letter yesterday morning, saying that the good news had reached her, and that she would return almost immediately; but he wrote at once and told her to complete her visit. She said some things in his room, early in his illness, when she took it for granted he was beyond hearing, that she will find it pleasant to remember when she knows she was mistaken. She can't know it yet, or she wouldn't have written as she did."

"Well," Mrs. Colton began after a rather prolonged silence, "all I have to say is that it seems to me very queer that you, a young girl and a stranger, should feel called on to take the place of a man's natural friends."

"Everything is queer, so far as I can see," returned Zip sedately. "But why is it any queerer for me to put my hand to this work, for which nobody else seems to be ready, than it was to come here in the first place, or than it would be for me to go on teaching through the winter? Father said he expected I would do so, and I am sure he would have been quite willing."

"Yes; but you *didn't* keep the school."

"Anybody could do that," said Zip a little scornfully. "I couldn't do this well and do that too. I should have been all worn out. Honest, mother, wouldn't you have done just the very same thing, in my place? You can't imagine how kind Mr. Van Alstyne has been to me. And you can't possibly know what his death would have meant to all the people he has at work here, if it had taken place even a week ago. If you did, you wouldn't wonder at my anxiety to do all I possibly can to help him back to life. If Miss Murray could come and take my place, I would do exactly as you want me to. But she can't be spared from home, and so I truly think it is my plain duty to stay where I am. Girls can't *always* go on doing just as they are told about everything. If it was a little thing, I would—but it is a big thing, and I can't."

"Yes," said her mother, "that's you. I always knew that hitch was in you somewhere, and that if ever you took it into

your head that you had found just what you wanted, you would have it, no matter what it cost."

Zip smiled, more with her eyes than her mouth, and came across the hearth to sit down at her mother's side.

"How did you know that?" she asked, looking square into Mrs. Colton's eyes. "Was it because you remembered what a fuss grandmother made when you took off your Quaker bonnet and would insist on marrying father? Aunt Huldah told me about it when I was there last Christmas. Weren't you a naughty little girl, though? Aunt Huldah don't really approve of you to this day."

Mrs. Colton frowned slightly, and bit her lip in a vain effort to keep back an answering smile.

"See here, Zip," she said, presently, taking both of the girl's hands· "if it were nothing but Mr. Van Alstyne, of course I would not only be willing to let you stay, but I should agree that there was nothing else possible under the circumstances. But *is* that all your reason for staying?"

"Why, what other could I have? I shall go back just as soon as ever things can be arranged differently. There is some talk about the Murrays giving up their house and coming here, and of course that would release me at once."

The girl had dropped her eyes from her mother's in answering her last question. Mrs. Colton pressed it further, noting that sign.

"I don't know yet what other reason you could have. You might have several. What were you and that young man, Murray, talking about out in the cold this evening? You must have been *very* interested if you couldn't shut the front door on him when he was ready to go, but must follow him down to the gate."

Zip made an attempt to draw away her hands, but her mother held them fast. The girl's eyes were still cast down, but less in embarrassment now than in thought. Mrs. Colton had expected to see her writhe under her thrust and seek to evade it. But nothing could have shown better the steadying process that had been going on within her of late than her resolution, suddenly acted on but not sudden in itself, to stand up and face the music. Still, she did not speak until her mother had urged her inquiry further.

"Is there anything between you two?" she asked.

"No, mother," Zip said finally, "if you mean by that to ask if we are engaged. But, if I were a Catholic, we should be."

"But you're *not* a Catholic, thank God! and never will be. Why, they are pagans, they are idolaters!" said her mother, drawing back and growing rigid in the energy of her disapproval.

"No," returned her daughter, "I'm not, and it is like enough I never shall be. I'm not anything, not even a Christian."

"Pity!" said her mother. "Weren't you born in a Christian country?"

"So was Mr. Murray," said Zip demurely.

"You know well enough what I mean. When we talk of Christians we don't include image-worshippers."

"See here, mother. Aunt Huldah's chief complaint against you is that you were not content to go and marry out of meeting, but that you have always declared since that neither she nor poor old grandmother are Christians."

"Neither they are—they are Hicksites. If you deny that Christ is God, how can you be a Christian?"

"I don't pretend to judge," said Zip. "I am only very sure that I am not one myself, since you didn't even allow father to have us baptized."

"I don't believe in infant baptism."

"I know," said Zip; "but then father did. I don't see how you can be so sure about anything for which you have nothing but your own notions as a rule. That is the one thing that makes me incline to believe that Catholics may be right in calling their church the only true one. They have a rule and a criterion, and they say they can show that both go back to the very beginning of Christianity. They all believe the same things, their fathers believed them also, and you find their church wherever you go throughout the world. History is full of it, I know. So, if they are not Christians, one thing I am sure of, and that is that there are none anywhere and that Christianity is not true. Tom says it isn't."

"Tom, indeed!" interjected Mrs. Colton. But she said nothing further, and presently Zip went on again.

"If it is on account of Mr. Murray that you are worrying, mother, there isn't any need. The mischief is done, so far as that goes. Now that I see all that it involves I would study his religion in any case. If I can see my way to accepting it with a good conscience—I mean, if I am sure I would become a Catholic whether he were one or not—why then we shall marry each other one of these days. If not, not."

"You are sure of that?" said her mother with a ring of incredulity in her voice.

"Very sure, because it does not depend on me. Mr. Murray would not marry a girl who was not of his religion."

"Zip!" said her mother, "are you not ashamed to own to such a thing! There was no such hitch as *that* between your father and me. I might have remained a Friend if I had chosen, but I wouldn't in any case. A daughter of mine ought to blush at the thought of yielding more to any man than he would be willing to yield to her."

"Yes," said Zip, half smiling, "your daughter did blush at the thought until she once got it into her head that there might be such a thing as real truth in the world, and that if there were, people who knew it *must* hold it fast, and could not yield. Mr. Murray is sure that he has it, and I'm not sure he hasn't. Right or wrong, I don't see what else he could do so long as he is of that mind. If I give in, it will not be to him, but to something greater than either of us, to which I ought to yield in any case."

Mrs. Colton made no reply. She saw so clearly that the only battle she had cared to fight had gone against her, that for the present she threw up the contest. And the next morning, Mr. Van Alstyne being unusually bright and cheery, and Zipporah having left them together for awhile, they opened a rather brisk fire of correspondence on the subject which was common to them. Except to her husband, after her return home, Mrs. Colton was not communicative as to what passed between her and the invalid. But when Squire Cadwallader came in on Sunday afternoon, primed with arguments and persuasions, he found a much readier convert than he had expected. Mrs. Colton even prolonged her visit to the middle of the week, and, having made Paul Murray's acquaintance, was pleased to pronounce him "very much of a gentleman."

"I have no objection to *him*, personally," she remarked to her daughter. "But I must say, I think it is odd that a man of his years and intelligence should go on worshipping images and confessing his sins to a priest. It's against good American human nature."

Zip laughed. "He don't worship images," she objected. "And you ought to know Father Seetin. His great-grandfather came over in the Mayflower, and his grandfather 'fit into the Revolution,' and his father was a colonel in the war of 1812, and he was brought up a Methodist over here in East Milton. How is that for American human nature? I suppose it must be he that Mr. Murray goes to confession to. I was very near doing it myself the other day, without being a Catholic at all."

"Well, you beat me!" returned her mother. "And I suppose you expect me to believe that what you'll do isn't all cut and dried already in your mind?"

Zip sighed. "Yes," she said, "you may believe it, because it is true. If *wishing* would do it, I don't mind owning that it would be done with great speed. I thought I believed a good many things—all the things you and father taught me—until now, and now I see I never have believed any of them. You ought to pray a little for me, mother, if you think that praying is of any use. All or nothing, there they go swinging in the scale, and I never can be certain what it is that makes the All side seem to go down and be the heavier!"

Mrs. Colton looked closely at the girl.

"You *are* in earnest, I do believe!" she said at last.

"Be sure of that, mother," Zip answered. "Just as soon as ever I can, I am going back home to try and fight it out there, by myself."

XXXVII.

COMING TO A DECISION.

Until after the holidays were over, time slipped by at the Centre without bringing any incident worthy of mention. Mr. Van Alstyne's health continued to improve, notwithstanding the daily tax he insisted on putting on it. Possibly he may have been bent on demonstrating how fully he was master of all his faculties excepting speech. That still tripped and faltered, and, in doing so, testified to the continued existence, however attenuated, of the physical cause which had prostrated him at first.

Just after the new year began Mr. Hadleigh made his second appearance. He was less gaunt, and seemed to be in better health than when he went away. To Squire Cadwallader's inquiries on that subject he replied that he had remained only a short time in New York after going down in the fall, and had then started for Florida, where he found the climate more propitious. He added that having learned on his return how nearly complete had been the recovery of Mr. Van Alstyne, he had run up for a flying visit of congratulation before setting off again.

"You are going back to England?" asked the squire.

"Perhaps—perhaps to the North Pole or to the Transvaal. I haven't decided."

"Better take your rheumatism for a counsellor and keep out of the polar regions," said the doctor, with a little laugh. To himself he added the reflection that there was frost enough in the man's inside to fit him for an equatorial climate.

Mr. Hadleigh's visit lasted rather more than a week. His afternoons he spent chiefly with his cousin in the library; in the mornings, when Mr. Van Alstyne was always driven down to the factory, he prowled about the neighborhood in an apparently aimless sort of way. Once or twice the squire found him in his private office, chatting with Dr. Sawyer, or, in the latter's absence, deep in one volume or another taken from the well-lined shelves which covered one end of the room. Sometimes, too, he made his appearance at the factory, and fell into his old ways of superficial intimacy with Paul Murray, who explained to him something of the plans projected for extending and perfecting Mr. Van Alstyne's works.

"We shall have an industrial community here in course of time," Murray said one day, "and carry on a good many kinds of manufacturing. One thing Mr. Van Alstyne spoke about lately is setting out a lot of mulberry-trees in the spring and afterwards bringing over a number of families from Capri to teach silk-making. We've got one such family now, and perhaps that may have suggested it. We shall have to erect special buildings for that."

"Making industrial communities is very pretty work to amuse one's mind with," said Mr. Hadleigh, "especially a mind that illness has enfeebled. You don't take much stock in that sort of thing yourself, do you? Communism isn't exactly in your line, I should think."

"Well, perhaps I expressed myself badly. I meant to use the word in a general sense—not *a* community, but the whole community here at Milton Centre will, we hope, in course of time be greatly enlarged and correspondingly improved by what Mr. Van Alstyne is bent on making a try for. He means, for one thing, to give every man or woman he employs a chance to acquire a home of his own, not a mere hired tenement. That shows as well as anything how far his mind is from communistic schemes. Probably they won't all do it, but the fault will not be on his side. And as to varieties of occupation, he wants to make the place as far as possible independent and self-supporting. It goes without saying that the agricultural community outside must be extended to meet the increased wants of a larger population, but that is a matter sure to regulate itself. The railroad

also may be left to find its own way here, and doubtless won't be long in doing it."

"And the principle of all that?"

Paul reflected. "I'm not sure I know just how to put it," he said at last. "As it stands in Mr. Van Alstyne's mind, where, of course, it is shaped by his peculiar opportunities as well as by his disposition, I don't know why it might not be described as a sort of centralized communism, if you can get at what I mean by that. In his present condition, where all our intercourse has to be carried on by writing—at least his part of it—we naturally get along with less of it than would otherwise be the case. I can perceive by what he does jot down that he has been brooding over his schemes a good deal during these months when it often seemed more than doubtful that his mind was unimpaired. And it is from such brief notes, also, that I have got the idea which I just now expressed by the phrase 'centralized communism.' For instance: 'I am not a spring of living water,' he wrote me the other day, 'I'm nothing but a canal.' And again: 'Get it out of your head that I am owner—I am only steward and distributer.' Here's another one of them," taking a scrap of wrapping-paper from his pocket-book. Mr. Van Alstyne had written on it: "I only focus the rays, so as to start the burning."

Mr. Hadleigh took it and looked at it.

"Very pretty," he said with a faint sneer; "very poetical. How does he propose to keep that thing up after his present use as a burning-glass is over, do you know?"

"He has made a will, I know," returned Paul, "but, naturally, I have not been invited to read it." Then he turned away to answer a call already more than once repeated, and Mr. Hadleigh sauntered off up the road. A day or two after he left the village, and again those who had seen most of him breathed the freer for his departure.

One bright day early in February Zipporah Colton drove herself over to the Corners. She was alone in the cutter, and, lapped deep in robes, and closely furred and hooded, she would have looked as bright and cheery as the day itself but for the unwontedly serious expression of her eyes. She had two errands in view, and one of them being the return of some books she had borrowed from Father Seetin, her hour had been chosen with reference to that one when he was most likely to be found at home, shortly after his early dinner.

The old priest was standing at his window when she drew up before his gate, and seeing her, he came out himself to greet her.

"You are coming in to warm yourself, I hope," he said, seeing that she hesitated after giving him the package.

"If I may," she answered, a slight hesitation in her manner; "if you are sure it won't bother you to talk to me a little."

"This is Liberty Hall," he said, smiling; "or, rather, it is, in that respect at least, like what one of my favorite saints says of Paradise: 'He who wills may enter.' It couldn't bother me in the least either to talk to or to listen to you."

"So you are through with Nicolas, are you? How do you like him?" he asked after they had entered, and the girl, throwing back her wraps, but observing a sort of constrained silence, was warming herself beside the fire. She had applied to him for books directly after Mrs. Colton's departure, and, looking over his shelves in search of something adapted to such difficulties as she had mentioned to him, and knowing that she read French, he had finally settled upon the admirable *Étude Philosophique sur le Christianisme* as likely to meet them all.

"It is the work of a layman," he had written in sending her the volumes, "and is perhaps a little antiquated in view of some of the newer objections to the old truths. But I incline to think that none of these are in your way at present, and I would be at a loss to put my hand on anything in English which would be so well adapted as this is to all the wants of a sincere, intelligent, and open-minded inquirer. When I was younger and had more leisure I sometimes thought of translating it, but those days are over."

"I have read him a good deal," the girl replied, looking up at Father Seetin; "all through to begin with, and some parts two or three times over. I like him."

"I thought you would," he answered in his cheerful way; "I often pick him up, just for the pleasure I find in his style. Somehow one's own old thoughts strike one as novel and brilliant when one gets them in another tongue, don't you think?"

"Perhaps that is it," acquiesced the girl. "I have often wondered why it is that the French seems so much crisper and more expressive, somehow, than the closest translation of it sounds. It is just the novelty of it, maybe, or else the little strangeness that is always in a language people are not born to."

"Well, did he take you through the woods?" asked the priest, seeing that she paused. To him, experienced in the ways of many people, it was tolerably plain that she had things to say,

and had come resolved to say them, and yet needed some persuasion to get them into shape. The readiness with which she had dropped into criticism, as if she were catching at a straw to save her from deep waters, amused him just a trifle.

"Through them?" she answered, hesitating. "Yes, in one way."

"Not in all ways, then? What is the difficulty?"

"I am not *sure* that there is any. But, if there is, it comes before one begins to go into the woods at all," she said, going on with his figure. "I mean that I have no trouble in seeing that the history of all peoples, what they have believed and done, goes to confirm the truth of the Bible. And I see, too, that the whole Bible leads up to Christianity, and that Christianity is what is taught by your church. I haven't any doubt about that in my mind—perhaps I had not very much before I began reading this book, but, if I had, it is all gone."

"And yet you have a doubt still? What about?"

"About God himself," she answered, speaking very low. "I see that men have always believed in one, and that false religions show that as plainly as the true one—if any is true. And I see that if he exists, such as the Bible shows him, that there is only one thing for me to do. But oh!" she said, with a certain vehemence, but not looking at the priest, "if you could know how big that 'if' seems to me! I go up to it and think I am going to pass it as easily as all the rest, and at once it grows up into a wall. I can't get by it."

"What did you mean, then, when you said you saw that all other history tended to confirm the truth of the Bible?"

"I don't know whether I can answer you. Suppose I see that the history of the world, so far as it is recorded there, is a true history, and that the Jews did and suffered whatever is written there in consequence of their belief that they really were a chosen people. Does that prove that their belief *itself* was true?"

"I see," returned Father Seetin. "Your difficulty is fundamental and individual." He pondered for a little. "Suppose," he said at last, "I suggest to you a fundamental and individual solution for it. Just consider yourself for a moment. Your life, what does it consist in? How do you maintain it?"

"By eating and drinking and breathing?" asked Zip. "Is that what you mean?"

"Partly; that to begin with, at all events. It is the broadest ground, for, as you know, there is no sort of living creature,

plant or animal, that does not stand upon it. Food is the first essential. Now, do you see what that means?"

"I don't believe so."

"Well, it means that physical life is composed of two factors, the self and the not-self, the subject and the object, and a continued relation between them. When that relation is severed, life ends. You see that?"

"Yes."

"And you see that both terms implied in that relation must be real? You can't feed anything on nothing. You can't shut up a plant in a vacuum, though you should write 'air' all over it, and succeed in deceiving it with a word. I see you get at what I mean. Very well; that answers for the lower forms of life, and for your own so far as that is merely animal. But now, when you have got air enough, and food and drink and shelter, are you supplied with all you need?"

"No, I am not."

"And the race you belong to, the race of rational mankind, never has been. Their history shows that, for it is the history of their religions. And religion is the relation of man to God. As you say, even the false religions bear witness to the true one. Man's intellect, always the same in kind, bears witness to the Supreme Intellect which is its law, and its guarantee of sanity, and the condition of its being. His language, which is noun and noun and the connecting verb, that is, subject and object and their relation in its last analysis, bears witness to it. The axioms of geometry show it. They show, that is, that truth is one, universal, and immutable, and so they prove God to demonstration. That is for the intelligence; it gives you the first article of man's natural creed: I believe in one God, the Creator of all things. He exists, for we exist, and in his intellectual image. You see that?"

"I don't suppose I ever doubted it," returned the girl. "But that is not precisely what I mean—or, at least, not all I mean."

"I know it isn't. You want the proof of a God who shall sustain some personal relation to you which is not intellectual merely. So you ought, since you are not an exception to your race by being purely intellectual yourself. Like the rest of us you have a heart as well as a head—an emotional nature, that is, which wants its food, its satisfaction, as your body does, and your mind. But you have already told me that you do not doubt the existence of God the Creator, that you believe the Bible to be historically true, and that you see that it points directly to that

only church which claims to have been founded by Jesus Christ. That states your case so far, doesn't it?"

"Yes, completely."

"Now then, Christianity, in its final analysis, as it applies to the individual soul, is also the history of a real relation—that is, a relation both of whose terms are real—a relation between man, whose intellectual and emotional nature demands a perfect satisfaction, and a personal, loving God who shall fulfil his expectation. In its exterior aspect, as a church, with a creed and a history, it professes to supply that want through the medium of prayer and the sacraments. Here, it says, are the channels of grace; in other words, the storehouse of man's only true food. Only one of them, prayer, was left open to fallen humanity. Use it sincerely, simply, and see if it does not show you the way to God the Eternal Lover of the soul, God Incarnate in Jesus Christ. You pray?"

Zipporah bowed gravely.

"And prayer has led you to just that point, beyond which you cannot go?"

"Yes."

"Well now, see here. If you were hungry and I told you there was an excellent loaf in my cupboard, to which you were welcome, I couldn't really do any more than that for you, could I? Even if I held it to your lips I couldn't make you swallow it. Now, what I want to bring home to you is that, to use a vulgarism that exactly expresses what I mean, 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating.' The last act which makes you a Christian is a voluntary one—a blind one, if you like to call it so, though I don't see that myself—an act of faith. It is not more blind than the baby's is when it suckles its mother; not more blind than mine is when I take the dose my doctor tells me is good for my indigestion. I tell you, and not only I but the living church, the only organization which has kept health and strength throughout the ages, tells you that in her is the seed of the new life, and its satisfying food. Your craving tells you, you have never found it yet. Go to her and she will give it you."

The girl's head had been drooping lower and lower. When she lifted it after a silence that had lasted several minutes the tears were standing in her eyes, and presently they came tumbling down her cheeks.

"You won't give it to me!" she said with a sob. "You told me I must go home first."

Father Seetin smiled, though his own emotion was not slight. "Poor little girl!" he said, "you are hungrier than I thought you were when we talked the other day. And then, how could I know that I was going to be unexpectedly 'taken up into a chariot' and led to 'a certain water'? Nothing that I know of hinders my baptizing you if you 'believe with all your heart' what I have been trying to expound to you. Ah! it is the essential thing that, the believing with the *heart*. It is hardly belief so far as the head goes. If one has *got* a head, he must see God the Creator, and if he doesn't stultify himself, he ought to be able to see God the Redeemer in history. But believing with the heart is another thing—it is the will there that takes the final step. However, I don't want to preach any more. Would you like me to baptize you to-day?"

"If you will," said Zip with great meekness. And so it happened that with one old woman, who was saying her beads in the church, for sole witness, Zipporah Colton was made a Christian, "and went on her way rejoicing."

XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

On her way back home Zipporah stopped at the doctor's office. She was in no mood to see the girls and indulge in any chat, and declined the proposition of Dr. Sawyer, whom she found alone there, to go into the house. Squire Cadwallader, with whom she had an errand, had not been over to the Centre for several days, being laid up, as the young doctor told her, with a feverish cold which at present confined him to his room.

"I think, then, that perhaps you would better drive back with me," the girl said after a moment's perplexity. "Mr. Van Alstyne has not seemed quite so well lately, and it begins to trouble me. At first I did not like to send over for the squire, because he was complaining the last time he came, and I knew there must be something serious to keep him."

"Any special trouble with the old gentleman?" asked the doctor, putting on his overcoat at once, "or is it just the gradual breaking-down that might have been expected?"

"I don't know what it is. I have been hoping to see him entirely regain his strength, he has been improving so steadily up to within the last week or two."

"You are all optimists over your way, I know," answered

Dr. Sawyer as he got into the cutter after her. "What seems to be the trouble? Is it his mind or his body that attracts your notice?"

"Both, I think—and yet I am not quite sure. I have fancied that he seems to take notions more. And then his eyes don't look quite natural."

"I have been told," said the doctor, "that his afternoons are always a succession of naps, varied by futile talk."

"Mr. Hadleigh said so, perhaps," returned the girl. "You see he was never much with Mr. Van Alstyne in the mornings, when he is at his best. He tires himself out then, and rests in the afternoon, and afterwards has a good evening. At least, that is how it has been until within ten days or so. He keeps awake more nowadays, and yet don't seem quite right. I hear he takes whims occasionally down at the factory, and I have fancied that he acted as if he were suspicious of something or other. He is different in some way, I am sure, and yet I can't certainly say how."

"Well," said the doctor, "all those symptoms are natural enough, and just what I should have looked for. Such an apparent improvement as he has been showing for some time past is often characteristic of his trouble. It was sure to pass, and chronic weakness and gradually deepening imbecility to set in, unless death outstrips it."

"The squire didn't say so," returned Zipporah, "and besides, it is irritability that I notice. He is not imbecile."

"I suppose you know what the squire is," said the doctor. "He is hopeful and kindhearted. And he took a sort of a grudge against Lamson—they are going out of partnership, you know?—and he has just painted things sky-blue and scarlet to suit his own taste in landscape. That's what *I* think, anyhow."

But the report which Dr. Sawyer carried back to the squire concerning Mr. Van Alstyne's physical condition was of such a nature that the elder physician shook off his own indisposition as well as he was able, and drove over the next day. It was an hour or two past noon when he came, and, as usual, Mr. Van Alstyne was dozing in the library. The squire sat looking at him, and questioning Zipporah closely for some time, not wishing to disturb him until he should wake naturally. His study of him then was long and careful, and when it was ended he signed to Zipporah to follow him into the dining-room.

"Do you know what I think?" he said, closing the door carefully, and looking about the room. "Anybody within hear-

ing? It is an unpleasant thing to say, but it looks to me as if Mr. Van Alstyne's life and reason are being tampered with."

"Not really?" said Zip, horrified.

"Just that. No natural cause would dilate his pupils that way. Why, he is half blind. He wouldn't have known me but by my voice. And his heart is weaker than it should be—a great deal weaker than when I saw him last. In fact, his pulse then was better than my own. Now, see here. You said to Sawyer that he seemed to take odd notions. Notions about what? Whom did they concern?"

"Mr. Murray has spoken of those. Within a few days he has once or twice fancied that there was something following him about, when he is down at the mill. Once it was a black cat—he said he felt it rub against him, and saw it—but there wasn't any there. Here, all I have noticed is that he seems to take dislikes."

"To whom?"

"Lant, chiefly. Perhaps for Mrs. Lant too, but that I don't feel sure of. They are usually there together, when I have noticed it. I have been thinking whether I ought not to keep Lant out of the way, but there isn't anybody else so handy, and I could hardly send him off and yet keep her."

"Humph!" grunted the squire. "Lant takes him his meals?"

"Now that he has begun eating them in the library or his own room again, he does. Until shortly after this new trouble began he has been coming to the table with me."

"You send his meals in from the table?"

"I carry them in myself. But I seldom stay while he eats. Noons and evenings Lant is generally there, but in the morning I am afraid he sleeps too late. Mrs. Lant waits on him then. But what motive could *he* have for such a horrible crime? As for her, I'm sure she has nothing to do with it. And there is no one else. I give him all his medicines myself, and he takes nothing at all between meals. That I am certain of."

"The last day I was here he complained of a bitter taste in his mouth. I gave him something for his digestion. Has he made that complaint again?"

"Sometimes. You know he don't write much lately- his sight has been weaker."

"Well now, I tell you there is something wrong. Lant's motives, if he has any hand in it, don't count for much. I know him of old, and the stock he comes from. Every male critter of the lot goes to the devil by way of the gin-mill. But I never knew one of them take in the gallows or the jail as a last station,

and if the fellow has been tampering with Van Alstyne in any way, I don't believe he has had murder in view. They are a chicken-livered crowd, the whole of 'em, men and women, and I guess I can squeeze the truth out of him. There's nothing I'd like better." The squire looked grim, but jubilant also, which struck Zipporah as a curious combination under the circumstances.

"But Mr. Van Alstyne?" she asked.

"You mean, what damage has been done to him? None, I hope, that can't be repaired if my suspicion is well grounded. I haven't got here any too soon, though. I'll drive off now and make some calls hereabouts, and come back to supper."

Possibly the squire's essay as an amateur detective that evening may not have been his first one. It was simple enough. He had formed a theory, aided in doing so not only by the physical signs presented, but by his recollection of a morning during Mr. Hadleigh's recent visit, when he had happened on him in his private office, so immersed in a treatise on medical jurisprudence that he had had time to run down half a page with him before the reader turned. The case in which he had been engrossed was one in which a will had been successfully contested on the ground that both before and after its execution weakness of mind and aphasia, succeeded by unmistakable softening, were shown to have existed. Mr. Hadleigh, looking up unembarrassed, began talking on that and on kindred subjects in his usual impersonal manner. "I am a barrister, as you know," he ended, "and for a man whose briefs have been few and far between, there has been a curious number of them which turned on points like these. I had one murder case, by the way. It was a singular one, too, for I suppose no one concerned really doubted the motive, and the crime was accomplished. But the *modus operandi* was so simple that I got the woman off. All she did was to open the window and let a draught in on an inconvenient husband with pneumonia. She might have felt very warm, you know, and been of a heedless turn of mind. She was a grateful creature. I pocketed a rousing fee from her just before I started for South America"

Then he sauntered off, leaving the book where it lay, and when the squire put it back on the shelf, he also found it necessary to replace the fullest work he had on the action of drugs in the system. To-day he mentally brought them both forth again, and collating them with what he had observed in his patient, he jumped to a conclusion which he was not slow in verifying. Mr.

Van Alstyne's food was being medicated with a drug whose action has until very recently been credited with being cumulative; not fatally poisonous until enough of it has been stored up in the system. Lant, terrified into an admission when confronted with the result of an analysis made by the squire, was able to affirm truthfully that he had consented to give the doses at all only when he had been convinced by seeing Mr. Hadleigh swallow them, and even by taking them once or twice himself, that they did not threaten life. So the squire let him off, having secured his affidavit on the subject, and holding it over his head to secure his silence.

Nor did any one attempt for the present to learn Mr. Hadleigh's whereabouts. What had been attempted was frustrated, and, as the squire said, the stone he had now in his pocket could lie there safely for seven years and then be all the deadlier in the flinging. As a matter of fact it came into play within the year, Mr. Van Alstyne, near the close of it, having a second stroke, which was almost immediately fatal. Mr. Hadleigh, who was still on this side of the Atlantic when the event took place, began taking steps to contest the will, whose contents, far more favorable to him than they might have been had any of those about John Van Alstyne ever had the heart to tell him what had been planned against his life, were yet not sufficiently so to satisfy him. Then the squire confronted him both with Lant and Lant's affidavit, and enforced inaction.

And so the chronicle of John Van Alstyne's Factory might properly end. Yet, looking back upon it, and considering sundry little touches of human nature observed by the chronicler when in Milton Centre some months back, another picture presents itself. For the first notable result of the frustrated plot was the unpremeditatedly hasty marriage of Paul Murray and Zipporah Colton, and their settling down at once to housekeeping with Mr. Van Alstyne. That, however, might be taken for granted. There were no obstacles, and the advantages of such a step were evident to everybody.

One might almost say there was not any courtship, properly speaking, so short was the interval between Lant's ejection and the nuptial Mass, but for a brief passage which took place two or three days after Zipporah's baptism. She had seen and talked very much as usual with Paul Murray during the interval, but it was not until Father Seetin happened to congratulate him that he learned what she had done.

"I don't understand," he said to her with great gravity the

next time they met, "just what sort of a conscience you suppose yourself to have. Truth for its own sake don't seem to be one of the virtues you cherish in it, does it?"

"I don't know," she answered, looking out of the window near which they stood. "What makes you think I am given to fibbing?"

"Didn't you promise me, once, that when you made up your mind to lay down your arms and surrender, you would let me know?"

"No," said she, "I never did."

"That's just what I expected," he answered, turning her round to face him. "You certainly are the most unconscionable concocter of whoppers that I ever met. Why didn't you tell me you had been to Father Seetin?"

"Because—because," said Zip, "because I—just couldn't."

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

[THE END.]

THE HERMITAGE.

To fleshly eyes no spot 's more desolate
Than my poor cave so illy dressed, so bare
Of even needful things. Than mine no fare
More mean and couch less soft day's close await.
Nor doth the view before me compensate
For sufferings in the body borne, for there
The bird wings not her flight, nor beast makes lair:
Wastes dreary stretch beyond my grotto's gate.
And yet for me this solitude hath charms,
The spirit's wealth the body's want supplies.
I do but lack, O happy need! what harms
The soul in upward course—retards her rise—
To that safe region where no more alarms
Nor strifes are known, and where reigns Christ the prize.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

WHEN a man has crossed the divide and is going down the decline of life, and has twelve times taken part in presidential elections, he may indeed claim to be a sovereign citizen; and he may also claim ability to interpret the lessons of the presidential year.

Some years ago I made a journey to the Northwest to visit a relative; it was the last time I left Old Virginia. While waiting at a railroad station in a little city of the State of Wisconsin I saw a placard printed in six different languages: English, French, German, Scandinavian, Polish, and Flemish. Did it bid us keep the peace with each other? Was it the governor's proclamation forbidding us to carry arms? The Constitution of the United States guarantees the carrying of arms to every man in the country. It was a notice addressed to the people of all those different races, warning them to "Beware of Pickpockets!" And, as a matter of fact, thieves and lawbreakers generally are the only enemies of the American citizen. He does not fear his neighbor of a different race and tongue. Ethnic problems we have, but their solution is not to be written in blood. When the men of Europe are freed by the ocean transit from the dynasties and statesmen who rule their destinies, they live at peace except with pickpockets. The race hatred, the greed of warlike renown, the ambition of dynastic rule, the thirst for vengeance—all are left behind when the emigrant bids adieu to his European home.

The theory of this government is, that men, if left to themselves, will love peace and follow its paths; that intelligence and liberty conduce to peace, but not to torpidity. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war—aye, a thousand times more renowned. It is a trait of the highest civilization that the victories of truth over error should be gained by the weapons of persuasion. In a proper state of things the great men of a nation are not those who advance a good cause by putting its enemies to death, but rather those who save its enemies by convincing them of the truth. It is trite, it may sound school-boyish, but it is true of the proper state of public life, that the pen is mightier than the sword; that the voice which summons men to the hustings is more sacred than that which bids the cannoneer to his post.

The spectacular glories of the autumn manœuvres of their great armies and navies engage the attention of the nations of Europe. Look at me, says France to Germany: with my Lebel rifle and my military telephone and my phœnix army. I am ready to batter you to pieces.

Look at me, says Italy: look at my navy; I am taking my place as a first-class power on the sea.

Look at me, says Russia: the Orient and Ind are mine or soon shall be; and my million of armed men makes my autocrat the heir-presumptive of Europe's sick man.

Look at me, says Bismarck: I hold in leash the young war-dog of the world, and I rule a nation of soldiers.

Look at me, says Britain: I hold beneath my heel the warlike and fiery Celt; I have done it for seven centuries, and will do it till he writhes no more.

Great spectacles these, truly; but is it credible that we speak of Christendom? Is it not awful that there are four millions of men under arms eager for war in Christian Europe? Is it not sad that, after all, the supreme quality of Christian civilization is still the same as that of savagery? But, thank God! Europe is no longer the whole of Christendom. God has raised up in the Western hemisphere a new nation, vast, powerful, rich, but above all peaceful. Our autumn manœuvres are the gathering of the whole people to the discussion of the principles of good government and the choice of competent men to carry it on—the elections.

There is no spectacular exhibition of warlike power in the Old World so creditable to its peoples as the peaceful solution of the difficult problems of government reached by colonies of those same nations, not only in the great West, but everywhere in America. Here have come into the forests and upon the wild prairies of a new world immense numbers of men, total strangers to each other, their blood poisoned with generations of race hatred against their new neighbors; men with little education in the ways of liberty, to whom citizenship has meant but the tax-gatherer and the conscription officer, poor men in rivalry for the riches of a fruitful land—here they have come and here they live in peace; they found municipalities without bloodshed, establish systems of education, open great channels of commerce, and though polyglot in tongue and diverse in race, they are one in the love of true liberty, intelligent and reliable in their submission to legitimate authority, quick and vigorous to repress anarchism. Perhaps some of my readers may be surprised at

these broad assertions, for the elements of social disturbance among us are mostly foreign. But go to the new States and see, as I have seen, the great cities, and especially the vast and fruitful areas of farm-land, made happy and prosperous by nationalities whose whole history in the Old World is the story of attempts to destroy each other; see them there, dwelling together in harmony, and ask the reason why. There is but one answer. The institutions of this country are so near the guileless, natural man's ideal of what is just and true in the civil order that it needs but the salt of a small proportion of the native American stock to set them forth in securing the ends of good government.

It is to maintain a knowledge and a love of these institutions among all the people that the providence of God has brought about the frequency of our elections. It is during the political canvass that the people are invited, and in a manner forced, to study the fundamental principles which inform their public life. The business of all the political parties is persuasion, and they will not leave untried any of its methods, or leave unsolicited a single voter in the land. We have much to object against partisan organizations, and what I have here to say in their praise does not apply to ward politics in cities. But taken everywhere, a great party succeeds because it has persuaded more men than its opponent; persuasion has gained its victory. It may have dark and crooked ways, but in the long run it must succeed by other ways, by appealing to the virtue and intelligence of the people. If it is triumphant it is because it has reached more men with stronger arguments; that is why it has gained the election. It is seldom that the defeated party does not blame itself more than its rival the day after election.

By the end of October there will not be a sluggard citizen in America. The very Seven Sleepers will get up and prepare to vote. Every man will hear a number of good speeches and read acres of excellent argument touching the principles of government, critical of the qualities of the public men asking for office. The very children will scream for parties and for men, while their fathers shout and their mothers pray. And when all is over and the honest count has seated the victor in the highest place of the nation, the people will pass from the honest labor of public life to the honest labor of private bread-winning with good-humored submission to defeat on the one hand, and good-natured acceptance of triumph on the other.

When I look at Europe I see an entirely different state of

things, even in those countries in which the electoral system has been introduced. How different it is with poor Italy! Hear what men say of her—men not right, yet not wholly wrong. She struggles, they say, with the advancing torpor of death. Every city is an old curiosity shop, and every man trades with the foreigner, trades off the old clothes of bygone greatness, and with the profits buys the ill-fitting tinsel of modern life, appearing like an effete dotard arrayed in the habiliments of a long-departed youth. It is a nation in which whole kingdoms were exploited by a handful of adventurers under Garibaldi; it is alive with priests and infested with atheists; has the brightest natural genius of the human race, and is filled with the most grossly ignorant people in Europe; has the memorial of a martyr at every crossroads and a Christianity which allows the Apostolic See and its occupant to be pelted with filth, and thinks its duty done with novenas of reparation. One is tempted to say that it is a land of summer's sun and icy hearts; a nation which, at this distance, seems without faith or hope or love, political, civil, or religious.

But wait till the Italians who have come to us have assimilated the spirit of our institutions, they and their children, and we shall see their race, which has held the primacy of the modern world in religion, in philosophy, in art, in literature, setting a pattern for the reconstruction of the political system of their native country, that land which has the charm of natural beauty and the consecration of heroic memories. In this connection it is pertinent to ask, What has made the present outlook in Ireland so hopeful? Has it not been the growth of political character attained by Irishmen and their sons in America? So shall the incessant study and practice of free politics by Italians in America, through our frequent elections, enable them to assist in the solution of their great problem at home. American-bred freedom is the direst enemy that atheistic politics can encounter.

In our eagerness to prevent pauper immigration let us not forget how much of the life-blood of our nation now runs in the veins of a foreign-born population. Do you see how they spring to their work these election times? Are you narrow enough to say that as a class they are venal voters? There is not a Mayflower blossom in all New England promising fairer fruit for our country's future than the exotic flowers from Germany and Ireland now waving in the battle breezes of the presidential year. These men are fresh from the desecrated shrines of Erin and the

armed barracks of Fatherland, but they are men, and the American republic needs but honest men to make good citizens.

The proudest day of my life and the happiest was when, as a stripling, I made my long journey on horseback to the little church on the bank of the Potomac, and for the first time received my Redeemer in Communion—proud and happy as a Christian. But there was another day when I was very proud and happy; it was the day I cast my first vote. It is now many years ago, and in those days men were not bullied by mill-owners nor bribed by political bosses, or tricked or scared by anybody. It was Virginia's good old way of voting; it was in the old-fashioned *viva voce* manner, by word of mouth, in the presence of God and my neighbors. So at the coming election my heart will thrill with pride to see the new voters boastfully casting their first ballots. Just twenty-one! Full of the vigor and uprightness of youth, the strength of new manhood, proudly stepping to the ballot-box; the very age when the flower of Europe's noblest stock slouches along unwillingly to the barracks to be cursed and cudgelled by brutal drill sergeants, to be butchered to glut the lust for dynastic power or the thirst for race vengeance.

Among the fathers of the Republic the value of elections frequently held and hotly contested was admitted, though not with entire unanimity. Jefferson knew their value, and highly approved the custom of annual elections still in vogue in the New England States. Writing to Samuel Adams February 26, 1800, he says:

"A letter from you, my respectable friend, after three-and-twenty years of separation, has given me a pleasure I cannot express. It recalls to my mind the anxious days we then passed in struggling for the cause of mankind. Your principles have been tested in the crucible of time and have come out pure. You have proved that it was monarchy, not merely British monarchy, you opposed. A government by representatives, elected by the people at *short* periods, was our object, and our maxim at that day was, 'Where annual election ends, tyranny begins'; nor have our departures from it been sanctioned by the happiness of their effects."

A little more than twelve months after he thus wrote to John Dickinson:

"A just and solid republican government maintained here will be a standing monument and example for the aim and imitation of other countries; and I join with you in the hope and belief that they will see from our example that a free government is of all others the most energetic; that the inquiry which has been excited among the mass of mankind by

our Revolution and its consequences will ameliorate the condition of man over a great portion of the globe. What a satisfaction have we in the contemplation of the benevolent effects of our efforts, compared with those of the leaders on the other side, who have discountenanced all advances in science as dangerous innovations, have endeavored to render philosophy and republicanism terms of reproach, to persuade us that man cannot be governed but by the rod, etc. I shall have the happiness of living and dying in the contrary hope."

It will be a hundred years next March since Jefferson wrote from France of our newly-adopted Constitution:

"The operations which have taken place in America lately fill me with pleasure. In the first place, they realize the confidence I had that whenever our affairs go obviously wrong the good sense of the people will interpose and set them to rights. The example of changing a constitution by assembling the wise men of the State instead of assembling armies will be worth as much to the world as former examples we had given them. The Constitution, too, which was the result of our deliberations, is unquestionably the wisest ever yet presented to men."

So did the fathers who are gone to their account shout and vaunt their champions, and vote; so for a hundred years and more have the whole American people done, and only on one dread question was the fateful appeal taken from the ballot to the bullet.

The farmer and the artisan will contend for their respective interests; the toiler and the capitalist will come nearer to a fair accommodation; the rich and the poor will learn each other's faults and be compelled to own each other's virtues; especially will the rich be taught what is the poor man's life and learn to respect his hope. The election, from the standpoint of all the parties, means, Let every farmer reap his own field; let the artisan call no man master; let the very tramp have hope; let the rich man have his own and not a dollar more, and let the poor man claim his right and get it sure. Let the rich no longer wonder who the poor are:

> "As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
> Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
> Who with numb, blackened fingers makes her fire
> At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
> When the frost flowers the whitened window-panes,
> And wonders how she lives and what the thoughts
> Of that poor drudge may be."

By the time our chill November gives us one of his shortening days to be consecrated to thanksgiving to God for his favors

to the nation, we shall all thank him first for a season of fruitful study of our government, and then for peace; every man shall have wrestled with his neighbor, a bloodless victory been won and yet no man been vanquished. We could never thank God for a better guerdon of continued peace than what his providence has granted us in the hot battle of the presidential year. And when at last the victorious brow is crowned at the city named after him who had patriotism without passion and loved his country for the sake of all mankind, the whole nation will say, Well done! One side gains the victory and the other tastes the bitterness of defeat, but it is a victory which is no man's conquest and a defeat which entails no man's wrong.

Mercer's Ferry, Va. THOMAS JEFFERSON MERCER.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

IN *Remember the Alamo* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has made an interesting and prettily written story, having for its historical basis the events immediately preceding and accompanying the establishment of Texan independence in 1836. The historical part of it is in the main sound, though there are what seem to be trifling blunders—such, for example, as making a general of him who was only Colonel Sherman at the battle of San Jacinto. The time was full of stirring incidents—so full that Mrs. Barr, in dealing with the real men who figure in her tale, has not often gone outside the written record of either their words or their deeds. She knows how to be interesting in narration, but her story, had it been less disfigured in its imaginative portions by a wholly unnecessary and irrelevant spirit of religious bigotry, would have been more thoroughly agreeable reading.

The McVeys (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a very good novel. Mr. Joseph Kirkland has a keen eye for human nature, and a clever hand for its delineation. His present story is evidently a sort of sequel to one with which the present writer has no acquaintance: *Zury: the Meanest Man in Spring County*. But *The McVeys* stands sufficiently well on its own feet to prevent one's ignorance of its predecessor from being an irreparable misfortune. Possibly, if the mistiness surrounding Zury's relationship to Anne and her twins were cleared

away more fully than it is by the allusions to her editing a Fourierite newspaper in her youth, and the not very explicit hints by which she evades Dr. Strafford's amusing importunities, it would be less pleasant reading. As it stands, it may be recommended safely. It is full of wholesome lessons on a good many diverse points, and they have the merit of being given without the least touch of didacticism. The talk, let the speakers be who they may, is uniformly interesting and characteristic, and almost always amusing into the bargain. Here is a specimen of it, taken from the chapter entitled "The Circuit Court of Spring County," in which Abe Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, and David Davis figure, all of them "circuit riders" at the time :

"All his late fellow-travellers greeted Zury kindly—the circuit judge even volunteering unanswerable reasons why he should not offer his seat. Lincoln said :

"'Friend Prouder, I hear that they are talking of running you for the legislature.'

"'Wal—ya-as—some has be'n tryin' t' put up some sech a joke on me ; from which I jedge th't they 'llaow to be beat in the race. I notice th't when the' 'xpect t' win the' don't hunt 'raound fer aoutsiders t' share th' stakes ; but when the' 'xpect t' lose, the' 're awful lib'ral.'

"'Aha ! Probably they think some of the stock on the Prouder farm —live-stock or other—will help them pull the load up the hill.'

"'No ! To do 'em justice, I guess the' don't expect no campaign-fund-contributions from the me-anest man in Spring County ! The' don't fool themselves with no sech crazy dreams as that, no more 'n the' fool me with talkin' abaout my gittin' thar.'

"'Oh ! well—let them try, and you jest try and help 'em a leetle. You don't know where lightning might strike. I may be in the House myself, and whether I am or not, we want jest such men as you there—men that won't steal, and that are too smart to be stole from.'

"Next day, at the opening of court, Zury had a small case—foreclosure on Hobbs' farm—and was compelled (not for the first time) to hear himself publicly denounced in court as a hard-hearted creditor ; an oppressor of the poor debtor ; a capitalist who ground the faces of his fellow-citizens. Zury got up to reply to the offensive, and to some extent unjust, tirade, but the judge cut him off, saying that as the decree must go in his favor, there was no occasion to take the time of the court in hearing his side of the case. When the court adjourned and they all met at dinner, he had a chance to relieve his mind.

"'Sech fellers is glad enough t' git my money—it's only payin' it back th't the' object to. I've heer'd too much o' jest sech talk t' take much stock in it. Th' feller's poor—wal, what then ? Dew these laoud-maouth galoots perpose t' git up a subscription t' help him ? Ef the' dew, mebbe I mought give as much as anybody else. But that an't what the' 're after. Not much ! What the' want is fer me t' give between five 'n' six hundred dollars 'n' nobody else t' give a blame cent ! Their idee o' charity is fer A.

t' tell B. haow much C.'d orter give t' D. Smith 'n' Jones may quar'l pootty lively in school boards 'n' church meetin's 'n' one thing another; but the's one thing the' 're sure t' 'gree on; 'n' that is what somebody else 'd orter dew—'spesh'ly what Zury Praouder 'd orter give Burr Hobbs.' "

Mr. Kirkland shows a very even vein of portraiture; we recall none of his characters as merely typical; each is distinctively individual. The girls and women, too, are not less well drawn than the men, and his knowledge of the sex, as brought out in one of Dr. Strafford's talks with Phil, throws a reflex light upon himself which is agreeable.

Miss Agnes Repplier has brought together, under the title *Books and Men* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), seven essays which have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are extremely pleasant reading. Miss Repplier has a charmingly well-bred style, and of books, at all events, she shows a wide and discriminating knowledge. As for men, the men in these pages are, after all, the men of books, who sometimes differ from the men one meets in broadcloth or in tweed, awaiting their apotheosis into calf-skin and gilt lettering. Once between the covers, as Miss Repplier found out long before she made her pleasant sketch of Claverhouse, the man is a compound of some one or other side of himself and the particular friend or enemy who has taken him in hand. Still, that is generally true of him even while he still walks in the flesh. The papers on children in this volume are particularly good reading, even in a book which does not contain a single dull or uninstructive page. The essay on "Some Aspects of Pessimism" pleases us less, however, than any of the others. It is hardly fair, is it, to St. Teresa, for example, to put her among the pessimists, especially when it is done by a misquotation? She does not say: "It is given us either to die or to suffer," but she prays for either death or suffering, so testifying in the most unmistakable way to her present possession of a joy superior to all transitory pains, and her intense realization of its abiding and eternal quality. And is it really true, that "As a matter of fact, the abstract question of whether our present existence be enjoyable or otherwise, is one which *creeds do not materially modify*"? Pessimism is the natural note of a humanity which has been cast out of Eden and has no hope of Paradise. The wolf at the door, either of body, mind, or soul, is an unanswerable argument to those who cannot meet it with at least "one ray of that divine ecstasy that sent Christian maidens smiling to the lions." Nowadays the lions roar at our young people—and our old ones, for that matter—in

a different arena, literary, social, what-not. They are dangerous only when too much is made of their ferocity. They tear nobody who does not fear them. Such Christians as Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Catherine, indeed, taking their tinge from their progenitor, are bound to be gloomy, sad, and fearful. But it is as true now to the experience of any one who chooses to put it really to the test as it was to St. Thomas, that "it is chiefly that we might enjoy him that the Son of God has been given us." We should have been glad to find Miss Repplier pounding at least a trifle harder on that string. Why should the Christian of the nineteenth century leave the sceptic and the pessimist on one side, and the "Hallelujah lass" and the "Christian scientist" on the other, to monopolize the courage which belongs to conviction? It should be his, as it was that of the Christian of the catacombs. There is no occasion for vehemence or display about it. No doubt St. Agnes never ran about the streets proclaiming her celestial betrothal, and her contempt of mundane joys. But when she did enter the arena her attitude was as unmistakable as her courage was serene.

Miss Repplier, who strikes us as too respectful in her treatment of Mr. Saltus, seems, on the other hand, somewhat insensitive to the charm of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. To couple him with the lugubrious author of *John Inglesant* is as droll in its way—a very similar way, for that matter—as Pet Marjorie's collocation of "Tom Jones and Grey's Elegy" as "both excellent and much spoke of by both sex." Or do we take her amiss when we credit her with laying off on the supposititious shoulders of "Mr. Millais and Sir Frederick Leighton" her personal share of that "decay of sentiment" with which she is charging the rest of us who read? Mr. Stevenson, at least, not only wields the magician's wand himself, but shows pretty plainly how he does so in that collection of delightful essays which he calls *Memories and Portraits* (London: Chatto & Windus). Truth to tell, Mr. Stevenson is enjoyable more for what he is and feels, and for the way in which he lets one know just how and what that is, than for his critical appreciation of other and contemporary writers. Perhaps that is why he has so much stronger hold than most of his contemporary essayists and story-tellers on the emotions of his constantly increasing public. Even the horrifying White-chapel murders are laid upon the shoulders of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Perhaps, too, it is the chief reason why his critical remarks when they are entirely impersonal, in the air so to say, and not pinned to the breast-pockets of

his friendly rivals for popular favor, are generally extremely worthy of consideration. Consider these, for instance, which occur in the paper entitled "A Gossip on Romance":

"No art produces illusion; in the theatre we never forget that we are in the theatre; and while we read a story we sit wavering between two minds, now merely clapping our hands at the merit of the performance, now condescending to take an active part in fancy with the characters. This last is the triumph of romantic story-telling; when the reader consciously plays at being the hero, the scene is a good scene. Now, in character-studies the pleasure that we take is critical; we watch, we approve, we smile at incongruities, we are moved to sudden heats of sympathy with courage, suffering, or virtue. But the characters are still themselves, they are not us; the more clearly they are depicted, the more widely do they stand away from us, the more imperiously do they thrust us back into our place as a spectator. I cannot identify myself with Rawdon Crawley or with Eugène de Rastignac, for I have scarce a hope or fear in common with them. It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realized in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance."

Three or four of Mr. Frank R. Stockton's recent stories have been put into book form and given the name of the only one of them which has any appreciable share of their author's peculiar quality, *Amos Kilbright* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). The idea of this one and its working out are particularly Stocktonian. Amos Kilbright is a materialized spirit, called up at a séance by his grandson, "old Mr. Scott," and presenting himself as a young man of twenty-five, at which age he "disappeared from this earth one hundred and two years ago." The spiritualists were disappointed when they saw him, having "conceived the idea that the grandfather of old Mr. Scott ought, in the ordinary nature of things, to be a very venerable personage." "They, therefore, set me aside, as it were," says Amos, in telling his story, "and occupied themselves with other matters. Old Mr. Scott went away unsatisfied and strengthened in his disbelief in the powers of the spiritualists," and in "the temporary confusion . . . I was left exposed to the influence of the materializing agencies for a much longer time than had been intended."

What is funny in the story—and Mr. Stockton's stories when they are not funny in his own vein are nothing—is, as usual, the

remarks made by Mrs. Colesworthy, the person who persistently takes the prosaic, common-sense view of a state of affairs which common sense gets a view of only because it flies so obviously in its face. Some of these are cheery in the extreme. Mrs. Colesworthy has no love for spiritualists and no belief in spirits, but having been reluctantly convinced by her husband, who is a member of the London Psychical Society, that Amos has really been clothed upon with flesh, and exceedingly dreads being dematerialized again by the German "psychic scientist" about to be imported for that purpose, she pleads pathetically with "old Mr. Scott" to be good to his progenitor.

"O Mr. Scott!' she cried, leaning so far forward in her chair that it seemed as if she were about to go down on her knees before the old man, 'this gentleman is your grandfather! Yes, he is, indeed. Oh! don't discard him, for it was you who were the cause of his being here. Don't you remember when you went to the spiritualist meeting, and asked to see the spirit of your grandfather? That spirit came, but you didn't know it. The people who materialized him were surprised when they saw this young man; and they thought he couldn't be your grandfather, and so they didn't say anything about it; *and they left him right in the middle of whatever they use*, and he kept on materializing without their thinking of him until he became just what you see him now. And if he now wore old-fashioned clothes with a queue, he would be the exact image of that portrait of him which you have, only a little bit older-looking and fuller in the face. But the spiritualists made him cut off his long hair, because they said that wouldn't do in these days, and dressed him in those common clothes just like any other person. And oh! dear Mr. Scott, you must see for yourself that he is truly your grandfather!"

And again when Amos falls in love and wants to marry, and the Colesworthys discuss whether Lilian ought to be told the true state of affairs.

"If things go on, she must be told, and what will happen then, I would like to know? . . . It would be a queer case, any way,' Mrs. Colesworthy continued. 'Mr. Kilbright has had a wife, but he never was a widower. Now, having been married, and never having been a widower, it would seem as if he ought not to marry again. But his first wife is dead now, there can be no doubt about that."

Scribner's Sons also reprint from an English edition a new book by the author of *How to be Happy though Married*. This anonymous and self-appointed mentor to the weaker sex turns out, as might have been expected, to be an Anglican clergyman. His new venture is entitled, *The Five Talents of Woman*, and one cannot avoid feeling that it has been most appropriately dedi-

cated to "John Ruskin . . . and My Wife." "*Madame, je vous félicite,*" will, we take it, be the instinctive homage of every well-regulated female reader of this volume to the lady in question. It must be so consoling, one feels, to occupy the favored place at the feet of a counsellor so wise, so amiable, so tender, as it were, and then to rise up and put all, or almost all, of his advice in instant practice for his special behoof. Almost all, for though he lays it down plainly on his second page that the "five talents" are, "1. To please people; 2. To feed them in dainty ways; 3. To clothe them; 4. To keep them orderly; 5. To teach them," it is obvious that the last two would need to be carefully wrapped in a napkin where he personally is concerned. Still, that is not to say or to imply that there are not wise and useful counsels in this volume. It is full of them. Whether the ordinary woman would buy it up in large editions for her special delectation is doubtful; but the ordinary man, and the pedagogue of both sexes, will be sure to do it for her. Its manifest destiny is to be ordered in quantities for Christmas presents and premiums in young ladies' academies. Why not? Somebody must teach girls what they were intended for, and who so capable as a pupil of Ruskin, who is at the same time the masculine half of a pair settled in the snug, cosy, delightful connubiality of an English rectory? There is a fitness in that which can hardly escape even that blindest of all blind men, him who won't see.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION

includes the conversion of five others, and was the result of faithful, unceasing prayer.

I was singularly blessed in my parents and home. That home was all that wealth and refinement could make it. My father, a prominent business man, was a model of many virtues. But, born and educated a Catholic, he apostatized, and married the loveliest daughter of a prominent Episcopal family. In fact, many of the relatives on both my parents' sides were either priests, ministers, or bishops.

We children were brought up very strictly in the Episcopal faith, father always accompanying us to church. My youngest sister in some way fell in with Catholic relatives, and, being a girl of strong character and thinking mind, she finally became a convert; and to her beauty of character, her saintly life and prayers, is due the fact that in course of time five of us followed her step, mother, sister, and a nephew being the first. All this seemed to make me more stubborn in my hatred for everything Catholic. While in this state of mind I received a stroke of facial paralysis, and for a long time was under the doctor's care, and gave no sign of recovery.

One day a "Mother," accompanied by a Sister of Mercy, called to see us, and among other things said: "If I have a novena said for you, will you not study the Catholic religion and become a Catholic?" I gave her my promise. One morning, while washing my face, the muscles worked violently, and my maid, fearful of some new misfortune to me, sent at once for the doctor. His first words were: "Thank God! you will recover." Later in the day the same dear "Mother" and Sister of Mercy called, and said that their novena had ended that morning. My recovery, which had been doubtful up to that time, was very rapid. The dear "Sisters" continued to pray for the conversion of my father and myself, but I seemed to grow only more bitter in my dislike of everything Catholic. Soon after dear "Mother" M—— A—— died.

Being an actress, I travelled much throughout the States and Canada—thinking no more of my promise. Four years ago, on one of my tours, while in Macon, Georgia, I was prostrated with "Dengue fever," and was so dangerously ill that I had to close my season and send my company North. While ill there I had a strange experience. One night I saw, or seemed to see, by my bedside the kind, noble face of Mother M—— A——, who had been dead ten years or more, and heard her gentle voice as she said: "I cannot help you now as I did once, for you did not keep your promise to me; but I will pray for you, that before it is too late you may take the right path to your blessed Lord." The impression was so vivid as I regained consciousness that I could scarcely believe the attendant at my bedside that no visitor had been present. The good Sisters of Mercy at the convent heard of my dream and came to see me, showing me every kindness and offering me their prayers and Masses. I recovered, and *still I hardened my heart.* And still dear, faithful Sisters in all parts of the country were praying for father and me, and a merciful God was directing our footsteps to bring us both in his own good time into the true fold.

Mother having gone to her rest in communion with the Catholic Church, my father was alone and our home broken up. Finding his health failing, and desiring to be well taken care of, he went to a Catholic hospital and engaged board, stipulating, however, that religion should never be spoken of to him. He had a large, lovely room, filled with his books, papers, pictures, and other reminders of home. Nearly four years he was there and made no sign of relenting. Five months before his death I went to that city and remained his constant attendant and nurse until his death, the dear Sisters letting me remain with him all day until he went to sleep at night. The Sisters kept their promise. Not a word of religion was said to him, but prayers were going up on high for both of us. I saw the time drawing near when my father would no longer need my care, and I grieved to see one who had been such a moral man die without other consolations of religion than my reading the Testament to him. I could see that something was on his mind; he was unhappy and ill at ease, fretful, and almost impossible to please.

One day, while leaning on my arm, he gently guided me towards the chapel of the hospital. We entered, and he sat there as long as his strength would permit. As I glanced furtively at him, I saw his great, soulful eyes were full of tears. My prayer was: "O God! soften his heart; even this religion is better than none."

One morning, when I came as usual to pass the day with him, I met the priest leaving his room as I entered, and I knew as soon as I looked in my father's face that he had returned to the true faith and the faith of his fathers. His face shone with a new, strange light, and I knew the peace of God, which passeth understanding, had fallen on him. I never think of his peaceful face, from which every worldly thought had fallen away, that I do not with a heart full of gratitude say, Thank God for his unspeakable gift of the Sacrament of Penance! —a little taste of heaven to us poor mortals.

I was thankful that he had found peace, but felt more than ever alone. Still I never let him see the pain in my heart, but tried to enter into his happiness. I could see how his religion was aiding his footsteps to the grave and envied him his tranquillity. One day, a few weeks before his death, he asked me to promise to go to Mass every day I could for three months after his death in order to say the prayers for the dead for him. I promised, and told him if it would make him happier I would become a Catholic. The promise seemed to relieve his mind, and soon after he received the last rites that faithful Mother Church bestows on her children. And as gently as a child would fall asleep God called his spirit home.

I returned at once to my profession, and did not forget my promise. I got several good religious works—*Faith of our Fathers*, the *True Religion*, and a prayer-book—and tried all alone to prepare myself for my new step. And to my surprise I saw the church in a new light, and recognized the truth and beauty of her teachings. From a girl I had noticed inconsistencies in the Protestant faith that forcibly struck me. While professing to take the Testament for a guide, I saw plainly they only believed as much of it as they individually pleased to accept. Our Saviour forbade divorced persons to marry, and it was a constant practice with us to ignore that command. We accused him of not meaning what he said when he spoke the words, "This is my body." He said: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." The Protestant says: "That is too humiliating; he don't mean it that way and we won't do it. We prefer an easier road to heaven." In the creed which the

Episcopalians use they say, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," when they know they are using borrowed words. And that their church, divided as it is, is far from being universal. We pretended to believe in the Communion of Saints while we ridiculed the church that actually did. Study, fear, and perplexity followed and passed away. At last on Friday morning, the 22d of September, 1886, I started out all alone to become a Catholic. My guardian angel must have directed me, for I went to a church only a few doors from where part of my childhood had been passed. I saw people coming out of the lower church, and walked timidly down. No one noticed me; every one was intent on his own devotions. I waited for a time, and saw some people coming from one of the confessionals. So commanding all my courage, I entered. The priest asked me several questions, which I did not answer. Finally, my poor tongue, that had seemed paralyzed, managed to say in a very awkward manner, Father, I want to be a Catholic and I don't know how. The dear, good father said: "God bless you, my child! Go to the pastoral residence and ask for one of the fathers." I went at once, and there met for the first time the kind priest who made all so easy for me, and who for the two happy years I have been a Catholic has been my spiritual director. He baptized me. So I became by the grace of God a Catholic. I kept my word to my beloved father, and not only for three months, but for two years, I have daily heard Mass for the beloved dead, and the living. My daily prayer is that God's richest blessings may rest on the good fathers of that church, and the many Sisters in the different convents throughout the country whose prayers were the means of bringing so many of a family to the true church.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

If any one had predicted to me fifteen years ago that I would some day become a Catholic I would have scouted the idea as the most unlikely thing that could possibly happen. So it appeared to me then, and yet it is now nearly ten years since I made my abjuration of Protestantism and became a happy member of the One, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. Truly, the change wrought in me was a miracle of grace.

I had been strictly brought up by good and pious parents, who were old-fashioned Episcopalians and knew nothing of Catholicism except that our servants mostly professed that faith, and that it was considered a good religion for them and other uneducated people, whom I pitied for their blindness to the "pure light of the Gospel." The only time that I can remember entering a Catholic Church I was persuaded by a friend to go to Vespers at St. Stephen's. The music was considered very fine, and it was rather the fashion for young people to go to hear it on Sunday afternoons. With my ignorant prejudices against the church I felt all the time as if I were doing something very wicked. I felt great pity for the poor "idolaters," as I thought them; who bowed to the altar, and my only devotion while in the church was a fervent act of thanksgiving for Luther and the glorious Reformation! Furthermore, I felt it my duty to go to my own church in the evening to atone for my sin in taking part in a *Romish* service!

As we grew older, some members of my family and some intimate friends became "Anglo-Catholics," and, though I despised their ritualism and endless talk of lights, vestments, altars, etc., I was induced to read some of the books written by "advanced" English clergymen (almost all of whom, by the way, have since

become Catholics), and insensibly I came to believe in the apostolic succession, the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, non-communicating attendance during the communion service, etc. Later, some friends persuaded me to go to confession to a prominent Ritualistic clergyman, and never shall I forget the anguish of mind I suffered while *reading* to that gentleman my general confession covering more than thirty years. As it was done in good faith I verily believe it earned for me the grace of conversion.

Shortly after my brother told me one day that he feared he would have to become a Catholic. I was struck dumb with grief and horror, while he proceeded to quote to me the numerous texts in the Gospels proving the supremacy of St. Peter and the unity of the church; how to St. Peter alone were given the keys of heaven; how, in mentioning the apostles, he almost always comes first, and it is generally "Peter and the other apostles"; how our Lord paid the tribute-money only for himself and St. Peter; how he said, "I will pray for *thee* that *thy* faith fail not, and when *thou* art converted strengthen *thy* brethren."

A light seemed to break in upon me, and I felt from that moment that if our Lord did, indeed, found a church, that church was the one I had always despised as only fit for the poor and ignorant. It was a most unwelcome conviction, for it is a hard trial to turn one's back on all the traditions and teachings of the past, and to wound the hearts of relations and friends who felt deeply the slight put upon their own form of worship. But the inner voice could not be stifled, and I had one great blessing to be thankful for, in addition to the grace of conversion: my husband felt as I did. In vain we tried to believe in the "branch theory." Everything we read in history, now that our eyes were once opened to the truth, confirmed us in the belief that there is but one church, and that that one was founded on a Rock. So, after a delay of eighteen months, in order to be quite assured of our convictions, we had the unspeakable blessing of being received together into the fold of that dear Mother Church, and never can we sufficiently thank Almighty God for his great gift of faith.

A PAGE IN MY LIFE'S HISTORY.—BY A SCHOOL-GIRL.

My early life passed without pain or trial, with the exception of one great blow which I thought then small and trivial, but which I now look back upon as my greatest cross.

Once a sudden and strange idea seized me. I had heard and read a great deal about boarding-schools, and happening one day to mention my desire to a dear friend, she concluded she would like nothing better herself, and we both accordingly agreed to ask our parents' consent. So we parted full of expectation and hope. But very different were the results. She was refused, while my father consented to let me go the following September.

Imagine my surprise and chagrin, for I was a Protestant, when I learned that my father had chosen a convent, instead of the fashionable boarding-school I expected him to select. I had read many startling things concerning such places, and had the most absurd ideas of priests and nuns; but as my father was inflexible in his choice, I resolved to face the inevitable, and a few months later found me enclosed in convent walls.

I soon found that the Sisters were very different from what I had imagined.

My foolish notions of them were dispelled, but still I remained very distant, and spoke to them only when necessary.

I had never learned much of their religion, but to me it appeared like base superstition, and I firmly resolved to close my heart and mind against all that was passing around me.

Two years passed away uneventfully, and I was perfectly happy and contented among my new friends.

Few changes occurred outwardly, but in my heart strange things were happening. I could not shut my eyes to the exemplary lives of the Sisters and my companions. I could not prevent myself from feeling the influence of their gentle, joyful, and tranquil mien, as I contrasted their contentment with the disquietude of my own heart. The familiarity of the youngest of my companions with the great truths of which I had, up to that time, heard so little, astonished me. All this interfered sadly with my peace and happiness. Oh! the struggle that was going on within me. Finally, the grace of God prevailed, the victory was won, and I had made up my mind to become a Catholic, in spite of the pain it would cause my parents and the sacrifice I knew it would cost me.

Having conquered myself, God made the rest easy, and my first resolve was to make known my intentions to one of the Sisters.

She bade me consider seriously the step I was going to take, and to commend myself to God and seek his aid by prayer. I received instructions first from a Sister, and they were completed by the father who conducted our retreat in 1886. In December I received the most holy Sacrament of Baptism. God had wonderfully favored me, for I had never been baptized, and now, as the purifying waters were poured over me, I spiritually felt the veil of sin rise, which left me as pure and spotless as an infant when first crowned with its baptismal innocence. To complete my joy, the next morning I received the most holy Eucharist. I cannot remember how I first came to believe this wonderful mystery; however, it was owing to no exertion on my part, for whenever I entered the chapel a strange sensation came over me, and I found myself involuntarily adoring my God and Saviour in the tabernacle.

Two years have almost passed since then, and I have never ceased to thank God for leading me to this source of unbounded happiness. If by my prayers and example I can induce my parents and sisters to follow my path, my happiness will be complete.

I cannot bring my "page" to a close until I have expressed my gratitude to my parents for their generosity and kindness, not only in sending me to a convent, but also in giving their consent to my becoming a Catholic so willingly; I feel confident that God will not allow their generosity to pass without reward.

E. D. M.

THE PAN-CORVAN SYNOD.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful black crow. He lived in the north country, which had formerly belonged to the robin-redbreast family. But being so large he and his tribe had dispossessed the robins, and finding their little habitations too small, had pulled them down, and built their own nests of unsightly sticks on the ruins. In the course of years these crows became quite powerful, and when they found a robin they would pick out his eyes and kill him, and invite the neighboring crows to the banquet.

But it came to pass in the course of time that the crows grew tired of robins and found carrion much more to their taste, and so they took a sort of pitying care over the robins and allowed them to live if they did not increase too much. But tyrants have their day, and so the crows. For there came in one of the great parliaments of the crows a division; and one party of the crows said: "Even though we are crows, yet we are a branch of the robin family." Now, one of them had a red feather very cleverly sewed in his breast by a milliner, and when he had shown it to his fellows they wished to be the same. For you must know that the crows secretly admired the robins, though it was not policy to confess it.

The red-feather party began to increase among the crows, much to the disturbance of the old squawkers, and it was made a penal offence to wear the red feather. But the daws and the jays and the magpies said, "Let them wear their red feathers; no one will ever take them for robins."

The red-feather party were nicknamed robinettes by some wag, and they rejoiced greatly in the name. Some of them went so far as to paint their breasts red, and a great emporium was opened in Corvusdale for the sale of red feathers. But no one ever mistook the crows for the robins.

The robinettes then held a council and sent a long memorial to their governors and the authorities, in which they attempted to prove that they were all robins originally. "We are the true robins," they said. "In primitive times the robin was large like us, with two red feathers. But as he grew old and corrupt in his ways he grew red-breasted and small like the present robins, who are no robins at all. Come then, you are the children, with us, of those who left the corrupt nest of the robin-redbreast, and who built again the true nest of the large primitive black robin. One thing remains to make that work complete which our ancestors began. Put in two red feathers and all will be well, and we shall be known for the only true and primitive race of robins in the world, and all the other birds will wish to be adopted into our tribe."

But those old black robins said: "No; our fathers were wise, the primitive robins had no red feathers. If you will be true crows you must not be mock-robins. We know we are the descendants of the primitive robins, but we will call ourselves crows, because the robins have our name, and we might be mistaken for them if we adopted it. Moreover, would it not be well for you to be adopted into the robin tribe?"

After this the crows and the robinettes agreed to disagree and form a broad and comprehensive family.

So there joined the crows the cockatoo who screeches so sweetly, and the rook and the raven, the blue jay came also, and the sea-gull, and the chirping sparrow also claimed to be a crow. And these all held a synod called the Pan-Corvan Synod. And there were present the peacock, the crows, the daws, the magpies, the wagtails, the buzzards, the larks, the parrots, the wrens, thrushes, sparrows. But the robins were not there. Some red-breasted thrushes came from over the sea, and the robinettes wanted to admire them, but they dared not for these thrushes were not proud of their dirty red breasts and would gladly have painted themselves all black, like their mothers, the crows. So they all began to caw, and screech, whistle, sing, and call one another at once. And when they were through an old crow of dignity arose and read the report. And it was this: "We, the members of the Pan-Corvan Synod, agree to disagree, and agree not to insist on our disagreements."

Then all the birds flew away, and each, in his own nest and country, ridiculed the crows and their synod.

After this there arose a "school of thought" among some of the robinettes, and they said that to be a real robinette one must be painted brown and red, and be small. So they purchased near-sighted glasses of great power, which they always used, and thus became small in their own eyes. They even wrote great volumes to prove that they were real robinettes.

Then arose another school of thought, and these said they were robins and that the old robins were their brothers, long-lost. But the old robins would not recognize them as brothers, and the crows disowned them. And at last many of them died with their glasses on, and a few became real robins by starving themselves small, and being washed by the authorities among the old robins.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARISTOTLE AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. An Essay. By Brother Azarias (of the Brothers of the Christian Schools). New York: William H. Sadlier.

This is a scholarly essay. It evidences a wide erudition and a skilful and judicious use of this erudition. Its one hundred and forty pages might have been extended to ten times the space by a writer with a tendency to amplification, but Brother Azarias is terse and strong, he condenses rather than amplifies; from one of his paragraphs a chapter might be made. Hence, for busy and thoughtful men his essays make agreeable and suggestive reading. One has not to read much to find a little, but on the contrary even by reading a little he may find much. The author does not write merely for the sake of writing. He has something to say and he says it in masterly manner. He writes on learned questions with the exactness of a philosopher and with the beautiful expression of a poet. With him brevity and precision do not become dulness or obscurity. His style is clearness itself, and to our mind quite a model in its way.

This essay on *Aristotle and the Christian Church* was prepared by request of the Concord School of Philosophy, as a contribution to its summer session of 1887. It was published at the beginning of the present year by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London. The American edition is a reprint and almost a fac-simile of the English. It is well printed on good paper, and has an exhaustive index.

The essay was received abroad with marked approbation. Cardinal Manning wrote of it as "a book which will be very useful in recalling students to the world-wide philosophy of the Catholic Church." The learned editor of *L'Instruction Publique*—the organ of the Paris University—translated several chapters into French and issued them in the current numbers of this important journal.

The author proposes to establish two points: "The true record of the attitude of the church towards the Aristotelian philosophy, from its condemnation by the Council of Paris in 1209 to its full recognition by the legates of Urban V., in 1366." Brother Azarias writes clearly on this

vexed question and has cleverly utilized documents which have been recently discovered. The second point the essay proposes to establish is that Scholastic philosophy is "as distinct from that of the Lyceum as St. Peter's is from the Parthenon." The task proposed is thoroughly done. There is no rehash of old thoughts on trite subjects. Whenever some old ground is gone over, the manner in which the author writes reminds one of the line of Pope:

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

This is especially shown in the admirable chapter on the "Limitations of Thought," which we would wish to quote entire, but rather leave it to our readers to seek out for themselves.

The learning evidenced is vast and varied, but it is not obtruded. It is always confirmatory of bold statements or of exact premises. To the studious and learned priesthood and laity this essay ought to be very welcome. We heartily commend it to their attention.

A TREATISE ON PLAIN TRIGONOMETRY. By John Casey, LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.U.I., Professor of Higher Mathematics in the Catholic University of Ireland.

This work is worthy of the high reputation of the writer. It has been before the public for some time, and this verdict has been pronounced upon it without reserve by many high authorities. If one might venture to dissent from this chorus of approval it would be in this, that it is difficult to decide for what period in education it is intended. It deals with a subject usually classed amongst the elementary parts of a student's mathematical career, and yet even a very able mathematician would find it a tough job to master it wholly. However, the principal difficulties lie in the examples, more especially in those which are contained in the last parts of the work. Many of these are very interesting, and are on various subjects still occupying the attention of the mathematical world. These are due, many to Dr. Casey himself and many to Neuberg, M'Cay, Crofton, and other distinguished contributors. The modern geometry of the triangle, due to Brocard, Neuberg, Lemoine, M'Cay, and the author himself, is not left without notice, and we find a short proof of Malfatti's theorem (Lechmütz's), and expressions for the radii of Malfatti's circles, obtained by a process simplified from one due to Hymer. The formula of Breitschneider and Dostor, connecting the lengths of the sides and diagonals of a quadrilateral with its area, is obtained as a theorem immediately deduced from another theorem.

Although much new matter is introduced, not found in the text-books in the English language, the book is not larger, apparently, to the eye than Todhunter's, as compensation has been made for the additions by improvements in style and method of arrangement. One may see, by comparing the cumbersome operations of early arithmeticians in such matters as multiplication and division with the simple methods of modern times, that a science like trigonometry must be at once simplified and extended by every man of ability who writes a new treatise on it.

The method which has always been made use of by the writers of previous text-books to show that $\sin\theta$, $\cos\theta$, etc., are each the product of an infinite number of factors of a certain type, and of no others, involves certain assumptions which the writers of previous text-books have laborious-

ly endeavored to prove. Dr. Casey gives a proof on new principles, which, as far as we can see, seems to be quite satisfactory, and is certainly elegant and short.

There is a section of Imaginary Angles, with their sines and cosines, which are, of course, functions of complex functions. There is another on Hyperbolic Functions, which in the equilateral hyperbola correspond to sines and cosines in the circle. These last we find, from a note in French taken from Mansion, to have been invented by Le P. Vincenti de Ricatti, S.J., in the last century. Both these branches of analysis are now of the greatest importance, being found in all higher works on mathematics and physics. We venture to think that this is the first work on trigonometry in which they have been included which has been produced in the English language.

It may be interesting, or rather it must be interesting, to all friends of Erin and of Dr. Casey to hear that his *Elements of Euclid* has been adopted as the text book of geometry to be used in the schools of Hindustan. This, we believe, will secure for it an immense circulation. His *Treatise on Conic Sections* is being translated into Spanish, and may possibly succeed to the European fame of Dr. Salmon's celebrated work on conics, which has been recognized by all the universities of Europe as the classical work on that subject during the last quarter of a century. R. C.

RUDIMENTS OF THE HEBREW GRAMMAR. Translated from the seventh Latin edition of Vosen–Kaulen's *Rudimenta*. By H. Gabriels, Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. St. Louis : B. Herder.

This small duodecimo of one hundred and twenty-eight pages is the briefest and simplest manual for a short course in the rudiments of Hebrew we have ever seen, while yet it is complete and sufficient. The grammar of Tregelles, in English, is very similar to it, and there are one or two other small manuals of the kind. They are all substantially alike, containing what is most essential in the larger grammars, of which there are several, all very excellent. It is much better to use a small rudimentary manual for that short course which is all that can be given as a part of the obligatory seminary curriculum than to spend time on a large grammar. A long and thorough course of Hebrew can only be given to a small and select class of students who engage in it from choice, or to post-graduates in the University. For such, the grammars of Gesenius, Nordheimer, and Harper are amply sufficient, and some one of them, or some other similar manual, is necessary. For ordinary, practical use in our seminaries, nothing better can be desired than the little grammar now edited by Dr. Gabriels. At the end there are some exercises in reading, and a vocabulary of the words contained in them. The volume contains, therefore, all that a student who has two or three classes a week for one year can need or use with any practical benefit. It is to be hoped that some, after acquiring the rudiments of Hebrew, will prosecute their studies further in a more thorough course.

THREE KINGDOMS. A Hand-Book of the Agassiz Association. By Harlan H. Ballard, President of the Association. Seventh thousand. New York : The Writers' Publishing Co.

It can scarcely be too often repeated that a knowledge of any branch

of natural history adds an enduring charm to country life, or even to occasional rambles through wood and field. By a keener, because more intelligent, appreciation of the manifold beauties of nature we are the more easily led to recognize God in his works, to see in the mirror of nature some image of his power, his providence, and his love. The enthusiasm which can be evoked by such study is illustrated by the success of the Agassiz Association, the record of whose aims, history, and results is contained in the volume before us.

This association was the outgrowth of the author's life-long love of nature and his belief that "education was incomplete unless it include some practical knowledge of the common objects around us." It was founded in 1875 in connection with the school which Mr. Ballard was then teaching in Lenox, Mass. The work met with such signal success that in 1880 a general invitation was given to school-children throughout the land to organize branches under a very simple general constitution. The response was gratifying beyond expectation, and came from adults as well as children. Within seven years more than fifteen thousand students have been aided, and over twelve hundred local scientific societies or chapters have been established; some of these are composed wholly of adults. Where these chapters have been impracticable, individuals have joined as corresponding members. The aim is to study some branch of natural history, not so much from books as from personal observation. A cardinal principle of the association is that "nothing can take the place of personal contact with nature." And so the members make excursions into the country, gathering specimens from the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms. These they classify, study, and arrange in cabinets. Papers embodying the results of this observation and study are written, read, and discussed in the meetings of the chapters. The work has the aid of the foremost scientific men of the day, and some fifty specialists in various branches of natural history have volunteered to solve whatever difficulties may perplex the young naturalist.

This hand-book is filled with valuable information for members of such an organization. There is so much that is practical in its pages—plans for making simple cabinets, hints for the preservation of specimens, even an outline of parliamentary rules for use in the meetings. There is a valuable list of the most useful books in the various departments embraced under natural history. The great charm of the book is in the spirit in which it is written. It is alive with the enthusiasm of a devoted and reverent lover of nature, and as such it cannot fail to beget in those who use it the same devoted love; its influence upon the young especially must be beneficent—to lead them, as the author seeks, little by little into "a wise and loving study of the works of God."

MEXICO PICTURESQUE, POLITICAL, PROGRESSIVE. By Mary Elizabeth Blake, author of *On the Wing*, *Poems*, etc., and Margaret F. Sullivan, author of *Ireland of To-day*. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

We venture to say that two better representatives of the best type of American women could not have visited Mexico than the ladies who wrote this book. They are charming writers, full of fancy's best adorn-

ments of truth—poets they both are, indeed—full of sympathy with the whole world's struggling and aspiring people, and truth-tellers of a high order. Of course we must add that, being American-bred women, they are full of courage and sufficiently emancipated from the tyranny of conventionality to reap and glean the traveller's harvest to the entire satisfaction of the reader. The first part of the book describes the country and nation as seen by the artist and the poet; the second part deals with the material and political condition of the people.

These two ladies made a journey together into Mexico, enjoying the hurried leisure of the people of our busy North. They have keen eyes, much taste, brilliant pens, and kindly feelings. They love the antique and they do not despise the conservative; but withal, they appreciate that the essential of all true life is progress. And so they put together these twelve chapters of observation, making a really delightful book. What, to tell the truth, pleases us most is the tone of sympathy throughout; they love the people and palliate their defects and emphasize their virtues. They are not mere travellers, they are Christians, and so they note every elevating trait of character and use every defect perceived as a suggestion of self-examination of their own American consciences.

Picturesque Mexico is the name given to the group of eight chapters forming the first part of this handsome book; and no land and people in the two hemispheres better deserve the name picturesque. The mountain chains are wide and high, and are of wonderful variety, abounding in volcanic peaks, and hiding in their remote and almost inaccessible valleys communities which may be called eremitical. Nearly half of the population is still of pure Aztec blood, or of that of the races subjugated by the Aztecs in prehistoric times; and the remainder of the people are of every variety of tint and temperament which can be formed by all degrees of infusion of the old Spanish-Moresco blood into that of the native Indian. The entire nation seems to live a dreamy, contemplative life. Those vital forces which north of the Rio Grande and in Europe are torrents of mighty power seem south of that river so slow in trade and in literature as to appear to a visitor at an utter standstill, all the more strangely when seen by a traveller alighting from that most anti-eremetical of appliances, an American railroad train. The effect of all this upon the faculties of two observant literary women is delightfully reproduced in this book—as observed among the classes and the masses, in speech and in dress, in town and country, in religion (to a very limited extent), and in politics and in commerce, with a rosy-hued forecast of the future. There is no pretence of a complete study; but Mexico has been searched through with two magnets of much attractive power, namely, the sympathetic interest of these writers; and the result is a valuable collection of bright particles whose inspection under a literary microscope the reader finds of surpassing interest.

Most of these chapters have appeared in our pages, and were at the time a welcome tonic to our literary organs, taken before Mr. Charles E. Hodson's Mexican articles, which appeared soon after. These last are hard facts, told hard, told by a business man, vouched for by years of residence in the country, and, what is more, after years of residence in many countries. The two points of view, that of this book and that of Mr. Hodson, are the sympathetic and the economical. They are both true, being taken

faithfully of the same objects but through different mediums: and any human medium through which men and things are viewed, however truthful it may be in itself, is not universal.

The fact is that Mexico is becoming one of the several fields which the world contains of the conflict between the Oriental and the Occidental. Business viewed here as *it is really*, with its own ends in view and none other, is just the same as if done in the bazaars of the East; it is fair enough, profitable enough, active enough; so this book shows it in picturesque glimpses under Moresco arches, about orange-shaded plazas. Business in Mexico, studied by an Anglo-Saxon from the point of view of percentages in New York and London, is a miserable business indeed. So with politics. To be ruled by a military caste whose leaders are natives of the soil and love the country, is excellent liberty if you look for an arabesque pattern. And what if the suffrage be an illusion there? What if voting by proxy, and the blood-curdling spectacle of only one ticket in the field, and the high-flown pronunciamiento and the volcanic revolution—what if all this holds place instead of conventions and platforms? Well, what would you have among a race of olive cheeks and diamond-flashing eyes, to say nothing of the four millions of Aztecs but partly Christianized and less civilized? Therefore we patiently hear complaints from one who seeks investment for capital, or who puts mines and haciendas upon the Anglo-Saxon market.

EMMANUEL, THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD. Vol. III. of a Popular Defence of Christian Doctrine. By Rev. John Gmeiner, Professor in St. Thomas' Seminary, St. Paul, Minn. Milwaukee: Hoffman Bros.

Since the time of His coming the prophecy has been verified that Christ is a "sign which shall be contradicted." "What think you of Christ? Whose Son is he?" is just as much a question of to-day as it was when the Word Incarnate dwelt among men. And the vindication of his divinity has ever been the subject of the most profound Christian study, of the most carefully guarded definition by the great councils of the church. It is, however, a commentary on the state of religious belief in these days that such a defence should be a popular need; that scepticism concerning so fundamental a truth of Christianity should be so general as to require it. This is almost wholly the result of the disintegrating principles of Protestantism. The downfall of Arianism and its cognate errors was the defeat of all *popular* rejection of the Divinity of Christ, but when Protestantism broke the unity and coherency of Christian belief, it prepared the way for a renewal of this general scepticism; the rejection of the Church of Christ led to the rejection of Christ as the Son of God, just as the principle of the right of private judgment in the interpretation of Holy Scripture led first to its mutilation and finally to the present general rejection, or at least doubt, of its divine inspiration. An unlicensed critical spirit has been destructive of the historical veracity of Gospel and tradition alike concerning Christ. The teaching of Buddha, Mohammed, and other founders of religious systems has been made popular, and is made suggestive of such comparison with Christ and his teaching as to weaken or destroy faith in his divinity. This is obviously the fruit of the rejection of the church as the criterion of truth, the basic error of Protestantism, and this is why the

spectacle of a Colenso or a Stanley in a professedly Christian pulpit is not an anomaly.

Father Gmeiner's little treatise is, therefore, a valuable addition to his other volumes of a Popular Defence of Christian Doctrine. It is an admirable epitome of Catholic teaching, its arguments are clearly and cogently put before the reader, and the numerous references show the author's wide research in all subjects kindred to his theme. It is a convincing though condensed refutation of all, even the most recent, errors of those who reject Christ, the Son of the living God.

IL MEDAGLIERE DI LEONE XIII. Versi di Geremia Brunelli, Professor di Letteratura nel Seminario di Perugia. Con versioni poetiche in lingua Latina, Francese, Spagnola, Tedesca, Inglese. Tournai (Belgique) : Società San Giovanni Desclée, Lefebvre e Ci.; New York : Caryl Coleman, Eccl. Dept. Gorham Manufacturing Co.

The Jubilee of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has called forth a most wonderful exhibition of the devotion of the entire Catholic world to the See of Peter, an unparalleled manifestation of love toward its present occupant by his faithful children, and many a mark of respect from non-Catholics. Among the vast number of gifts sent to the Pontiff there is none to be admired so much as those that are the brain-work of the givers. The medals of Leo XIII., by Jeremiah Brunelli, professor of literature in the Seminary of Perugia, is such a work. The author, a warm personal friend of the Holy Father, has taken for his theme the various medals issued by the Pope, and in twelve short but very beautiful Italian poems praises most deservedly the many virtues and works of the Pontiff. His reason for this form of gift, he tells us, is because the Holy Father delights in song, and because he became a poet through the fostering care of the Pope. His words are rendered in English by Francis A. Cunningham, of the American College, Rome.

The poet was not satisfied to embody his thoughts in Italian alone, so he asked several of his fellow-poets to translate his verses into Latin, French, Spanish, German, and English. And we must congratulate him on the successful manner they have been turned into the several languages, more particularly the English version by the young American Levite above named. In order to present his poems and the translations in a form worthy of acceptance by the Holy Father, and at the same time honorable to himself, Professor Brunelli called to his aid the celebrated liturgical printers of Tournay, Belgium, Desclée, Lefebvre & Co., and they have returned him a quarto volume of great beauty, a marvel of typographical art; embellished by fac-similes of the medals; strong, well-formed initial letters; and a most artistic portrait of his Holiness, printed in silvery gray tones upon a very delicate blue-and-gold background. The latter part of the volume is taken up with a well-written account of the literary life of Leo XIII., and illustrated by pictures of his birth-place, residences, etc. We cannot resist giving our readers the English version of the professor's poem on the "Medal of the Future":

> "In broader and more beauteous field of gold,
> Come, sculptor, carve what I suggest to thee.
> Amidst the purple choir let us behold
> Great Leo's figure clothed in majesty;

"The five great sisters, bowing reverently
Before their Father, tell what love his fold
In all the world still bear him; their free
And willing hands extending gifts untold;

"And emulating them, before the throne
Of our great Levite, kneel the Arts, to bear
Whate'er of fair or grand the world has known.

"If in this chosen band I could appear
With humble gift, methinks I should have flown
From earth, and touched Heaven's lowest sphere."

THE HISTORY OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, and the Progress of the Catholic Church in the British Isles (chiefly in England) from 1771 to 1820. By W. J. Amherst, S.J. Two volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. [For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.]

The emancipation of Catholics in Great Britain, while it more immediately and directly affected the position of Catholics in the British Isles, was also a matter of great importance to the offshoots of the mother-country in all parts of the world; for it was in part the effect and in part the cause of the now generally recognized right of Catholics to that equality in civil and religious matters with their Protestant fellow-citizens which they at present so fully enjoy. Father Amherst was for eleven years gathering together the materials on which his book is based; and as it is the only work in which a systematic account of the events which preceded emancipation is given, the student of the ecclesiastical history of Great Britain will find it indispensable. A powerful motive of Father Amherst in writing and publishing is his desire to stir up the Catholic young men of our own days to greater zeal in the service of religion and of the church, by bringing before them the exertions made by their fathers in battling for those privileges of which they are now enjoying the possession. No one who has given a thought to the subject can deny that this is a matter of grave importance. Is the Catholic layman unable to further the cause of the church in our own times? Is there no service which he can render? Are business and pleasure to be his only pursuits? Is he to be left to become just as worldly as Protestants? No one who is acquainted with Catholic principles of conduct and action can look with satisfaction upon the present state of things, and every one must feel, with Father Amherst, that there is something wanting. To make this want felt has been one object of the author of this work.

The Introduction is mainly devoted to the refutation of Mr. Gladstone's still unretracted assertion that Catholics cannot be loyal to their country. Then follows the history of the events which between the years 1771 and 1820 led up to the final struggle which resulted in the great act of 1829. The account of the struggle itself is not given, as it is easily to be found elsewhere. The period in question embraces many topics of great interest, such as, *e.g.*, the Veto question, the action of the Catholic Committee and of Bishop Milner, the opposition encountered by Milner, and the efforts made to discredit him at Rome. Of the time which it embraces the account is full and accurate, and the work will form a valuable and indeed indispensable addition to that English Catholic literature which is doing so

much to dispel the clouds of misrepresentation which have collected in the past. There is a very full index.

JACK IN THE BUSH; or, A Summer on a Salmon River. By Robert Grant. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.

Jack is an American boy who gets a great deal of fun and healthy out-door recreation on a Canadian river, quite unmindful of the laws relating to fishing expeditions within her Majesty's Dominion. The delights of camping-out are vividly described. In one of the trips made by Jack and his companion, Max, they are startled by a blood-curdling growl, which came from a monster bear. With no small difficulty the bear is killed. Boys will devour this book. It is a fine specimen of the printer's art, and is adorned with choice illustrations.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

BRIAN: A Tragedy. By Paul MacSwiney. New York: Beith Luis Nion Fraternity.

THE SERMON BIBLE: Genesis to II. Samuel. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

LITURGY FOR THE LAITY; or, An Explanation of Sacred Objects connected with Divine Worship. By Rev. James H. O'Donnell. New York: P. O'Shea.

THE PRACTICE OF HUMILITY: A Treatise composed by our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. Translated from the Italian by Dom Joseph Jerome Vaughan, O.S.B. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

LITTLE ANTHOLOGY: A Collection of Fables, Descriptions, Epigrams, and Maxims containing the Roots of the Greek Language. By Very Rev. Canon Maunoury, formerly Professor in the Seminary of Seez. Translated from the Twenty-fourth French Edition. St. Louis: B. Herder.

THE BACON-SHAKSPERE QUESTION. By C. Stopes. London: T. G. Johnson; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

NOTES ON PARKMAN'S "CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC." By Oscar W. Collet.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE AND VIRTUES OF ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA. Translated from the French by M. A. W. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

LE CENTENAIRE DU POËTE HOLLANDAIS VONDEL. Par M. l'Abbé Brouwers, Curé de Bovenkerk-lez-Amsterdam, Chevalier de la Couronne de Chêne, etc. Lille: Imprimérie Victor Ducoulombier.

LIBRARY OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES: Works of this Doctor of the Church translated into English. By Rev. Henry Benedict Mackey, O.S.B. Vol. IV. Letters to Persons in Religion. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE CATHOLIC DOGMA: "Extra Ecclesiam Nullus omnino Salvatur." By Michael Müller, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH: From its First Establishment to Our Own Times. By Rev. J. A. Birkhæuser, formerly Professor of Church History and Canon Law in the Provincial Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, Milwaukee, Wis. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. By Bernardine à Piconio. Translated and edited from the original Latin by A. H. Prichard, B.A. Merton College, Oxford. Epistle to the Romans, and the First Epistle to the Corinthians. London: John Hodges. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

THE ROSARY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By Fr. Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

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ST. CATHARINE OF GENOA.

IN the north porch of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle on Ninth Avenue, New York, between the statues of two great Doctors of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Alphonsus Liguori, there stands the figure of a woman clad in a secular dress. Alone of the four holy women whose effigies find place in the two side porches, she neither wears a habit nor carries a distinctively religious emblem. St. Teresa has her beads and her book of hours; St. Clara holds the monstrance in her hands and the Franciscan cord encircles her waist; St. Bridget's wimple and swathing habit proclaim her, too, a nun. But St. Catharine of Genoa holds up a sweeping robe, from the belt at the waist of which depends a bunch of keys. It is finished at the throat with a small, rolling collar, and made with "leg-of-mutton" sleeves A veil is thrown about her head and shoulders, but it imitates that which still forms part of the street-wear of many Italian women, and not the coif of the religious.

If you enter the church by this door you will find her again in the north aisle—a portrait this time. Here she holds and is looking down at a crucifix rising out of a heart, and the eyeless regard of a skull confronts you from a book pressed against her side. Her black gown is shapeless, uncinctured, and flowing, but her collar and cuffs are like those which women wear to-day, and her veil has become the merest drapery, leaving her smoothly parted hair exposed and her ears uncovered. It is an intense face, intellectual and worn, that of a woman well on in middle life. There are several portraits of her in existence, most of which represent her as she was in youth, when, as her earliest biographer records, she had "a tall and slenderly made but perfectly proportioned figure, an oval face with regular features, and a magnificent

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head of hair. Long black lashes veiled her glance, and her forehead, high and smooth, seemed the seat of intelligence and thought. In a word," he adds, "her exterior was as charming to the eyes of the world as her soul was pleasing to the eyes of God." But in whatever other respect the pictures of her differ with regard to costume—the painters now arraying her in silk ruffled to the waist and velvet over-dress, and again in the simpler fashion she adopted after her conversion—they all agree in leaving it absolutely secular; even in the fresco on the ceiling of the church of the Annunziata in Genoa, which depicts her reception into heaven.

How is it that she, who takes her place not only among the saints, but as if by right between the Doctors, has borrowed from none of the great religious orders the protection of its habit?

Well, it is because neither as maid, wife, nor widow did she ever depart from the plain road of the ordinary good Christian woman. On that road, it is true, she went farther than most, even of the great saints, have gone. But so long as she lived she knew no exterior restrictions save the plain duties of her state, and no commandments less wide than those two great ones on which depends the whole law: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind; and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. A child, she was obedient to her parents; a wife, to her husband; a widow, her duties as the unsalaried matron of the great hospital of her native city formed the only special rule that bound her. Even that commonest feature of devout lives which is known as spiritual direction does not appear in hers until she had passed her fiftieth year, having already spent twenty-five in such a close and uninterrupted communion with God as has hardly any recorded parallel. At that age she became a widow, after thirty-four years of a most uncongenial and unhappy marriage. Three years later she fell into ill health which continued to baffle the physicians until her death at sixty-three, and it is only when her constant interior occupation had begun to sap visibly and strangely the foundations of her physical life that we find a director beside her. Up to that period she appears to have approached the Sacrament of Penance in the most ordinary way, accusing herself of her faults and renewing her permission to receive Holy Communion, but never unveiling what passed between her soul and God. But that this course, so unusual in the case of those who are visited with extraordinary supernatural

favors, was dictated neither by self-reliant pride nor natural reticence becomes sufficiently plain from her own words:

"I gave to Love," she says, in one of the most remarkable of those accounts which have been preserved by her director, a Genoese priest named Cattaneo Marabotto, in obedience to whom they were given, "the keys of the house, with full power to do all that was necessary, paying no regard to either soul or body, to friends, relatives, or the world. . . . And when I saw that he accepted this charge, I turned toward him to contemplate his operations, and remained absorbed and attentive to his work. He made me see that many things were imperfections which I had regarded until then as just and excellent. He found faults in everything. When, pressed by my interior fire, I began to speak of those spiritual things which I knew, because Love had shown them to me, he reprimanded me at once. 'Say nothing,' he said to me; 'do not permit the ardor you experience to evaporate in words; do nothing which can procure you any refreshment.' And then when I kept silent, paying attention to nothing, saying only to myself, 'If the body cannot endure this, let it die; I do not care,' Love rebuked me again, saying: 'I desire you to close your interior eyes, so that *the me of the old man* cannot see my work; he must die, and you shall employ him in nothing.' Then I remained like a mere thing, seeking no vent but sobs, sighs, and groans; and yet Love said to me once more: 'You act as if you were insupportable to yourself: what ails you? If you experience a natural sentiment it is because your own self is still alive. Stop this sobbing; I do not wish to see one of these exterior signs.' After having been reprimanded thus I no longer made any act at all, inward or outward. But still, when any one spoke in my presence of things which bore analogy to those which I felt in my soul, my ears unclosed; I hoped to hear something which would render more tolerable the immense interior assault I suffered. Thus, too, I looked about me, so that I might forget for a little the great ardor which consumed me, and procure some alleviation through the eyes. These acts did not proceed from my free will; natural inclination wrought them without my choice, and I did not perceive it. Yet Love again repressed me. 'This manner of looking and listening displeases me,' said he; 'these things are the defences and excuses *of the old man*, and they must disappear.'. . . He was so jealous of my soul, he so examined all things, even in their most minute details, he destroyed with so much care all which could not live in the presence of God, that, spite of the diabolical perversity of my natural self, I saw it in the end almost annihilated and no longer able to cause me any fear."

As this is neither the first nor the second time that the readers of The Catholic World have been invited to consider St. Catharine of Genoa, it will not be necessary to repeat many details of her exterior life. But the month of All Souls is an appropriate season to give to the study of her who is by eminence the saint of purgatory; more than ever in this year, which the Holy Father has so especially signalized as one of charity to the suffering souls—suffering only because they were not willing to

die in this life to "the old man," and become entirely obedient to the call and admonitions of the Divine Love. It is sufficient to say that Catharine Fieschi was born toward the close of the year 1447. The precise date is unknown, but it is probably inferred from that of her baptism, which was conferred in the cathedral of Genoa, her native city. She is supposed to have been the youngest of five children, all of whom died before her. Her father was viceroy of Naples under René of Anjou, and grand-nephew of Pope Innocent IV. Another member of the house of Fieschi wore the tiara as Adrian V. Her mother, Francesca di Negro, belonged to a family less well known but not less noble. Catharine's only sister, Limbania, who is thought to have been the eldest of the family, became a nun in the convent of Our Lady of Grace at Genoa, and Catharine, whose attraction to prayer and to penance had made itself felt as early as her eighth year, wished to follow her thither. Her father died in 1460 or 1461, and about this time she made application, through her confessor, to be received at the convent, but was refused on account of her extreme youth. She was only thirteen, but her ideal of virtue may be gathered from the rules which she had already followed for several years. She had proposed to herself

"Never to make her own will the principle of her actions, and to be more in dread of it than of hell or the demons, since nothing could injure her but by its aid; to conform herself to the will of God in all that happened to her and in all she sought for; to receive all that should reach her on the part of creatures as having been arranged by the order of God, since nothing occurs without his permission; and to will all things for the same ends and through the same motives by which God wills them, without considering her private interests."

So, when she met this unexpected rebuff, we are told that although it caused her acute distress, at the end of a few minutes she regained composure, saying to herself with energy:

"It is God who subjects me to this trial. His adorable will opposes itself to my design for reasons which I do not know, but which must be merciful and just. I resign to him the disposal of myself, in order that he may bring me to my end by ways which his wisdom judges to be the best."

Nevertheless, she did not at once abandon her desire to become a nun, and counted upon making another effort when she should have reached the proper age. But having been left under the care of her eldest brother by the death of her father, he arranged a marriage, for political and family reasons, between

her and Julian Adorno, who belonged to a house which had risen by force of riches from the middle class to the highest honors of the republic during the often-repeated struggles between the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. With the acquiescence of his mother, James Fieschi offered his sister's hand to the husband he had selected for her, and it was accepted. All other preliminaries having been arranged, that which her relatives appear to have thought the least important of them all was attended to, and Catharine, who had just entered her sixteenth year, was notified that her marriage was fixed for the 13th of January, 1463. She seems to have offered no resistance.

"Accustomed from her earliest infancy," says one of her biographers, "to live in perfect obedience to her mother, and to see the divine will in the order of his providence, she submitted without a murmur. A humble victim, sacrificed to family interests, she allowed herself to be led to the altar, and pronounced the fatal yes, notwithstanding her horror of the marriage tie."

From every human point of view the alliance was most ill-advised. Even the policy which prompted it proved mistaken, for Julian Adorno, possessing no good points save a handsome person and powerful connections, neutralized even these by his hard, selfish, and sensual dispositions. If there were children of the marriage, as some of the lives tell us—although the oldest one, written by her director, makes no mention of them—they died in infancy, and Adorno, who was both a gambler and a spendthrift, speedily wasted both his own fortune and that of Catharine. It had been her wish to be a good wife and to gain her husband's affection, but in this she failed. Nevertheless, while himself pursuing the same profligate career as before his marriage, he imposed upon her the most rigorous seclusion. The English translation from what is known in Italy as the *Vita Antica*, or Old Life, written by Padre Marabotto, which was brought out some fourteen years ago by the Catholic Publication Society, says of this period that Catharine was always obedient and patient with her husband's eccentricities, but at the same time suffered so much from him that her health was broken and she became so reduced and wasted as to be a most pitiable object. To satisfy him she lived alone in a solitary house, never going out but to hear one daily Mass, from which she returned as quickly as possible. Her lonely days and nights were spent chiefly before her crucifix in prayer. And, if one may hazard a conjecture, it seems probable that it is to this period that she refers in the first chapters of her Spiritual Dialogue as the "week of contempla-

tion" which the Soul secured to itself when first it began its journey in company with the Body and Self-Love. Her innocent childhood, hardly ended as to years when she became a wife, with its lowly submission and its lofty prayer, could not have suffered much from either source.

Catharine must have been twenty-one when, yielding to the solicitations of her family and her friends, who began to fear for her life on account of the weakness and emaciation to which she had been reduced, she consented to enter into the ordinary relations of Genoese society. She busied herself, says one of the lives, in "external affairs and feminine amusements, as women are prone to do, yet not to a sinful extent." But as the saints judge themselves, not according to their external acts, but by the conformity of these to the grace which preceded them, Catharine herself paints this period in words which speak the most poignant contrition. It lasted five years, and was then ended by a conversion, so sudden and so complete that it has been ranked with that of St. Paul, and the day on which it occurred, March 22, 1473, is given in some calendars as that of her feast. It is more usual, however, to observe, with the church, the day of her death, which took place September 14, 1510.

Her conversion was on this wise: Her compliance with the solicitations of those who represented to her that her manner of life was only a slow suicide had never been spontaneous and hearty. Though she committed no sin, as the world counts sin, by going into society, by dressing and amusing herself like other women of her age and social rank, yet she did decline from her own vocation, which was to a life of solitude and prayer, and to the attainment of which even the faults and the folly of her husband actively contributed. It seems probable, moreover, that her new departure, however agreeable to her other friends, was not wholly to Julian Adorno's liking. Certain it is, that when she once for all abandoned it, after a trial of five years, he not merely renounced voluntarily his conjugal rights, but turned from his evil ways, became a tertiary of St. Francis, and for twenty-four years lived an honest life and made a good death. Before his end arrived he had regained a part of his fortune, which he left to her by a will in which he expressed strongly his appreciation of her virtues. Nevertheless, in spite of his reform, he never ceased to lead her a hard life. His temper was severe and violent, and in his last sickness, which was attended by keen and long-continued pains, he fell into complaints so blasphemous that his final conversion is accounted as due to a miracle

wrought in answer to his wife's prayers. But this is anticipating.

A prey to the remorse which increased as she sank deeper into what every one else called innocent amusements, Catharine, then in her twenty-sixth year, went one day to visit her sister and open her mind to her. By Limbania's advice she sought the confessor of the convent. She had no sooner entered his confessional than he was summoned elsewhere, and, bidding her wait for him, he left it. In his absence "a ray of celestial light illumined her intelligence, and she felt a burning dart penetrate the depth of her heart and kindle there the flame of love divine." Carried beyond herself, she almost lost the power of speech, and was only able to signify to the priest when he returned that her confession must be deferred. As soon as she could she made her way home, saying within herself: "No more world, no more sin."

"Her vocation and her correspondence with it," writes Padre Marabotto, "were like those of the glorious Apostle St. Paul; that is, in one instant she was made perfect. And this was evident, because in that instant and ever thereafter she proceeded not like a beginner but like one already perfect; for this reason she never knew how to give any account of the way to obtain perfection, because she herself had not attained it by acquired virtues, but simply by infused grace, which instantaneously wrought in her such effects as usually require the uninterrupted exercises of a whole life."

Nevertheless, this testimony of her director needs some qualification. Catharine herself continually speaks of the growth and increase of divine love in her soul, and of her purgation as the work of years. What she actually received in that instant of her conversion, and never lost again, was such a vision of the Supreme Good as caused everything else to recede and take its proper place for ever. To her, as to St. Paul, there had been revealed that for which all souls yearn, however blindly—the love of God, made manifest in Jesus Christ. Her conversion, indeed, was perfect, for it was a complete and permanent turning away from creatures to seek satisfaction in their Creator; but she herself, who was to experience the purging flames of love and help to kindle them in other hearts, has another tale to tell concerning what followed it. True, she says that from the moment of her conversion she was so filled with the love of God that she could never at any moment see how it could increase within her; yet she adds:

"Every day I felt myself ridded of trifles which pure Love cast out from me; his penetrating eyes saw imperfections the most slight, the most

secret, the most unobserved, and he purified my interior more and more until it was completely clean. God performs this work without calling man to his aid; the Lord alone comprehends the purity which must be attained, but, by a disposition full of mercy, he shows the work to man only when it is perfected. For, should a creature who has once remitted itself entirely into the hands of Jesus, and who can no longer desire anything but perfection, comprehend once what the least imperfection is in the sight of the Most High, and then see in itself all those which God discovers and casts out therefrom, it would be reduced to ashes."

And again she thus describes the work of God in the soul:

"God begins by inciting man to abandon sin; afterward he illuminates the understanding by the light of faith; then he inflames the will by means of a certain delight and savor. He accomplishes this triple operation in an instant, and more rapidly than one could believe; he does so more or less in men *according as he sees them produce the fruit which should result from it; but he accords to every soul light and grace enough to save it, providing it yields its consent and does what lies within its power.* As to this consent, it is sufficient, after the divine call, that the creature should yield itself to its Lord in order that he may do what he wills within it; that it should resolve to sin no more, and to quit all things for the love of the Most High. This assent takes place as soon as man's will unites itself to that of God, and even without his knowledge; he does not *see* his own consent, but there remains in him a powerful interior impression which effectuates it. This union in spirit attaches man to God by a tie which is, so to say, indissoluble; for, after God has spoken, and the creature has yielded consent, God works *almost alone;* and if man lets himself be guided, if he obeys the inspiration which is sent him, he disposes him, leads and conducts him to the perfection for which he was created."

What meaning St. Catharine herself attached to this doctrine, which has sometimes been perverted, is plain enough from her conduct. That forms the most complete commentary on her words. God begins, she says, "by inciting man to abandon sin; afterward he illumines his understanding by the light of faith." What God did for her was to enlighten her conscience as to the gravity of her offences against him, showing her at the same time the love with which he had created and redeemed her. For two or three days she remained plunged in the profound grief occasioned by this double view, and then made a general confession so complete and contrite that the priest who received it was amazed. And on the feast of the Annunciation, which was the third day after her conversion, on receiving the Body of our Lord she received also that hunger for the Bread of Life which never left her afterward, and could only be satisfied by daily Communion. That sounds extraordinary, but, if it be so, it is only in degree. In kind it is what animates every truly Chris-

tian soul and keeps it sane and healthy in a world full of weakness and delusions. What it means is, that the interior action in the soul which moves it to desire and seek after the supernatural gifts of God, can only be surely known as his when it corresponds with his exterior action in the kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth, the church which he has founded. It is not sufficient, as the "Bible Christian" holds, to have an intellectual belief in the historical Christ of the Gospels; to admit, in words, his divinity; to form an ideal of him, no matter how reverent, nor even to pray to him, except it be with a mind entirely simple, sincere, and ready to follow his inspirations. "Lo here is Christ, and lo there," says every sectary that Christendom has known, and with the Book in his hand he has sought to impose on men his own conception of the Word Incarnate. But our Lord Jesus Christ is not an ideal of any man's mind. He is real, he is present in the world; on myriads of altars he is offered to his Father from the rising of the sun to its setting. He is the seed of immortality for soul and body to those who feed upon him; he is the centre to which the longings of all souls point; it is his presence which excites the desire even of those who do not know him, and it is he alone who can satisfy it.

That, as it seems to me, is the one great lesson taught by the life and doctrine of St. Catharine of Genoa. All of her experiences illuminate and corroborate each other. And it is for this reason that Upham's treatise on her, which the "American Tract Society" brought out many years ago, under the title of *Catharine Adorno*, is so unsatisfactory. It is called a life of her, but it is not so. It seeks to adapt her doctrine and her wonderful interior experiences to the uses of Protestant perfectionism, and with that end in view it gives a tolerably full account of many of those sayings by which she sought to express the inexpressible. But of that which fed and kept alive the inner life which he finds so wonderful and so inimitable, Upham has nothing to say. Really the most prominent of the few facts of her external life, he passes it by in silence as a superstition which belonged to the dark age in which she lived, an imperfection which would not have entered into it had she been born in post-Reformation times. There is something pleasant in the naïveté of the man when, nearing the end of his unbroken eulogy, he pauses to consider an objection which he foresees that his readers will bring against him. They will wonder, he knows, that he has recorded no relapses into sin, no falls and risings again, no "backsliding," in short. Well, he says, it is because he cannot see that any such

befell her. Her course went straight upward, and she never cast a glance behind. It is marvellous in his eyes, but so it is. He supposes she tried harder than he and his readers, and was more faithful. He has no other explanation to offer. And yet he could not have read the lives from which he compiled his own with the most casual attention and not have found the open secret he is looking for. Hatred of sin he can see there, for it is writ large, and the "law in his members, fighting against the law of his mind," makes him comprehend it. And the desire of perfection, too, he sees, and in his fashion feels it, for "every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain; . . . even we ourselves, who have the first-fruits of the Spirit, groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption of the sons of God, the redemption of the body." What ails him is, that heresy has blinded him to what St. Paul saw, and St. Catharine—the present Christ, the food of those "who walk not according to the flesh, but according to the Spirit." The conversion and the spiritual growth of St. Paul and St. Catharine have, indeed, more points of resemblance than that of their instantaneous thoroughness. To each of them was vouchsafed the vision of Jesus Christ; and as the Apostle testifies to the Corinthians that it was from the Lord himself that he received the doctrine of the real presence of his Body in the sacrament, so Catharine bears witness that it was from that source that she drew the force of her new life:

"I find in me," she says, "only two things to which I cannot bring myself to consent, and but one which it is impossible to me not to wish for and desire. That which I long for is the Holy Communion, for that is God himself. Those to which I am unable to consent are sin, no matter how slight, and the Passion of our Saviour. Do what I may, I cannot be pleased that God, my Love, should have endured torments so immense; I would rather, were it possible, suffer for every soul as many pains as there are in hell."

She received the Blessed Sacrament every day, but she said once:

"Should my confessor say to me, 'I do not wish you to communicate,' I would answer him, 'Very well, father. Only, I cannot say with you that *I do not wish to, for I wish to very much!*'"

She envied no one but priests, we are told again, and that not because they received our Lord each morning, for that she did likewise, but because they held him in their hands, and at Christmas might celebrate three Masses.

"Ah, Lord!" we find her crying to him, "it seems to me that if I were

dead I should revive again to receive thee, and if one presented me with an unconsecrated host I should know it as one knows wine from water."

Even the few facts of her exterior life which go beyond the ordinary—for instance, her complete fasts from all food except what she herself calls "the Bread of Life, which is Jesus Christ, our Lord, our Saviour, and our Love," during the Lents and Advents of twenty-three successive years—bear witness to this one point, in which meet the exterior and the interior action of God upon souls regenerated in his Son.

And that is why it seems as if too much stress has hitherto been laid, even by her most faithful biographers, on the extraordinary nature of her experiences. Excepting these fasts, which, as she said when spoken to about them, were involuntary and wholly the work of God, there are no miracles in her life except such as are constantly wrought in answer to earnest prayer. Conversions were ascribed to her petitions during her life, but no cures of bodily maladies until after her death. She was not the instrument of mighty external works, as was St. Catharine of Siena, nor of marvellous ones such as attested the mission of St. Francis Xavier. She was simply a woman, too young at the period of her marriage, as well as too much absorbed in the science of God, to have acquired much of the knowledge of her time. Her intelligence, certainly, must have been clearer than most, since she grasped so soon and held so firmly the truth that the Uncreated Good alone is desirable. But she lived the ordinary external life of women from her cradle to her grave, occupying herself, it is true, in works of charity to the poor and the sick, but not more so than many another of her sex who has never attained the honors of the altar. What is extraordinary about her is the complete purity to which her soul arrived while in the body, and the road to that, as she herself describes it, is very plain, and so within the reach of every one of us that no one can miss it except by turning aside to sin:

"Let him," she says, "who wishes to experience these things abstain, as St. Paul commands, from every appearance of evil. *Whenever man does this, at once God infuses into his soul some gift of grace, which he increases with so much love that the man is lost, absorbed, transformed, and overpowered.* And however difficult it may seem to abstain from evil, no one would allow any hindrance to prevent him from doing everything for God who could see the readiness with which he comes to the help of man, and the loving care with which he defends him from his adversaries. But when man has once entered the straight road, he learns that *it is God who works all that is good in us* by his gracious inspirations and the love infused into the soul,

which knows no hindrance because God mingles so great a satisfaction with all its toils. *It is enough for man not to act in contradiction to his conscience, for God inspires all the good he would have us do, and gives the instinct and the strength for it.*"

That is the path, the straight and unique path, which begins with the Commandments and stretches on into the special calls made known to each soul at every moment by the duty or the inspiration of that moment. And the guide is one—Love. And the end is one—God. No soul walking along it, with an eye single, need pass through any other purgatory. And no soul, entering the cleansing fires beyond this life, will ever do so but because he has wilfully departed from it in greater or lesser degree.*

ELIZABETH G. MARTIN.

SHOOTING STARS.

A FLASH! and then a darkness;
A world—and now 'tis gone.
God of Might! what means it?
Worlds are falling round us,
Yet we—live on!

Chicago. MARY J. ONAHAN.

* The Holy See has granted to the diocese of Genoa the public celebration of the feast of St. Catharine, and we sincerely hope that before the end of his pontificate the present Holy Father will extend the privilege to the whole church. The virtues of St. Catharine and the character of her spirituality suggest to us the method God would follow in the sanctification of the American intellect. She was of the Northern Italian stock, called the Yankees of Italy. It is pleasant to know that the Church of St. Catharine of Genoa in this city, One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Tenth Avenue, is, so far as we are aware, the first one of that title in the New World.—ED.

THE HOME ASPECT OF IRISH AFFAIRS.

It is some ten years the past summer since I had the opportunity of observing the aspect of Irish affairs on Irish soil, and, as these have been busy years in the political life of the country, I went there a few months ago, expecting to find things greatly changed. Nor was I disappointed. Ireland has undergone changes in the last ten years that amount to little less than a revolution. There has unfortunately been no change in the government or the weather; both are still bad. But there has been a vast change in the sentiments and social condition of the people. The political caldron that has been boiling so fast and furious for these years has drawn the whole population of the island within its vortex and has imparted to the people something of its own heat and energy.

When a visitor from our shores looks out upon the Irish landscape and sees the melancholy mists hang over the hills that girdle the pensive valleys, and the almost invariable foreground of silent ruins, and the sparse population plodding leisurely along, and then the quiet towns and deserted villages through which he passes, the American observer cannot help thinking that the country is asleep; that stagnation and decay brood over the land; that all activity, whether industrial or intellectual, has fled from its inhabitants. But let him question the first man he meets on the political situation and he will find a mental Vesuvius; he will discover that the country is alive and alert; that the people of Ireland fully realize their backward condition, know their national needs, and take the keenest interest in public affairs. There is no such thing as apathy or dull indifference to be met with in any quarter. The very beggars on the streets have their views on the situation, and they are energetic and not unfrequently eloquent in their expression of them. Such universality of interest and activity is rarely witnessed in the sweep of the most popular movements. And in view of this general awakening of the people we must regard the agitation of the past ten years as a vast process of education which has disciplined the Irish people to think and act, and, I am happy to say, to think and act for the most part in unison. It has been the necessary, and, I make bold to say, the providential preparation for the responsibilities of self-government which they are about to assume. Other movements there have

doubtless been that evoked great enthusiasm and stirred the country to its depths, but I am quite convinced that the present movement has had a greater effect in moulding the political thought and tone of the people, and has made a more lasting impression on the mind of the nation, than any that has preceded it. It has, in very truth, created a new heart and a new soul in the body politic. The most listless observer cannot help being impressed by the earnest and intelligent interest which all classes take in the political situation, and the fixed determination and confident hope of the vast majority that a final adjustment must be arrived at in the not distant future. Indeed, the opinion is prevalent among all parties that the present struggle will be decisive, and political feeling runs high alike in the castle and the cabin. Ten years ago a large part of the Irish people would have been satisfied with a reasonable settlement of the land question; they looked for nothing more. Some there always were who demanded Repeal, but they were regarded as impractical politicians. To-day and henceforth the land question is secondary. Were the land given over to the tenants to-morrow they would not be content to take it without Home Rule. It is no longer a matter of opinion or debate in Ireland as to the advantages to be derived from self-government; it is not an open question, as the tariff question is with us, but it is the settled, unalterable conviction of five-sixths of the Irish people that Home Rule is the only possible future for their country. Nor are their ideas of the benefits that would accrue from national autonomy something vague and indefinite; they are tangible and they would seem to be practical.

The feeling that Ireland is a distinct nation and ought to have control of her own affairs has, of course, been the dominant sentiment of her people for centuries, but the aspiration after self-government is now far more than that; it is a fixed principle in the national mind, as well as a fixed feeling in the national heart. This is the hopeful aspect of the Irish question at home. The people have quite made up their minds that nothing short of Home Rule will do. My experience in the country satisfies me that the Home-Rule movement has come to stay. It can never again be suppressed, and I doubt if it can be much longer delayed. No one can come in contact with the present agitation in Ireland without feeling that there is the awakened consciousness and strength of a nation behind it, and its march, however checked or impeded, is as irresistible and as certain as the movement of a glacier, and, like the glacier too, it gathers force

steadily and stealthily as it advances. Prudent men and prominent men of naturally conservative tendencies, who ten years ago looked askance at the advanced party in Irish politics and shook their heads ominously when the Parnell programme was mentioned, are to-day the most pronounced Home-Rulers, and they will assure you as their absolute conviction that there is no other possible remedy for the country. In very truth, so universal and so unequivocal is the sentiment of Home Rule throughout the land that any man, not in the government employ or belonging to the landlord class or actively identified with an Orange lodge, who questions the necessity and utility of self-government is looked upon as a crank. I had a conversation with one young gentleman who spoke rather languidly of the movement, and when I asked him if he did not think that Home Rule would be a benefit to the country he replied that it probably would, but then it would make game-preservation next to impossible. Another gentleman, a great lover of trees, thought Home Rule might be a very good thing, but it would not foster plantations; it might even lead to the destruction of the woods, and that would be a great calamity. I sympathized with him somewhat. Others, again, object to Home Rule because they think it would bring a flood of democracy upon the country. The real old Irish gentleman would lose his position in society, and to a great extent his occupation also. This is doubtless true, and it would not be the least among the benefits that self-government would confer. I did not get the objections of any full-blooded Orangeman, but, of course, the great objection of Irish Protestants generally is that Home Rule means Catholic ascendency, though I am happy to say that numbers of Protestants whom I met had no such objection to make and were strongly in favor of Home Rule. As to the rank and file of the Catholics, they are Home-Rulers to a man, and, I would be strictly justified in saying, to a woman also. About the first question put to you on all occasions by the most casual acquaintances is, "What do you think of the chances of our getting Home Rule in Ireland?" And if you expressed yourself affirmatively and thought they were good, the response invariably followed, "God send it soon"; and there are few readers of The Catholic World who would not, I think, heartily join with me in the amen.

The present régime is altogether the most hateful that poor Ireland has had to endure in recent times. Mr. Balfour has undertaken to establish a reign of terror in the country. But he don't terrify, he only exasperates. That is one of the notable

features of the present agitation. The people have lost their terror of the law. The midnight raids of the police do not alarm them; they take all such things very coolly in Ireland now. Even the frowning shadow of the county prison does not chill them as it once did. The fact that so many gallant gentlemen have been locked up lately has robbed the prison-cell of its odium in the eyes of the people. To have occupied a plank-bed for one's country has become an undoubted distinction. The Irish suspect is as proud of his distinction as a décoré of the Legion of Honor under the First Empire. Anything more utterly destructive of all respect for law and civil authority than the present methods of the Irish government cannot be conceived. English laws were, of course, never held in very profound respect in Ireland, but now they have positively lost the power of exciting even fear. And how can it be otherwise? Men highest in the esteem of their fellows, men of the most pure and self-denying lives, men whose characters and careers are open and upright as the day, are arrested, subjected to a mere mockery of trial, and clapped into prison, not for deeds or even words of violence, but for words of counsel and encouragement to a grossly wronged and suffering people. Men who preach peace to the exasperated multitudes and tell them that every overt act they commit is a crime alike against their country and their God; men whom their opponents admit condemn crime, at least as a matter of policy—these men to be treated as felons and made to herd with common criminals! If this course—and it is the one persistently pursued by the present government in Ireland –be not exasperating, there is nothing in the history of human injustice that is. And all this in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and under the most liberal and enlightened government in the world, forsooth! The most damaging impeachment of the present government and its methods that I heard when in Ireland came from the lips of one of the most gentle and conservative members of the Irish episcopate; and I felt that the condition of things must be bad indeed when such a man could not keep his patience with the administration. Not a few of the government officials, and even the police, express their disgust for the duties they have to perform, and there is more reluctance on their part to enforce the coercion laws than is generally supposed. To show the spirit that animates the government I will mention an incident related to me by a gentleman of position in one of the midland counties. A certain police inspector was transferred from a quiet district to a disturbed one

where evictions had taken place. He was given to understand that there was a suspicion that he had too much sympathy with the people and was too lenient in the discharge of his duties. In his new field, however, there would be ample opportunity for him to prove his loyalty. A collision between the police and the evicted tenants in this district was imminent, and the inspector came to consult with my informant as to what course he should pursue. If he did not give his men the order to fire on the defenceless people when the collision came, his loyalty would be still further suspected; if he did give the order to fire he would incur universal odium. What was he to do? I regret to say he was inclined to prove his loyalty, even at the expense of shedding defenceless blood; but he was persuaded to invoke the aid of the local clergy to avert the threatened collision, and thus he escaped from the dangerous dilemma, though it is very doubtful if he satisfied his task-masters in Dublin Castle by the course that he took. This incident enables us to understand the conduct of the magistrates and police officers in the affair at Mitchelstown, where so much innocent blood was so wantonly shed. Loyalty to the behests of the Irish government just now means disloyalty to all the sentiments of common humanity. It were needless to refer to the grossly inhuman character of the evictions that are of such frequent occurrence. The newspaper reports have made the whole civilized world familiar with these atrocities. An Irish eviction is beyond question the cruellest, most barbarous thing the nineteenth century knows of. But why don't the tenants pay their rents? They do when they are able. If a farm is taxed out of all proportion to the value of its products, to meet the full demands of the landlord is plainly impossible. The most the tenants can do under such circumstances is to offer as much of the rent as they can, and this, with few exceptions, they are doing. There are, of course, dishonest men in Ireland as elsewhere who try to evade their just obligations. There are farmers who take advantage of the disturbed state of things and refuse to pay fair and just rents. These men are rogues simply, and they should receive the treatment meted out to thieves in every civilized community. I think it very probable, too, that this class is on the increase, though I believe it still far from numerous. Look at the general aspect of the agrarian question as it stands, however, and you will see the position in which the tenant farmers of Ireland are placed. The British government has admitted again and again, and confirmed by repeated acts of Parliament, the broad fact that the contracts

between the landlords and the tenant farmers of Ireland were unfair, nay, even unjust, and these contracts have been in thousands of cases set aside and readjusted by the supreme authority of the state. Courts have been established to fix fair rents and are now in full operation throughout the country. So that, on the admission of the English government itself, the great majority of the tenant farmers of Ireland have been paying excessive and therefore unjust rents for generations. Now, the machinery put in motion to correct this injustice is notoriously inadequate. Only a small proportion of the rack-rented farmers can secure redress in a reasonable time; and besides the "law's delay" there is considerable expense attending it, which numbers cannot afford. The opinion, too, is gaining ground—and, I fear, not without some foundation—that these land courts are partial to the landlords; hence it is that recourse to them is neither as feasible nor as general as the situation demands. What are the distressed tenants to do meanwhile? Make the best terms they can with their landlord, of course, and, if he prove unreasonable, hold out against him by every possible means that their needs can dictate, their wits can invent, and their consciences can permit. And this is exactly their attitude and the present phase of the fight. As a case in the concrete will enable my readers to realize the actual condition of the tenant farmers better than any general or abstract statement on the subject, I venture to submit one. I formed the acquaintance of a fairly intelligent man who rented a farm of forty-three acres from a noble lord whose presence in Ireland would never be known only for the report of his gun in the shooting season. I tried to get to the bottom of this man's farming and financial affairs, and he was not unwilling to enlighten me. This farmer had a family of seven children, most of them girls; he worked the farm himself with the assistance of his son; he seldom or ever hired help, so that his farming operations were conducted on the most economical if not the most scientific basis. The land was good, the labor of the husbandman unceasing. What were the fruits? The net income from cattle, pigs, poultry, hay, oats, potatoes, turnips, milk, butter, eggs, etc., for ten years, never once exceeded £65 a year, and some years was under £55—and each year the absentee landlord received £46 12*s.* 8*d.*, leaving the wretched balance to the toiling tenant to pay his taxes and meet the current expenses of his family. There has been an appeal made to the land courts in this case, of course, but the judges have not got to it yet; they will doubtless reach it by and by and decide it at their leisure.

Many of my readers who know the cruel exactions of some Irish landlords will consider this a very mild illustration of the harshness of the system ; but just because it is a mild illustration and represents the system almost at its best it seems to me all the more forcible. With such hard facts before us it were idle to add that the great mass of the tenant farmers of Ireland cannot secure anything more than the bare necessities of life ; they have few of its comforts and absolutely none of its luxuries. Their toil is unremitting, their fare meagre, their houses poor, and their position insecure. Is it any wonder they clamor for change ?

The angel of democracy that soars so constantly on the horizon of the nineteenth century has touched the tenant farmers of Ireland with his wings, and they will never again settle down in mute submission to injustice or stolid indifference to their rights. A great change has come over them already—a change that is not, perhaps, an unmixed blessing, but there it is, and there is no mistaking its meaning. They realize that as members of the same human family their wants and desires have to be considered as well as those of the landlords, and that the first-fruits of their industry should belong to themselves and their families. The last shadow and sense of vassalage has disappeared for ever. They no longer stand cringing and uncovered in the presence of their hereditary rulers, but meet them as man to man, asserting their rights and insisting upon them.

Reverence for rank and social station is said to be a prominent, and it was thought to be a permanent, element in the Irish character, but it is amazing how rapidly this element is being eliminated in the old land itself. There is more social homage paid to a lord, simply because he is a lord, in certain circles of New York society to-day than there is in Cork. In no other European country with which we are acquainted is the spirit of democracy so visibly at work and the influence of so-called American ideas so manifest as in Ireland ; and, strange to say, the members of the aristocracy are yielding, and on the whole rather gracefully, to the spirit of the times. They do not look for the same consideration from the common people which they formerly received. They, too, are becoming democratic, and in not a few cases they are disposed to mingle freely, on public occasions at least, with the multitudes. As for the merchants and professional men generally, they identify themselves with the masses. The altered tone of the times was forcibly brought home to me on one occasion when, driving along a country road, we passed an elegant equipage, the occupant of which exchanged the customary

salutation with our driver, who was also the owner of the car. "Good-morning, John; fine day." "Good-morning kindly, sir; very fine day indeed." "Driver, who is that gentleman?" we inquired as soon as he had passed. "The Honorable Mr. F——, son of the Earl of D——," was the reply. "And how is it you didn't take off your hat to him?" we asked. "Ah! they don't hardly any of them do that in this part of the country any more," he answered. Old times are surely changed when the lords of the soil send polite notes to their tenants requesting permission to hunt over their fields, and these requests are not unfrequently refused for good and sufficient reason.

The advance in ideas has not, thus far at least, I am sorry to say, advanced the prosperity of the country. Ireland, though a progressive country, is still a poor country. The cultivation of the land is the chief industry, and we have some notion how much wealth that produces. The manufacturing industries are few and on a limited scale. There is only one town that can be called a manufacturing centre, and Belfast and its industries represent but a small section of the country. There are, it is true, some manufactories springing up in the south of Ireland, and with every prospect of permanence and increase, but throughout the greater part of the island there is hardly a grist-mill in active operation. That this lack of enterprise is not the fault but the misfortune of the country has been demonstrated over and over again. This condition of industrial paralysis has undoubtedly been superinduced by the government, and it is the opinion of most men that it will continue as long as the present system of government lasts. The people have no heart to undertake anything while they are so thoroughly dissatisfied with their political situation. Capital is also wanting. But it is confidently asserted that the attainment of Home Rule would give more impetus to industry of every kind than any amount of capital could possibly do. This may be a vain hope, though it is very generally entertained. The country is certainly productive enough to supply and sustain large manufacturing enterprises; skilled labor, under favorable circumstances, ought to be cheap and abundant, and the geographical position of Ireland should secure it a wide market. Where, then, can the difficulty lie? An English gentleman with whom I was one day travelling in a railway carriage expressed it in a few words. He was looking out on a rich and beautiful part of the County Westmeath, through which we were passing; he was evidently filled with admiration of the scene, and, after contemplating it for some time, he turned

abruptly to me and exclaimed: "This is a rich and beautiful country, but it is most abominably governed." It is the sheet anchor of Ireland's hope that so many Englishmen nowadays hold precisely the same opinion. After centuries of disturbance and disaster it has at last begun to dawn on the English mind that British rule in Ireland has not been a very pronounced success; and while there is still a latent suspicion that the Irish people are scarcely fit to manage their own affairs, the average Englishman is willing to give them a limited trial.

There are few people more quick to resent an injury than the people of Ireland, but on the other hand there are few so quick to forgive one. This is luminously illustrated in the attitude of the country toward the sister kingdom to-day. There is no wholesale denunciation of England and everything English to be heard in Ireland now. The simplest are careful to distinguish between the party that bears the olive-branch of concession and the party that bears the sword of coercion. For the English Liberals there is nothing but kindly words and friendly feelings, and, after Mr. Parnell himself, there is no man more esteemed by the masses of the Irish people than Mr. Gladstone. Yet it is only within a few years that he has sheathed the sword and abandoned the old policy of brute force. One act of generosity or even a few words of genuine sympathy seem sufficient to dispel the "treasured wrongs" of centuries; and were the final act of justice and reparation once consummated, I am satisfied that the last trace of traditional hate between the two countries would disappear for ever from the pages of history. Talking with a common laborer on one occasion over a crying act of injustice which a near relative of his had endured at the hands of the government, I remarked that the treatment the poor man had received was infamous, and I could not understand how the English people would tolerate such tyranny. "Ah! well," he replied, "a great many of the English people are very good and very kind-hearted, and they would not allow such things to happen if they could." It would be a very great gain to the Irish cause if some of its advocates on this side of the Atlantic could be induced to take an equally just and charitable view of the situation.

The discipline and self-control of the people under the most trying circumstances, and the sinking of all party feeling and sectional interests for the sake of the national cause, afford the best proof of their intelligence and their capacity for self-government. The advance in this direction during the past ten years can hardly be conceived by those who have not seen the evi-

dences of it. This is all due to the conspicuous ability of the popular leaders, to the influence of the press, and the general educational growth of the country. There are very few homes in Ireland now where the weekly newspaper does not find its way, and there are fewer still where it cannot be read and understood by all the grown-up members of the family.

During my recent visit I did come across a single young person who could not read and write, and the broad views of the most illiterate on national affairs was a constant source of surprise to me. When a few years of political education have wrought so great a change in the popular mind, what progress may we not look for in the coming years of freedom and prosperity?

It was thought in certain circles that the great political ferment through which the country has passed, and is still passing in these latter years, would dim the religious faith of the Irish people, but I am happy to say there are no indications of it. The faith of Ireland is still the same—it is the most fervent faith in Christendom. Misconceptions and murmurings there have been between some of the national leaders and the ecclesiastical authorities, but the religious loyalty of the masses has not been in the least affected. How could it? The most patriotic men in Ireland are its most prominent archbishops and bishops, and it is well known that seven-eighths of the priests are heart and soul with the national movement, and on the most trying occasions they are the foremost men in the breach.

A well-known Irish member of the House of Commons told me that without the aid of the priests they could accomplish nothing in Ireland. No, politics in Catholic Ireland have made no rupture between the church and the people; their cause is one and their union is inseparable. Through the long and weary centuries of the past they have suffered together, the one sustaining the other and imparting hope when all but hope was lost, and through the better years to come they shall march on together; and when at last the day of victory finally dawns and Erin's Sunburst rises once more above the dark horizon of centuries, it shall be surmounted by the Cross.

EDWARD B. BRADY.

DRINK AND DRINK-SELLERS THE NATION'S BANE.

DIFFERING among themselves as to the best means of dealing with this drink question, many observant and thoughtful lovers of their country, of all shades of religious and political belief, see in intemperance the cause of many, if not of most, of the grievous ills now afflicting us, the germ of innumerable other evils yet to come, and a standing menace, great and ever growing, to our free institutions. Yet there are others who take not so dark a view—some because they incline by nature more readily to the bright side of things; some because they more willingly embrace an optimistic view of such a matter as less disturbing to their tranquillity of mind and less likely to hint at duty-calls to labor or sacrifice; while there are no doubt others whom reflection has not yet convinced that as a people we have aught to apprehend from drunkenness.

Intemperance, we are told, is not now so great an evil in this country as it was in the early part of the century, and is gradually becoming less; two statements, neither of which is correct. It is true that in the early part of this century there was much drinking and a proportionately larger consumption of ardent spirits, whiskey and brandy, than now. They were on the table and sideboard of most families who made any pretence to good social standing, and were lavishly dispensed to all comers. The not over-prosperous farmer could afford, with whiskey at twenty cents per gallon, to be lavish of this species of refreshment upon himself and field hands. The weary city laborer, who could get a generous portion of fiery stimulant for a few coppers, became naturally enough a liberal purchaser and imbiber. At public and private gatherings, social, political, and often religious too, whiskey was seldom wanting. Out of this flowing of whiskey as water great evils came. Not the least of which were that drunkenness came to be looked upon by society at large as a pardonable weakness—at least in a man; that the practice of drinking, moderately or immoderately, became very general; and that the business of dram-selling was seldom deemed odious.

Our country consumes proportionally less whiskey now than in the early days of the century; yet with less whiskey and more beer intemperance has steadily increased. Beer-sellers and beer-drinkers do not seem to be "of the race of those men by whom salvation was brought to Israel." In one of the beer-drinking

centres of the country, Pittsburgh, Pa., Judge White, in a court address last April, said: "From thirteen years' experience in the Criminal Court I am thoroughly convinced that there are far more evils resulting from the use of beer in this country than from whiskey." Is not our increase in crime out of all proportion to our increase in population? Enter the numerous immense public institutions wherein drink's victims are sheltered, penitentiaries, jails, houses of correction, juvenile reformatories, insane asylums, hospitals, almshouses, and orphan asylums; go into the slums of New York, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, and our other great cities, where dirt, degradation, and drunkenness herd together, and where at every step is found a rum-shop or a brothel, or both combined; go into the gilded saloon, the aristocratic club-house, the banquet hall of the millionaire magnate, where jewelled hands quaff sparkling draughts and where too often drunken orgies are the closing scene—use the eyes and ears and brains that God has given you, and then conclude that drunkenness is not a menace to the land. In a discourse, full of truth and beauty and power, delivered in August, 1884, at the Annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, in Chicago, Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, said: "In our day and country no vice is so glaring and wide-spread as intemperance, which is also the great pool whose steaming waters fill the land with a moral miasma which produces hydra-headed crime as fatally as the malaria of foul marshes produces fever and ague." These words are true. There has been discovered and applied no disinfectant powerful enough to counteract the poison of the steaming cesspool of intemperance.

Drinking was undoubtedly a source of evil in the early days of this century, but it did not then so readily or so often lead to fixed habits of drunkenness, to crime, to physical and mental ruin as now. In those days, when men drank liquor, they commonly drank a pure, unadulterated article. Now, when they drink whiskey or wine or beer, they are drinking—the Lord, the chemist, and the compounder alone know what; vile stuffs of which deadly drugs form an essential part, which ruin the body, craze the mind, and excite the basest passions. It must also be borne in mind that the power of the demon of drunkenness has been steadily increased as years rolled on by causes that grew out of our very growth and strengthened with our very strength. In the last sixty years the character of our population has greatly changed; we are now a mingling of nearly all the races and temperaments of the globe. Causes that produced certain results

among our people of sixty years ago may produce very different results among our people of to-day. Then, too, our modes of life have wonderfully altered in that period; we have become the most nervous, active people on the face of the earth, knowing no rest and seeming to care for none, leading a life which craves the aid of a stimulating force. Nor must we forget what powerful allies drunkenness has found in the scanty food and raiment of our underpaid drudges in shops and factories, and in the squalid misery of the thousands of overcrowded poor in our largest cities.

No one can form an intelligent appreciation of any question concerning our national life without considering the bearing that immigration has had and is likely to have on that life. Since 1820 Europe alone has sent to our shores nearly fourteen million souls, who have had great part in making the nation what it is. This country has never had, nor will it ever have, more devoted children than most of these, more ardent defenders of her liberties, more zealous supporters of her institutions. Yet, on the other hand, it must in the interest of truth be said that many have come hither who have never appreciated the blessings which Divine Providence showers upon the dwellers in this favored land; many who seem to have left behind them all the virtues of the Old-World civilization and brought hither only its vices; many who seem to desire, not so much a land flowing with milk and honey, as one sodden with beer and whiskey; many who are the determined foes of every movement that tends to prevent the desecration of the Sunday, break the power of the corrupt, arrogant, and dangerous liquor-traffic, or stem the swelling tide of intemperance. The foundations of our liberties were laid by lovers of sobriety and order. To-day our free institutions have no more treacherous and dangerous enemies than those whiskey-sellers and their patrons, who seek to control our government, national, State, and municipal; or those beer-sellers and their adherents, who seek to tear up the very corner-stone of our religious, political, and social fabric, and by the combined powers of bombast, beer, and bomb substitute anarchy for order, lawlessness for law, license for liberty.

We must, too, bear well in mind that but a few years since the great majority of the negroes of this country were slaves—slaves of other men and women, creatures owned by other creatures as were the dog and horse. But amidst many evils one good remained to this poor people—they were not the slaves of drunkenness. What of these weak, dependent beings to-day?

Freemen before the law, they are fast becoming the thralls of rum and the rum-power, deluded victims and agents of low, designing whites, who use the poor negroes' passions and weaknesses that their own coffers may be filled and their unholy domination perpetuated. The negro race is not dying out among us. If drink and the drink-seller be suffered to make this people as the tigers of African jungles, then let America beware!

What a fatal error would it be if they who are carrying on the crusade against drunkenness and its causes were lulled to inaction by the cry that the wave of intemperance is subsiding; if they were persuaded to lay down their arms because, forsooth, assured that their vigilant and unrelenting enemy is in full flight! If drunkenness and the drink-traffic, notwithstanding the efforts that are being made to repress the one and to at least control the other, are yet so fraught with danger to us, how dreadful would be our present condition had not some restraints been put upon such monstrous evils; how hopeless would be the outlook if these checks were removed!

The learned Bishop of Peoria, in the address whence we have already quoted, declares that the drinking of alcoholic liquor "is the cause of three-fourths of the crime and misery which disgrace religion and society," and that "there is another evil which, if not checked, must undermine free government, and for which the liquor-trade more than any other cause is responsible—the desecration of Sunday." A few months later the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States, in solemn council assembled, pronounced these memorable words: "There can be no manner of doubt that the abuse of intoxicating drinks is to be reckoned among the most deplorable evils of this country. This excess is an unceasing stimulant to vice and a fruitful source of misery; vast numbers of men and entire families are plunged into hopeless ruin, and multitudes of souls are by it dragged down to eternal perdition. . . . Hence it behooves all Christians to be filled with zeal against this vice, and for the love of God and country to endeavor to root out this pestilential evil." In the face of such strong and authoritative utterances, how can Catholics help recognizing in intemperance the enemy of their God and country, how can they refuse to do all that lies in their power "to root out this pestilential evil"?

Nor should Americans, proud of their country, delude themselves with the thought that intemperance can never undermine the foundations upon which rests the fair and stately edifice of our liberties. Intemperance alone may never be able to bring

about such a result; but it must be remembered that drunkenness, like other vices, whether national or individual, seldom stands alone. Drunkenness has indeed many a foul companion. Where it abounds will be found rapine and lust, perjury and blasphemy, murder and suicide, lost manhood and degraded womanhood; there love of God, of country, of family are speedily forgotten; there, indeed, is a land "to hastening ills a prey."

Some persons who are most anxious for the repression of intemperance, but who are so eminently conservative as to venture no effort in this or any other direction unless they see success coming to meet them half-way, advise the more pronounced foes of intemperance not to bring overmuch pressure to bear upon this vice lest the evil be exaggerated. Sometimes, indeed, it may be wiser, owing to peculiar circumstances, to patiently tolerate for a time an existing evil rather than, in a clearly hopeless attempt to lessen or remove it, risk the bringing about of a greater evil. It is also true that at times it is very difficult to judge just what amount of pressure can judiciously be brought to bear upon any given form of wrong. Indeed, the experience of those who in public or in private endeavor to combat vice is that the vicious are very often morbidly sensitive and apt to resent as excessive pressure any healing touch, however gentle.

Those who, in combatting wrong and upholding right, have run counter to men's deep-seated passions or prejudices, have invariably been denounced as meddlers by the ones whom they wished to aid, and as extremists by those who should have shared their labors. But shall men, because these things are so, desist from opposition to vice? The worldly-minded and the indolent, well content to jog along the easy way of pagan morality, answer—Yes. Calvary, the martyr's death, the confessor's life, tell us emphatically—No. In the presence, then, of the great and growing harm done by intemperance, what man who loves his fellow-man, what citizen who loves his country, what Christian who loves his brother for whom Christ died, can rest an idle and indifferent spectator of evils which he might do some little to hinder, check, or uproot?

Much as the nation has to fear from the drunkard, it has much more to fear from the drunkard-maker. But a few years since the liquor-traffic, creator of drunkards and fosterer of drunkenness, was a child in weakness; to-day it is a giant in strength, mighty, unscrupulous, and traitorous. Who can deny the influence of this traffic in the land? Its voice is powerful in the halls of Congress, in our State legislatures, in our city councils.

The force of aroused and indignant, intelligent public opinion has in some places driven unwilling legislators to enact measures for the stricter regulation of the liquor business, and in some others the popular voice has suppressed the traffic altogether. Yet all know how extremely difficult it is to secure the enforcement of any laws that are not to the liking of the liquor interest. What Cardinal Manning has lately said is as true in our great cities as in those of Great Britain:

"The next cause of utter wreck is, I will not say intoxicating drink, but the drink trade. This is a public, permanent, and ubiquitous agency of degradation to the people of these realms. That foul and fetid housing drives men and women to drink, and that drink renders their dens sevenfold more foul and fetid, is certain. The degradation of men, women, and children follows by an inevitable law, but only those who are trying to save them have any adequate knowledge of the inhuman and helpless state of those who have fallen into drunkenness. I am not going to moralize upon drunkenness. I will only say that the whole land is suffering from the direct or indirect power of the drink trade. In times of depression only one interest still prospers—its profits may be slightly lessened, but its gains are always large and safe—that is, the great trade in drink, which enriches half a million of brewers, distillers, and publicans, with the trades depending on them, and wrecks millions of men, women, and children. This one traffic, more than any other cause, destroys the domestic life of the people. The evidence taken by the Housing Commission expressly shows that in the overcrowded rooms in Dublin the moral wreck wrought in London is not equally found. A counteraction or preservative is there present and powerful. This I can affirm also of a large number of homes in London. The same is affirmed on evidence of Glasgow. Nevertheless these exceptions only prove the rule. The drink trade of this country has a sleeping partner who gives it effectual protection. Every successive government raises at least a third of its budget by the trade in drink. Of this no more need be said. It changes man and woman into idiocy and brutality. It is our shame, scandal, and sin; and unless brought under by the will of the people—and no other power can—it will be our downfall."

In recounting the causes which seem to threaten the permanency of our institutions, no one forgets the dangers arising from the conflict between labor and capital. But some do forget one of the most powerful indirect agencies that have brought about this conflict—intemperance. The best and truest friends of the workingman acknowledge in shame and sorrow that much of the misery and degradation in which many a wage-earner and his family live is due to drink. While as a matter of fact labor has ofttimes just reason to complain of the tyranny of capital, it has oftener just reason to complain of the tyranny of rum. Great strikes, that have involved thousands,

have taken place because the worker's pittance was cut down a few cents per day; yet many of these very men willingly give up daily a much larger sum to the laziest and most bloated of capitalists—the saloon-keeper—deliberately pay him to ruin themselves and their families. Would to God that our workingmen, our country's pride, could be made to realize that intemperance is their bane and the grog-seller their deadliest enemy! Never were truer words spoken than these of the honest and fearless leader of the Knights of Labor:

"When I know," says Mr. Powderly, "that, if free from the shackles of intemperance, the workingmen of America would hew out for themselves a name and a place in the world which was never dreamed of in past centuries, it makes my heart sick that one man of them should ever raise to his mouth the glass that damns both body and soul."

If our workingmen could be emancipated from the slavery of drink, from the thraldom of the saloon, they would never as a class have to bow to capitalistic tyranny, and labor troubles would soon cease to be a disturbing factor in the land.

Is it at all surprising that many earnest and thoughtful men now despair of the Republic? They see on all sides the ruin wrought by intemperance; they see its ally, the liquor-selling power, enthroned in the high places of the land, and the rulers of the people truckling and subservient before it; they see men whose mission calls them to the front of the battle against intemperance and its causes forgetful of their solemn obligations—some of them listless lookers-on at the struggle; others scoffers at those who bear the brunt of the contest; others, through human respect or hope of gain, so lost to sense of decency and duty as to be fosterers of the drink-traffic and thereby encouragers of drunkenness. But, God be thanked! there is yet abundant room for hope. The combined influence of church and school is making our people see in intemperance and its allies the deadly foes of God, of country, and of home. Throughout the land men, women, and children are banded against these enemies. The well-disciplined rum power now finds itself confronted by the organized strength of the friends of religion, sobriety, decency, and good order. Weak and corrupt rulers are being made to realize that virtue is still a power among us. Our people are becoming more and more convinced that, apart from all higher considerations, their temporal interest and temperance go hand-in-hand. In the van of the battle against intemperance and its causes is borne the spotless, cross emblazoned

banner of the great Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. Under its majestic folds is marshalled a mighty host. Devoted archbishops and bishops, zealous priests and brave laymen, are there—Catholics who realize that duty to God and their country summons them to arms. In all quarters of this great Republic let the struggle go on bravely and faithfully! Dismayed by no difficulties, daunted by no dangers, let every American do his duty and our country shall not perish.

M. F. FOLEY.

Baltimore, Md.

FRENCH RURAL AND AGRICULTURAL ORPHAN ASYLUMS.*

GOD in his infinite wisdom allows serious difficulties and consequent discouragement to stand in the way of charitable work for the relief of human misery and affliction, in greater or less degree according to the field of its operation. But thereby zeal, intelligence, and industry are stimulated, with the assistance of his grace, to overcome obstacles; opportunity is given to earn increased merit and to become more deserving of that high reward which he has prepared in the world to come.

Take the case of the orphan, so generally an object of interest and sympathy. Here the principal and great difficulty lies in obtaining satisfactory final results. What becomes of orphans after leaving the asylum about the age of fourteen or fifteen? If they can find a home with kind and good relatives or friends the question is partly answered. But if they are without this assistance, or if it is of a worthless and undesirable character, what then? Employment is found for girls far more easily than for boys. What chances are there ordinarily for the latter, if without protection, to start in a career of industry by which they can promptly become self-supporting and in time learn how to earn a livelihood? The apprentice system, nearly obsolete in our country, is almost hopeless of access for an orphan lad without a home or friends. That this subject is one of great importance and de-

* The writer has obtained his facts mainly from *Les Orphelinats de garçon, et la société de patronage des orphelinats agricoles de France*, par le Capitaine Blanc; Toulouse. *Nouveaux statuts de la société de patronage des orphelinats agricoles;* Paris. *L'Orphelin, revue de la société de patronage des orphelinats agricoles des France;* Paris. *Les Orphelins d'Alsace-Lorraine*, par M. Hippolyte Maze; Paris. *Rapport fait au Congrès Régional de Poitiers le 21 Mai, 1887, au nom de la Société des Agricultures de France;* Paris.

serving of proper solicitude is shown by the practice in Amsterdam, a city well supplied with orphan asylums, which are its long-established and favorite charity, and in which much experience has been accumulated in their management. The present writer found that in the Catholic male orphan asylum there—the only one besides the Catholic female asylum which he had opportunity to visit—the boys are apprenticed to a trade or occupation as soon as they are old and strong enough, but the asylum remains their home, if necessary, until they come of age.* There in a separate department their characters are formed. They are taught to be self-dependent, to look after their clothes and their person, to avoid contracting bad or repulsive habits, and to acquire proper manners, and are thus suitably trained and prepared for the time when they will have to leave and be thrown on their own resources. Van Speyk,† a heroic young lieutenant of the Dutch navy of this century, was reared in the municipal orphan asylum of Amsterdam. Each orphan asylum, whether male or female, has a distinctive uniform for its inmates, which they must always wear when walking in the streets of the city.

It is pretty certain that there is no position in which a raw boy of fourteen or fifteen years, healthy and of fair physical condition, can by his labor so well give an equivalent for a home and support as on a farm. But country homes do not always prove for orphan boys the happy ones they are supposed to be, and cases now and then come to light in which the poor youths are found to have fared very badly. Employers have been known to be hard, exacting, and sometimes even cruel. Not having had the blessing of home training, the orphan boy is at great disadvantage. He may have bad manners or repulsive habits which make him an object of dislike rather than interest.

Experience has shown that the above considerations, not out of place here, concern our own country as well as others. But let us see now the condition and necessities in France which prompted the establishment of the valuable institutions which are the subject of this article.

A quarter of a century ago there was for all France, having a population of forty millions, an insufficiency of male orphan asylums, while of those for girls there was a good supply. On the subject of the effects of this disparity, then felt by all the bishops

*I have been reliably informed that all the asylums of Amsterdam are alike in that respect.

† In 1830, during the Belgian revolution, being in command of a Dutch vessel of war which had got aground in the harbor of Antwerp, he blew up his vessel and perished with it rather than surrender it to the insurgents.

of France to be a great evil, Mgr. Palu, Bishop of Blois, thus expressed himself to a friend:

"We are never at a loss to find a home for an orphan girl, but if an orphan boy is thrown on our hands we do not know where to place him."

There was besides another injurious inequality. Cities and towns were pretty well provided with charitable institutions, while the country had hardly any. An intelligent peasant of the south of France, as reported in the *Contemporain* of 1870 by the Marquis de Gouvello, gave in these words his estimate of the disadvantages in consequence resulting to him:

"If I had established myself in the neighboring town," he said, "I would have got for my children, first, the benefit of the *crêche* [day nursery] and the *salle d'asile* [kindergarten], and, next, those of mutual relief associations, of a hospital in case of sickness, and of a home for the aged when they become too old to work. As I am now situated, barely a few months' schooling at the village school during the winter months is all they can get; if they fall sick during their childhood or after they have grown up, there is no assisting protection for them to call upon, and when they have grown old they are bound to become, as I shall, a burden on their family."

He thus demonstrated that there was an inducement, additional to that of the hope of finding more remunerative labor, to cause a flow of the rural population to the cities and towns—a tendency much lamented by French land-owners because of the consequent ever-increasing scarcity of agricultural laborers.

It is also pertinent to the subject to mention that the moral condition of a large part of the population of France is such as to increase the number of orphans beyond what it would ordinarily be from natural causes. Rev. Father Joseph, at the Congress of Autun in 1882,* estimated that there were then on the soil of France, despite all the efforts of official and private benevolence, *one hundred thousand* children *either orphans* or *abandoned*. He referred to statistics showing the number of illegitimate births to amount annually to 90,000, hardly a third of which are brought up by their mothers; and to the undeniable fact of the growth, in the laboring classes, of *practical* divorce, the too common result of which is the ultimate abandonment of the children by the mother or father on whose hands they happen to fall.

Relief for these innocent, helpless victims was naturally sought in a varied application of the principle laid down by M.

* Congresses—or, as we would call them, conventions—for the consideration of Catholic interests have of late years been held frequently in France, in different cities according to selection.

Demetz, and carried out by him so successfully at Mettray.* It led in 1828 to the establishment of the first agricultural orphan asylum, in which orphan boys were brought up to be agriculturists and nothing else. But the idea of such institutions did not originate in France. They had been started long before in other countries. They were inaugurated as early as 1775 in the Swiss canton of Argau, and very shortly afterward in England, Holland, and Belgium. But there was no beginning of real success in France until 1839. A great many failures had followed, principally upon defective financial management; the chief features of which were running in debt without a clear prospect of having money to pay, and, next, gratuitous admission of orphans without certain adequate sources of income. To these were added other various difficulties, such as not selecting a suitable location, not getting a proper equipment, and not securing suitable men for the management.

These successive failures, where so great and varied good had been hopefully looked for, were naturally a great disappointment and cause of despondency to many persons deeply interested in the work. But after a number of years had gone by, and when all hope of ever succeeding had been well-nigh given up, a way to avoid the fatal mistakes of the past and to make a new departure under a corrected and carefully considered method was happily suggested by the Marquis de Gouvello, a gentleman well known for his strong religious principles and his devotion to the cause.

The Marquis de Gouvello is descended from an old family of Brittany, is of high social position, and possessed of a large landed estate. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was Donatien Leray de Chaumont, a former owner of the old, picturesque château of Chaumont, in Touraine, who, at great cost to himself, rendered signal services to the cause of American independence.† His mother was a daughter of Vincent Leray de Chaumont, who settled at Cape Vincent, in Jefferson County, N. Y., for the purpose of turning to account the wild lands there received from the United States government in payment for the large and important advances made by Donatien Leray.

The first step of the marquis was to experiment in his own way by founding, in 1863, on land of his own near Vendôme (Loir-et-Cher), two agricultural orphan asylums, that of St. Joseph de Nourray for boys, and of Huisseau for girls. To

* For an account of the institution at Mettray see THE CATHOLIC WORLD of November, 1885.

† A very interesting historical narrative of these services appeared in the *Century* of March last under the heading of "Franklin's Home and Host in France."

the former he gave 120 *hectares* * of land, and to the latter ten. He had no difficulty in securing sisters to take charge of the girls, but found that orders of male religious competent to teach boys agriculture were very scarce. He was partly helped out of his difficulty by Rev. Father Moreau, then superior of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, which has been long established and holds valuable property in the United States, from whom he got three fathers for the house of Nourray. But their duties did not extend beyond instructing and watching the boys and forming their morals; the tillage of the soil and care of money matters had to be attended to by the founder, who also had to look after Huisseau, and besides attend to his own estate of 1,000 hectares at Kerlévénan, in Brittany.

Five years of successful experience and observation led him to finally conceive the idea of a charitable association organized for the express purpose of promoting the establishment of agricultural orphan asylums throughout France, and of helping to maintain them. His system embraced the foundation of two separate and distinct but interdependent institutions, one to be called *Asiles Ruraux* (rural asylums) for the reception, under the management of sisters, of orphan boys under thirteen years; and the other *Asiles Agricoles*, managed by men, for the training to agriculture of orphan boys coming out of the *Asiles Ruraux*, which were to be, as it were, primary and preparatory schools for the former.

His idea met with sympathy, encouragement, and promise of support from many ecclesiastics and lay persons, among whom were prominent Very Rev. Father Etienne, superior-general of the Lazarists; Brother Philippe, superior-general of the Brothers of Christian Schools; the Abbé Méquignon, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Count de Clézieux, the Marquis of Pontois-Pontcarré, the Duke and Duchess of La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, the Duchesses of Chevreuse and of Reggio, the Marchioness of St. Paul, Mmes. de Curazon-Latour and de Vatismenil. A first meeting, for the purpose of organizing the society, was held on the 7th of August, 1868, at the House of the Lazarists, and was presided over by his Eminence Cardinal Donnat. The views and plan set forth thereat by the Marquis de Gouvello were approved, and a society was then and there formed under the title of "*Société de Patronage des Orphelinats Agricoles*" (Society for the Patronage

* The *are* is 100 square metres. A *hectare* (i.e., 100 *ares*) is equal to 2.471143 acres—say two acres and a half.

of Agricultural Orphanages), and its by-laws, revised in 1887, declare its object to be

"To promote and develop establishments, in the country, intended to take charge of poor orphan boys and children, in a moral sense abandoned, in order to secure for such, besides Christian education, primary and agricultural instruction.

To the above end, the society

(1) Grants *appropriations* to agricultural orphan asylums and to rural ones, when managed in a satisfactory manner.

(2) It *adopts* children and places them in approved institutions under its patronage.

(3) It encourages the *training* of special teachers in order to meet demands from persons desirous of founding agricultural orphan asylums.

(4) It exercises *an officious patronage* over young men who have left the institutions, and assists them to find suitable situations.

(5) It stands ready to serve persons or charitable associations desirous of placing children in the houses recommended by the society."

Rural orphan asylums take in boys under thirteen, and after that age they are cared for in agricultural asylums.

The society is composed of benefactors who have subscribed 500 francs; of founders, subscribers, and lady patronesses. The annual dues for the founders is at least 100 francs each ($20), and for the subscribers not less than 20 francs, which last sum may be made up by contributions from more than one person. In order not to shut out the offerings of the poor, minimum yearly subscriptions of 60 centimes (12 cents) are accepted, if gathered together by decades by some one of the givers, so as to form a sum of six francs. Such subscribers are called associates, and are not members of the society. It is managed by an executive committee consisting of the president, two vice-presidents, the secretary and his two assistants, the treasurer, and thirteen members. General meetings are called once a year, and the proceedings are published in *L'Orphelin*, a monthly review of the work of the society, containing also regularly abundant and varied contributions on agricultural, instructive, and edifying subjects specially intended for the instruction and advancement of the asylums. The lady patronesses have a president, two vice-presidents, and two secretaries, all of their own sex; they meet at the call of the president. The presentation of children for adoption lies with them. The lady president is entitled to be present at the meetings of the executive committee and to take a part in the business there transacted. The society debars itself from owning or holding any pecuniary interest whatever in any asylum. The charge for keeping an orphan is only 200 francs

($40) per annum, and is too low to allow of any being admitted gratuitously. Hence pay for orphans entirely destitute must be provided from some source or other. The labor of a boy from sixteen years up to twenty is considered to be a sufficiently remunerative equivalent for his maintenance.

In order to demonstrate practically the soundness of the theory which he advocated, the Marquis de Gouvello, in 1878, turned several large buildings belonging to him, near his château of Kerlévénan (Morbihan), into a rural asylum which he called Kerhars. He gave it a *hectare* of land and put it in charge of the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul. Then at a short distance from there he founded, in the year following, on a piece of land of fifty *hectares*, the Agricultural Orphan Asylum of Kerbot, which is managed by the Brothers of St. Francis Regis, and takes the boys that come out of Kerhars. Both institutions have worked very well so far, and each may be considered a model type of its kind.

When the society was formed there were forty agricultural asylums remaining in existence, the earliest of which dated back to 1835. During a period of only eighteen years, from 1868 to 1886, forty-one more were established, making a total of eighty-two, of which eighteen are rural asylums. From the published tabular statistical statement, as of October, 1886, these eighty-two houses had, at that date, under their care 5,362 boys, and the aggregate for the fifty-one years preceding was 25,409, exclusive of the figures not given for seven houses. The largest number of inmates, 500, is at Citeaux; the smallest, four, is at Breille. The least extent of land occupied is half a *hectare*, at the rural asylum of La Ferté St. Aubin; the greatest is 400 *hectares*, at Citeaux. One rural and two agricultural asylums were about to be given up. The boys are variously trained to agriculture, gardening, and the cultivation of the vine, in some asylums to all three, in others to two, and in some to one only of the first two named. Some houses are managed by religious, others by priests, others again are under local lay direction. The male religious are the Clercs de St. Viateur, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, of St. Vincent of Paul, of St. Francis of Assisi, of St. Francis Regis, of St. Gabriel of Ploermel, of the Holy Ghost, of the Holy Cross, and Salesian Priests;* the female religious are the Little Sisters of the Orphans, the Daughters of St. Vincent of Paul, the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul, of St. Philomena, and of Our Lady of Angels. The best evidence that the asylums are doing real good work is the interest taken in them

* Very nearly all these are distinctively devoted to an agricultural life.

within two years past by such undeniable experts and judges as the Society of Agriculturists of France. It was stated at the general meeting of the *Société de Patronage des Orphelinats Agricoles*, held on the 30th of May, present year, and presided over by Mgr. Richard, Archbishop of Paris, and his Eminence Cardinal Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse, both honorary presidents, that the society above named had gone into an inspection of all the asylums, and had been thus far so well satisfied that it had resolved to appropriate yearly for their assistance 3,000 francs ($600), divisible in turn among ten houses.

His Eminence Cardinal di Rende, while nuncio at Paris, thought it worth his while to visit the rural asylum of Kerhars and the agricultural one of Kerbot, in order to see the management of each, and apply the knowledge obtained towards establishing like institutions in his archdiocese of Benevento.

It would hardly do to omit noticing here another special orphan society founded by the Marquis of Gouvello which, while providing for a pressing charitable need and satisfying national feeling, proved particularly distasteful to the German conquerors of Alsace-Lorraine. Its inhabitants had been given the option, available up to October, 1872, either to abjure their French nationality and become Prussians or leave the country. Great numbers of them chose the latter alternative, but nobody seemed to have given much thought to the distressing case of the French-born orphans and half-orphans in the annexed provinces who had been left to shift for themselves. The Marquis de Gouvello was the first to think of and interest other persons in them. He founded the society of *Les Orphelins d'Alsace-Lorraine* for the purpose of bringing them on French soil and taking care of them until of age. At the close of July, 1872, when the option had only two months longer to run, he hurried to Nancy and Metz and got together fourteen children, whom he took back with him. A zealous representative whom he had left in charge, and who was getting along finely with the work, was arrested by the Prussian police, clapped into prison, and kept there seventeen days until the representative of France with the Army of Occupation interfered in his behalf. Afterward the number of orphans obtained was swelled up to 300, and in 1873 it had attained 500, with a prospect of still further additions, because the Prussian authorities would not relieve the children of parents who had refused to give up their French nationality.

In time a crowning reward came to the Marquis de Gouvello and his colaborers, in the shape of the formal approbation of His

Holiness Leo XIII. as soon as their excellent charitable work and the good done by it were brought to his notice. By his brief dated 3d February, 1886, addressed to Cardinal Desprez, Honorary President of the *Société de Patronage des Orphelinats Agricoles*, the Sovereign Pontiff mentions the marquis by name as having by his zeal and piety founded the society, to which he gives all praise and encouragement, closing with most delicate and touching complimentary words for France, of which he says that "by a particular privilege of God she has been endowed with the gift of fertile invention and of practical work adapted for the relief of misery."

By a later brief, under the seal of the Fisherman, dated 4th June, 1886, he grants for a period of seven years from its date, to all the faithful who shall thereafter become members of the society, upon the day of their admission a plenary indulgence, and to those already members, or who shall become so, a plenary indulgence *in articulo mortis;* either to be obtained upon the usual conditions, which are explained in the brief. A plenary indulgence upon different conditions is also accorded to present and future members, and all the spiritual benefits therein stated are also made applicable, by way of suffrage, to the souls of the faithful who have departed this life united with God in charity.

It must not be inferred, because the society exerts itself mainly in behalf of male orphans, that it has no care for procuring similar advantages of country training for girls. It encourages, as far as in its power, the establishment in the country of orphanages in which female orphans and destitute, unprotected girls are trained to good morals and religious habits, and are taught to work in the field and at gardening, to look after cattle and stock, to cook, wash, do coarse sewing and such other household work as is usual in the country.

The information contained in the preceding pages is best completed by particulars of the working forces of two rural and three agricultural asylums, considered to be respectively models of their kind:

Elancourt, founded and managed by the Abbé Méquignon, has two hundred boys, under the care of fifteen Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

Kerhars has only sixty, who are looked after by five sisters of the same order.

Gradignan, near Bordeaux, has thirty-nine *hectares* of land, worked by two hundred boys of divers ages, under the direction of twenty-one adults.

At Nourray one hundred and ten *hectares* are tilled by forty boys, varying in age from ten to seventeen years, under the direction of six Brothers of St. Francis Regis.

At Kerbot fifty *hectares* are cultivated by twenty-five boys from twelve to sixteen years old, and four religious.

Capitaine Blanc, editor of *L'Orphelin*, thinks that Kerhars as a rural asylum, and Nourray and Kerbot as agricultural asylums, particularly Kerbot, are, as regards number of inmates, working force, and land under cultivation, under best conditions of success.

The present writer has looked through Rev. P. A. Baart's book on orphans and orphan asylums of Catholic foundation in the United States, and though many of them are situated in the country, and some even derive part of their support from farms, it does not appear that any are agricultural in the sense in which it is understood and practised in France.

Our country seems, then, to be in this respect an untried field. There is no lack of land here. Is there nothing for us to learn from the rural agricultural asylums of France, nothing that can be usefully adapted to the needs of our orphans? The subject evidently calls for earnest consideration.

L. B. Binsse.

MISS BIDDY AND MISS ELIZA.

Back goes my memory, further and further, from place to place, from one figure to another, until it stands "stock still," as is the saying, in the centre of an old town in the south of Ireland and before a gabled house and the tempting window of a cake-shop; from the shop-door down one step into the shop, and then—the memory has somehow got into the brain of a very little child who has to stand on tip-toes to reach up with her penny:

"Good-morning, Miss Biddy. A rabbit and a Wellington cake, if you please."

The child is very small and very young, yet takes in every item of that delicious scene before Miss Biddy—who never disturbs herself, when engaged in literary pursuits, until she finds it quite convenient to do so—is ready to lay aside the newspaper. The shop is a small one, there are far finer cake-shops in the town, but to the child no place is like this, and when she grows

up she will have just the same, and she will be either Miss Biddy or Miss Eliza. There, on shelves against the wall and in the window, are glass jars containing every known preparation in many-colored sweets and sugar-sticks; the counter is laid out with tins of cakes—"Wellington crackers" first, large, sweet, good, and cheap at a halfpenny, well drilled in rows, all upright and eyes (caraway seeds) front; next a tin burrow full of rabbits, also ranged in lines, all with their little scuts cocked, paws forward, ears back, and currant eyes staring convulsively at the child about to devour one of their number. The child eyes them, and, feeling for their terror, determines in her own mind that, as Miss Biddy has not heard her request, she won't take a rabbit, but a rock—a rock is as good, and can't look at her like that. Beside the rabbits is a tin of Shrewsbury cakes, then tarts, and the child thinks of the Knave of Hearts; next come Queen cakes in heart-shape—they must belong to the Queen of Hearts—buns, and so on by gradations until the rich seed and pound cake are reached; and by this time Miss Biddy, folding up the newspaper, purses her thin lips together, emits from them a long puf-f-f, and announces: "Well, little Kathleen, there's great news for the country to-day. Tomasina had nine kittens this morning."

"O Miss Biddy, may I go see them? And when will you give a christening?"

"We will have a great gathering and a christening when their eyes are open—and, recollect, the child that helps a kitten's eyes to open before their time is a common murderer and deserves to be baked in a pie! But I may as well tell you, little Kathleen, Tomasina informs me that seven of them are weak and in danger of death."

The child knows well what that means, and prays to have the whole nine preserved; but it is no use: she is told that Tomasina knows best, that there is no hope.

Miss Biddy and Miss Eliza O'Ryan were two maiden ladies who in earlier days had filled a higher position in social life than that of pastry-cooks. They belonged to an old and highly respectable family in a distant part of the country, and, when family losses left them poor, they determined, rather than separate, to go into some business not requiring either large capital or a regular training—for they had neither, but in their place a considerable stock of ancestral pride which made it painful for them to enter into trade in their own town; therefore they migrated and started life anew in this southern town, where, to begin with,

they knew no one and had no friendly hand to help them on. And, apart from that, if ever there were two women utterly unfitted by manner, character, and education for such a way of life as they now entered on, those two were Miss Biddy and Miss Eliza O'Ryan.

Miss Biddy was considerably the elder of the two. Very short of stature and slight of make, with a striking face, not quite handsome, yet, even at seventy, far from plain—a pale, dark face, a high, square forehead, small, straight nose, dark eyes that were at times soft, at times brilliant, black eyebrows, and hair free from a single white streak. Her peculiar feature was the thin mouth, which had grown puckered and wrinkled from a habit of pursing the lips together and outward in order to puff out, in long whiffs, her every strong sentiment—and all her sentiments were strong: disdain, anger, contentment, amusement, each was appropriately expressed in this long-drawn puff. She invariably wore a dark-brown stuff dress, spare of skirt and with a pelerine or cape to the waist—a sort of pilgrim's gown, a stern, nothing-to-do-with-the-vanities-of-foolish-womankind sort of gown that went well with the grave face, around which closed the most particular and natty of Quaker-like cap-borders of white tulle, gauffred as if by machinery. In manner Miss Biddy was quiet and gentlemanly, though peculiar; one peculiarity was a liking for a position in front of the fire, where, her hands behind her back, she faced the room, and in that position she generally grew inspired, told the oddest stories without a smile (unless the long puff were to be considered one), and quoted poetry by the yard. She was looked upon as very learned and as having herself composed most of the poetry she poured forth. It was in the shop her manner was most whimsical and decided, for if a call for cakes came when she happened to be telling a story or reciting a poem she went absently forth (out to the shop would not express it), heard the demand as through a dream, and, with her dark eyes fixed on the customer, continued story or poem while she papered and delivered over the pastry. The effect of this was at times ludicrous in the extreme, as one day when the old lady, who was an ardent patriot, was in the midst of a long story about the rebellion of "Silken Thomas," and a country-woman coming in for "a pennorth of crackers," Miss Biddy, her eyes blazing with indignant fire, went on with:

"Yes! Five of them executed together! And may the God of Vengeance pour his wrath on their murderer's descendants even to the last generation!"

"O Lord, ma'am, who were they?" ejaculated the woman, who stood transfixed by the black eyes, her hand, with the penny held out, poised at one side of the counter, the old lady's hand, with the cakes held aloft, poised at the other side. Miss Biddy awoke, caught the absurdity of the situation, and answered solemnly:

"My five uncles, ma'am. Hanged, strung up, every one of them, before their own door, for sheep-stealing."

"May the Lord save us!" said the woman, backing out of the place, penny and all.

"Amen!" responded Miss Biddy, while from the parlor inside came Miss Eliza's "Biddy, Biddy, what's to become of us if you go on in this way?"

Indeed, it was not on all occasions an easy matter to deal with the old lady, who required strict attention to good manners on the part of her customers; she had been known deliberately to take up and fling into the street a number of cakes "fingered" by an ignorant peasant woman, and then issue the command:

"Woman, take your money from off my counter, and take your form from out my shop!"

With all her peculiarities Miss Biddy O'Ryan generally maintained a calm, unruffled demeanor, while her friends well knew that behind the oddities were a gentle heart and much genuine humor.

The younger sister by fully ten years, Miss Eliza, in every respect—except gentleness of heart—differed from her elder. She was tall, very stout, of a fresh pink-and-white complexion, and with a wealth of kind-hearted good-nature in the smiles that were ever around her small mouth and dimpled chin. Her pride in and her love of her sister were intense, and she never tired of telling tales of Biddy's youth, when the latter—who always scorned being a girl and resented deeply that her short stature prevented the putting-on of boys' clothes—had beaten all the boys at Latin and mathematics, and knew French as well as a Frenchman; of how Biddy, in imitation of boys of spirit, had run away from home, her whereabouts being only discovered when she wrote a despatch (not a letter) commencing: "To the family of the O'Ryans, greeting!" and informing the said family that, as their children were all mere girls, she had travelled on foot many miles to take up her abode with an aunt who had ten sons, whose studies and manly sports, being those most congenial to her nature, she could share.

In most ways the contrast between the sisters was as great as

in their appearance. Miss Eliza was somewhat careless of dress and liked a gay color now and again; she was quick of temper, but as quickly recovered the genial, smiling, hearty manner that made all at home with her at once. It was only in the shop that she allowed her pride at all to show itself in the quick resentment with which she met any attempt on the part of the vulgar public to treat her as a mere born and bred cake-seller, not as one in that position by the accidents of fortune; but then a soft word mollified her at once, and if she *did* use a sharp word she was sure to make up for it by giving for nothing a cake that took away all profits from her sale. She was good-nature itself, yet full of a droll sense of humor that made her stories of people and of things an endless source of amusement, for she narrated them with all the vivacity, gesture, and color peculiar to born story-tellers. Both women were refined and cultured in their speech, but one marked peculiarity always crept into Miss Eliza's language when she grew excited in her narration, which she always gave as colloquially as possible: it was the use of "she-she" in place of "said she"—a peculiarity sometimes but rarely to be heard amongst our peasantry.

Miss Biddy and Miss Eliza were only known to differ on two subjects—Eliza's charity, which threatened to leave them without food to put in their own mouths, and her passion for the study and practice of medicine. Had Miss Eliza but been born a generation later she would have undoubtedly made a name and a position in the first rank of female M.D.s. It was not that she had a woman's faculty for nurse-tending or a woman's quick insight into disease and its treatment; it was that she had a perfect genius and an uncontrollable passion for the science. She had had an uncle, one of the eminent physicians of the old school, who had recognized his niece's talent even in her early youth, had begun her medical education, and from him she had inherited many valuable medical and surgical books and instruments. The books she had studied deeply, and she had also acquired from her mother an extensive knowledge of herbal science, for many women in former days made the preparation of simples a careful study. There was no such thing in Miss Eliza's day as the possibility of a woman's becoming a regular doctor; so, her love of physic growing with her years and superadded to an ardent charity that impelled her to give help however and wherever she could, she gradually came to be known far and wide amongst the poor of the town, and even in the country around, as "better than all the dispensary doctors put together." In fact, she

brought such zeal to the work, took in each case such a deep and untiring interest, and possessed, in addition to genuine knowledge, such a rare intuitive power—if there can be such a thing in medicine—that she seemed almost to possess some charm. She had fitted up a back kitchen as a sort of surgery, and here, for hours each morning, there came crowds of poor sufferers to consult this woman, who was rarely known to fail in the cure even of patients sent away from the hospitals as incurable. Very frequently, as her skill became known, the rich secretly applied to her, and on more than one occasion her treatment was generously lauded by the first physician in the city. Certain it is that the dispensary doctors had an easy time of it so long as Miss Eliza practised, which she did almost to the day of her death.

Now, it was on this subject that she and Miss Biddy had, from time to time, a misunderstanding, or, I might better say, an understanding, for Biddy made her thoughts on the matter perfectly clear.

"I will thank you to tell me, Eliza O'Ryan," she would say, "where all this is to end? Charity is a great virtue—I do not deny it; neither do I deny that we are bound to give to the poor according to, and even a little beyond, our means. But we are poor women—more's the pity!—and yet you are giving, giving, giving, one way or another, from morning till night. You give what often leaves both you and me wanting food. You know you do. I saw you, Eliza O'Ryan, rob the till three times yesterday when you thought I was asleep, but I had my eye on you, may God forgive you! But, for the matter of that, we might pull on if it was not for your mad doctoring. *That*, I tell you, will be your ruin. Here you are, depending on cakes (and a crumbling foundation they are to depend on!) for a living, yet you fill the place, morning, noon, and night, with the blind, the lame, and the halt (to say nothing of incipient fevers and smallpox)—all of them poor and most of them in such rags that before long no decent people will have the stomach to touch one of your cakes, and then you'll have no till to rob, ma'am! And that's not all, but in your professional pride (quotha!), your mad anxiety to cure what the *paid* doctors turn off as incurable—don't interrupt me, Eliza O'Ryan! it's pride, mad ambition and pride, not pure charity—I say, in your folly and passion to beat the whole School of Medicine and College of Surgeons, you provide drugs and herbs and linen and plasters free, gratis, for nothing, to every man or woman that you think can't buy them. I'm older than you, and in the course of nature I can't live long,

especially when it comes to living on stale cakes and remnants of sugar tomfooleries; but I'd be glad you would tell me, how am I to rest in my grave and you in the poor-house? Ah! little Kathleen, it's a weary world where nobody lives!"

And having lashed Miss Eliza up to flouncing out of the little parlor to hide her tears, and herself into a passion for which, alas! there was only too good cause, Miss Biddy, standing in her accustomed place with her hands behind her back and her back to the fire, would emit a long and bitter puff, and then turn her attention to the objects of her own and her sister's mutual pleasures—the cats, the dogs, and two little children.

These children never exactly knew how they came to be such intimate associates of the two old ladies. The elder child had a dim recollection of being carried, wrapped in Miss Eliza's shawl, and set down on the old horse-hair sofa, directly facing Miss Biddy; next, of finding her way alone to the small parlor, and up on the sofa, where were Fosco, the little white terrier, Tomasina, the tabby, and two kittens; then, as her younger sister grew able to walk, of taking her also to the sofa, the dog, and the cats; and from that time forth one or other of the children paid daily visits to their friends, with whom a strong and most curious friendship sprang up.

Seated on the old sofa, her chubby legs stuck straight out, Fosco's head in her lap, Tomasina purring beside her, and the kittens hugged up tight, little Maud or little Kathleen listened in rapt delight to Miss Biddy or Miss Eliza holding forth. The strange part of all was that for the most part both ladies talked on and on to the children as they would to grown folk, rambling from history to poem, from poem to story, from story to reminiscence, the reminiscences full of graphic character sketches and told with inimitable humor. Never in all was there one word that could touch a child's innocence and purity; but the sisters seemed to take for granted what actually was the case, that, young as were the listeners, they yet took in every humorous point and every incident just as well as elder folk, and enjoyed intensely the companionship and appreciated the characters of their certainly very original friends, who, on their side, appeared just as thoroughly to enjoy the child society they so attracted to themselves. Miss Eliza would often pause in a narrative to say:

"Remember, little Maud, I am telling you these stories, and you, when you grow up, will write books and put these people into them."

At times Miss Eliza or Miss Biddy waxed moral or instructive and gave comical little lessons on any fault of manner or character detected in the little people—as when little Kathleen, in all the pride of new red morocco shoes and open-work socks, went to show her finery, Miss Eliza looked and admired with:

"'Pon my honor, the shoes are charming and a credit to the *shoemaker;* I think I will order just such a pair for Miss Biddy. But [having no doubt detected incipient vanity about natty little limbs], good Lord! Biddy, did you ever see such legs and feet under a cow or a horse?"

Miss Biddy greatly and rightly despised any departure from simplicity of words.

"Mamma!" she once remarked on hearing one of the small friends use the name. "Mamma! That, child, is not the way to address your mother. It is a silly, foreign imitation of a word. It is as if you were a tottering ba-lamb on four weak legs and unable to speak like a human child. It is an indignity to your good mother to address her as if she were an old woolly sheep. Say 'Mother,' child; it is a good, wholesome word. Do you suppose the sons and daughters of her Majesty the Queen speak of their mother as 'my royal ma-ma'? And when you say the 'Hail Mary,' would you attempt to say, 'Holy Mamma of God, pray for us'?"

It was not always grown-up talk amongst the cronies; the fascination for the children lay in the way in which the two ladies entered heart and mind into their every way of entertaining. In fact, it appeared as if they themselves were the entertained when they gave a cat's tea or christening on the occasion —and they were many—of kittens; or when, of a winter's night, the wind howled and rumbled and seemed to talk in the old chimney, and Miss Biddy, bending her ear to the fire-place, would stop in the very middle of her sentence, hold up her hand for silence, listen, and then, to the spell-bound children, tell how the lodgers in the chimney had come home. She would question, pause for answers to her queries, and then repeat those lodgers' marvellous tales of their last adventures by town and country, and land and sea.

PART II.

In the summer evenings Miss Eliza would often take a little friend by the hand and together they would stroll about the curious by-ways of the ancient city. One of her favorite walks was

to pass up a long street that led to the Western Gateway of the town, almost the only part of the old fortifications then left standing. Of a fine evening this was a pleasant way, for the whole top of the street was built across by the old houses beside and over this West Gate, the tall, open archway of which made a perfect frame, through which was seen the summer sun in its last flood of light before it sank into the night, and its last brilliant rays came as if in a glory through the old stone arch. This was Miss Eliza's most frequent walk, and here she invariably paused a moment before passing through the gateway, remaining silent and with a look on her face as if of prayer. Instinctively her child-companion had quickly learned to be silent also at such times, and somehow worked out in her mind that Miss Eliza was praying here, because out beyond that glowing sea of gold was heaven, and that the quiet archway was the gate of that happy land.

It was on one of those occasions that, coming near this spot, the two friends saw workmen hurrying from the door of the gabled gate-house, and saw also the signs of bricks and mortar and fallen stones about the place. As if startled, Miss Eliza suddenly stopped motionless, then hurriedly addressed one of the men, asking him what was about being done to the gate-house. He answered that the corporation had decided that houses, old arch and all, must come down, in order to open up the roadway and give a free view of the new church beyond.

"Pull down the house! Pull down almost the last remnant of the ancient walls! The Goths!" muttered his questioner.

"True for you, ma'am, an' it's sorry I am to see the old place going, but there won't be a stone of it left by this day week." And the man went his way.

By this time the rest of the workmen had left, but, as the entrance door had already been removed, the house was free for access, and the lady, followed by the child, whose presence she seemed to have forgotten, went in and up the narrow, time-worn stairs, pausing here and there to look into the empty rooms, and going from place to place somehow as if the whole dwelling were as familiar to her as her home. There was nothing of interest about these rooms; if this were indeed the original gate-house, it had been so beplastered and whitewashed and semi-modernized that it was poor and commonplace-looking—all but one apartment, to which Miss Eliza went as if to her destination, and at the door of which she paused and knocked, then, starting at her own act, quickly turned the door-handle and entered.

It was a large room directly over the arch, and with deep embrasured windows looking east and west, so that the place was flooded with the light of the setting sun. The apartment was handsome, although quite bare of furniture, if I except a board raised on a few bricks so as to form a seat, upon which the laborers had evidently rested while at their meals. Here Miss Eliza seated herself, and, her face hidden in her hands, sat long and silently, apparently utterly unconscious of any other presence in the room. The sun sank low, then disappeared; the after-glow slowly changed and faded, and still the quiet figure sat on and on, motionless, until fear began to grow over the little child, who had all the time remained at the window. With that strange intuition that comes so soon to some natures, she divined that her friend must not just then be disturbed. But now she was beginning to dread the silence and quiet of the empty house, when she was startled by the sound of passionate sobs that seemed to burst forth as if in spite of the strongest control of the weeping woman. Little Kathleen, for that one hour, was a woman before her time; she went over and without one word put her little arms around her friend's neck, and the strong woman, leaning her head against the small figure that scarcely reached her shoulder as she sat, cried with the terrible, rending sobs that come only from those who rarely weep.

For a long time she remained so, then her crying ceased as suddenly as it began, and yet for a time she never lifted her head nor spoke. When she did move it was but to rise quickly, take one long look around the room, and then, with Kathleen's hand in hers, go down the stairs and out into the street, where she stood a moment or two turned towards the house, and said:

"Take a last look, child, at the Gate to Heaven, for you'll never see it again this side the grave."

She did not speak again until they reached home, when she sat down wearily on the sofa, and Miss Biddy, looking sharply at her, asked no questions, but puffed long and with a trouble somehow expressed in the sound.

"The West Gate is to be pulled down, Biddy, and the old house with it."

"Ay, and I see, Eliza O'Ryan, that you are the same big fool you ever were. 'He that calleth!' may God forgive me, but I can't help it when I look at you, you poor, weak-hearted woman, and think of what you might be! Don't mind me, Eliza; it may be that if I was a mere woman myself I should have done the same."

"Little Kathleen," said Miss Eliza, "I'm going to tell you a story. This time it's not a fairy tale, which is fancy; it's not history, which is full of lies; it's real life history, and every word true, though may be a little too grown-up for you. Eh?"

"No, Miss Eliza; go on, please."

"Once upon a time, then" ("And a very good time it was," muttered the child, supplying under her breath the usual, but now omitted, end of the preface), "there lived in a far-away town a young girl. She was very young and very light-hearted, and a good many people said it was little wonder the heart of one with such white skin, such soft, pink cheeks, such beaming eyes and laughing lips should be a bright heart; and if ever there was one, it was. And kind, too, though they say the young are always selfish; she was not so, for she was youngest in a household where the mother gave the example of unselfishness, and taught each child the purest happiness comes from making, not ourselves, but others happy.

"Well, it so happened that she was to be married to a young man of a far higher family and position than her own (though she too was of a good old race). He was one of the noble house of Desmond; a fine, handsome youth, so quiet and so studious that he rarely went into company, but seemed as if he left all the gayety and all the courting to his father, a kind, amiable man, who loved the bright young girl as if she were already his daughter, and who seemed full of anxiety to have the young people married, that his son might be drawn from the strangely lonely life he led.

"It was a curious engagement. There had been for years an intimacy between the two families, notwithstanding the difference of rank, and so the young people had known each other for years before old Mr. Desmond proposed to the girl's parents for their daughter as a wife for his son. Quiet and retiring as was young Desmond, and bright and laughing as was the girl, she had known him through childhood and girlhood, and had gradually become sincerely attached to him; and so her parents consented to the marriage, and so it was settled it should be. But, though young Desmond sometimes left his books to walk with her, he never, after the first day, spoke of their marriage, never seemed more than he had been before, but, on the contrary, as time went on, seemed to grow colder and more distant than he had been in their earlier days of friendly intercourse. His manner became so strange that the young girl, who loved him well, and had been led to believe that he loved her—else why should

he have asked her to marry him?—was unable to understand the reason of his coldness, and grew daily more and more unhappy over the fancies that rose to her mind, thinking, in her foolish affection, that some want in herself, some disappointment in her character, had made him regret his choice; yet she had not courage to speak of her troubles to any one, only became sad and silent, not knowing what to do, until her elder sister—who was sister and brother, father and mother, to her all her life—saw how things were, and, arming herself with a horsewhip (though she would not be able to horsewhip a fly), demanded an explanation of young Henry Desmond. He, coolly enough, told her that in truth he was averse to the marriage and had only consented to propose for her sister in order to gratify his old father, but that he neither loved the girl he was betrothed to nor could he bear the thought that a Desmond should marry one whose family, no matter how ancient" ("And it *was* an ancient race—more ancient than his own," interpolated Miss Eliza, throwing back her head) "and respectable, was not equal in rank to that of Desmond. He added, however, that he would do anything rather than displease his father.

"'Do anything!' cried the elder sister. 'Do anything! Is that how you speak of marrying my sister, too good and too beautiful for all the Desmonds put together, seed, breed, and generation! As for you, who have meanly and cruelly engaged her affections by pretending a love you did not feel, mark my words, you will live to regret your conduct."

"She was too hurt in her family pride, but far more wounded in her love for her young sister, to remember the horsewhip; she only turned away, sad and miserable, for well she knew that for such a marriage to take place would only be to insure a broken heart for the affectionate but high-spirited girl, who could not long remain blind to the truth. And she was right. The sisters told no one what had happened; they went away together to a quiet country place for a while, and when they returned the younger announced that she had changed her mind and would not marry, for that Henry Desmond was not the man to make her happy. He took the announcement as quietly as he had taken the prospect of the horsewhipping, but his father raged and stormed and broke off all acquaintance with the family of one who had so scandalously ill-treated his son, who, in his mean selfishness, never told one word of the truth, while the young girl was too proud, and, though she hid it well, at first too broken-hearted, to speak; but, though her gayety and cheer-

fulness gradually returned, she never again gave a thought to any man.

"Well, to make a long story short, years went on. The sisters became orphans and were left poor, very poor. They quitted their native town and moved to a city a good way off, where no one knew them or how changed their life was, and where they just barely managed to get along somehow or other. They had not been long in their new home when one day a message was brought that a gentleman who was very ill sent to beg the younger of the sisters would visit him. Full of surprise, she went, for she never refused her help to one in suffering, and, dying in an ancient house in the city, friendless and desolate, she found Henry Desmond. He told her he had been some years living there with no companions but his books; he had learned by chance that she and her sister were in the same town; a longing to see the kind faces and the friends of his childhood had come over him, and he had sent to her, feeling certain she would forgive him, now he was dying, and be the friend she had been before he caused her sorrow.

"She did. She had loved an imaginary man who never existed, but for his sake she now cared and tended the poor dying man as if he were a brother to the man she had loved—cared for him so kindly that his heart was moved deeply; he knew something of her straitened circumstances, and a longing came over him to make all the reparation in his power for the wrong he had done by leaving her in comfort for the rest of her life. But he had no income save that which came from his property, and that he could not leave away from the heir-at-law. He could only leave a life use of a certain portion of it to his wife were he married, and that he might do this he begged of his friend to marry him even now, on his death-bed, that he might show his gratitude for her goodness, for the blessings she had been the means of bringing to him in his last hours.

"But here the woman's nature showed itself supreme. She was doing all that a woman could do in kindness and mercy for the man she had once loved; she was even the means—under God—of saving his soul, for during many years he had neglected the practice of his religion; she brought him round to repentance, to a fervent renewal of his faith; and even the priest who attended the sick man, when he learned her story and knew the dying wish of Desmond, begged of the woman, whose poverty he more than suspected, to consent to the marriage. But no, nothing could induce her to do so; what she had done she had

done in mercy and kindness, as she hoped for such. Henry Desmond had cared nothing for the affection of her youth; she would not, even to be saved from dire poverty, be married now for cold gratitude, and she would not give it to the Desmond family to say that she had worked upon a dying man's gratitude in order to enrich herself.

"So it ended. Henry Desmond died, and his family, who had been almost strangers to him, came and took possession of all, while she who had loved him in her early youth and who had been his only comfort in the end, went on quietly with her life in her home, where actual poverty was threatening at the very time when she, in her pride, threw aside a fortune.

"But there was one friend, a gentleman of the town, who had come to know and to think highly of the lonely sisters. Some business matter made him aware of their poverty, and he also learned the fact that one of them had refused to obtain Desmond's property by marrying him when he was on his death-bed. The gentleman went to the heirs and made to them such a representation of the lady's generosity and kindness as induced them to beg her acceptance of a sum of money that saved both sisters from want for many a year and gave them for some time comparative comfort. God alone knew what the gratitude of those lonely women was. They had no way of repaying their friend's goodness except by loving his little children very dearly—and love them dearly they do."

As Miss Eliza concluded her long and certainly—for such a young hearer—rather "grown-up" story, she laid her hand very tenderly on little Kathleen's head, and the child, who had listened in rapt attention, got quietly down from her place on the old sofa, said "good-night" to Miss Biddy and Miss Eliza, and went home to cogitate over the first romance she had ever heard, and which had saddened her much, wanting, as it did, the old ending: "And if they did not live happy, that you and I may."

Time went on with the two old ladies and their child friends, making little change in the old people, until one day the children, going to pay their usual visit, found Miss Eliza in tears and looking—she, so strong to help others—broken-hearted and lost. Miss Biddy had suddenly grown weak and had lain down—as she said quietly—to die, and Miss Eliza's skill as a physician told her only too surely that it was so; that the sister who during her long life had never known illness was passing away. But Miss Biddy's manly common-sense asserted itself; she would have no sadness about the matter—"we must all come to it, and the less fuss

over such a small person the better." She made her preparations with quiet devotion, cheered all around her by her quaint ways and sayings, demanded to be neatly dressed, pelerine and all, and declared she must have her best cap on. "If I am dying," she said, "I see no reason for making a fright of myself." All through it was easy to see her effort to lessen the misery of the loving sister, but at the last she was unable to control the feeling uppermost in her mind: "What will become of that poor, soft-hearted woman when she is all alone?"

So, when she had received the last sacraments and had spent some time in silent prayer for strength in the journey before her, she took Miss Eliza's hand in hers and made her dying speech, grotesque enough in its abruptness but for the sad truth underlying every word:

"Eliza O'Ryan, I'm dying, and I see it plainly before me that if you don't mark my words and mend your ways you will go to the devil with your charity. I'm going, Eliza. God bless you for all!"

And, left to herself, Miss Eliza did—in a worldly sense—go to the bad with her charity, for her passion for doctoring and her passion for almsgiving grew and grew and went hand-in-hand. She spent every spare shilling on medicinal works and on procuring herbs and drugs, and she spent time and the shillings that were *not* to spare on doctoring and helping the poor. Her reputation grew, but her business as a cake merchant declined gradually though surely, until, before many years had passed, she found herself with nothing to live upon but the aid of those amongst the wealthier citizens who had benefited by her skilful treatment. But to live so was more than her proud heart could bear, and the thought of dependence hastened her end; she gave up her house and shop, and ended her days quietly in lodgings in a house that looked straight across to where the West Gate and the old gate-house once stood. Miss Eliza left a will which contained no words but the directions, twice repeated and scored under, that she was to be buried at the *right* hand of her sister, and the two child friends of the old ladies, going to visit the grave, found that it lay between that of Miss Biddy and one on which was a marble slab bearing the name of Henry Desmond.

Mary Banim.

FRÉDÉRIC OZANAM.*

LIVING in an age, as we do, when society, once baptized and Christian, seeks, or has the appearance of seeking, to change its base back to paganism and to turn all the affairs of men on the pivot of self-interest, it behooves every man-loving heart to cast about for a bond of union founded on disinterested charity. Speaking even in a human sense, it will not serve any portion of mankind's best interests that men be divided and fight, one class against another, the poor against the rich, the high against the humbly-born, the ignorant against the truly enlightened. Our common good is bound up in one another, and we must know our mutual rights and do our duty to bring about the greatest happiness for the greatest number. Undying brotherly love, springing from the true faith and in the hope of a common immortality, is the only absolutely certain means of reconciling conflicting minds and holding the world back from the precipice of despair and the bottomless abysses of communism and bestiality.

Only on the steps of the altar do we see the magnificent monarch of charity, St. Vincent de Paul, distributing 40,000,000 francs in alms. Only through the church can we so much as hope for a practical society of men who will seek the good of their fellows at the sacrifice of the three strongest passions engendered by the fall: our love of fame, of wealth, and of our good pleasure. Only in the pale of the Catholic Church can such an organization as St. Vincent de Paul's Society find birth and grow to the maturity of manhood it to-day possesses. Its foundation in France by Frédéric Ozanam and his seven associates was the Catholic answer given to the taunting challenge of the St. Simonians and infidels: "Bah! your Christianity is dead. Have done with talk about its glories. Show us your works." And from the hour the inspiration struck these young men—some students, others lawyers, others writers for the press of Paris—they took the keynote of their society from a priest-editor, M. Bailly, and learned how to commence work from Sœur Rosalie. The first taught them that they must unostentatiously give the poor not only alms in money or kind, but, more than either, the alms of good advice (*l'aumône de la direction*) by placing their knowledge as doctors, lawyers, men of business, at the service of their poor. The second—a true "queen by right divine," as she has been beautifully called by Kathleen O'Meara, and made so

* *Frédéric Ozanam, Professor at the Sorbonne: His Life and Works.* By Kathleen O'Meara. Second American Edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1888.

by the acclaim of king and peers, the poor and the great, whom she controlled by the sweet majesty of wise charity—apportioned to them some of her poor families to visit, console, direct, and help only so much as to make them capable of self-assistance. For St. Vincent's charity must be prudent and not encourage sloth. Like the modest apostle of lay charity that he was, Ozanam imitated the great patron chosen by not naming the society as if he had had any share in its initiation. The saint had always claimed his foundation of Sisters of Charity as having sprung from circumstances, only guided by Providence; in like manner Ozanam would take no glory to himself or his comrades, but roundly declared "it was God who willed and founded their society," "created not after man's fashion, with a deliberate purpose, . . . but from elements already existing."

Look at these humble but intelligent eight as they meet once a week, discuss the wants of their poor, make a little collection, and close with a prayer to God and their glorious patron, St. Vincent. No politics nor personal concerns are to be so much as mentioned; no eloquence or fine language tolerated. Their aim is charity for suffering man for God's sake. The next picture introduces the white habit of St. Dominic, borne with such courage and dignity by the incomparable Lacordaire and his two companions. They came to encourage the young society, now grown numerous by the accession of some of the best sons of France. They grew by the eloquent demonstration of the need for their common country of religion on the one hand, and practically Catholic men like the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul on the other. Needless to describe how the genius of Ozanam fifty years ago fired the best Catholic French youth and manhood; how in five years he founded fourteen conferences in Paris alone, fourteen more in the provinces; and how in twenty odd years his successors saw the death of the St. Simonians who had taunted them with the sterility of religion, and saw the "eight poor fellows," increased to two thousand in Paris, attending one-fourth of the poor of that vast city, five hundred conferences in France, and branches flourishing "in England, Belgium, Spain, America, and in Jerusalem." But we are anticipating.

Twenty years, from 1833 to 1853, was the time allotted by Providence for the marvellous fulness of life of the Catholic leader, littérateur, doctor of laws, and father of a world-wide society. Ozanam had seen the reintroduction of the religious orders into France after their repeated expulsion and massacre, and the doleful success of over fifteen different revolutions from 1798 to

the advent of the last Napoleon. He sent one Archbishop of Paris to die on the barricades, and conquered the timidity of another. * By his direct influence Lacordaire was lifted into the pulpit of Notre Dame, whence he drew France by "golden chains round about his feet," and hurled such beneficent thunderbolts at the enemies of God and society that you would say he was another angel in the army of Sennacherib, only he smote to save. And the nation followed in the wake of the triumph of Catholicity. Ozanam had assisted at the at least partial resurrection of France under the lead of kindred spirits. First of these is the Christian tribune, Montalembert, whom to mention is to recall all the glorious line of the Monks of the West filing by in grandest procession. The young genius of the beautiful soul of Henri Perreyve had bloomed and almost faded, leaving the odor of his virtues in deeds and written works to refresh struggling youth in the path of self-sacrificing glory. Debonald, Cochin, De Solignis, Aratry, and others as brilliant and as Catholic, had risen on all sides and joined themselves with the sons of St. Vincent de Paul in the warfare against the spirit of infidelity and immorality stalking over the land. We touch, in passing, the years Ozanam spent in attaining unsought dignities—as professor of law and literature in the famous Sorbonne; the numerous and brilliant works he composed on civilization, the Franciscan poets, with their great tertiary, magnificent Dante, at their head; his trenchant contributions to controversy and periodical literature—and come to his last steps, his travels in Italy, one principal object of which was the spread of the society. Do not imagine so great a work and so powerful a lever in the hands of God for the defeat of the legions of darkness was allowed to exist without resistance from the enemy of salvation. Dukes and nobles opposed Ozanam, he being a republican, on the score of politics, too easily crediting the reports of the cavilling that the society was but a cover for party and national designs; and especially was this the case in Italy. He overcame objections by explaining the simple objects of the association, and obtained the triumph, so happy for his adversaries, of seeing the seeds he had sown when he first attempted the conferences in Italy in 1847 spring up into two flourishing conferences in 1853 in Leghorn and Pisa, seven in Tuscany and the neighboring places. "I see with pleasure," he writes, "a great affluence of young men, students, merchants, clerks, sons of noble families, university professors, and the draper round the corner, all elbowing each other and all led by first-rate presidents."

* *Life of Frédéric Ozanam*, p. 240.

One of his very last acts was the establishment, after much opposition, of two conferences in the city of St. Catharine, in Siena, and the encouragement to "form conferences in houses of education." His force was spent. His will, written August 15 at Antignano, "implores the prayers of his friends of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul." "To his tender wife, Amélie," he bids farewell; this is the very Amélie who wrote her thanks to the American society a few years back, on the occasion of the Vincentian Jubilee, for their appreciation and love of her husband. With the words upon his lips, "My God! have mercy on me," he died on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September 8, 1853.

We have in Frédéric Ozanam and his and our society of St. Vincent de Paul, praised before Christendom by Leo XIII., the model association of Catholics. It has for its mission the lay apostolate of saving the souls of its members and those of their spiritual clients. It has still more the purpose of reconciling conflicting classes of society and warding off those conflicts of classes rife under so many forms, not only in schismatical and heretical countries, but in the heart of Catholic nations. If the rich are not persuaded by charity to give up a part of their surplus wealth and personally to visit and help their suffering brethren; and if the poor and downtrodden are not taught to suffer for God's sake and better their condition by industry and thrift by means of work furnished them by public-spirited and Christian-minded employers, there can be no doubt that communism and monopoly will between them grind the life out of civilized humanity. Here, blessed be God in his saints and heroes! the Vincents and Ozanams of the past and present all may stand upon the one platform of mutual aid for body and soul. Active, subscribing, and corresponding members may be and are of all classes of society among men, and multitudes can be saved by this organization who would lose faith in themselves and in God but for its charity. Looking back at the lives of those whose names are written high up on the eternal granite hills, the saints, sages, and true benefactors of mankind, one is forced to the sweet reflection that, even for earthly fame that is lasting, it is better to become a saint and hero of mother-church than to shine in the ranks and annals of the world. For the mother never forgets the glories of her children, but sings them on to countless generations, whilst the world's heroes are forgotten, trodden out of sight by the ruthless tramp of ages, or consigned to the poor meed of "pointing a moral or adorning a tale."

Knottsville, Ky. THOS. J. JENKINS.

A WORD FOR A BRAVE CLASS OF MEN.

One of the greatest glories of the Catholic Church lies in the fact that her all-seeing eye and her tireless charity fails not any one or any class of the human family. Her hospitals for the sick, her homes for the poor and the aged, her asylums for the orphan, the blind, deaf, and dumb, her lying-in places for women in travail, her monasteries and convents, her sodalities for the pious in the world, her societies for all manner of men and purposes—all these institutions of the church evince the tender and watchful care of a mother consulting the special wants and aspirations of each one of her children. From babyhood to old age and the grave, and even after the grave, her maternity knows and cares for her charges. On the platform of disgrace she stands with the criminal, and, when his body dangles in the air to be hooted at and loathed by the multitude, she alone, in her priest, kneels by him as yet her son, praying that the flown soul may merit the sight of God by the wedding garment of her sacraments.

If the church, then, desires to help and save each one of her children, it follows, as a matter of course, that any considerable flock which has strayed or is liable to stray away should most assuredly be sought after and carefully watched. There is just such a flock in the United States this day. By their very calling are they exposed beyond the ordinary man to all the snares of the evil one. They are looked down upon for the vices incidental to their profession, whilst few consider the difficulties in their way for spiritual good.

For the clerk, merchant, or day laborer it is a matter of comparative ease to get to Mass on Sundays. In fact, even to an indifferent Catholic it is about as pleasant as staying at home. The church is hard by, the eye of the priest is near. A mechanic will, therefore, attend to his duties regularly, because they are always being brought home to him by the force of association. His work is over by Saturday night. He has ample time for sleep. When he awakes in the morning the town or village is quiet with the general cessation of business. The stillness of the air, broken only by the pealing of the church-bells, reminds him forcibly of the sacredness of the day and his obligations.

Railroad men have neither these admonitions nor these opportunities of frequenting the church or the sacraments, yet I doubt very seriously if special attention has ever been given to

their case. The church has priests who are devoted to foreign missions, to sailors, to the negro, churches and priests in the slums of the large cities for her poorest and most ignorant children, priests in hospitals, convents, asylums, and jails, priests and nuns looking after and tending all her children in the United States with the one exception of the railroader.

To show the ease with which a naturally pious man may rapidly become lukewarm and neglectful of his duties from the mere accidentals of a railroad life, it will be necessary for me to present a few phases only of that profession. I am qualified by actual experience, if not by other means, to give true illustrations.

To begin with, and, one might almost say, to end with, a railroad man can never call any hour his own. We will suppose him hired on Monday as freight brakeman. Being a good Catholic and not having been to the sacraments for some time, he thinks that he will perform his duties on Sunday. As likely as not, when Saturday night comes, he is midway on his "run"—miles from town and the church and their associations. He may arrive at the terminal point at four or five in the morning. If business is active on the road the "crew" may be ordered out at once for a return trip. Half-asleep, he ascends the cars to apply the brakes, and, while Mass is going on, instead of being at the church to commune with his God, he is likely cursing his luck and the railroad company for being obliged to work though sore and tired. A rare occurrence for him is a Sunday to himself. On that day, fewer passenger trains being run, the moving of freights is easier and more frequent. Even allowing him the very unlikely possibility of an occasional Sunday, he has perhaps been up night and day for the better part of the week, and is too worn out, I might almost say, to think even of God, too dead asleep to hear the church-bells ringing.

There are passenger trains also which are run regularly on Sundays as well as during the week. The crew on that train probably leave their starting-point before Masses have begun and reach their destination after they are over. They pick up and drop men, women, and children going to or coming from the church. *They* cannot go to church, even though they have not been long enough on the railroad to have become indifferent. The gatekeeper, the switchman, the car-cleaners and greasers, the flagmen at the crossings, the wipers in the round-house, the watchmen at the tunnels or bridges or cuts, the track-walkers—in fact, all the subordinate employees of the railroad have to be

at their posts on this supposed day of rest as much as during the six days previous.

Yet these same men are in every respect worthy of the same privileges of quiet recreation and divine worship as any class of men in the world. Their life is hard, laborious, rough, and dangerous. They become so used to the sight of the mashed and the mangled that, in time, they fail to appreciate physical danger or suffering, and thence, by a natural consequence, the snares and evils in the way of their souls. They are brave, noble men, eminently so. Many a conductor, brakeman, fireman, or engineer has perished in the faithful discharge of his duty, guarding the life and property given into his trust. What is the reward for this life of sacrifice? The coroner's notice. If they lose a leg or an arm in the performance of their hard duties and are thereby rendered unfit for paying positions on the road, they are relegated to the hopeless and humble offices of flagman and watchman.

If these men, then, are not worthy of the special care of the church from the temptations incident to the character of their employment, from its natural hardness and wildness, from their courageous discharge of duty in the very face of death, from the other manly and noble qualities which, under other circumstances, would have made of them good children of their spiritual mother, at least their families are entitled to all the tenderness and all the watchfulness that she can exercise.

There are many times in all families when a man's presence is necessary at his home, or, at least, it is an additional safeguard for his children to know that his authority is near by to support the commands of a mother often too busy with or tired from work to make herself obeyed. As their daughters are growing up into womanhood and developing their first natural instincts for male society, they are exposed to much danger from the attentions of foolish or unscrupulous young men. There is need at this period of a father's constant manliness to meet such reprobates as they deserve. There never was a harder fact than this. The water towns of Connecticut and Massachusetts, where husbands see their wives and children only a few times during the year, give us enough evidence as to the baneful effect of a man's constant absence from home. A railroader's case is even worse. The fisherman's wife and daughter at least have the same house, friends, church, and priest the year around and for years. An unfortunate condition of the family of the railroader is that they can count on nothing permanent anywhere. Their father and

husband may, and is likely at any time to be shifted to another part of the system, and they follow to a new home, strangers, and a strange church.

The disruption of old ties and time-honored associations is unfortunate in any case. But to a woman it is especially so. It is indeed a beautiful trait in woman—this devotion to her kneeling spot near the altar, and to the good man of God who, from long knowledge of her troubles, knows what balm to give to each wound.

There can be no question, then, as to the need these men, their wives and daughters, have of the watchful care of the church. It might be asked, How can they be reached? Easily. If two Protestant women, Miss Jenny Smith and her companion, can draw together in round-houses and machine-shops the sooty engineers and firemen and the roughest of freight brakemen, and retain their attention to their sermons, prayers, etc., it does most certainly stand to reason that priests, filled with apostolic zeal, could go down likewise into the shops, where they would be cheerfully welcomed by the officers of the road—go down and work wonders amongst these brave men.

There is no place in the United States where the influence of the church, always on the side of order, is more needed or could do more good. A word to these men from a priest, one who would come right down among them, would tend more to stifle discontent than a successful strike. The officers of the church must find out these stray sheep and their families. They must watch over the latter when the husband and father cannot. If he be killed they must take care that his wife does not die of starvation nor his daughters go to perdition. In the ever-changeful and precarious nature of the lives of these men there is need of the unchanging and safe protection of the church. If the priests would go amongst them and their families, look for them at the round-house and on the trains and engines, the church would bring back to her fold many a wanderer, and would gain additions to her flock from amongst those who before knew her not. The priest would be welcomed by the officers, the men, their wives and children. The work-shops and the car-sheds would be the scene of conversions, of reformation from vice, and of the beginnings of Christian virtue.

I venture the assertion that the first zealous priest who undertakes this work will be more than gratified at the result. I know its necessity from actual experience and observation, and I will feel the same gratitude as my former companions if the

matter is given the attention it deserves. I venture also the observation that, if the power of circumstances in moulding a man's spiritual life be considered, it will be made manifest to the sceptical that the railroader is not, after all, composed of hopeless material. I finally venture to state as a truth that such practical considerations as flow naturally from the above are of as much service to the parish priest as many hours' study of theology in preparation for a dogmatic sermon on Sunday.

RICHARD F. JOHNSTON.

Montgomery, Ala.

THE DEMON POTTER.

WHEN Satan—crafty Satan—
A humble soul would slay,
He sends a Tarquin passion
This fair Lucrece to fashion—
As though a soul were clay.

Then Satan—merry Satan—
Maliciously doth laugh
To see the potter moulding;
To see a vase unfolding
For ashes and for chaff.

But Satan—wrathful Satan—
If all is nothing worth
Of skill to thus deform it,
Of lustful touch to warm it,
Will strike it to the earth.

For Satan—purblind Satan—
He hath no eyes to see
That Truth may not be flattered;
That chastity so shattered
From sin is smitten free.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

A PLEA FOR HONEST PROTESTANTS.*

We have most carefully examined this book of two hundred and ninety-four pages, compiled largely from a previous work entitled *God the Teacher of Mankind* and containing the same doctrine, and we find the pith and substance of it to be this very extraordinary doctrine, that every baptized Protestant who has arrived at the use of reason is now in the state of mortal sin. The only exception admitted to this general sweeping statement is the catechumen (one under instruction to be received into the church). All the rest, whether they know anything about the Catholic Church or not, are in mortal sin, and unless they get out of it will be damned.

Father Müller does not say so, in so many words, but he might as well, for it is a conclusion which follows inevitably from his teaching. We challenge any reader of fair ability and instruction in theological reasoning, who will read this book with attention, to say that our statement is not correct or to avoid coming to our conclusion about it himself. We do not mean to say, either, that Father Müller has intended to teach this; perhaps not. But he has done it, all the same, unmistakably.

He has followed Dr. Brownson, who was undoubtedly a good logician, and whose conclusions would have been generally very decisive had his premises been true, which unfortunately was sometimes not the case.

We cannot help wondering that Father Müller's books, containing this error, have received such unqualified approval. We can only account for it by supposing that those who gave their approval did not read the books carefully and critically, and took it for granted that their doctrine must be correct. In this way many high dignitaries, including Pope Leo himself, approved Mr. Henri Lasserre's translation of the Gospels, although afterwards it was, on more careful examination, put on the "Index."

We shall now proceed to prove unmistakably that Father Müller teaches that *all* Protestants who have arrived at the use of reason are actually in the state of mortal sin.

To do this we must premise that *every baptized person who is not in mortal sin is in a state of grace.* Now, Father Müller lays down the following:

"The church teaches that the infant validly baptized . . . receives in

* *The Catholic Dogma: Out of the Church there is no Salvation.* By Rev. Michael Müller, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

the sacrament the infused habit of faith and sanctity, and this habit suffices for salvation until the child comes to the use of reason. . . . But when arrived at the use of reason the child needs something beyond this infused habit and it is bound to elicit the act of faith. . . . The habit may be lost by the omission to elicit the act of faith, which neither is nor can be elicited out of the Catholic Church; for out of her the credible object, which is *Deus revelans et ecclesia proponens* (God revealing and the church proposing for our belief), is wanting. *Consequently, outside of the church there can be no salvation for any one, even though baptized, who has come to the use of reason*" (*No Salvation out of the Church*, p. 181).

Now, we affirm that mortal sin must intervene to place a person who is in a state of grace in a state of mortal sin, and therefore the above proposition carries with it necessarily this one: *Every baptized person who has come to the use of reason outside of the church is in mortal sin.*

The logic of Dr. Brownson and Father Müller may be very correct and their conclusion follow, granting the premises; but that conclusion does not and never can follow, unless there is mortal sin somehow or somewhere, and so if there is no salvation for *any one*, even though baptized, outside of the church, they must necessarily all be in mortal sin. If the person "is bound to elicit an act of faith," and such act "cannot be elicited outside of the church," all this cannot put a person who is in a state of grace out of it into a state of perdition unless such a failure and such an impossibility involve a mortal sin. Baptism gives sanctifying grace, which can never be forfeited except by mortal sin.

We should judge from what Father Müller says on the very next page that he does not wish to teach such a doctrine, but he does teach it nevertheless. He says: "Invincible ignorance excuses from sin, if you will, the omission to elicit the act, but it cannot supply the defect caused by the omission. Something more than to be excused from the sin of infidelity or heresy is necessary to salvation." To all this we say if this omission to elicit an act of faith which he says is excused from sin is not a mortal sin, it can never put a person in a state of grace into a state of damnation. What is that "something more" which is necessary to put a person who *was once* in a state of grace and is excused from sin into a state of grace *now?* The answer is, nothing whatever.

How can a man be put into a state which he has never been out of? What "something more" than the state of grace is necessary for salvation?

We have before noticed that Father Müller teaches the same

doctrine, that *all* Protestants are in mortal sin, in his book, *God the Teacher of Mankind* (p. 285), most clearly and unmistakably: "Non-Catholics, therefore, in order to enter heaven, must cease to be what they are, and become something which they are not." What is this but to say non-Catholics must get out of the state of mortal sin in which they are, and get into the state of grace in which they are not? From this it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the *inculpable omission* of eliciting an act of faith is a mortal sin; and that a Protestant can be in mortal sin and not in mortal sin, can be culpable and inculpable in reference to the same act at one and the same time.

It is strange that Father Müller cannot see his own contradiction; but he does not, and goes right on to put all Protestants, baptized or not, into a state of damnation—*i.e.*, in mortal sin. He shows this by the way he seeks to get St. Augustine in his favor. He thus quotes him (p. 191):

"But those who through ignorance are baptized there (with heretics), judging the sect to be the church of Christ, sin less than those (who know it to be heretical); nevertheless they are wounded by the sacrilege of schism, and therefore sin not lightly, because others sin more gravely."

Here Father Müller does not stop to inquire whether this ignorance is a culpable ignorance or not, but implicitly takes it for granted that ignorance, pure and simple, is a grievous sin, and concludes that *all* without exception are in a state of mortal sin. Schism, according to this, whether voluntary or not, inflicts a wound—the wound of mortal sin. Heresy inflicts a bigger one, whether it be formal heresy or material heresy, which is really no guilt of heresy at all but only error, as is made clear by St. Augustine himself:

"Those who defend their opinion, although it is false and perverse, with no pertinacious animosity, especially when their errors have arisen not from the audacity of their own presumption but they have received them from their parents—who have fallen away, seduced by error—and who seek the truth with a careful solicitude, prepared to correct themselves when they find out the truth, are by no means to be considered heretics" (Epist. 43, alias 162. See Murray, *De Ecclesia*, sect iii. 55).

From this it appears how vainly he quotes St. Augustine again to show that material heretics or Protestants in good faith must be now in mortal sin. "For Christian charity cannot be kept out of the unity of the church." We should say that this would depend upon whether unity was lost sinfully or not. But Father Müller does not stop to consider this: the failure to be in

unity, no matter how it has happened, always involves mortal sin. Father Müller, no matter where he starts, always comes to the same end. You are not in the visible Catholic Church, therefore you are in a state of perdition—and, we must add as a necessary consequence, you are (*hic et nunc*) in a state of mortal sin.

We do not doubt Father Müller will deny he has ever taught this doctrine. If he has not taught it in so many words, it is his teaching by necessary inference from one end of his book to the other, and we hold it just as impossible to deny it as a necessary consequence of his teaching as it is to deny that two and two make four.

And what utter absurdity this leads to! Let us examine what Father Müller in effect says: A child is validly baptized and receives the habit of faith, which suffices for his salvation until he reaches the age of reason. At that time he is bound to make an act of faith; but he cannot make an act of faith without the *ecclesia proponens* (the church proposing). Then, we say, God is bound to make known to him, then and there, the *ecclesia proponens*, otherwise God would be commanding him to perform an impossibility, which God certainly cannot do. He is the infinite justice, and such a thing is manifestly unjust. God must therefore send him *at once* an angel or somebody in the flesh to teach him, or enlighten his mind by an interior inspiration, so that he can come at the *ecclesia proponens*, and not put it off, as Father Müller says, until the hour of his death. Either this, or he is not bound to elicit the act of faith, and his habit of faith received at baptism will still suffice.

In the absence of the *ecclesia proponens*, on the supposition that it is necessary to have it in order to make an act of faith, there is no obligation; without which obligation, and disobedience to it, the person cannot fall from the state of grace into the state of perdition. A person *already* in a state of grace cannot fall out of it without mortal sin, and this is absolutely certain; therefore if he is bound to elicit an act of faith and is inculpably ignorant of the *ecclesia proponens* (and Father Müller admits that there may be such persons over and over again), then the *ecclesia proponens* cannot be necessary for the act of faith, and the person must make his act of faith without it. One does not go to bed in a state of grace, and without sin wake up in the morning in a state of perdition.

As this person commits no actual sin, but simply lapses out of the state of sanctifying grace, the only way we can conceive of his getting into the state of perdition is on the supposition that he goes back into original sin, which would certainly be an original idea of Father Müller's. We cannot find such a thing in any theology we have ever read. Catholics have always been

taught that original sin once remitted in baptism never returns. Father Müller seems to have this idea dimly floating in his brain, for he says in his *Familiar Explanation* that Protestants have left the true church *in their founders.* They are inculpable themselves, but Luther and Calvin and Henry VIII. were culpable—and they are culpable in them! We inherited original sin from Adam—Protestants inherit actual sin from Luther! However, although this is the logical outcome of Father Müller's teaching, we do not believe he can mean seriously to advance such an absurdity, and therefore we will let it pass.

Father Müller seems to think he extricates himself from this mass of absurdity by proposing the following question: "What are we to think of the salvation of those who are out of the pale of the church without any fault of theirs, and who never had any opportunity of knowing better?" The answer he gives to this question is this:

"Their inculpable ignorance will not save them; but if they fear God and live up to their conscience, God, in his infinite mercy, will furnish them with the necessary means of salvation, even so as to send, if needed, an angel to instruct them in the Catholic faith rather than let them perish through inculpable ignorance."

This answer might have an application to an unbaptized person who needs a release from original sin, but not to a baptized person who has not committed actual mortal sin and is inculpably ignorant of the visible Catholic Church. For a baptized person can only fall from a state of grace into a state of perdition by a personal, actual mortal sin. This cannot be committed inculpably. If he does commit actual mortal sin and perseveres in this miserable state until death (as he must, according to Father Müller), why should an angel be sent to him rather than to any other man in mortal sin?

It seems to us that Father Müller's book is a crude, undigested performance. It is fairly bristling with error, and calculated to do a great deal of harm. "*Extra ecclesiam omnino non est salus*" ("Out of the church there is absolutely no salvation"). This we must and do entirely adhere to. But it is entirely lawful to hold that it is only necessary to believe explicitly *necessitate medii* (or as a condition *sine qua non*) that there is a God who rewards the good and punishes the wicked; also, that through the merits of Christ sufficient grace for salvation is given to all who come to the use of reason. St. Paul says that the heathen by the light of nature can come to the knowledge of God, and are inexcusable if they do not:

"For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are

clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, his eternal power and divinity, so that they are inexcusable because that when they had known God they have not glorified him as God nor gave thanks" (Rom. i. 20). And again: "For the same is Lord over all, rich to all that call upon him" (Rom. x. 12).

What hinders us, then, from believing that any one, assisted by divine grace, whether baptized or unbaptized, heathen, Jew, Mahometan, or Protestant, in inculpable ignorance, "who fears God and lives up to his conscience," as Father Müller says, is now—or, to use Bonal's terms, *hic et nunc*—in a state of grace?

Such a one believes *explicitly* in God the rewarder and the Eternal Truth. He says: My God, I believe thou art the Eternal Truth. I only wish to know what is necessary for my salvation, and I am most ready to follow it, and to obey thee in all things as my sovereign Lord and the Supreme Good. Such a one *implicitly* believes in the Incarnation, the Holy Trinity, the Roman Catholic Church and all she teaches; for all these truths are contained in the belief of God and his veracity. An act of this kind is an act of true contrition and wipes out mortal sin completely. And such a person is a member of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, not *in re* but *in voto*, and makes no exception to the principle, *Extra ecclesiam omnino non est salus.*

Cardinal Manning expresses it very beautifully:

"The work of the Holy Ghost, even in the order of nature, so to say, that is, outside of the church of God and of the revealed knowledge of Jesus Christ among the heathen—that working is universal in the soul of every human being.

Nor need this be done in a manner such as is considered miraculous.

Father Müller, it seems to us, has sinned much against charity (we hope not intentionally) in attributing to his brethren who disagree with him bad motives, in calling them opprobrious names, and in twisting their language to a bad sense, thus doing his best to gibbet them, and kill not only their doctrine but themselves in the public estimation. This may be excused on the plea that he often does not understand the meaning of words in the English language, and evidently has not been gifted with a clear head, and has allowed himself to be run away with by a fiery and indiscriminating zeal. We hope he will be more cautious in the future.

Father Müller requested, through his publishers, that this book should be noticed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We have complied with his request.

WALTER ELLIOTT.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XI.

HONEY AND GALL.

WHEN I got to the priests' house Father Weldon was out on sick-calls, and I had to wait fully two hours in the shabby parlor before he came in, looking cold and tired.

"What! you, Paul?" he exclaimed when he saw me.

Smiling not very cheerfully, I said: "I have a note for you from my father."

"He does not consent, then?" asked the priest.

"Oh! yes," I responded, "but he is very angry with me."

The day had turned cloudy, and, the light being dim in the room, Father Weldon went to the window to read my father's message. His cheeks flushed as he read the insulting first words, but his face was quite white when he closed the note and replaced it in its envelope. "Paul," he asked, as he seated himself wearily, "do you know what is in this note?"

"Of course!" was my surprised answer; "I wrote it for my father."

"He made you write this?" And Father Weldon tapped the note with his forefinger.

I nodded in assent, and the priest exclaimed under his breath, "Cruel! cruel!" He sat for some moments, his head resting in his hands, his arms propped on his knees. Suddenly looking up, he asked: "Do you understand what the consequences of your becoming a Catholic would be?"

"I'd be happier—" I began, when he interrupted me: "Yes! yes! but has not your father threatened you in any way?"

"No," I answered; "he is not pleased, that is all."

"As I thought," said Father Weldon to himself; "he has left all for me to tell. Now listen well, Paul," he continued briskly. "I have something very unpleasant to tell you. Some ten years ago, when you were a very little boy, we were in much difficulty here—money difficulty. We had begun an orphanage, had a houseful of little orphans, and very little money to buy them food or clothing. Your father heard of our straitened circumstances. He paid me a visit, gave me a considerable sum of money for the orphans, and at the same time did them another service of which it is not necessary to speak just yet. On this occasion he

said, when he had made known to me what he intended doing for the orphans: 'Remember, I have no liking for the religion which these children are taught, but I have sympathy for their hungry little bodies.' I thanked your father heartily for his goodness to us, and expressed a wish that some day he would think better of the church. 'So badly do I think of it,' he answered, 'that were a child of mine to embrace your faith I would turn that child out of my house in order that others of my family might not be perverted by his bad example.' He has been most charitable to us since. If you know nothing of it, it must be because all your father's charities pass through the hands of his lawyer, Mr. Mole."

Father Weldon paused to wipe his forehead with his handkerchief. He was perspiring, though the room was chilly, and I saw that his hand trembled. "And now, Paul, do you understand why I have told you this?" he asked.

"I don't believe that he will send me away from home. I am sure he cannot mean it," I said positively.

"It is ten years since your father made that threat. He has not forgotten," said the priest.

I am not in the least a hero; I had no idea of making a heroic sacrifice. The thought of being driven from home was almost unbearable to me, and in my heart I hesitated. I looked to Father Weldon for comfort; he was gazing out through the window.

"Father!" I cried at last, his silence becoming intolerable, "what am I to do?"

"My poor boy," he answered gently, "all I can tell you is to pray, and that you know yourself. My Lord and my God!" he went on in impassioned tones, "it was you who sent this boy to me. Teach him what to do." He was almost sobbing, it seemed to me, his frame shook so. "Paul," he said, when he had become calmer, "pray for me, too, that I may do the right thing by you. Now go away, Paul; I have a long office and much work to do." Pressing my hand warmly, he added: "Do not be afraid to come back to tell me your decision, whatever it may be. I will not try to change it, nor shall I ever have any but a friendly feeling for you."

My heart was full. Not knowing what I would do, I could not speak, and thus left the priest without another word. When I reached home I went straight to the "little room" and threw myself on a lounge. I was as one stupefied, unable to think collectedly. My head ached dully and I scarcely noticed the hours in their passing. It was late in the afternoon when I re-

membered Father Weldon's advice to pray. I tried, and could not. All I could do was to say the Holy Name over and over again. I heard five o'clock strike, and then I said to myself—and God alone knows how miserable I felt in saying it—"I will go to my father and tell him I will not be a Catholic."

In the book-room I found no one, and then I knocked at my father's door. I knocked three times, each time more faintly. At the third knocking my father called out: "Who's there?"

"It is I, papa," I cried; "please let me in!"

I heard his tread on the carpet, heard him, poor, half-blind man, stumble against a chair.

He opened the door, and, looking up, I saw that he was smiling. "So you have gotten over your nonsense! That's a brave boy." And he put out his hand to me.

The day had cleared again, and in the west the sun was staining the snow with ruddy gold. The sky was as though on fire, and the glory of it made me think of the gateways of the heavenly city.

I did not take my father's hand, but said: "Papa, all day I've tried—I must be a Catholic."

He raised the cane he carried, and pointed from him. "I positively forbid you to come near me again till you are in your senses," he said. "Should you become a Catholic you are to let me know. Not a word!"—for I made an attempt to speak. "Tell Father Weldon that if he baptizes you he will hear from Mr. Mole. He must not try to see me; I forbid him my house. Now go!"

Going away quietly, I heard him close and lock the door after me. In the corridor I met Nurse Barnes. "What is the matter, Master Paul?" she asked in a frightened way; "there's been no dinner took to-day!"

Putting nurse off as best I could, I went for my hat and overcoat to go to Father Weldon for the third time that day. The priest saw me coming up the board walk to the house, and he himself admitted me to the parlor. Before he had time to question me I entered into an account of how I had passed the day, and gave him my father's message. Instead of congratulating me, as I expected him to, my decision seemed to depress him. In surprise I asked: "Don't you think that I ought to be a Catholic, Father Weldon?"

There was no warmth in his voice as he said: "I have never seen God's hand so plainly as I see it in this; it is God's will; may his will be done in all things!" After a long silence Father

Weldon appointed an hour for me to come to him to be prepared for my reception into the church. Later, when I moved to leave him, he said: "The orphans will pray that your conversion may end happily, Paul"; adding to himself, "If they knew the danger they are in!"

So much time has been already spent in telling of this greatest event in my life that I pass over the two weeks that elapsed before my baptism, only stopping to say that much was said to induce me not to "go over to Rome"—not by my father, for he never spoke to me, nor by Amy Morrison. It seemed that I was grieving her, and yet it appeared to me that she thought I was taking a right step. The persons who interested themselves in my welfare were strangers to me. I am glad of this opportunity to say that their somewhat impertinent meddling did not in the least annoy me, and of two or three I can add that I am truly thankful for what they meant to be a kindness. On Christmas eve I was baptized, and on the morrow, at the Mass of dawn, my First Communion was made to give me strength to bear the trouble Father Weldon and myself felt was coming.

My hand was on the knob of the parlor-door. It was Christmas day, and I was on the way to tell my father. As I was about to turn the knob I was stopped by the sound of music. Not since mother died had I heard our organ. Softly the air rose and fell; now crashing, now trembling, the sounds seemed to beat against the closed door before which I stood and listened to the triumph march in *Faust*. And then the sounds fell and merged into the plaintive melody of Kingsley's "Three Fishers." Then all was silence.

The afternoon was gloomy, snow was falling fast, and in the parlor I now entered was an uncertain light, save where a branch of candles was lit above the organ. My father turned towards me as I entered, seeing enough to know it was his son.

"Well!" he said.

As I did not speak, he repeated, "Well!"

"Father," I said, "I have come to tell you—"

"You have gone against my wishes?" he asked.

My answer was to throw myself on my knees before him and bury my head in his lap.

Shaking me off, he exclaimed: "This is outrageous! Get up!"

I got to my feet, and, God forgive me! I felt my heart hardening towards my father.

"You have always been my shame; you are but fulfilling your early promise of bringing disgrace on me," he said, or,

rather, cried out. "Clandestine in all your doings, never to be trusted! Go to the priests who have taught you how to lie—"

"You are not just," I interrupted; "did not Father Weldon send me to you?" Then I said what should have been left unsaid, truth though it was: "Father, it is you who have not treated me well all my life long."

Swish came a rushing sound, and my cheek lay open, cut to the bone. I have the mark to-day. He had struck me with his cane, the first blow he had ever given me. I am sure that he did not mean to strike my face. Poor father! he could not see well. Whilst I stanched the blood with my handkerchief he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a roll of money.

"Here," he said, "take this and leave my house. Listen well. This money is all you will ever receive from me. Father Weldon long ago accepted a loan of money from me for his orphanage; this money would have been yours. To-morrow I make a gift of it to his orphans; as you are a good papist, no doubt you are glad that your money goes to the church. When you are of age you will have six thousand dollars that has been left you by your mother; till then starve or steal. Only go away from me and never let me hear your voice again."

Now I understood why Father Weldon feared for the orphans. Suppose that my father had suddenly demanded a return of the loan, would not the orphanage have been in peril of ruin? If ever one was thankful, I was thankful that my great blessing was not to bring harm to others.

I had not taken the money offered me, nor made any movement towards leaving the room. "Here, take this!" he repeated, and threw the money on the floor at my feet.

Not stooping to pick it up, I begged: "Won't you say good-by to me, father?"

His answer was: "Do you wish to be put out of the house by force?"

"May I take some clothes with me?" I remained to ask.

"Take what you please; you will see that a hundred dollars is not a great fortune," he sneered.

Therefore a hundred dollars lay at my feet. I picked it up and placed it on a table.

"I've put the money on the table—" I began, when he took me by the arm and thrust me with gentle force out of the room, locking the door behind me.

CHAPTER XII.

ABROAD.

I hurried to the "little room" to bathe and tie up my face, and to make up a bundle of clothes, smiling with an aching heart, because the thought I once had of going out into the world to seek my fortune was about to be realized. My face caused me much trouble; I could not at first stanch the blood, using much sticking-plaster before I could keep my cheek well in its place; for the blood would break out and work the plaster away. At last I succeeded in keeping the plaster long enough in place to knot a handkerchief about my head. Fortunately it was cold, still snowing, so that a comforter about my ears would not appear odd.

Father, generous in all things, was most liberal in his gifts to me of pocket-money. Though I spent freely, I found on counting my little hoard that I had eighteen dollars and thirty-three cents. With this very small fortune I intended going to the city to seek work, feeling sure that work could be easily found. I would not go to Father Weldon. Foolish pride kept me from him. It appeared to me that if I were to go to the priest and tell him my story, it would seem to be setting up a claim on his charity.

And now that everything was in readiness for my entrance into the world, I looked about to bid my home good-by. Muffled up as I was, I could hear my father moving about in the book-room. My heart sank, for never before had I loved him so, never had home been so dear to me. Uttering a broken sob, I knelt a short time beside my bed, and when I rose from my knees I felt much comforted.

Noiselessly I stole from the house which I was to enter but once again. Turning about in the snow-hidden path to take a last look at it, I saw my father standing at a window of the book-room, and I waved my hand, forgetting that at such a distance he could not see me even had he wished to. The old house-clock struck a quarter to five. To be in time for the five train I would have to hurry. "Good-by, old clock," I said, and started into a sort of jog-trot.

It was not easy getting on; the sidewalk was deep in snow, it was coming on to night, and I often tripped and stumbled. Abandoning the sidewalk for the middle of the road, where the street-cars and passing wagons had marked out a pathway, I

was able to run; the sound of the train's whistle at Fisher's Station, the one before Wayne, hurried me on. There was barely time to get my ticket and board the train.

As I was the only passenger, the conductor would have entered into a conversation with me had any encouragement been given him. "Are you sick?" he asked. My face was paining me; I was weak from fasting, Christmas day though it was, and I simply nodded my head. I must have cried out had I attempted to speak. The conductor looked at me curiously, then left my car for another, whistling softly as he went.

After what seemed an interminable tolling of a bell, Green Street Station, the stopping-place, was reached. The night was dark, and the falling snow almost blinded me as I walked down Green Street. But few persons were out of their houses. A party of young men, singing, passed me as I stood in the shadow of a house, trying to gather together my scattered wits. I wanted to get to a hotel, but was so confused by the pain in my head that I did not know which way to go to find one. A policeman came along, beating his hands together to warm them, and I asked him to direct me to a hotel.

"Take the next car that passes," he said, "and ask the conductor to let you off at the Bingham House—" interrupting himself to exclaim, "Here's your car now." And hastily thanking him, I ran to board it.

Market Street, the street where the car left me, save for the great caravansary of a hotel, was as a street of the dead. The hotel, purified by the falling snow, its frosty windows glowing with light, appeared to my fancy like the immortal castle of Elsinore. It was a very Osric who threw me a pen to write my name in the castle's mighty book of guests. I told this nobleman that I would like to have a room and some tea. Osric busily filed his finger-nails whilst I made known my wants. Pausing in his occupation, he admired his hand, stretched it out, and, as one does who touches an object to see if it is hot, placed two fingers on the knob of an electric bell, drawing them suddenly back as though they were burned. I almost expected to see Osric put them in his mouth. My fancy converted the servant, who came at the call of the bell, into one of Othello's Moorish guard.

"Supper and room ninety," said Osric shortly, handing one of the castle's keys to the Moor.

Bidding Osric good-night, I was about to follow the Moor when Osric called out: "See here! is that all your baggage?" pointing with disdain at my little satchel.

"Yes," I said innocently; "it is not heavy, I can carry it."

Osric laughed, and threw a card on the bar for me to read. The card requested guests without baggage to pay in advance.

"How much will it be?" I asked.

"Supper, bed, breakfast, two fifty," demanded Osric.

At that rate, I thought, my money would be gone in a week. "I won't need breakfast, Osric," I answered.

Twirling his moustache, Osric asked fiercely what it was I had called him.

"I was thinking of Osric, a nobleman," I answered meekly.

My answer appeared to mollify him, and he asked me if I were an Englishman.

"No," I replied; "Osric was a nobleman at the court of King Claudius."

The new Osric's watery eyes gave a faint sparkle. "Sam! give me that key," he ordered. "I will give you a better room," he said to me confidentially; "just remember Colonel Twigger left to-day. Hope you'll rest well, sir."

If I were worthy of Colonel Twigger's bed, why not of a breakfast as well? So I handed Osric five dollars, getting back two dollars and two quarters; one of the latter speedily found its way into the Moor's pocket. To this day I have not decided who was the greater fool, Osric or Paul Ringwood.

As I was hungry, I enjoyed my supper, and I was tired enough to have found a bed much less luxurious than Colonel Twigger's a comfortable one. My prayers said, I slept soundly, waking as the new day broke cold, clear, and bracing.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. GLASS.

When I had dressed myself it was too early for breakfast, and as the bells of St. John's were ringing for Mass, and I wished to hear Mass before setting out to look for work, I started out to the church. Besides, I had not made any plans for the day, and where could I make them better than in the presence of our King?

The future did not worry me. God is good. A Catholic should not be troubled because his outlook is dark. No one of us ever doubts the church's final triumph over all obstacles. Surely the God who looks so well after the temporal and spiritual welfare of his church will not be unmindful of her members.

We hear so much in our tired time of taking heed for the morrow. Is not the Master's teaching, "Be not solicitous for the morrow," as wholesome to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago? A sad class is that whose pupils think themselves wiser than their master. And our Master is divine; do we pretend to teach him? The atheist, who wishes to do away with God, is more logical than he who would teach God. It is all very well to talk of holy prudence, but there is such a thing as unholy prudence, and what the world calls imprudence is a quality many saints have possessed in a remarkable degree. There is no fear that any one will follow his example, therefore it will not be dangerous to cite Francis of Assisi.

Very many lodging-houses I visited before I came to one that I thought might suit my slender purse. It was on Cherry Street; an old-fashioned brick house, very small; close-drawn green blinds at the little windows, a large green door with a big iron knocker. Tacked on a shutter was a card bearing the inscription, "Room to rent. Inquire within. Don't break the door knocking; the lady of the house is not deaf."

Taking the warning given me as a possible lodger, I knocked very softly. As no one came, I knocked as before. Then I heard a chain taken down, the door was opened, and a little old woman stood before me. Her face was a pucker of wrinkles extended in a kindly smile, and her keen eyes peered pleasantly at me from out the shadow of a Shaker bonnet. She wore a broad linen collar over a plain alpaca gown, making me think her a Quaker; but her first words undeceived me.

"Thet was a beautiful knock you giv', young man," she said.

I felt that I deserved the compliment and blushed, as I made known my want of a lodging.

"Tha's what I said to m'self when I seen you through the blinds. Jane Glass, I ses to m'self, here's a man looking fur your room. Jes you wait, I ses, tel he knocks. An' I waited twice, en then, I ses, I reckon he'll do. But firs' an' foremos', you airn't a Yank, air you?" And the little old woman looked as sternly at me as she knew how, which was not very sternly after all. My idea of a Yankee was a New-Englander, and therefore I told her no, I was not a Yankee. Not altogether satisfied as to my politics, Mrs. Glass then asked me on which side my folks had fought in the war. My father, I said, had not been in the army, but my mother's people had been Confederates.

"Well, I'll swan!" exclaimed Mrs. Glass, "ef you airn't the fust Johnny Reb I've spoke t' fur years! Jes you walk right in

an' make yeh-se'f t' home. I jes' could kiss you, young man." And to my great surprise Mrs. Glass did kiss me. After this astonishing proceeding she took my hand and pulled me into a cozy little kitchen where a jolly fire blazed in a Lilliputian range. Gathering up a half-knit stocking from an easy-chair, she made me sit down, saying: "You jes' keep cool—leas'ways, thet's not what I mean ter say; I'm thet flustered I jes' don't know what I *am* sayin'—you jes' get hotted up, an' I'll make you a cup-a-coughy, which I an't had cons'lation uv doin' fur a Johnny Reb sence Luke died—you didn't know my Luke? Lands sakes! course he didn't, too young. En so yer cussin's fit? Well! well!" and Mrs. Glass' voice was lost in a closet in which she had disappeared.

What would my father have said, I thought, to this second conversion—he who had cut himself off from my mother's kin because of their Southern proclivities? Mrs. Glass did not give me much time for thinking, neither would she let me talk till I had swallowed the refreshing cup of coffee she had prepared. This done, I asked to see the room she wished to let. She got up immediately, and, telling me to follow her, led the way to a room back of a sparely furnished parlor. This room, however, was well supplied with comfortable furniture of an old pattern, such as may be seen in many an ancient Virginian farmhouse. She watched me anxiously as I took in the room, and her eyes glistened when I expressed my satisfaction.

"T' be canded, young man," she said, 'there mus' hev been a score es hes looked thet room over, all a-grumblin' et it."

To be frank myself, I said: "I like the room, but I don't know that I can afford it; I'm very poor."

"Thet an't no sin," said Mrs. Glass, sniffing.

"It is uncomfortable," I said.

"You bet!" emphasized Mrs. Glass, and laughed. "Befo' the wa', me an' Luke, my husban' es is no mo', we was smart fixed keepin' store b'low Alexandry en Virginny; the Feds took ev'rything, an' hedn't been fur Hezikier, Luke's brother, leavin' me this yer house an' a *in*come, I reckon Jane Glass ed be in th' poo'-house."

When Mrs. Glass had finished her disjointed tale I asked her what her charges would be for the room and part board, breakfast and supper, stipulating that my payments were to be made weekly. She rubbed her nose reflectively, and said: "Honey, I'm tellin' you the truth: I an't sartain what I'd oughter get. What ud you think right en proper?"

Assuring her that I did not know, Mrs. Glass asked me to walk back to the kitchen, and she would call in a neighbor who knew more about room-letting than she did. "Now mind you," she said, her hand on the latch of the back door, "you let me du the talkin'. Martha Blan' es a Yankee, en et took me fo' years to get used to her. Don't let on what you air. Ef she knowed you es a Reb, there's no know'n' what payment she'd try en get uv you."

After a considerable time, during which I got very drowsy, Mrs. Glass returned, running into the kitchen. Shading her mouth with her hand, she said in a loud whisper: "She's a-comin'," and hurried back to the door, which she opened wide, admitting a tall, angular woman in black silk, a knitted red shawl about her shoulders, and a wonderful hat which seemed to be entirely made of a cock's plumage.

"Miss Blan', Mr. Walter Scott," introduced Mrs. Glass, making signals to me not to contradict her. She told me afterwards that, ashamed to confess to Miss Bland her ignorance of my name, and seeing a book bearing Sir Walter's name, she had borrowed the great name for me.

Miss Bland bowed and I bowed, and Miss Bland said: "The illustrious Sir Walter having left no male progeny, I differed with Mrs. Glass when she said you were a descendant of Amy Robsart's creator—"

"I said no such a thing," protested Mrs. Glass, indignantly; "I an't no such fool es to think him a descendant of Gord-er-mighty."

Miss Bland smiled compassionately and, changing the subject, said: "Mrs. Glass wishes to know what pecuniary recompense she should ask for the use of her apartment with partial board; three dollars paid weekly would not be excessive?"

"You du surprise *me*, Miss Blan'," exclaimed Mrs. Glass, muttering something about skinning a flea.

Knowing from my day's experience that I could not do as well elsewhere, I said the terms suited me and I found them very moderate. On this Mrs. Glass said decidedly, striking her hands together as she mentioned each item: "Breakfus', en supper, en room, two dollars en four bits; take et or leave et es you pleases."

Not knowing how much four bits might be, I looked wonderingly from Mrs. Glass to Miss Bland. The latter lady explained, "Mrs. Glass means to say that two dollars and fifty cents will be elaborately sufficient—e-lab-o-rate-ly," she repeated, evidently enjoying her meal of syllables.

Closing with Mrs. Glass' offer, we shortly became quite a convivial little company. It was about half-past four in the afternoon when Mrs. Glass said it would soon be time for tea. So she lit a lamp, and Miss Bland said she would go to the baker's at the corner for some hot rolls. Whilst she was gone, Mrs. Glass broiled three herrings and brewed the tea, and I helped to set the table.

During tea Miss Bland, whose age was very uncertain, alluded frequently to a certain Charles—how Charles never liked his tea too strong, how red was his favorite color, and so on. I found out afterwards that Miss Bland was to have married this Charles had not his "pa" thought it better for him to marry money. "And marry money he did," said Mrs. Glass, who told me all this. "But bless your heart, honey, she an't got no grudge agin him. He goes rampin' and prancin' through the streets in his brusch with that proud puss uv a wife he's got, an' never a year goes by but Miss Blan' sends that boy of theirs—the on'y one Gord-er-mighty ever give 'em, en' he a cripple—a gif', though poo' es a chu'ch mouse es no name for her." After being told this I always thought that there was something lovable about Miss Bland. It was very foolish in her, no doubt, to see a likeness in her situation to that of Amy Robsart, and certainly Charles, a thin, hatchet-faced man, whom I came in time to know, was not at all like Elizabeth's favorite is supposed to have been. Nevertheless, I respected Miss Bland's constancy.

We had finished tea, leaving on each plate a melancholy herring's head—Mrs. Glass is quite right in saying the tail of a herring is its most relishable part—and Mrs. Glass was pouring hot water into the teapot for what she called the remnant cup.

"What wouldn't I hev give fur a cup-a-tea when I was in prison!" she said, and sighed.

Quickly drawing in my breath, my amazement showed itself in my looks.

"You wasn't ever in prison, was you, Mr. Scott?" Mrs. Glass asked calmly, stirring the tea-leaves with a spoon.

Beginning to suspect that Mrs. Glass was a very immoral old woman, I exclaimed indignantly, "Of course I never was!"

Not noticing my indignation, she went on with her stirring, laughing silently to herself. Closing the teapot lid with a little clatter, she said: "You see, honey, en the fust year uv th' wa' I was up to Cecilsburg visitin' some uv my kin. La, bless us! them was times!" For a moment Mrs. Glass was lost in thought; then she continued: "The Yanks was thet riled agen

us Confeds they made laws such as 'd make a goat laugh; no store dast hang up red an' white flannels, no chile dast go en the street with a white dress an' a red sash; fur why?—them was Confederix colors. Well, one day I was a-coming' down the street, jes' by th' cap'n's office, when I seen comin' up the street a red an' white cow, an' there was somethin' wicked en thet cow's looks. 'La! Jane Glass,' I ses to m'se'f, 'thet'll never do!' an' I bust ento the cap'n's office excited. 'Cap'n',' I ses, all-tremblin', 'es this here goin' to be 'lowed?' 'What, madam?' he ses p'lite es can be. 'Come here an' look,' I ses, an' he come to the door. He didn't see nothin' but thet ole cow comin' along bellerin' now an' agen. 'What es et, madam?' he as't, surpris' like. 'Thet there cow,' I ses, shakin' my finger et the ole rebel. 'Air you a-goin' to 'low such carryn's on, a red an' white cow goin' roun' loose?' He looked et me an' sorter snickered, an' I was jest a-steppin' off when he ses: 'Hold on, my good woman.' 'I an't your good woman,' I ses, all en a fluster. He paid no 'tention, but blows a whistle, an' a lot of sojers comes en th' room, an' agen all I could say or do they puts me en Fort McHennery fur two months fur insultin' thet low-down offiseer; an' what wouldn't I hev give fur a cup-a-tea them days!"

I laughed heartily at Mrs. Glass' funny story, relieved that the cause of her imprisonment was not such a disgraceful thing after all.

The remnant-cup having been drunk, Miss Bland, in a very ladylike way, helped to wash the dishes and wrapped the herring heads in paper, for her cat, she said. When this necessary piece of housework was done, Miss Bland said that she must think about going home. She looked at me so earnestly as she said it that I was compelled to offer myself as her escort.

"If it would not be too much trouble, Mr. Scott," she said. "I don't believe in girls going about at night unprotected; Charles never did, either," she added retrospectively.

Mrs. Glass need not have given me so many directions how to find my way back, for she stood on the doorstep, lamp in hand, all the time I was gone; besides, Miss Bland lived but a block away. It must have been very uncomfortable for Miss Bland, she was so much taller than myself; but she seemed to expect it, so I offered her my arm. However, she complimented me on my evenness of step and said that I must be quite used to gallanting the ladies. I said, truthfully, that I had never escorted any one before.

"You are a confirmed bachelor, I see," she said; "I think my-

self I will remain a maiden." This last statement I had no difficulty in believing.

When I was again seated before the kitchen fire Mrs. Glass said: "Now, Mr. Scott, tell me somethin' about yourself."

I hesitated. Should I tell her the whole truth or not? The thought of how innocently frank she had been with me made me tell her that because my father did not like the idea of my becoming a Catholic I had left home and that I was now looking for work.

"Good-*ness* gracious!" she exclaimed; "he mus' be a odd man. I an't got no use fur th' Pope nuther, but I ses this: ef a man thinks he'll get to heav'n sooner by buttin' his head agen a wall, why let him butt, I ses."

The good woman was much surprised when I told her I had no trade, and still more so when, in answer to her question, I said my father had none either. Before we parted for the night she asked me if I had any objections to being called Scott. As I had none, it was by this name I went with Mrs. Glass, even after she came to know the name I had a right to.

I lay awake for a long time thinking of father and of my future, feeling very hopeful. As I gazed at the moon through the frosty window-panes, I fell asleep, praying the protection of that dear Lady, our Mother, whose footstool is the moon, whose crown is of golden stars.

CHAPTER XIV.

WORK!

A LONG time ago the truth came to me that the world is very hungry; that, busy as it is, very worthy men and women—their number is not small, nor does it lessen—perforce wring idle hands. "Give us this day our daily bread," aside from any spiritual meaning that it has, is a prayer unceasing on their lips—lips that seldom know aught else but what they ask for in its most restricted sense.

It was just after Christmas that I went to seek bread, and everywhere I went "Business is dull" greeted me. With several shopkeepers my patched face told against me, the patches gave me such a warlike appearance. With all, my want of experience was a bar to my employment. I told of my willingness to learn, but no one expressed a willingness to teach me. Seeing the advertisement of an invalid for a reader and amanuensis, I applied. The old gentleman who advertised received me very

kindly, questioned me as to what I knew of books, seemed satisfied, and told me I would suit. In my joy I inquired when I could begin the performance of my duties. The old gentleman took off a curious skull-cap he wore and scratched his head.

"The first séance might take place this evening," he said, thoughtfully. "Professor Roland will call down Milton to-night, and you will write what the great poet dictates. Over three thousand verses have I written, but my hand begins to fail. You will write for me," he explained in graveyard tones.

It struck me, when the old gentleman so readily engaged me, that he was a little wrong in his head. Now I was convinced of it. Telling this most polite of madmen that I did not think it would be possible for me to act as amanuensis for Milton, I rose to go.

"It stands to reason," he said, paying no attention to my objection, "that Milton has much improved as a poet. He, and Shakspere, and Sophocles, aided by six great French and Spanish dramatists, are concocting a drama which Milton has promised to give to the world through me. You would magnetize superbly, my friend," he added.

Even this last was no inducement for me to remain with one who thought no more of conversing with a spirit than I do of eating my breakfast. The old gentleman waited patiently while I repeated that I felt myself unable to fill the position offered me.

"Will you have the future opened to you?" he asked, when I had finished.

Thanking him, I said I believed not. Then he asked me what I did want, and when I said I wanted nothing he became very irate, and bade me "Get out!" which I did, gladly.

After three weeks' search this was the nearest I got to the bread that I was seeking. Not only were seven dollars and a half gone for my board and lodging, but other small sums had gone from my little hoard. It was a pleasure for me occasionally to bring home trifling gifts for Mrs. Glass and Miss Bland. For instance, when I saw Miss Bland again she was not attired in the rusty black silk in which I had first seen her, but in a grayish stuff, with a faded red ribbon about her neck. She apologized for what she called being in "dish-a-bill."

"La! Miss Blan'," said Mrs. Glass, "what's the dil'runts? Put on a new ribbon, an' thet frock's es good's noo." That is how I came to present Miss Bland with a brand-new ribbon of a flaming scarlet color.

One night, after my usual ill-success, I counted my money and

found that I had but a little more than enough to pay Mrs. Glass for another week's board. The lightness of my purse did not make me heavy-hearted, neither was I troubled for the future. I said my prayers, and felt convinced that all would yet be well. The next evening Miss Bland came in after supper. "You have not established yourself yet, have you, Mr. Scott?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Th' poo' feller's feet mus' be sore, an' what's the matter with them folks es hes sto's es more'n I knows; but he an't got no show yet," Mrs. Glass answered for me.

"I have been pondering over it," said Miss Bland, "and I think that he should apply to Mr. Guggins."

"La! Miss Blan', you wouldn't send him there," interrupted Mrs. Glass.

Miss Bland first froze, and then became agitated. "I don't see why I shouldn't," she said faintly.

Mrs. Glass did not speak, but coughed gently behind her hand.

Recovering herself, Miss Bland continued, addressing me: "Mr. Guggins is wholesale and retail baskets; if you were to go to him to-morrow and tell him Martha Bland sent you, I think you would find employment."

My outlook was such a blank as to leave me nothing to do but to thank Miss Bland and say that I would try my luck with Mr. Guggins. When I had written down the address of Guggins, from Miss Bland's dictation, she drew forth a mildewed visiting-card having the name of Martha Bland printed on it. How many years must have passed since its printing!

"You might hand him my card," said Miss Bland; "it will sustain the veracity of your appeal, and I do hope, Mr. Scott, your star is now in the ascendant."

It was a comet year, and Mrs. Glass remarked that she had the same thought as Miss Bland, and she did hope I'd be like "a comic en th' heavens."

The warehouse and salesroom of "Charles Guggins, Basket and Wooden-Ware," stood on a wharf, its many windows blinking in the sun at the Delaware. If trade was dull in all things else, at least, so it seemed, there was a great demand for baskets. The salesmen were so busy that I had much difficulty in getting one to listen to me, who did not want to buy baskets, but only to see the baskets' owner. One of them stopped long enough to say shortly: "Mr. Guggins never gets here before eleven"; a moment after he was bowing before a man who wanted baskets by the gross.

It was only nine o'clock, and a full two hours were before me. As nothing better occurred to me, I went up Chestnut Street to Earle's picture-gallery. Having been there often before with my father, I was well known to the clerks. One of them asked me about his health. Answering him as best I could, I hurried into the picture-room, feeling very badly, thinking of father and of home. At that moment I was ungrateful enough to think Mrs. Glass a very vulgar woman, to detest the name of Guggins. And, for the time, the cost of my faith was terrifying me. Staring stupidly before me at a battle-piece in which was depicted a coward running away from the enemy, the thought came gradually to me that, having put on the armor of a great Captain, would I fly ere the fight had well begun? I left the gallery ashamed, and I went where my heart bade me go, to the quaint old Jesuit church in Willing's Alley; there, kneeling at my Captain's feet, I got fresh strength and heart to follow the path which he has trod.

The State-House clock was striking eleven as I again entered the warehouse of Guggins. This time I pushed straight back to where the offices were. An elderly man stood at the door of one of these glass rooms. Going up to him I asked where Mr. Guggins was to be found. The man's face was a curious mixture of harshness and timidity—a hatchet-face, soft eyes, and hard mouth. To my astonishment the voice that said, "I am Mr. Guggins," was remarkable for nothing but an excessive meekness. "What is it you wish?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"I am looking for work—" I began, when he interrupted me with a sound that I can liken to nothing else but a dog's yelp.

"You shouldn't come to me," he whispered, and was about to close the office-door in my face when I said: "Miss Bland sent me to you; here is her card." And I handed him the bit of pasteboard, brown with age.

Putting on a pair of eye-glasses, he read the card, then let his hands fall helplessly, and stared in a dazed way before him. Recollecting himself, he took me by the arm, drew me into the office, and shut the door.

Taking two or three turns up and down the room, he stopped suddenly before me, and asked: "Is Miss—ahem!—Bland well?"

I replied that, to the best of my knowledge, her general health was good.

"Are you a relative of Miss—Bland's? I cannot place you."

Answering in the negative, I told him how it was that I had come to be sent by Miss Bland.

"I really do not need any one," he said, as though thinking aloud. "Martha Bland! Martha Bland! who'd have thought it after all these years?"

I was feeling very miserable, wishing myself far away from Mr. Guggins, much perspicacity not being needed for me to know that I was in the presence of Miss Bland's Charles. Saying that I was sorry to have troubled him, I made a move to go away, but he put his hand on my shoulder and gently forced me to sit down.

"Since Miss Bland asks it," he said, "you may consider yourself in my employ. They," and he motioned towards the warehouse, "will find something for you to do. When I broke the tie that bound us, I wanted to make a settlement on her; she wouldn't hear to it, and now that she asks something—" He stopped abruptly, a faint smile flickering over his odd face.

It surprised me to hear a man of so unromantic an appearance speaking in such a strain; after-experience taught me that Guggins was as full of romance as Miss Bland herself.

"What did you say your name is?" he asked.

I had not given him any name, and now told him, "Walter Scott." My reason for holding on to the name given me by Mrs. Glass was this: theoretically republican, my father was practically as aristocratic as an English Conservative. Well aware that he would not like one of his name to be employed as I expected to be, I respected his prejudices and gave the false name, not without twinges of conscience.

Guggins called in a husky whisper through a speaking-tube: "Hawkins!"

"You will not begin work to-day," he said; "come to-morrow at sevin." Turning to a slender youth who had just entered, he continued: "Hawkins, this young man will be in your department. You can find some work for him to do?"

Of course Hawkins took a question put in this way for a command. There was great need of a boy of my size, he said. I did not at all fancy being called a boy by Hawkins, more particularly as he had the appearance of being no more than a boy himself. Nevertheless, I took the hand he stretched out to me when Guggins introduced me to him.

Guggins dismissed the clerk with "That will do, Hawkins."

Why Hawkins winked at me as he left the office I was at a loss to know. Probably he had no reason; it was his way, that is all.

"I will give you four dollars a week," said Guggins, when

Hawkins was out of earshot, "only you must not say anything about it in the warehouse. It is a dollar more than I'm accustomed to give for the work you'll have to do—but Martha Bland sent you to me." And I think he tried to throw a sentimental look into his hatchet-face. I protested against getting more than my deserts, insisting that I was seeking work, not charity. He said that I was very green, and told me not to worry, that he would have something to occupy me in the office if I found time hanging heavy in the warehouse.

After all, four dollars a week is not a great fortune, so I pocketed my scruples, thanked my employer, and laid my hand on the door-knob.

"I'll go out to the front with you," said Guggins, and we went silently through the little army of clerks.

At the door was a pile of tiny straw baskets, colored mottoes worked in their sides. Selecting one with "Keepsake" fancifully wrought on it, he said: "I wish you would give this to Miss Bland with my compliments."

I said that I would, and with a light heart bade him good-morning. As I turned the corner I looked back, and saw that Guggins was still standing where I had left him, staring absently at the silently flowing river. Of all odd people, I thought to myself, Miss Bland and her sometime lover are the oddest.

Going straight to Miss Bland's, I found her in her little sitting-room making herself a bonnet. My good news pleased her very much, but I noticed as I thanked her that her mind was wandering to the little basket I carried. So I made haste to give her Guggins' message and his gift. Miss Bland trembled as she took the basket from me, while tears began to roll down her faded cheeks. Reading the basket's inscription, she murmured: "How appropriate, how like Charles!" Then, while I was trying to say something, prevented by the awkward feeling that had come over me, she took from a little cupboard an album, and, opening it, showed me the picture of a young man.

"This is Charles, taken fifteen years ago; I haven't seen him close for all that time—is he much changed?" she asked.

How like and how unlike the photograph was Guggins! He was an ugly old man, and yet this weak-faced, rather good-looking youth plainly was Guggins. Seeing the resemblance I said that he had not changed very much. Miss Bland brightened at this, and said as I got up to leave: "Mrs. Glass is on the tiptoe of expectation. Tell her I am coming to tea this afternoon."

Mrs. Glass was overjoyed at my news, and very mysterious

was her foreknowledge of how I was to show some folks at home that I could have a fortune of my own, and no thanks to any one but myself.

"Walter Scott," she said, when her congratulations were exhausted, "we mus' hev a feas' t'night! Miss Blan' likes yoisters, you likes yoisters; what you say t' yoister-pie?"

An oyster-pie we did have, and an egg-nog after. Supper over, we played a three-handed game of euchre, and were as happy a trio as could be found in the broad United States.

HAROLD DIJON.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUTHENTICITY AND VERACITY OF THE GOSPELS.

I WISH to present a brief summary of arguments proving the authenticity of the Gospels and their historical truth, for the benefit of those who desire to defend their faith or to know why one ought to believe.

One who has been familiar from childhood with the Gospels finds it very difficult not to believe them. Some do eradicate this belief. M. Renan has described this uprooting process in his own case. And such a person is made to say in *Robert Elsmere:* "To him who has once been a Christian of the old sort, the parting with the Christian mythology is the rending asunder of bones and marrow" (p. 355). I cannot hope to make any impression on unbelievers of this sort, who have broken to pieces the mirror in their soul. But those whose unfaith is merely negative, an obscurity or absence of apprehension of the historic verity of the Gospels, caused by the lack of Christian instruction and the mist of unbelief in the atmosphere, may be made to see, or to see more clearly, the truth respecting Jesus Christ and Christianity in the light of evidence, if they will only pay attention with a candid mind and an upright heart.

It is just here that we meet our chief and only serious obstacle, which is the difficulty of gaining attention to historical evidence and bringing the contention within the rules of sound critical and otherwise truly scientific discussion. The disciples of Strauss have striven to make what is called in French a *fin de non recevoir, i.e.*, a plea in bar, which rules out all testimony to miracles, prophecy, revelation, and everything preternatural or

supernatural. I quote here and in other places from *Robert Elsmere*, not as a work of any authority or argumentative value, but because this novel, written by a lady, furnishes a specimen of the mental attitude and the notions of a certain cultured class who have been captivated by one of the newest forms of infidelity, which treats Christianity as a "mythology."

Langham says to Elsmere:

"History depends on *testimony*. What is the nature and the value of testimony at given times? In other words, did the man of the third century understand, or report, or interpret facts in the same way as the man of the sixteenth or the nineteenth? And if not, what are the differences, and what are the deductions to be made from them, if any?" (p. 199).

In the course of the story this question is answered in the sense that the prevalent belief in the preternatural, in the past, disqualifies all the witnesses to miracles and events in the supernatural order. Mr. Wendover sums up the case to Elsmere in these words:

"It is discreditable now for the man of intelligence to refuse to read his Livy in the light of his Mommsen. My object has been to help in making it discreditable to him to refuse to read his Christian documents in the light of a trained scientific criticism. We shall have made some positive advance in rationality when the man who is perfectly capable of dealing sanely with legend in one connection, and, in another, will insist on confounding it with history proper, cannot do so any longer without losing caste, without falling *ipso facto* out of court with men of education" (p. 318).

This is the *fin de non recevoir* of which I have spoken. In another form it appears in Mr. Grey's remark: "I am old-fashioned enough to stick to the *à priori* impossibility of miracles" (p. 353).

This is the way in which it is sought to stifle the advocate of Christianity and stop the ears of the simple multitude. Rational evidence and demonstration are eluded by an unproved and unprovable *à priori* assertion which is not one of those propositions which are undemonstrable because self-evident. Historical evidence is eluded by a similarly gratuitous assumption that all testimony to the miraculous and supernatural is legend; and the legends and myths of Strauss, Renan, and Wellhausen, demanding more credulity than the universal extent of the Deluge, are palmed off as scientific history. The supple and well-oiled antagonist eludes our attempt to grasp him in the struggle of close argument, and dances around at a safe distance, brandishing in the air the arms of taunt, mockery, and boasting.

Precisely what we complain of is: that our adversaries will not treat these matters of religion on the same principles of evidence and criticism which they apply to all matters of secular history, literature, and science. We want nothing more than to bring the whole question of the evidences of supernatural religion, with its facts and doctrines, to an impartial discussion within the sphere of rational philosophy and historical evidence. Protestants are at a disadvantage in this discussion, because they use two measures and two contradictory sets of principles. They argue now on Catholic principles, and then on those which they have been controverting. For instance, they treat ecclesiastical miracles in the spirit, by the method, of those with whom they have been disputing on Scriptural miracles. There are some miraculous facts of a recent date which can be proved by evidence capable of enduring any test. They have been investigated, and their reality tested, stated, and proved, according to all the rules of juridical and scientific evidence, by lawyers, physicians, and scientists of undoubted competence. One such fact dashes into fragments the brittle theories of all the Greys and Wendovers in the world. These evidences are not discussed; they are simply ignored. They are not, indeed, fundamental, like those which concern the facts of the Gospel. The principles and method of those who reject and ignore them furnish, however, an illustration of the treatment which the miracles, the resurrection, and the manifest evidence of the divinity of Jesus Christ, set forth by the testimony and teaching of the Apostles, receive at the hands of modern sceptics. Their policy consists in raising a mist and pouring out a flood of language, without any logic or consistency. Their spirit is expressed by the French *pasquinade:*

> *"A part du Roi défense à Dieu,*
> *De faire miracle en ce lieu."*

It is our contention that the authenticity of the Gospels is proved by irrefragable evidence; that their historic verity is a necessary consequence of their authenticity; and that from their verity the supernatural Christian religion, involving the supernatural religion whose perfect outcome is Christianity, in all pre-Christian ages; is a necessary conclusion. At present I confine myself to the authenticity and veracity of the Gospels.*

Christianity, organized in the Catholic Church, is a colossal historical monument of testimony to the facts related in the Gospels, and to the authenticity of the Gospels, which it has received

* In my treatment of this topic I have closely followed and summarized the first part of the second volume of *Le Christianisme et les Temps Présents*, by the Abbé Bougaud.

and venerated from the beginning. There is no possible way of accounting for the foundation of the church upon faith in these facts, and for the universal acceptance of the Gospels as authentic memoirs and records, except by their manifest historical verity. At the end of the persecution of Diocletian, when Christianity emerged from the catacombs and began to be the public, recognized religion of the Roman Empire—*i.e.*, in A.D. 312—it is an incontestable fact that the universal church carried in her hands the Four Gospels, proclaiming them to be the authentic, genuine works of the Evangelists Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Eusebius says:

"This appears also to be the proper place to give a summary statement of the books of the New Testament, already mentioned. And here among the first must be placed the holy quaternion of the Gospels" (*Eccl. Hist.*, l. iii. c. 25).

In the foregoing chapter he specifies the authors and gives particulars. Constantine ordered a recension to be made of the Greek text of the Gospels, by a collation of the most ancient MSS., and had fifty magnificent copies engrossed for as many of the principal churches. The church of the fourth century received its tradition from the third, the third from the second, and the second from the first, under circumstances making falsification impossible. I consider this to be a conclusive proof in a purely rational and historical sense, prescinding from any motive derived from church authority. We are not obliged, however, to rest the case upon this testimony, and I merely take it as a starting point for a retrospective glance at the testimony which covers the two centuries between Eusebius and St. John, and the additional half-century between Eusebius and St. Matthew. In the foregoing age, between A.D. 185 and 254, lived Origen, whose vast learning and independent spirit are well known. Origen writes that there are four Gospels "which alone are admitted as above controversy in the universal church of God" (*Comment on S. Matt.*) He wrote commentaries and homilies on each of the Gospels, citing a multitude of texts. Some entire portions and a great number of fragments of this vast work are extant. His testimony is equivalent to that of his age, and, besides, there are numerous quotations from the Gospels in the writings of his contemporaries. No one contests the truth of the above statement. Tertullian was twenty-five years older than Origen (160–240). In a work of the date A.D. 207 he writes:

"We lay it down as our first position that the evangelical Testament

has Apostles for its authors, to whom was assigned by the Lord himself this office of publishing the Gospels. Since, however, there are apostolic men also, they are yet not alone, but appear with Apostles and after Apostles. . . . Of the Apostles, therefore, John and Matthew first instil faith into us; whilst of apostolic men, Luke and Mark renew it afterwards" (*Against Marcion*, book iv. ch. 2; translation of the Ante-Nicene Library).

St. Irenæus is between twenty and forty years older than Tertullian. He was born between A.D. 120 and 140, and died A.D. 202. He was the disciple of St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna and martyr, who was the disciple of St. John and carefully instructed by him. The testimony of Irenæus is therefore a reflection of that of St. John. Besides this, he had an intimate knowledge of the traditions of the principal churches. He says:

"For, after our Lord rose from the dead, the Apostles were invested with power from on high when the Holy Spirit came down, were filled from all, and had perfect knowledge; they departed to the ends of the earth, preaching the glad tidings of the good things from God to us, and proclaiming the peace of Heaven to men, who indeed do all equally and individually possess the Gospel of God. Matthew also issued a written Gospel among the Hebrews in their own dialect, while Peter and Paul were preaching at Rome and laying the foundations of the church. After their departure, Mark, their disciple and interpreter, did also hand down to us in writing what had been preached by Peter. Luke, also, the companion of Paul, recorded in a book the Gospel preached by him. Afterwards John, the disciple of the Lord, who also had leaned upon his breast, did also himself publish a Gospel during his residence at Ephesus in Asia" (*Against Heres.*, iii. 1).

Tertullian cites 925 texts from the Gospels, Irenæus 469, Justin Martyr 65, the apostolic Fathers 34; in all 1,493 citations between A.D. 90 and 207. A large part of the Four Gospels is contained in these citations, and a much larger context is implied in them.

St. Justin Martyr was born A.D. 103 and died in 167. The chronological period of his writings lies between the latter date and A.D. 133.

Justin writes: "For the Apostles, in the memoirs composed by them, which are called Gospels, have thus delivered unto us, etc." And further on:

"On the day called Sunday all who live in cities or in the country gather together to one place, and the Memoirs of the Apostles or the writings of the prophets are read as long as time permits" (*Apol.*, i. lxvi.-vii.)

The Gospels were therefore read in churches as early as A.D. 140. Allusions or citations are found in Papias, A.D. 120; Clement of Rome, A.D. 96; and Barnabas, perhaps as early as 72.

We have seen that the light of testimony is abundant and clear as far back as A.D. 160. The period between A.D. 100 and 160, in which written documents are scanty, is really covered by the connected links which join St. Irenæus to St. John the Apostle, as well as by the tradition of the apostolic churches, in which, as Tertullian testifies, authentic copies of the Gospels were carefully preserved, and by the thirty-four quotations of texts, as having the authority of Sacred Scripture, by Barnabas, Polycarp, Ignatius, Clement, Papias, and Hermas.

But the modern exact and minute criticism has furnished another and most conclusive testimony to the authenticity and genuineness of the Four Gospels, from the ancient Latin and Syriac versions, and the Codex Sinaiticus of the Greek text discovered on Mt. Sinai by Tischendorff. A full exposition of this critical argument cannot be given in a brief popular essay. It is only possible to indicate the data on which critics have based their conclusions, and to state in a general way the results of critical investigation. Most readers have to rely, as we are generally obliged to do in other special sciences, on the competence and consent of experts, as the principal motive of our own private rational judgment upon the matter in question.

The case of the Latin version is briefly this. The existence of a Latin version which was made at latest as early as A.D. 150 is certain. It is considered by competent critics to be probable that there were two such versions, one Italian, the other African. A minute examination of all the Latin texts which can be found existing as early as A.D. 150 shows, by a concatenation of minute facts such as a critic alone can appreciate, that at least a half-century must be allowed to have elapsed after the composition of the Gospels, in order to account for these numerous microscopic phenomena.

The ancient Syriac version, discovered and published by Cureton, is still older. It is considered by critics as certain that the author of the ancient Latin version in translating from the Greek had the Syriac version before his eyes, and that this version dates from the beginning of the second or the end of the first century. Moreover, the translation of St. Matthew was made from the original Syro-Chaldaic, not from the Greek. Thus, St. Matthew's Gospel was translated into Syriac, Greek, and Latin, the other Gospels into Syriac and Latin, so early as to be in common use in these languages during the period which includes St. John the Apostle, St. Clement of Rome, St. Polycarp, and St. Irenæus.

The Codex Sinaiticus, which Tischendorff discovered, although written in the fourth century, has no connection with the MSS. of Constantine, but is a copy of an older MS. preserved in the archives of Mt. Sinai. This completes the series of links connecting copies and versions with the authentic originals. Add to this the peculiarities of style in the Greek text of the Gospels, proving that they could not have been composed in the second century, and there is a concatenation of critical proofs of their origin during the first seventy years after Christ which cannot be broken. This has been made so evident that negative criticism has been obliged to surrender its position. Renan says:

"In fine, I admit as authentic the four canonical Gospels. In my opinion, all are from the first century, and are mainly the work of the authors to whom they are ascribed" (*Vie de Jésus*, Introd. p. xxiii.)

The same is the judgment of Reuss, Holzmann, Schenkel, Réville, and Nicolas.

Since it has been placed beyond dispute that we have the authentic testimony of the apostles and first disciples of Christ, embodied in the institutions of Christianity, handed down by numerous, widely extended, and agreeing traditions, and recorded in genuine written documents, nothing remains except the vindication of the trustworthiness and historical verity of this testimony.

Negative and sceptical criticism has but one plea to make—viz., that all this testimony is incredible. The ultimate reason for discarding it is the *à priori* impossibility of the miraculous and supernatural.

This is an unhistorical, unscientific, unphilosophical, and utterly absurd plea. It is a most extreme instance of what the French language so finely designates by the term *outrecuidance*. Such a procedure is directly contrary to the method of experimental science and the principle of induction advocated by Lord Bacon. Testimony must be examined according to the rules of evidence, and attested facts admitted, no matter how improbable they may seem to be antecedently, or how confidently some may assert that they are *à priori* impossible. It might have been pronounced impossible *à priori* that science should discover chemical elements in fixed stars, should ascertain the sun's movement of translation in space and its rate of velocity, or should weigh the moon and planets. The conquest of the Roman Empire by Christianity, the succession of the heir of St. Peter to the place of Nero, which were surely events of great antecedent improba-

bility in a purely human sense, might have appeared to intelligent persons to be *à priori* impossible. But, as Lacordaire has well said, "*You cannot burn facts.*" *Ab actu ad posse valet consequentia*—The possibility of anything is a necessary logical conclusion from its actual existence. If miracles were impossible they would never occur, there could not be credible testimony to their occurrence, any more than there could be an aeronautic expedition to Sirius and back, well attested and proved by credible witnesses. Apparent miracles could be explained according to natural laws; genuine and veritable history could be separated from myth and legend; indubitable facts and events such as the life of Christ and the origin of Christianity, supposing them to be merely human and natural, could be historically and philosophically accounted for and explained. Science and history have swept away the baseless and vaporous though often beautiful cloud-fabrics and fog-landscapes of fanciful legend and hypothetical cosmogony. Livy has been succeeded by Mommsen. And, as there is but one position now remaining to negative criticism on the Gospels—that the Apostles and Evangelists imagined or invented what sceptics are pleased to call the fable, fairy tale, or mythology of the Christian Gospel—they are bound to do for the Evangelists what Mommsen has done for Livy.

There is no parallel, however, between Livy, who recorded the legends of an epoch seven centuries before he wrote, and the Evangelists, who were historians of their own time. Neither is there any parallel between Strauss, Renan, and the like, and judicious, truly critical modern historians like Mommsen, Curtius, and their compeers. Their efforts to reconstruct the history of Christ and Christianity have been discarded as futile by their own successors. German incredulity, taken up at second-hand by some Frenchmen and Englishmen, to be revamped for a credulous public, has evaporated into the mists of absolute, universal scepticism, which leaves nothing true, real, or worth caring about. Nothing remains except phenomena, without efficient or final cause, a chaos ruled over by chance.

Whoever disdains this utter and destructive agnosticism, admits the principle of cause and the sufficient reason, and recognizes the necessity of accounting for the faith of the first Christians, their heroism, and their success in originating that Christianity which went forth conquering and to conquer, must acknowledge the unwritten and the written Gospel of the first century as a credible testimony to facts, including those which are miraculous and supernatural.

The four Evangelists wrote their Gospels at different dates, and for distinct immediate purposes, during the last sixty years of the first century. Each bears the stamp of originality and of individual character upon it. All reflect the oral Gospel continually and everywhere preached by those who were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word or fully instructed by these, and had thus become a common and universal possession of the faithful. Those who write after the composition of one or more prior Gospels either copy or supplement each other. The two Apostles write from personal knowledge, and the other two from the information given them by Apostles and others who had personal knowledge of the events and facts narrated. Three of the Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and John, were devoid of literary culture, and the other, Luke, was, to some extent at least, an educated man. John was unquestionably endowed with genius of a high order. St. Paul possessed both genius and learning. Neither the one nor the other advantage was possessed, so far as we can perceive, to any notable degree by any of the other Apostles. Taken together, the first disciples of Christ were incapable of originating, inventing, or idealizing the story of his life, the doctrine and ethical code of his religion, or the plan of the spiritual kingdom which they announce. Not even St. John or St. Paul, highly gifted as they were, was capable of rising, by the native, original force of his intellect and imagination, to the sublimity of that portrait of ideally perfect humanity which is presented in the Gospel. Moreover, St. Matthew and St. Mark—or rather St. Peter, from whom the Gospel of St. Mark is derived—borrowed nothing from St. John or St. Paul. Nor did St. Luke, as he himself testifies, borrow from St. Paul an ideal conception of the character of Christ, but searched carefully, in a true historical spirit, into all the original testimonies of those who were with him from the beginning, and narrates with the same artless simplicity, though with more literary form and elegance of diction. The portrait is the same in all, and the history is the same. The Four Gospels have one common origin, in the vivid remembrance and continual recitation of the wonderful history, in public and private, the oral Gospel with which the minds and hearts of the first Christians were so imbued that any alteration by an afterthought was impossible. The entire character of the Messiah, his private and public career, the nature of his teaching, the ideal of that spiritual kingdom which he proclaimed, are so unique, so sublime, so transcendent, that the delineation of these in the Gospels can only be explained by regarding them as photo-

graphs from the very person of Christ. Moreover, the Evangelists narrated, and the Apostles preached, events and doctrines not only far superior to any character, life, and teaching of such an ideal Messiah as they were capable of conceiving, but totally different and in violent contradiction to all their native prejudices; entirely alien from the ideal of their age and nation, and from their own individual concepts resulting from their early education. Such a figure as Jesus Christ could not have been cast in the mould of Peter, Matthew, John, or Paul. One might better look for Gothic architecture in ancient Athens, Greek sculpture in ancient Egypt, or the pictures of Raffaello in a Chinese pagoda, than for the Christian ideal as an original invention of a simple, honest fisherman of the Sea of Galilee or a pupil of the rabbinical academy at Jerusalem. The Apostles and disciples who founded Christianity were dominated by ideas and transformed by an influence coming upon them from some intellectual and moral power above and beyond their own narrow limitations. The Christian religion demands an author equal to the conception and execution of so stupendous an effect. The religion of the lettered class in China cannot be explained without going back to Confucius; the Zend-Avesta demands Zoroaster; Buddhism must be referred to Sakya-Mouni. The conquest of Mexico, one of the most extraordinary events in history, which would *seem* incredible if it were not certain, could not have been effected by the lieutenants and soldiers of Cortes without Cortes himself, who, Prescott says, "May be truly said to have effected the conquest by his own resources" (*Conq. of Mex.*, vol. iii. p. 354).

In like manner, the Christian religion cannot be ascribed to any author except Jesus Christ. Those who call it a mythology must refer it to him as the originator. The idea of his character, his mission, his spiritual kingdom, was received by the Apostles, impressed upon them, dominated over them, was the object of a firm, invincible faith which was the spring of a superhuman heroism and a burning devotion to his person and cause which set the world on fire. He impressed this idea on their minds, and awoke this devotion in their hearts. The origin of the idea was in his mind, the source of the impulse was in his heart, the power which effected the foundation of his empire was in his will, it was his aspiration and intention which was realized as the world-idea of a world-religion, in actual, historical Christianity.

It would have been simply impossible that a young man of humble parentage, brought up in a village of Galilee, with no other instruction than that of his parents and the synagogue,

however exceptional his natural gifts and moral qualities might have been, should have become what Jesus Christ was, and accomplished what he did, in person and through his instruments.

The great men alluded to above were the offspring of their age and country, and each one of them in his character and achievements is limited by his environment, confined to his particular sphere. Confucius is an ideal Chinaman, Zoroaster an ideal Persian, Sakya-Mouni an ideal Hindu, Cortes an ideal Spanish cavalier of the sixteenth century.

"The age, the country, the race to which men belong are the limitations of their personal character. However great a man may be, he was born in some particular place; he lived somewhere; he came from some one people; and he bears the stamp of these things impressed upon him. Looking at the greatest men in history, we perceive that they are men of their time. They espouse ardently its interests and passions, and sympathize with its emotions of joy and sorrow. This is evidently the case with leaders in politics, legislation, and war. What fulcrum would they have for the lever with which they control or move the world, if they were not men of their time? Is it not true, furthermore, that even the men of abstract thought, the solitary contemplatives, the poets, the philosophers, the artists, all those who are devoted to that ideal life which is in a wider and more permanent relation with humanity in general, are also men of their time? Can we not hear in their poetic measures, together with the plaintive outcry of humanity, the distinct plaint of their epoch; together with the sighs of the human soul, the sighs of the particular people, of the age, of the city where this human soul has prayed, wept, suffered, and loved? Name the greatest: Homer, Job, Æschylus, Isaiah, Socrates, Phidias, Sophocles, Plato, Virgil, Tacitus, Dante, Michael Angelo, Shakspere, Milton, Corneille, Racine, Bossuet. What are they? Incarnations of Greece, Arabia, Judea, pagan Rome, Christian Italy, Spain, France, England. The greater they are the more perfectly they embody, with the genius of humanity, the genius of that portion of the human race of which they are the immediate offspring. Homer is the great Pelasgian; Æschylus is the great Hellene; Job is the great Arab; Isaiah the great Hebrew; Tacitus the great Roman; Dante the great Italian; Shakspere is the great Englishman; Bossuet is the great Frenchman. But what is Jesus Christ? Neither a Hebrew nor a Greek, neither ancient nor modern. What, then, is he? He is man, or rather he is The Man."*

The perfect sinless innocence of the character and life of Jesus Christ, which he openly asserted without encountering any accusation from his enemies other than a disregard of certain rabbinical prescriptions and the claim of being the Messiah and the Son of God, is an absolute proof of the credibility of the testimony which he gave respecting his own person and office.

* *Christianisme.* Par l'Abbé Bougaud. Vol. ii. p. 682.

This moral perfection was not merely faultlessness, but the highest and most symmetrical positive sanctity, which consists essentially, both in God and in created natures, in the perfect harmony of intellect and will respecting that which is their highest and best object. Dr. Liddon and Dr. Fisher have presented this argument in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. It would be easy to cite from the writings of men not holding the Catholic faith eloquent tributes of homage to the human excellence of Jesus Christ as unique and surpassing the highest level of human nature in the greatest and best men. But this is only one premise, happily one which is so universally conceded that there is no need to prove it. We add another: viz., that the existence of such transcendent excellence supposes a sufficient reason above the ordinary laws to which human nature is subject. A special and exceptional action of God is the only reasonable cause which can be assigned for the production of such an unique effect. Jesus Christ was filled with the spirit of God; his wisdom and virtue were of divine origin, and the idea of his spiritual kingdom as it was in his mind and intention was a divine concept; its fulfilment in history is a divine work. The supernatural is therefore necessarily introduced through the door opened by a purely rational and historical appreciation of evidence and fact. The work of the painter's hand is a proof of the painter's soul which animates an organ superior to a merely animal organ in its organic operation. The character and career of Jesus Christ, and the origin and triumph of Christianity, are a masterpiece manifesting the special exercise of a divine wisdom and power.

The denial of this premise involves a *reductio ad absurdum* and overthrows the first premise, which has been conceded. It can only be denied by supposing either hallucination or deliberate invention somewhere, or a mixture of both, as the origin of the idea of the supernatural in Christ and Christianity. The Apostles and Evangelists cannot have been the first originators of this idea, as a product of either hallucination or invention. It is not a mere question, at present, of particular miracles, or even of the fact of the Resurrection, taken as isolated from the apostolic Gospel as a whole. It is a question of the entire concept of the person, character, office, and work of Christ. The Apostles were incapable of inventing *this*. Moreover, to ascribe their idea to hallucination is to suppose that the illusions of an insane mind can excel the sane creations of genius. The Gospels bear the marks of sincerity, honesty, fidelity, and an absolute subjugation

under the power of a personality and a current of events which had carried them away from themselves and their accustomed world into a new sphere, where, to their own astonishment, they became the founders of an empire.

Hallucination or deliberate invention are equally inconceivable in the Master of the Apostles. Especially such an hallucination as would be the dream of a mere man, endowed only with the natural gifts of humanity, that he was a superhuman, even a divine person, would be a sure mark of insanity. Knowingly and wilfully to pretend to possess superhuman gifts, but above all to be truly divine as well as human, would be impossible to one who was pure, holy, and filled with the love of the highest and best.

The conclusion is that we are to look to Jesus Christ himself for the testimony to his true character and mission. His transcendent human excellence, which is so evident as to dazzle the eyes even of those who would shut out the sight if they could, is the reason of his credibility. Truthfulness is an essential element in his sanctity; not merely veracity in speaking according to his mind, but perfect conformity, also, of his mind to the real, objective truth. Jesus Christ had the interior consciousness of his relation to God and to men; and he professed to be what he knew himself to be, to do what he knew that he was sent to do. I do not propose to consider the testimony of Jesus Christ to his own character and mission in its full meaning and extent. It cannot be done in the little space which remains, and it is not necessary for the present argument. It is enough to state what is evident at first sight from even a superficial perusal of the Gospels, that Jesus Christ declared himself to be in a relation to God so far above the natural condition of humanity that he was the recipient of a knowledge of divine truth, an authority and a power, by which he was constituted the Prophet, Priest, King, and Final Judge of the human race. He foretold his own death and resurrection, his invisible and perpetual presence and operation in the church, and the prevalence of his kingdom in the world. It required neither genius, learning, science, or any other special aptitude for investigating extraordinary facts and sifting testimony, to make the Apostles competent witnesses to the teaching and to the great actions and sufferings of their Master. Nothing but common sense, honesty, and a fair opportunity for seeing and hearing things which were obviously sensible and intelligible were necessary. The one great and fundamental fact which they attest is the Resurrection. Their belief in it as a fact which it was impossible to doubt, and the faith which they

communicated to a multitude in their own and all succeeding ages, cannot be explained in any way except by the fact and the evidence of the Resurrection. This has been demonstrated so completely and so frequently, and every opposite theory has been so manifestly futile, that we are warranted in affirming that the narrative of the Gospels is strictly historical. The life, death, resurrection, and subsequent effects produced by the action on the world, of Jesus Christ, make up one stupendous, supernatural fact. It is much more wonderful than any miracle recorded in the Bible. The only logical alternative to belief in this fact is a universal scepticism which undermines all philosophy, history, and science, as well as all religion.

Augustine F. Hewit.

ON A CHRISTMAS PICTURE

OF THE ELEVATED HOST AS THE INFANT JESUS IN THE CRIB.

I.

Invitation.

They who to-day are loved the most
Find warmest welcome at the feast.
Come! I will be thy generous Host,
And thou shalt be my merry guest.

II.

Communion.

Here I lie longing in my Love-made bower,
With arms outstretched to clasp thee to my Heart.
At this sweet moment of the Day and Hour
Lovers so chaste should not e'en breathe apart.

Alfred Young.

ITALIAN LIBERTY.

Evviva la libertà! Liberty for ever! Long has the blue Italian vault echoed this noble cry—a cry that lifts the hearts of all true men the world over. To-day the Italian chorus sounds loud as ever. But when the historian of Liberty's progress in time tells the tale of the last thirty years to our children they will pity the simple men whose love and hopes were recompensed with shouting, and scorn the tricksters who cheated their fellows and wronged fair Liberty. How often her name has been used by calculating diplomatists and politicians whose one aim was to fix a clique or a dynasty upon an unsuspecting people!

Cavour has the credit of directing, controlling the political movements which at length carried Victor Emmanuel upon the throne of "United Italy." The secret workings of his internal and external policy have not wholly come to light. Still we know enough of his methods and agents to form a just estimate of his character. Some men call him noble, beautiful. However, it is well to remember that there are fashions in thoughts and in phrases quite as much as in clothes.

Where it served his purpose to be open, Cavour was charmingly frank. We have one of his sayings which not only discloses his own mind and heart, but photographs the crowd he chose as his instruments. "When I wish to carry a proposal *I eat a monk*," said the great apostle of "a free church in a free state." There is so much sweetness and light in this simple motto that it could not but commend itself to the "lovers of liberty" who took up the work which unappreciative Death hindered Cavour from completing. "Death to the priests!"—our sons, our brothers—has been a rallying-cry just as useful as "Liberty for ever!" to the political leaders whose ideas of unification were based not on peace but on submission.

"Death to the priests!" is a slogan that certainly brings no rejoicing to the optimistic student of social evolution. Only a warm, southern imagination could picture a civilization where Liberty and Murder walked hand-in-hand enlightening the world. The expression is exaggerated, figurative, and in the mouth of the Italian "bosses" or rabble is to be taken with the same allowance as the traditional cry of "Liberty for ever!"

Ministers of state know when to encourage and how to take

advantage of the "*voice* of the people." And recently Signor Crispi has been active in showing his sense of obligation to his own choristers, and bold in testifying his fidelity to the traditions of that unselfish friend of church, state, people, party, and king, Camillo Cavour. Let us have the whole story. It will give new heart to all friends of true liberty.

In 1860 a commission was appointed to unify the Italian legal code. Ministry after ministry has been buried and forgotten, but the code is not yet unified. The Crispi ministry has been trying its hand at the work. In the spring of this year Mr. Zanardelli, Minister of Justice, brought before the Chambers a unified penal code. To lovers of liberty the following provisions of the new code are respectfully submitted:

"ARTICLE 101. Whoever commits an act calculated to subject the state, *or a part of it*, to a foreign dominion, or to change its unity, is punished with imprisonment.

"ARTICLE 173. The minister of religion who, in the exercise of his functions, publicly censures or makes little of the institutions or laws of the state, or the acts of the authority, is punished with imprisonment up to a year, and with a fine up to a thousand lire.

"ARTICLE 174. The minister of religion who, *abusing the moral force deriving from his ministry*, excites others not to recognize the institutions or laws of the state, or the acts of the authority, or otherwise to transgress one's duties towards the country or those inhering to a public office, or who prejudices patrimonial interests or disturbs the peace of the family, is punished with imprisonment of from six months to three years, with a fine of from five hundred to three thousand lire, *and with perpetual or temporary interdiction from an ecclesiastical benefice*.

"ARTICLE 175. A minister of religion who exercises acts of external worship in opposition to the provisions of the government is punished with imprisonment up to three months, and with a fine of from five hundred up to fifteen hundred lire.

"ARTICLE 176. A minister of religion who, in the exercise or through the abuse of his ministry, commits *any other* offence whatsoever, subjects himself to the penalty established for the offence committed, *augmented by from a sixth to a third*, except where the quality of a minister of religion has been already taken into consideration by the law."

Patience breeds kicks in this world. Does this explain Crispi's last blow at popular rights? Or is it a mere bit of politics taken out of Machiavelli? They have such "fine" minds, these new Italian diplomatists; and the traditions of cheating, conscienceless politics are so plentiful. Is it bluster, meant to hide division and weakness? Or is it a rash challenge to the friends of liberty not only in Italy but throughout the civilized world? In any case it is a crime and a blunder. Time

makes all things even; and time will exact correction and expiation.

The politicians who served their own selfish purposes and the ambitions of a petty dynasty forced *their* kingdom and *their* king upon the Italian people. Keep this fact before your eyes, ye friends of liberty! And this other fact—seizing Rome, and robbing pope, church, and people—they made an issue with the world and the country. That issue—the Roman question—is a political issue, an issue to be settled with the Catholics of the world through governments or peoples; with the Pope as a spiritual and temporal ruler; and with Italian freemen. Pius IX. made clear the position of the Papacy in the allocution of March, 1877: "Entire and real independence in the exercise of the apostolic ministry." There is the problem for the dynasty and the politicians. How are they to hold what they have, save their personal and political reputations, and still assure the Papacy an "entire and real independence in the exercise of the apostolic ministry"? Mr. Crispi saw the difficulty as far back as 1864, nearly a quarter of a century ago. Said *deputy* Crispi to his fellow-deputies: "General La Marmora was right in not being able to comprehend the simultaneous presence of the king and the pope in Rome. A logical man, and a good Catholic as we all know, he could not imagine how these two powers could exercise their functions in the same city without friction. The Roman pontiff of to-day cannot become the citizen of a great state, descending from the throne which is venerated by the whole Catholic world." And again: "The presence of the pope in the Eternal City will always be a circumstance calculated to hinder the solution of the Roman question." Having read these words of *deputy* Crispi, turn to Article 101 of the penal laws of *minister* Crispi, carried in this year of grace and liberty 1888. You will see that minister Crispi's grasp of the real situation agrees absolutely with deputy Crispi's forecast of 1864. The minister knows that the great majority of Italians are united in the opinion that "the Roman pontiff of to-day cannot become the citizen of a great state, descending from *the throne which is venerated by the whole Catholic world.*" He knows that the presence of the pope and the king in Rome made a living, political question still unsolved—the "Roman question." A man, a statesman, a lover of his country would glory in its solution. A coward, a servant of courts, a spurner of the people would try to stifle the question, as Crispi has done. *Evviva la libertà!* Let us choke the mass of Italians till they consent to be more

"illogical" than La Marmora! Let us jail them because they still think, with *deputy* Crispi, that the Roman pontiff of to-day cannot descend from the throne which is venerated by the whole Catholic world! "We cannot solve the question we have forced on the people. When it is solved our day is done. Let us stamp the question out!" And they will—when God ceases to breathe the spirit of true liberty into human souls.

Articles 173, 174, 175, 176 are intended still further to complicate the "Roman question," to divide the people, to injure the church, to damage religion, and to wound liberty. They are inspired neither by justice nor statesmanship nor good politics. They are an outrage against law, against freedom of speech, against manliness, against experience. Think of a Crispi daring to foul our statute-books with regulations denying the equality of all men before the law! Think of a Zanardelli doling out punishments among us according to our profession, and not according to our crime! Picture to yourselves an American official proposing one law and one penalty for our religious teachers and another law and penalty for laymen! Every one of these articles bears the imprint of calculating, specious tyranny. But they serve one good purpose. They lay bare before the world the mean aims and the illiberal methods of the men who rule Italy; and they show how closely connected are these men with the traditions of the worst tyrannies of the past and how opposed they are to the spirit of the age.

Articles 173, 174, 175 are as plainly political as Article 101. They are vicious, because they assume a state of facts which has no existence. Their wording is purposely vague, with the intention of concealing their purpose and of giving the largest scope for persecution. They put a named class of citizens at the mercy of a witness, true or false, and a magistrate. They make a crime out of an open and honest expression of opinion. They lift the "institutions," the "laws," the acts of officials into a position nowhere in this world accorded to the law of God. Imagine our House and Senate discussing a proposal to forbid our workingmen, or lawyers, or clergymen, "in the exercise of their functions," to censure publicly the laws of the state or the acts of the authority! But we have no Italian "free church in a free state." We were not baptized by Garibaldi. We do not appreciate unity and liberty after the glorified fashion of Cavour and Mazzini and Victor Emmanuel. Shall we ever enjoy that blessing?

Article 174 is curious reading. It assumes that a minister of

religion, even in Italy, has a special kind of *moral* force deriving from his ministry. Certainly this official acknowledgment is creditable to the ministers of religion and to the moral subjects who willingly submit themselves to moral force. Why not punish the latter as well as the former? How are you to catch a man abusing his "moral force," or convict him if you make bold to charge him with this novel crime? Who is to determine that a man's moral force has excited another man "not to recognize the institutions of the country"—how cleverly that is put!—or "*otherwise* to transgress one's *duties* towards the country or those *inhering* to a public office"? And by what mode of procedure is it to be established that, abusing his own particular "moral force," a man has prejudiced "patrimonial interests" or disturbed the peace of a family? Certainly, under the name of law, the citizens of every country have at times been subjected to the most shameful abuses; but it is safe to say that no government of civilized men has ever attempted to throttle a people by means more scandalous, despotic, contemptible than those devised in this unified Italian penal code. *Evviva la libertà!*

Now, the minister of religion who abuses his "moral force" is, you will remark, liable to "*temporary or perpetual interdiction from an ecclesiastical benefice.*" Lovers of liberty! behold the real, *bona fide* "free church in a free state"! At any rate, the state is free—to *interdict* churchmen and to control the disposition of ecclesiastical benefices. There you are, old Truepenny, with your claws on the benefice, and your pretty physical force putting down vile "moral force"! But, on the whole, this is such a little thing it is hardly worth speaking of in the face of Article 175. This article deserves a second quoting.

Article 175. "A minister of religion who exercises acts of external worship *in opposition to the provisions of the government* is punished with imprisonment up to three months, and with a fine of from five hundred up to fifteen hundred lire." *Eppur si muove!* Shade of Dante! of Savonarola! of Galileo's self! Imprison a man for saying his prayers *in opposition to the provisions* of a government! Here is a so-called government—a government whose official religion is that of the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church—that would imprison a priest who fulfils his conscientious obligations to say Mass, hear confessions, baptize infants, marry an honest couple, comfort the dying, bury the dead, contrary to the *provisions* of the government! Is this progress? and are we too blind to recognize it? Why not *provide* our worship for us? Is little Leo to be cast down, and great Crispi,

or Zanardelli, or Coccapieller, the "*ossesso*," or Cipriani, "deserter, insurgent, threefold murderer, and life convict"—and six times deputy—to be our governmental Pope? Death to the priests? Bah! Why not make them?

If Garibaldi baptized, there can be no reason why Crispi should not ordain. But the "moral force," the "moral force"! Who would supply the "moral force"? There's the rub. Until the right man has been found the ministry has determined to utilize the present, "moral force" clergy. Follow these words, translated from the *Corriere* of Milan, June 6, 1888. They are words spoken in the Chamber of Deputies, by Zanardelli, amid the "greatest attention":

"That *part* of the clergy which dedicates itself to its *proper* spiritual duties will have no fear of the present code. We *allow* ample liberty of conscience, the greatest security to ministers of religion; but *outside of this* we must hold high *our* rights and those of *our* country. Thus we protect the *elect* of the clergy, whom we esteem, care for, and who we believe should be thankful to us therefor. Let the clergy leave to *us* the turbulent arena of party politics; *limit* itself to that which is strictly its duty and its mission; *we will perfect ours.* Italy *cannot renounce its rights, its patriotic duties.*"

What do all these contradictory, subtle words mean, if not a bid for an "anti-clerical" clergy, a government clergy, a dis-unificated clergy? *Elect*, if you please! You others are clergy, not men, not citizens. What liberty of conscience *we* choose to give you is ample. Leave the "turbulent arena of party politics" kindly to us. This is *our* country, not yours. *Our* rights, not yours, are *the* rights. Limit yourselves to your duties and mission, as we choose to conceive them. We will perfect our noble mission by protecting the *elect*. *Evviva la libertà!* A "protected" clergy in a turbulent state!

The clergy were already under the ban of the law. The first step of Piedmont towards realizing the ideal of a free church in a free state was to elevate the clergy to the position of inchoate criminals. This is not the first attempt to weight them down with heavier shackles than the old. A dozen years ago the government tried to pass laws of a like import with those presented by the Crispi ministry. Then one Senator Pantaleoni, who, whatever his politics, had a strong sense of manhood, stood up in his place and put a question which the most turbulent politician will find it hard to answer. Said the senator: "What sort of a country would you make where by law a penalty is imposed on the man who is faithful to what he deems an obligation

of conscience, and immunity is shown to a scrub of a priest* who has betrayed his conscience to escape a prison?"

"Infamous government!" cries out the well-known revolutionary writer, Parmenio Bettoli, in the *Gazzetta di Parma*, reviewing the action of the Crispi ministry during the Roman elections of June 17, 1888. On that day Crispi publicly voted for one Hector Ferrari, who is not only a declared enemy of the monarchy, but who once grossly insulted the reigning king. The elections, under the government's inspiration, were used as a public demonstration against the "enemy in the Vatican." Judge of the liberty of the government, and of Italy, from the cries of the Roman rabble on the evening of the elections: "Death to Pius IX.!"—this very likely from a friend of state education. "Death to Leo XIII.! Down with the priests! Death to the Vatican! Down with *the peasant of Carpineto!*"—they do not like peasant people, these Italian royalist "liberals." "To the Tiber with the Vatican! To the gallows with the Holy Father!" How charmingly polite! Now once more, all together: "Death to the priests!"

There breathes no man with an intelligent soul who does not love Italy. And the Italy he loves is that of Francis of Assisi, of Dante, of Petrarch, of Boccaccio if you will, of Savonarola, of Giotto, of Angelico and Leonardo and Raphael and Michael Angelo. Willy-nilly, he loves the Rome and the Italy of the popes. To-day, as he walks through the boulevards and piazzas, he looks sadly on the statues of the new great men, Cavour, Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, Mazzini. These be thy gods, O Israel! And Liberty, where is she? Come with me—to Florence of the flowers. From the station we enter the Piazza Vecchia, turn to the left to have one look at Santa Maria Novella, Michael Angelo's bride; turn again to the left, by the Street of the Lily, and here we are at Saint Ambrose's church, San Lorenzo. Up the broad nave; here, beneath the dome, we cross the south transept, mount to the "New Sacristy," and stand admiring and dumb before Angelo's great work. Hasten this way! I have brought you to see the mausoleum of Giuliano de' Medici—above all, this one mighty, moving figure. Who is this sleeping woman, with the firm, strong, suffering, drooping head, the vigorous breasts, the broad arm, the powerful thighs? Mark the star upon her brow—*Lumen de cœlo*—and the foot, firm planted. You do not recognize her. No wonder, when the men of Angelo's day looked and knew her not. The great Michael

* Un tristanzuolo di prete.

carved not mere statues but ideas in stone. This his work, painted, or chiselled, or penned. For he wrote, in heated, feeling, passionate words, the thoughts whose full expression he feared brush or tool had missed. "Night," the name he gave this sleeping Amazon. But when they took him at his word, and praised the thing for what it was not, he seized the pen and told the secret. The sleeper is Liberty. Why she sleeps let him tell who knew:

> "'Tis sweet to sleep, and to be stone even so,
> While wrong and infamy possess the year;
> And great good fortune not to see or hear:
> Then wake me not at all: speak low—speak low!"

Italian Liberty sleeps. Is there not one man who is not *ashamed* to waken her? Yes; there is one man—the Pope. This Pope, perchance. He has spoken out aloud. Has he broken the loved one's slumbers? We shall see. But when the sons of liberty throughout the world have echoed his manly cry, she will find waking sweeter still than sleep. The politicians have heard Leo's warning, cheering voice. Watch the diplomatists! They have ears for the people to-day. They are learning their lesson. Let us pray they learn more before we die. What a glorious morn will that be on which Liberty, not ashamed to see or to hear, opens her eyes on Italy — free Italy! Meantime, fellow-Americans, let us rend the skies with our native shout: Down with all tyrants! To the deep sea with political tricksters! Equal rights for all men! Liberty for ever! *Evviva!* Speak loud! speak loud!

CARLO SPERANZA.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THERE is always something pleasant and suggestive in the work of George Macdonald, even though the pleasure is far from being unmixed and the suggestions not invariably valuable. The latter, especially, suffer from something which it seems paradoxical to call vagueness, since the points one feels inclined to cavil it are usually expressed with what looks at first sight like startling lucidity. Is there anything more misleading than clear-cut statements about essentially mysterious subjects? Mr. Macdonald has grown used by this time to the appellation of heretic from straight Protestant orthodoxy, and doubtless glories in it, since his fashion of heresy is one which in our days carries little obloquy with it and is no detriment to popularity with the reading public. At bottom we suspect him to be really not only more orthodox than his critics, both in his denials and his affirmations, but more so than is apparent even to himself.

His latest story, *The Elect Lady* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), has fewer points of interest for the general reader than usual. Mr. Macdonald is more of a preacher, and his hero more of a prig, than the exigencies of even the determinately virtuous novelist actually demand. And while they each exhort and instruct by turns, the interests of the story suffer. There is not much story, to begin with, and no plot whatever. Something in the way of development of character is done in Alexa and the laird, her father, but such real interest as the book possesses centres—as it should, for that matter—in Dawtie, the "elect lady." She is a simple little Scotch peasant, who has learned as a child from Andrew Ingram to walk as literally in the footsteps of our Lord as the circumstances of the case permitted. The circumstances, even in the case of innocent children, ignorant by no fault of theirs, yet still ignorant, and shut away from the channels through which His grace flows most freely, leave more to be desired than Mr. Macdonald is aware of. What he takes to be freedom is still bondage. His tether is longer than it once was, and he crops at all the grass within his reach, but there are wider pastures and more satisfying food beyond him. Meanwhile, for souls more restricted than his own, he has some messages worth delivering. Dawtie is very charming, and Andrew, prig though

he be, has many a nugget of solid gold like these to brighten up his hortatory speech with:

"Weel, 'gien the deevil be goin' aboot like a roarin' lion, seekin' whom he may devoor, as father says, it's no likely *He* wouldna be goin' aboot as weel, seekin' to haud him aff o's!"

"No man can be one with another who is not one with Christ."

"I do not believe God's will will be done, to all eternity, without my praying for it. Where first am I accountable that His will should be done? Is it not in myself? How is His will to be done in me without my willing it? Does He not want me . . . to will what He wills? And when I find I cannot, what am I to do but pray for help? I pray and He helps me."

This one Mr. Macdonald utters in his own person:

"Dawtie was at peace, because she desired nothing but what she knew He was best pleased to give her. Even had she cherished for Andrew the kind of love her mother feared, her Lord's will would have been her comfort and strength. If any one say, 'Then she could not know what love is!' I answer, 'That person does not know what the better love is, that lifts the being into such a serene air that it can fast from many things and yet be blessed beyond what any other granted desire could make it."

Another issue of Appleton's Town and Country Library, to which *The Elect Lady* also belongs, is an anonymous novel called *Aristocracy*. When Henry Holt published *Democracy*, some five or six years back, that skit at republican institutions was understood to have afforded much pleasure to such members of the upper classes in "the mother-country," as Lord Sackville calls it, as had leisure and ability to read it. The present story is perhaps intended as a "retort courteous" for the other one; certainly it has a good many laughs in it for whoever can go through it without making a wry face. The characters, so far as they represent members of the British aristocracy, are generally understood to be but thinly veiled portraits. The story of it is not worth condensing, but some of the dialogue is eminently adapted to quotation. This scene takes place at "Ashwynwick" (pronounced *Azzick*, explains the author with becoming gravity) "Park, the seat of the Marquis of Oaktorrington (pronounced *Otton*), in Hertfordshire (pronounced *Harfudsheer*)":

"And now," Lady Oaktorrington says, coming forward, "won't some one help me about this Primrose meeting? I have to preside at the first meeting of our habitation to-morrow, and I don't know in the least anything about it all. I depended on Lord Oaktorrington telling me."

"Haven't you got a book?" asks Montie Vereker.

"Yes, I have. But it doesn't tell one anything. It assumes one knows everything when one knows nothing. I want to know such lots of

things I hardly know where to begin. For instance, what are the principles of the Conservative party? It's the Conservative party the Primrose League belongs to, isn't it?"

"Most decidedly," Lord Bouverie answers, pompously. "It was founded by Lord Beaconsfield, and *he* was a Conservative."

"Oh, yes, I forgot that. It's kept up in his honor, of course. How silly of me! But the principles of the Conservative party, what are they?"

"I'm blessed if *I* could tell you *one*, let alone the lot of 'em—if there are any," says Lord Beyndour (pronounced Banner), "except that it's against old Gladstone."

"And supports Lord Salisbury," adds Lord Bouverie, grandly. "That's quite sufficient. Um? Eh?"

"But what do they mean by calling it the Constitutional party?"

"Because it upholds the Constitution," says the Duke of Harborough. "I should think any fool could tell that."

"Upholds the Constitution? What Constitution?"

"The Constitution of the Primrose League," replies Lord Bouverie, with a sweep of his hand. "Um? Eh?"

"I fancy it means the Constitution of England," suggests the duke, humbly dismounting from his high horse as the road becomes more difficult. "England's got a Constitution, hasn't it?"

"Upon my word, I couldn't tell you. I'd say it has," answers Lord Beyndour.

"Yes, I think it must have," adds Montie Vereker, with one eye shut and the other gazing into space. "Else what do they mean by talking of the Constitutional party?"

"Why don't you ask mamma?" says Emily Bouverie. "She's a dame. So are Augusta and I, for that matter; but we know nothing about it at all." . . . . .

"It doesn't really matter, I should think," says Lady Henry, "so long as you get people to vote for the Conservative candidates at elections. That's really all you've got to do if you're a dame. You haven't had an election here? No. Well, we had one the other day at Lord Grafton's, where I was staying. No one said anything about such boring stuff as principles and constitutions. We just bought a lot of things at the shops, and gave the village people a grand treat, with buns and tea for the women, and bread and cheese and beer for the men. Everything was decorated with primroses, don't you know, and there was a large portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, framed in laurel leaves, out on the lawn. Of course there were a lot of leaflets sent down from London to be distributed, showing up the villany of Gladstone and Chamberlain."

"Oh! pray don't mention that dreadful man's name again," cries Lady Oaktorrington. "He wants to destroy the church and plant atheism in England in its place, I hear."

"So does John Bright, the old square-toed, psalm-singing scoundrel!" says the duke. "He and Chamberlain want to abolish *us*, too. A nice pair, truly!"

"I wonder they are not put in the Tower," says Lady Oaktorrington, "or beheaded—or something. The Queen is far too lenient and forgiving."

"I quite agree with you," says Lord Bouverie, solemnly. "I wish *I* were on the throne. You'd see a different state of things in England then, I can assure you."

Four very good books for young girls are *Minnie Caldwell*, by the Rev. F. C. Kolbe, D.D. (New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates); *Raymond Kershaw*, by Maria McIntosh Cox (Boston: Roberts Brothers); *The Youngest Miss Lorton*, by Nora Perry, and *Young Maids and Old*, by Clara Louise Burnham, both published by Ticknor & Co. Dr. Kolbe's stories (his book contains three of them, the scenes being all laid in Cape Town) belong to a class of which we have had far too few in Catholic light literature. Perhaps we shall hardly indicate the class better than we have already done in coupling them with the work of Miss Cox and Nora Perry. They deal with the exterior life as shaped and modelled from an interior whose inmost springs are kept more out of sight than is customary with our purveyors of wholesome fiction. No doubt it is less easy for a Catholic writer to ignore dogma and forget the sacraments than it is for others. When the "charity of Christ constrains" a man or a woman, it has a way of burning up disguises which has to be reckoned with, and which makes the effort to spread nets out of sight of the birds one would like to catch a tolerably thankless one. Dr. Kolbe, though his pleasant tales are essentially religious, has been able to avoid that difficulty, for the reason that he was writing for Catholic girls only, and so could take his skeleton for granted. They give some pleasant glimpses of life at the Cape, but concern themselves chiefly with what one might call the natural development of characters founded in the supernatural.

Raymond Kershaw is primarily a story of the successful effort of the hero, a boy of nineteen, and his girl cousin, Alison Carter, to make a living for themselves and Raymond's widowed mother by running a farm, raising stock, fruit, and vegetables for market; and only secondarily what our "Anglican brethren" call "a church story." It is very pleasantly told, and is full of useful hints.

Miss Perry is always delightful, and the ten stories which make up her latest volume are, without exception, excellent and to be heartily recommended. Dolly Lorton is an especially pleasant little girl, in spite of—or, perhaps, because of?—her indiscreet, good-natured tongue. The lessons Miss Perry inculcates are always worth studying, and her manner is itself a study. The best of this collection is *That Ridiculous Child*, but all are good.

Miss Clara Louise Burnham, in *Young Maids and Old*, gives another example of how well an honest-hearted and modest woman may amuse and entertain readers of her own sex. Without one approach to dangerous ground she has drawn the picture of a good-hearted but flirty girl for one of her heroines, and without one trace of prudishness delineated extreme modesty, refinement, and reserve in the other, while involving both of them in cordial, honest, happily terminated love-making. And on that achievement we are heartily glad to congratulate her. She is never dull, and she never preaches, but her story leaves a thoroughly pleasant and desirable impression on the reader's mind.

Mr. Henry James's latest novel, *The Reverberator* (New York and London: Macmillan & Co.), was worth writing and is worth reading—two things which do not always seem to us true of his work, much as we invariably admire his technique. Too many blows cannot well be aimed at that most distressing incidental result of "freedom and equality" which makes the existence of the "society journal," the gossiping, scandal-mongering newspaper, filled with details of private life and personal chatter, possible among us. And though it may be idle to dream that Mr. James is read by many of those who are so made that they think it fame to see themselves and their doings chronicled in the weekly "social column" which scarcely one of our great journals now omits to furnish, yet what more effectual shaft exists for piercing their pachydermatous tissue than that of the impersonal irony which impales without malice and tickets in a purely scientific spirit? Mr. James, though read by comparatively few, is talked about by almost everybody, and in this very clever piece of workmanship he has deserved that the talk should be altogether favorable.

The Reverberator is the name of an American newspaper, whose foreign correspondent, George M. Flack, is in Paris at the opening of the story. There he meets and renews his acquaintance with the Dossons, father and two daughters, with whom he had crossed the Atlantic a year earlier. There is no salient point about any of the Dossons, unless it be their singularly unobtrusive lack of salience, which is so pronounced that it becomes almost a positive quality. They are rich, but they put on no airs; they are ignorant, but they pretend to no knowledge, not even the knowledge of their ignorance, which "fits them loosely, like an easy glove." Francie, the heroine, is the only one of them who reads anything but newspapers, and she varies that entertainment by nothing but Tauchnitz novels. She is very

beautiful, with fine lines, delightful color, and graceful, unaffected, girlish manners. Her manners, however, do not appear to be a great part of her charm for Gaston Probert, a half-American Frenchman, the only living son of a South Carolinian settled for many years in France. "Born in Paris," says Mr. James in describing him, "he had been brought up altogether on French lines in a family which French society had irrecoverably absorbed. His father, a Carolinian and a Catholic, was a Gallomaniac of the old American type. His three sisters had married Frenchmen, and one of them lived in Brittany and the others much of the time in Touraine. His only brother had fallen during the terrible year in defence of their adoptive country."

Gaston is not Francina Dosson's only admirer. He has been preceded by George M. Flack, whom the whole Dosson family regard as a great and elevated person on account of his supposed dignity as an editor. Even his modest disavowal of that title in favor of the more exact one of correspondent raises him in their estimation. They argue that if his abilities had not been of the most conspicuous type he would have been kept at home, drudging in the editorial office, instead of being furnished with travelling expenses and cards enabling him to interview all sorts of distinguished and titled foreigners. But, though they admire him, and Papa Dosson might have been willing enough to accept him as a son-in-law, and though Mr. James does not give his readers any special reason for supposing that Francie herself would have been unpersuadable, yet Mr. Flack by no means satisfies the innocent ambition of the elder Miss Dosson for her beautiful little sister. Fidelia has brought the family abroad for the second time, knowing that rich American girls are said to do extremely well in the way of marriage "over there," and she has no idea of handing her over even to an American editor. Gaston Probert meets Miss Dosson's entire approval and is not slow in gaining that of Francie also. His difficulty arises when he faces the thought of presenting the socially unpresentable Dossons to his father and sisters. However, he gets over that without too much trouble. He is one of a most united and affectionate family, who appreciate the fact that his heart is irrevocably engaged, and who end by yielding, though with some wry faces, graciously made in private for the most part, to Francie's innocent charm and striking beauty. She is taken into their interior, and Gaston's favorite sister, by way of proving to the little girl how fully they have adopted her as one of themselves, tells her quantities of family gossip, including the fact that one of their

relatives "had that disease—what do they call it?—that she used to steal things in shops." Now, all this, and a good deal of a still more scandalous nature, Francie innocently repeats to Mr. George M. Flack, whose disappointment with regard to herself she pities, and with whose "aspirations," as she calls them, she sympathizes, when he confides to her his great desire to get some "genuine, first-hand information, straight from the tap," about the Parisian *grand monde*. Gaston is in America, attending to business for her father and his own, at the time when she is so obligingly candid. She knows that Mr. Flack is going to "write a piece" about her, her portrait, which an "American impressionist" has painted, and her approaching marriage, for *The Reverberator*, but, to do her justice, she has no definite idea that he will repeat all the Probert gossip with which she supplies him, still less that he will embellish and improve upon it:

"Of course I must be quite square with you," the young man said. "If I want to see the picture, it's because I want to write about it. The whole thing will go bang into *The Reverberator*. You must understand that in advance. I wouldn't write about it without seeing it."

"*J'espère bien!*" said Francie, who was getting on famously with her French. "Of course if you praise him Mr. Waterlow will like it."

"I don't know that he cares for my praise, and I don't care much whether *he* likes it or not. If you like it, that's the principal thing."

"Oh! I shall be awfully proud."

"I shall speak of you personally—I shall say that you are the prettiest girl that has ever come over."

"You may say what you like," Francie rejoined. "It will be immense fun to be in the newspapers."

"It may be fun to you, but it's death to us," the Proberts say, like the frogs in the fable. "Oh! the most awful thing," explains Francie's prospective sister-in-law to that young lady when a family council sends for her to see what explanation, if any, she can offer for what has happened.

"'A newspaper sent this morning from America to my father, containing two horrible columns of vulgar lies and scandal about our family, about all of us, about you, about your picture, about poor Marguerite, calling her "Margot," about Maxime and Léonie de Villepreux, saying he's her lover, about all our affairs, about Gaston, about your marriage, about your sister and your dresses and your dimples, about our darling father, whose history it professes to relate in the most ignoble, the most revolting terms. Papa's in the most awful state! But who has done it? Who has done it? Who has done it?'

"'Why! Mr. Flack—Mr. Flack!' Francie quickly replied. She was appalled, overwhelmed, but her foremost feeling was the wish not to appear to disavow her knowledge."

It is just here that one's sympathetic admiration is for the first time roused by Francie. Though neither she nor her people can appreciate the sort of horror caused the Proberts by this publicity, she does comprehend the reality of it to them, and believes herself to foresee that it will break up a marriage on which she has set her heart. But it never occurs to her to deny her share in the guilt of it—on the contrary, her compunction even exaggerates it by failing to suggest the palliative explanation which she might justly offer. She knows neither how to lie nor how to offer an excuse, but accepts the rôle of culprit with that truly American naïveté which Mr. James is fond of making much of. It is a very good thing to start with, but somehow when it is a heroine's only stock in trade, apart from her color, her facial lines, and her dimples, it does not excite a wildly patriotic enthusiasm. But then it was not meant to do so, and hence the common verdict which counts Mr. James as snobbishly un-American. Still, given his limitations, which are strict, and not all self-chosen, we doubt if he could be in much better business than that to which he addressed himself in this little tale.

Roberts Brothers reprint in admirable holiday style, with fine binding, paper, and numerous illustrations, the poet Thomas K. Hervey's *Book of Christmas*. It is curious rather than interesting, has no special charm of manner, and possesses a plentiful lack of really valuable information or suggestion. But for those who have not Washington Irving's *Sketch-Book* at hand, and who care to read about how Englishmen have eaten, drunken, carolled Christmas anthems, and generally amused themselves in the days preceding and following that most solemn and yet most joyful of all festivals excepting Easter, it will doubtless seem to have good points.

When Age grows Young (New York: Charles T. Dillingham) is entitled a romance by its author, Mr. Hyland C. Kirk. Its hero, Daniel Ritter, possesses from boyhood the ineradicable conviction that he "was not born to die." A congenital and unconscious "Christian scientist" of the most advanced type, he thinks dying a mere blunder—like the robber in *Paul Clifford*, who with tears addresses his moribund chief with the exhortation: "Don't you die, captain! Hany dam fool can do that!" Daniel cannot be brought to see any obvious necessity which should oblige a reasonably determined person to quit the present scene of human activity. Still, as he gradually becomes persuaded that determination alone will not afford a perfect vantage-ground against the king of terrors, he begins to investigate life

scientifically, with a view to discovering the secret of perpetuating it. In the prime of his youth, and while yet engaged in this search, he is burned to death. Mr. Kirk's novel, beginning with an apparition of Ritter or his double some three years after this accident, and going on at great length to detail Daniel's boyhood, his beliefs and his researches, with the apparent view of inducing the reader's belief in his resuscitation, ends lamely enough with the explanation that his supposed death was a mistake, which he had availed himself of as a means to hide from persevering enemies while pursuing his biological studies in an underground cavern, in the congenial company of a tame panther. The story, considered as a source of entertainment, counts for little; considered as speculation, it counts for nothing. Yet Mr. Kirk is an old speculator on the "possibility of not dying," a volume of his bearing that title, and propounding the view that endless life on the basis of physical existence is possible and desirable, having gained curiously hearty praise in many quarters. "The stubborn fact that all men now die," he is bold to affirm, "*is not different from the fact that rapid transit was impossible before steam was understood*" (*!*) It may have been at the feet of Mr. Kirk that the Rev. Goodwin, D.D., had been sitting before he startled a convention of Methodist and Presbyterian divines some months since, with the assurance that it was time to give up preaching that the world is one day to be burned up. The world, he assured them, is not going to suffer any such indignity. It is bound to endure for ever. In fact, it cannot afford to "go out of business," as he put it, just as Edison has been making all those stupendous discoveries by which time and space have been practically annihilated. Even Dr. Goodwin's clerical listeners, shocked though some of them were by his new eschatology, seemed as a body to conclude there might be something to say for his side of the question, for they resolved, after some brief debate, that discussion of the subject was neither profitable nor desirable. "This is a mad world, my masters!" and few things in it are madder than the professed novelists who teach philosophy and theology, and the professed teachers who go to them to get bolstered up on knotty points of doctrine.

The Egoist, which is the latest number we have received of Roberts Brothers' popular edition of George Meredith's works, is what an Englishman of Richardson's period might have called "monstrous clever." It is certainly that, and to be that is a great deal—but it is not more than that. Mr. Meredith has enormous talent. Now and then, as in several of the scenes in

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, notably in the last one between Richard and Lucy, it touches so high a point that one is ready to credit him with genius, to accept as true the wildest of the wild encomiums which his true adorers lavish on his work. But from that not often-gained high-water mark our own admiration slips back in a fast-receding tide. Only a sudden storm has carried it so far, and when the flood is out one sees the stretch of mud, sand, and weedy rocks over which it flowed, and knows that one might have walked safely in rubber boots and oil-cloth through its heaviest welter. Still, it is much to have created for half an hour or so the impression of the deep sea, and the rock rising midway in it.

That impression is never given by *The Egoist*, supremely clever as very much of it is. The insight of it is often so keen and penetrating, and its expression so clear-cut, that one strong though not abiding result of it is a sense that in Sir Willoughby Patterne Mr. Meredith has created an illusion by reproducing a real man, viewed from the coolly critical standpoint of his fellow-man. Here, one feels inclined to say, is the self-seeking, vain, egoistic heart of "that kind of man" laid bare, shown up, not as he appears to himself and wishes to appear to women, but as he looks under the lens of a singularly disinterested fraternal regard. And, to be just to Mr. Meredith, that seems to be precisely what he aimed at—not to paint one egoist, but to give "a chosen sample, digestibly"; to condense into an acrid yet nose-tickling essence the mildly unpleasant odor of a whole garden full of dahlias and London-pride. And as he aimed at that result, and hit it, he must be acknowledged an artist, often supremely adroit in his manipulation, and irresistibly comic in his achievement. Some of the scenes toward the close of the novel, that especially where Sir Willoughby offers himself to Lætitia, and is too sharply impaled on his own vanity to be able to believe her refusal arises from anything but sheer misunderstanding, are wonderfully droll. But to have aimed, and so successfully, at such a mark, in itself ranks Mr. Meredith among the critics rather than the creators in art. Still, for any good place but the highest we are most willing to accord him our suffrage. One curious point in a writer who often seems so felicitous in his choice of words for his ideas is that this verbal charm seems to vanish in the effort of reading him aloud. Then we have found him tire even listeners and readers of more than average endurance.

Like all of Mr. Meredith's novels, *The Egoist* is too bulky. Skilful as his padding is, it does not frankly escape the familiar,

yielding character of bran. Here and there throughout its more than five hundred close-printed pages we have marked passages quotable for insight or for drollery, but the scenes are too long to be given in full, and too connected not to be spoiled by condensation.

Here is a specimen of some acute moralizing on women:

"Maidens are commonly reduced to read the masters of their destinies by their instincts; and when these have been edged by over-activity, they must hoodwink their maidenliness to suffer themselves to read: and then they must dupe their minds, else men would soon see they were gifted to discern. Total ignorance being their pledge of purity to men, they have to expunge the writing of their perceptives on the tablets of the brain: they have to know not when they do know. The instinct of seeking to know, crossed by the task of blotting knowledge out, creates that conflict of the natural with the artificial creature to which their ultimately-revealed double-face, complained of by ever-dissatisfied men, is owing. Wonder in no degree that they indulge a craving to be fools, or that many of them act the character. Jeer at them as little for not showing growth. You have reared them to this pitch, and at this pitch they have partly civilized you. Supposing you to want it done wholly, you must yield just as many points in your requisitions as are needed to let the wits of young women reap their due harvest and be of good use to their souls. You will then have a fair battle, a braver, with better results."

And here are some characteristic Meredith touches, à propos of Sir Willoughby's half-hearted effort to divest himself of his old love, Lætitia, in compliment to Clara, the new:

"In the hundred and fourth chapter of the thirteenth volume of the Book of Egoism it is written: *Possession without obligation to the object possessed approaches felicity.*

"It is the rarest condition of ownership. For example: the possession of land is not without obligation both to the soil and the tax-collector; the possession of fine clothing is oppressed by obligation; gold, jewelry, works of art, enviable household furniture, are positive fetters; the possession of a wife we find surcharged with obligation. In all these cases possession is a gentle term for enslavement, bestowing the sort of felicity attained to by the helot drunk. You can have the joy, the pride, the intoxication of possession; you can have no free soul.

"But there is one instance of possession, and that the most perfect, which leaves us free, under not a shadow of obligation, receiving ever, never giving, or, if giving, giving only of our waste; as it were (*sauf votre respect*) by form of perspiration, radiation, if you like; unconscious poral bountifulness; and it is a beneficent process for the system. Our possession of an adoring female's worship is this instance. The soft, cherishable Parsee is hardly at any season other than prostrate. She craves nothing save that you continue in being—her sun; which is your firm constitutional endeavor; and thus you have a most exact alliance, she supplying spirit

to your matter, while at the same time presenting matter to your spirit—verily a comfortable opposition. The gods do bless it.

"That they do so indeed is evident in the men they select for such a felicitous crown and aureole. Weak men would be rendered nervous by the flattery of a woman's worship; or they would be for returning it, at least partially, as though it could be bandied to and fro without emulgence of the poetry; or they would be pitiful and quite spoil the thing. Some would be for transforming the beautiful solitary vestal flame by the first effort of the multiplication-table into your hearth-fire of slippered affection. So these men are not they whom the gods have ever selected, but rather men of a pattern with themselves, very high and very solid men, who maintain the crown by holding divinely independent of the great emotion they have sown.

"A clear approach to felicity had long been the portion of Sir Willoughby Patterne in his relations with Lætitia Dale. She belonged to him: he was quite unshackled by her. She was everything that was good in a parasite, nothing that was bad. His dedicated critic she was, reviewing him with a favor equal to perfect efficiency in her office; and whatever the world might say of him, to her the happy gentleman could constantly turn for his refreshing balsamic bath. She flew to the soul in him, pleasingly arousing sensations of that inhabitant; and he allowed her the right to fly, in the manner of kings, as we have heard, consenting to the privileges acted on by cats. These may not address their majesties, but they may stare; nor will it be contested that the attentive circular eyes of the humble domestic creatures are an embellishment to royal pomp and grandeur. . . . Further, to quote from the same volume of THE BOOK: *There is pain in the surrendering of that we are fain to relinquish.* The idea is too exquisitely attenuate, as are those of the whole body-guard of the heart of Egoism, and will slip through you unless you shall have made a study of the gross of volumes of the first and second sections of THE BOOK, and that will take you up to senility; *or you must make a personal entry into the pages, perchance, or an escape out of them.*"

The last italics are our own. They indicate, if we do not grandly mistake, the secret source of much of the Meredithan insight into the core of things. "Look in thy heart and write" is a simpler and older formula amounting to the same thing.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

FOUND IN A NEWSPAPER.

A few years ago there came to a house in Texas a parcel wrapped in a newspaper. The son of the house took up this wrapper in an idle moment and found it to be a Catholic weekly.

All that he had heard of Catholics led him to believe them to be a "hard lot." Perhaps he had an ill-defined notion that priests and nuns are not without horns. He had read when younger a story of what purported to be Mexican life, in which story much mention was made of the "adoration of the Virgin." He connected, in a way, the Virgin of the story with Mary, the Mother of Jesus. The goddess, as he called her, of the book interested him deeply. He wondered much about her, and would have been glad to learn something more of her, instinctively knowing that it would be useless to ask for information from his kinsfolk or his friends.

All remembrance of the "goddess" had not left him when he took up this Catholic newspaper to read. The first article to meet his eye was entitled "What Catholic Devotion to Mary is." He read and reread the article, and for the first time understood something of what is meant by the Incarnation of God the Son. And, he says, the thought came to him in the words of Elizabeth, for he is a diligent reader of the Scripture, "Why is it that the Mother of my Lord should come unto me?" From babyhood he had heard much of a saving faith in Jesus. Little by little, not all at once, it dawned on him that he did not in the least know in what this saving faith consisted. He blamed himself for his want of knowledge, and with lowliness of heart went to his minister to be instructed.

It would be impossible to put in words his amazement when he discovered that the minister was as knowledgeless as himself—more so, for he was enlightened somewhat by the article on devotion to Mary. He was told to believe, and when he asked, "Believe what?" he was told to have faith. "Faith in what?" he repeated, and there was reproach in the tone of the voice that said, "Are you not a believer?" It was a circle; and he might have likened it to the buggy-wheels he saw from the minister's window spinning along over the parched road, scattering dust that choked and blinded. One text of Scripture was now constantly in his mind: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

The theme of the newspaper article spoken of was that of the Incarnation. The word was not a new one to him. The Theosophic "craze" had mildly attacked his native town. Much, at that time, had been spoken in his presence of the incarnation of Buddha, and he heard many inquiries as to what is Buddhism. He never heard any one condemned for seeking an acquaintance with this religion, and he heard many regrets that the works of the disciples of Buddha were not more easy of access. "For," these seekers into untruth said, "we would get just what they believe from the works of Buddhists."

Of the Incarnation of God the Son he knew nothing, neither had he ever heard it spoken of. It is true that Christmas day was kept in the Sunday-school and at home. No one, however, associated the day with the Word made Flesh.

At the Sunday-school there was a Christmas-tree, and the superintendent, disguised as Santa Claus, distributed gifts to the children. Never a word was said of the Child, cradled in a manger, who gave that day a name and a reason for being. He sought hopelessly to find out what in reality the doctrine of the Incarnation is. There was reason for his hopelessness. All he learned from his anxious inquiry was that Jesus Christ as man was not at all God, though the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity is. It was then he heard of the Unitarians, and he thought them more logical than were his acquaintances.

The soiled newspaper he held on to. It was precious to him. Not that he had any thought of becoming a Catholic, but he was grateful to it for having roused in him a desire to know better that Jesus in whom he had been told so often to believe, and who he felt he must believe was God. One day he asked a friend did Catholics believe in Jesus. He was told they did, but that they adored Mary. The article on devotion to Mary was very far from countenancing any adoration of her. Remembering this, he denied that Catholics adored Mary. "But they call her Mother of God," this one said triumphantly.

It puzzled him greatly. He could not understand. If Jesus was God, and Mary his mother, why was it wrong to call her so? You see, he believed in the God-Man; the one to whom he spoke did not. He went back to his newspaper. In the article that interested him was a petition, "Mary, pray for me." A thought came over him to pronounce these words aloud. How would they sound? He said them, with awe and cold shuddering. In his ignorance he felt as though he had pronounced an incantation. Not for long this. After a little while he added the petition to his daily prayers.

It was now that he became curious to know something of Catholic belief. He received no encouragement in the search after knowledge that he undertook. He was advised not to tamper with anything Catholic. The words Papist and Romanist were seldom used in his town. Catholic was considered sufficiently contemptuous. Indeed, to call one of his townsmen a Catholic would have been as great an insult as you could offer him. When he persisted, he was offered works on the church by the church's enemies. He said he would prefer to have some books by Catholic authors. It was sweetly innocent in the youth to believe that such books would be given him. No, he was told, that would never do. He would find nothing but lies in such books. Catholics never told the truth about themselves. He thought of the works of the disciples of Buddha. But he said nothing. There was an advertisement of a spare number of Catholic books in his newspaper. For these books he sent.

Many days had to pass before these books could come to him, and he spent them, advised to do so, in searching the Scripture. He had been used to read his Bible daily, having a superstitious notion that every such reading must necessarily advance him a step nearer heaven. Now he read to learn. The wonderful first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel spoke to him as it had never spoken before. He had read of the God Incarnate having founded a church, but, like most of his "persuasion," attached little or no meaning to what he read. It became clear to him now that not only had a church been founded, but that that church was to endure for all time. Not for a moment did he believe that this church was one of the warring sects about him. Neither did it yet come to him that the church of the Scripture was one and the same with the Catholic Church.

His reading prepared him for *The Faith of our Fathers*, the first of the books sent for that he read. This book to him was a revelation, and a perfect

one. It now became nigh impossible for him to restrain his indignation when he heard the church belied. Yet much restraint on his part was necessary. He wished to be further instructed in the one living faith. Had he let it be known whither he was tending, obstacles that for him would have been insurmountable would be laid in the way of his getting knowledge. Secrecy was a thing altogether hateful to him, and he suffered as an early Christian suffered, forced to mole in the ground, to keep hidden within him the precious faith confided to his care till such time as he should be called on openly to confess it. His time had not yet come. Come it would, he knew, and he must patiently bide its coming.

Guided by further advertisements found on the fly-leaves of his books, he procured other Catholic works. These last were as carefully read as had been the first. His diligence was admirable. He was very anxious to meet a priest. No priest dwelt in his town; as far as he knew, no priest had ever put foot in it. The nearest one to where he lived was some forty miles away. Greatly to his joy, something happened which caused him to visit the town where this priest dwelt. He had discovered that of the idolatries and foolishnesses attributed to Catholics, not one was believed in or practised by them. With other false ideas went the revolting picture that had been limned for him of a Catholic priest. His imagination drew for him another picture, of a falseness, also. He expected to meet with an angelic being. What he found was a little old gentleman busily reading a black-bound book, clad in a long black garment which he wondered at, never having seen the like before. A whimsical thought struck him that at any rate it was not the notorious scarlet robe.

Father A——, without pausing in his reading, motioned him to a chair. He sat down, a repulsed feeling overcoming him. This feeling of repulsion was quickly succeeded by a complacent thought that when the priest knew what he came for there would be an opening of arms. And he made to himself a pleasant enough picture of his being welcomed as was the prodigal son. The picture was not very clear as to the killing of the fatted calf, for he could not readily conceive in what the calf in this instance was to consist. At last Father A—— laid down his breviary and listened to him state his case. When he had ended the priest leisurely wiped his spectacles and replaced them on his nose. Then he spoke seriously and with deep reverence of God's great goodness in putting into this youth's heart a desire to know the Truth; of the immense favor it is to be one of Christ's fold; advised prayer and reading Catholic books; regretted that the youth lived at such a distance from a Catholic church. Having said all this, the priest gave him his blessing and bade him good-morning. He left the priest a wiser if not yet a happier youth. He had learned the lesson that all converts have to learn—that they can give nothing to God's church, but that they have everything to get from that church.

Very different was this interview from what he remembered of X——, who left the Primitive Methodists to become a "Hard-Shell Baptist." There had been tea-drinkings for X——, and a reception; and he was called Brother X——, and everybody seemed to think that a great event had taken place when X—— became a "H. S. B." He desired no tea-drinkings nor any of the other good things that had come to X——, but, more than he had any idea of, he had looked for a warm reception because his father was what the newspapers call a "prominent citizen." His cheeks glowed with shame because of his impertinent self-esteem, and he saw his little personality dwindling into utter insignificance before that tremendous, everlasting fact, God's Holy Catholic Church.

There had been much of alloy in the preciousness of the humility with which he had searched into the mysteries of the faith. It was a truer humility that guided the search he continued, that governed his successful attempt at instructing himself for the step he was determined on, more than ever, of becoming a Catholic. He was now in his nineteenth year, and his father determined to send him to college. The youth, with what was perhaps incipient "Jesuitical craftiness," asked that he be allowed to choose the college to which he should be sent. His father gave his consent to this, not promising lightly or because he was a careless father, but because he had confidence in his son's judgment. In the newspaper which he so highly prized and so carefully preserved the youth found the advertisement of a Catholic college in an adjoining State. With many misgivings he told his father of his wish to go to this Catholic college. To his astonishment, his father not only consented but actually commended him for his wise choice. "The professors at this college," he said, "are good teachers, and," he added tersely, "they'll keep you clean." In a few weeks, to his not unmingled happiness, he found himself in a college where all were Catholics; that college in a town where every man, woman, and child was of the one fold. His happiness was only incomplete because he was not as those about him were, but he consoled himself with the thought that in a few days he would not be the only one there without a wedding-garment.

What was his dismay when, on speaking to a priest of the college about his wish to be baptized, he received a decided repulse partaking somewhat of the nature of a rebuff. He was told that, though sufficiently instructed to be baptized, he had not his father's consent. He was not of age, and before anything could be done that consent must be obtained. He went to the president of the college, only to meet with a like repulse. He was told to write for his father's consent, though such writing, it was added, would probably bring a summons for him to return home.

He was miserably unhappy. He almost longed that there might be some truth in those vast mendacities, perpetrated on silly, credulous folk, of inquisitorial assemblies that forced one, whether or no, into the Catholic Church. In the absence of such convenient congregations he saw nothing for him to do but to write to his father. This he did. The answer to his petition was a refusal downright; a letter to make him sad, for he saw that his father was sad. Other letters were written on both sides, letters that seemed to have but one result—to make him all but hopeless.

He suffered much. He was tortured with envy of others for the blessings they had, though some of them held their treasures lightly—blessings in which he could have no part. It was bitter anguish for him to remain away, shut out from the Holy Communion his companions could so freely receive. At last a day came, in answer to many prayers, that brought a letter containing his father's consent.

Happy was he in his baptism, and happy is he in the possession that has been given him; happy in being an instrument of good to others. In that house where he had had uncanny notions of priests, in that house where the first glimpse of God's great Light of Faith met his spiritual gaze, in that house—the town lacking a church—God's priests have entered, and there have offered more than once the unceasing sacrifice, Holy Mass.

It may be objected by some one who may read this true narration that the ignorance of those outside the church concerning the mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God has been exaggerated. That it has not will be sufficiently proved

if such a one would put the question, "What is the Incarnation?" to almost any non-Catholic; or, if this one be not a Catholic, let him put the question to himself. He will find that he is virtually a Nestorian. The writer of this, while yet himself a Protestant, heard on two different occasions preached from a non-Catholic pulpit the doctrine that Christ could sin, and a portion, at least, of the two congregations found this a consoling doctrine—"it makes Christ so much more like us." This is blasphemy, but not the writer's.

It is as true to-day as it was in the days of the Council of Ephesus that he who denies the Mother denies the God-Man.

THE REPORT OF THE ENGLISH COMMISSION ON EDUCATION AND THE NEW YORK "TIMES."

We have read with pleasure an article in the New York *Times* of September 30, entitled "The Religious Problem in English Schools," in which the editor admits that there is a problem to be solved even in American schools, which hitherto have been held by many to be altogether perfect, insomuch that the least fault finding with them was put down as an attack on education, or at least on the principle of education *by the state.*

Indeed, so enthusiastic have some people been in their admiration of the system that it seems to have been useless for any one to point out a defect in it, or even so much as to justify themselves against such false suspicions or accusations as, in the heat of their love and consequent indignation, the upholders of education, purely secular as it now is, were moved to entertain and bring forward. Many articles and essays have been written and speeches made by Catholics to show that their church is not now (history proves that she was not in past ages) opposed to education nor even to state education. There have been, indeed, one or two over-zealous theorizers who objected to the state having anything to do with education, but they were never authorized to speak for the Catholic Church or for their fellow-Catholics, and hence their opinions were their own private property.

The declaration of our real belief in public Christian schools was made apparently to the deaf and to the blind—so blind, indeed, that they were not merely unable to read the Catholic statements, but they could not even see the parochial school-houses springing up on every side all over the land. These were built by the self-sacrifice of citizens already taxed for the public schools, because they sincerely and honestly held that a very important and even vital branch of education was not supplied in the latter. With such substantial arguments as costly buildings and teachers of their own, engaged in precisely the same work as the public schools, sometimes only across the street from them, one would suppose that fair men would perceive that they were not built out of hatred of learning, but that, as the *Times* says, there was "a problem" of a serious nature yet to be solved, so that the state education might be suited to all its citizens.

This is the religious difficulty which exists here as well as in England, and let us thank God that, as the editor says, "the American people are hardly less impatient than the English with the secular character of education." It is safe to say that if their ancestors had not believed and acted on the belief that religion is "an element of great importance in a system of schools," there would be no United States of America for us to live in. This Republic is a product of the

Christian religion and of Christian principles, and it is idle to look for liberty except where Christianity has taken hold. The fathers of the Republic were religious-minded almost to a man. Now we want Christianity in the schools, and we would like to have undivided Christianity, with no distinction or difference in religious belief, as it was once—although, indeed, for a very short time, since even in St. Paul's time Christians had begun to form sects and schisms. But the trouble is that we cannot practically get that kind of Christianity; we of course, as Catholics, say and believe that we can furnish it, but the people as a unit will not agree with us. Well, what are we to do? No true American would say: Let the state force some one particular denomination on all. On the other hand, we know that while each holds certain peculiar tenets, some points of grave importance to the state are common to all denominations. Then let the state unite itself, not with one only, but with all of them, and say: I want your help in educating the child. I want you to sit down with me and let us settle upon some plan by which the young, while enjoying the benefits of a secular education at the expense of the public, may not be deprived of your salutary counsels.

The Royal Commission (of England) which gave occasion to the article in the *Times*, and of which Cardinal Manning was a member, found

"That all classes in England desired to give their youth a moral and religious training, even if the instruction did not come under the direction of the school inspectors. It was also found that nearly one-third of the children, if not taught morals in the school, would neither be taught at home nor through the different denominations. The poor children who needed the training of the heart and conscience would not receive it outside of the board school at all."

Further, quoting with approval Mr. Sharpe, whom they eulogize as "one of the greatest authorities in the practical working of such institutions," they say that

"It is very undesirable to have persons of different religious faiths in the same college; and, though the religious difficulty seems to be partially overcome in the case of undenominational colleges, yet it is at the sacrifice of denominational instruction, which is most valuable in producing a race of religious and moral teachers."

Such is the opinion of fifteen out of twenty-three of the members of the Royal Commission—the majority report. The denominational system is in actual use in England, and they declare it to be unwise to change it to the secular or neutral system which we have in the United States. Yet they do not object to purely secular schools for *those who desire them*. This is our position exactly. Catholics have no quarrel with anybody. They only want their own children properly brought up. What the English say of their country is equally true in ours, and perhaps the religious school is more necessary here on account of the general tone of society, which, tending towards individual freedom and early emancipation of the young from the control of the old, has more need of religious restraints.

The main objection brought forward against denominational participation in public education arises from the desirableness (in the opinion of some) of moulding all the children according to one American type of character. Catholics have always held that unity of religious faith is an advantage to a nation even in a temporal point of view, and hence the ideal which these men have of the American citizen of the future is not an untrue one; but we must look at things as they are. If we were all of one faith, or could be made so by state schools, there would be some practical sense in this reasoning; but we are not and will not be perhaps for ages. Which, then, shall we choose? To continue as we are now, a

nation Christian, although divided into sects? or shall we become pagan or agnostic for the sake of becoming uniform? It seems to us that with all the drawbacks of religious division inside of Christianity among our population things have gone on pretty well. We did not see that the Northern soldiers were less patriotic because different regiments had chaplains of different denominations, according to the belief of their members; we are not aware that there was any want of unity in camp or on the battle-field on account of that. Is it likely that if they were all of one way of thinking, and that way mere agnosticism or secularism, with no hope of heaven or fear of hell or trust in God, that such sameness would have made citizens more ready to sacrifice themselves for others and braver defenders of the flag and country?

Would it improve matters if to-morrow all political parties should coalesce into one? The Republican, perhaps, will answer yes, if all become Republicans, and so the Democrats will say likewise. But "*quot capita tot sententiæ*," as Horace has it, and as long as heads will differ men will instinctively seek out those of their own way of thinking and organize with them for protection, and for aggression too. The few philosophers who can be neutral and stand alone entirely free from partisanship or "sectarianism" might be carried in a horse-car, and will probably be theorizers only and exert mighty little influence and do less work in any direction. To make religion "unsectarian" (*sic*) or undenominational, so that your Christian of the future would have no particular creed, no particular church or pastor or traditions, and would be neutral wherever there is any controversy, is to emasculate it entirely. This age and country is of all others the one when and where men *will* organize and form themselves into parties, or let us say "denominations." If then it is desirable to have religion in education, why should not the editor suggest that a commission be appointed here, on the English plan, to inquire *into the facts* at all events, and "prepare them for the statesman" who will one of these days be called upon to save the Republic by supporting its religious foundation, which is being so rapidly undermined by the prevalence of godlessness? The Catholic Church will give all the information it possesses, and perhaps we could suggest some way of meeting this difficulty and satisfying both Catholic and Protestant parents without union of church and state, and without taxing anybody for religious teaching.

PATRICK F. MCSWEENY.

THE "CENTURY'S" HISTORY OF THE WAR.*

The war of the Rebellion is, next to the Revolutionary war, the most important epoch in our history, perhaps in the history of the world. There is no parallel to be found to that mighty struggle in the history of civilization, or at least of modern civilization. When has there been a war fought so honestly and to so perfect a close, and whose results have been so providentially adjusted to the best interests of both parties? A man's bitterest enemies are those of his own household, and so are a nation's. And this enmity in the bosom of our national family

* *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.* Being for the most part Contributions by Union and Confederate Officers. Based upon the *Century* War Series. Edited by Robert Underwood Johnson and Clarence Clough Buel, of the Editorial Staff of the *Century Magazine*. New York: The *Century* Co.

burst out into a furious, long-continued, and most bloody struggle. The hatred of the sections was sealed with blood, and the poison of a deadlier hate was rubbed into the open wounds by the first measures of reconstruction. And yet within a generation the sections are at perfect peace without a standing army or without national garrisons at the South, other than "the bivouac of the dead" Union soldiers in the national cemeteries adjacent to the great battle-fields.

All this is fact, and is evident to intelligent men, not only to ourselves, but even more so to foreigners. But a singular and unique witness to the peaceful resultant of the deadliest of modern wars is exhibited in these volumes. They form a complete military history of the war from beginning to end, written by participants on both sides, many of them high in command, all living at peace with each other and exhibiting only a desire to contribute the best evidence of the manly qualities of the combatants and the military science of the leaders.

It is a symposium on the battles and strategy of the war, furnished by the men who personally conducted its operations. The men who less than a generation ago were divided by a line of fire, and whose dearest purpose then was to put each other to death, are now calmly and peacefully gathering the moral and scientific lessons of the great conflict. It is amazing with what kindliness and entire good-nature these men discuss together their battles and campaigns—men whose very names meant slaughter and destruction to each other. That this has been done is owing to the generosity and public spirit of the owners of the *Century Magazine;* and that it has been done so well, edited so perfectly, and supplemented by such a thorough sifting of figures and other statistics gathered from the records of the United States War Department, is owing to the competent editorial work of Robert Underwood Johnson and Clarence Clough Buel. As published serially in that great monthly they attracted widespread attention. The numerous illustrations have been made from sketches or photographs taken always on the spot, and in many cases at or right after the time of the occurrence.

But the reader would be mistaken if he supposed that this great work is a mere reproduction of the text of the *Century* war articles. Even so, it would have made a splendid and unique work. But the whole letter-press has been recast, and the type, apparently new throughout, is of a much larger form, the lines running across the page, and the size of the volumes reaching almost to a quarto. We do not know whether the pictures are simply reproductions from the magazine; they seem to us to be often enlarged.

The contributions here given which did not appear in the magazine, and are therefore entirely new to the public, are so numerous and in many cases so important as to make this work of altogether superior value to the bound volumes of the monthly. The articles referred to are fully as finely and as copiously illustrated as those already known to the public. But these volumes possess an additional feature of excellence in the carefully prepared and accurate résumé that concludes the account of each action, whether military or naval. The names and officers of each regiment or battery that took part in the engagement, the loss in killed, wounded, and missing, etc., are given at length, and for the Confederate as well as for the Federal forces. The reader is assisted in understanding the relative positions and the movements of the opposing forces by numerous maps showing the region of the country operated over and the precise topographical features of the battle-fields.

It seems to us that until the inventive genius of man takes a long stride forward and finally reproduces the exact tints of nature by means of the press, that

the printer's art can offer these volumes as its most excellent product. It is well that they tell the story of one of our heroic epochs, and are sold for a price which will place them in the homes of the humblest artisans and farmers of our country.

Our praise may seem fulsome; the fault we find with it ourselves is that it but feebly conveys our admiration for the writers, printers, publishers, and owners of this marvellous work.

READING CIRCLES.

Many young ladies who are graduated from Catholic academies and other schools feel, when school-time is past, a mature desire for self-improvement. They seek a more advanced course of Catholic reading; they have acquired a love for still deeper study. For this they need competent guidance and encouragement.

A plan has been proposed to meet these requirements which is well worthy of consideration. The writer recommends the formation of a society which would be conducted for the benefit of the Catholic women of the United States. The society would confine itself to Catholic literature, Catholic subjects, Catholic writers. This field is undoubtedly large, but if thought desirable it might be restricted to American writers. Such a society should in no way be exclusive; it should be managed with a liberal desire to give due recognition to all concerned. It would differ from local literary clubs inasmuch as there need be no social element; everything could be done by correspondence. Meetings of members, however, might be held for the interchange of ideas and the better understanding of subjects pertaining to self-improvement. Classified lists of books could be arranged for those desiring information regarding particular subjects.

The foremost object of the society would be to counteract as far as possible the general indifference shown towards Catholic literature, to suggest ways and means of acquiring a knowledge of our own writers. In a general way this desire for an elective course of reading would enlarge our knowledge of the church, its effect upon civilization, the arts, science, and literature. We would more easily realize the idea of the church as a whole, and its members as individuals, and get a correct Catholic view regarding subjects relating to events and personages past and present. We can readily see that such a society would produce much good.

Catholic papers are constantly lamenting the want of interest in Catholic literature and the injudicious selection of books. Public libraries contain many of our best Catholic works, but they are much neglected. The taste of Catholic readers is not sufficiently educated. Our Catholic libraries are often incomplete. Among many books to make a good selection is very difficult. Does the fault lie with the people, or with the failure to directly suggest better books to them?

It is a fact, moreover, that many of the more educated of our young ladies know very little of the writers of their own religion, or the place of excellence these writers have attained. Catholic literary aspirants are disheartened. They should be encouraged by opening through such an organization as this the vast field of labor for the Catholic littérateur. Indications are not wanting that many now read novels which contain little more than the amorous intrigues of the French society dame or the unending flirtations of the English lord.

With a definite plan for home study these young women might be induced to

make a profitable course of reading. To select what is desirable to be read, to arrange courses, to designate the best and most practical, to aid the development of just discrimination, this would be the task of some willing, responsible persons in authority. With all the valuable suggestions the document contains, we would propose that the society be not solely for the higher classes of young ladies, but likewise for the masses of Catholic working-girls. By this means literature of a light, sensational character would be discarded for profitable novels, Catholic romances, useful biography. There would be needed a directory of all Catholic books from David down to Hendrik Conscience and Christian Reid, which extensive field, however, would be divided into courses. Some comments should be added to distinguish the books of a high order of excellence.

We heartily commend the plan. We remember the good St. Anselm's Society has done in England, and, though we may not be able to follow its work in every detail, its spirit could and should animate the organization of the society here proposed. We have endeavored to give some outline of the need, the aim, and the good to be accomplished through such a society. It must be, if properly organized and carefully conducted, a potential factor in securing what is at present one of our greatest needs—a Catholic reading public. We therefore submit the plan to our readers and invite their comments, their suggestions, their co-operation. We commend it to the consideration of the Catholic press of the country, and would instance the success of such organizations as the Chautauqua Society or the Agassiz Association as a guarantee of the good that might come from a Catholic society organized on the same or a similar plan. All communications should be addressed to "Reading Circle," office of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, 6 Park Place, New York City.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SPECIAL DEVOTION TO THE HOLY GHOST: A Manual for the Use of Seminarians, Priests, Religious, and Christian People. By the Very Rev. Dr. Otto Zardetti, V.G. With a Letter of Introduction by the Rt. Rev. John Keane, D.D., Bishop of Richmond. Milwaukee: Hoffmann Brothers.

This book is published to aid souls to live by the instinct of the Holy Spirit. It is designed for all Christian people, but is especially prepared for the use of those who serve the altar or aspire to do so. The author affirms that he has always had a lively appreciation of the office of God the Holy Ghost in the sanctification of men, and hence on previous occasions has published short Latin treatises showing the relation of the Holy Spirit to the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Virgin, and on like subjects. The immediate cause of this little volume is the exhortation of the Third Plenary Council calling upon all who aspire to the apostolic ministry to cultivate a devout union with the Holy Spirit, who is the Spirit of the High-Priest Christ. Bishop Keane, rector of the Washington University, in a commendatory letter to the author, says that these words will make the council memorable. The bishop continues, referring to the intellectual culture of the clergy which the university will secure:

"In vain should we seek for the bestowal of the highest learning on our priests and our people unless the Holy Spirit of Truth and of love were its light and its life. If only we can pour that highest light and highest love into our country's mind and heart, then what can there be too great and noble for her attainment? We are pioneers in a great work."

This little work, beautifully printed—though the binding is somewhat gaudily colored—is divided into four parts, the first showing the fitness and opportuneness of the devotion to our times and this country. The second part explains the objects and rules of the confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost. The third part is doctrinal, containing an exposition of the dogmatic principles underlying this devotion, a proper introduction to the fourth part, which is a selection of approved prayers, hymns, and other devotional exercises "leading the Servant of the Holy Ghost to adore God in spirit and in truth."

We are fully persuaded this book is well calculated to attain the purpose of the author. It is intelligently, we may say learnedly, written, and is full of a devotional unction so necessary in arousing men and women to adopt a new sort of religious exercise.

God could not give to Dr. Zardetti a nobler mission than to assist in the sanctification of the Catholic priesthood. No one wishes well to the Catholic people whom God will not soon inspire with love for the clergy. They should be well prayed for, indeed; for upon the clergy depends much of the spiritual and not a little of the temporal welfare of any Catholic people. They are the very salt of a good people, being made up of men of noble natural qualities elevated to a state whose supernatural excellence is simply beyond expression. A good priest bears Christ our Lord in his soul and body for the building up of the temple of God in each soul in his parish. There is not a Catholic layman alive who has not felt the beneficent power of the words, the presence, the very looks of that unique representative of the Redeemer of men called "our priest." He is indeed a lonely man, being celibate and being taken apart from the common occupations of men; and yet he is the best loved of women, the most loyally loved by men, the most tenderly loved by the little children of the people. And of all the loves that pour out their balm of sweetness upon the soul and body of man none is so tender, so sweet, so pure, so long-suffering, so divine as the love which enraptures and at the same time torments the priest's heart. It is a love stronger than death and mightier than any human love whatever, and is the only explanation of that absolute self-forgetfulness in the service of his people which is the dominant trait of the priestly character.

But all this is said of the good priest. It is not said of one who loves money or covets the society of the rich, or who enjoys the amusements of the world, or who is a low-grade man and takes a low view of his state as that of a mere profession, and tosses off to "monks" the inner voice calling him to priestly perfection; it is not said of lazy or sensual or worldly priests, but of good priests, whose souls are aflame with the fires of the altar—the happiest, the busiest, the most eager, the purest, and oftentimes the saddest men on earth; such priests as we have now among us by the hundreds and hundreds. The writer of this knows what is a good priest, for he has spent many years among all sorts of them, and it fills him with consolation to bear witness that our American priesthood is worthy of a Catholic people's love, is better and better every year, and that the appliances for forming a perfect priesthood are becoming more and more adequate to that end.

These words have been written to recommend to the attention of the priesthood Dr. Zardetti's little manual, *Devotion to the Holy Ghost*, be-

cause that devotion is the one which priests should just now give their immediate attention to, in preference, we make bold to say, to any others. Of course devotion to our Lord's Sacred Humanity is enthroned upon our altars as *the* sacerdotal devotion. But is it not well advanced in our affections? Has not the Sacred Heart a full chorus of praise from our lips and hearts? Can another word be added to the learning and unction of our treatises, and can anything more be said for our confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament? But who hears about devotion to the Holy Ghost? From the day we leave the seminary the doctrine and adoration of God the Sanctifier must trust almost altogether to the feast and octave of Pentecost for setting us on fire.

THE CREDENTIALS OF SCIENCE THE WARRANT OF FAITH. By Josiah Parsons Cooke, LL.D., Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University. New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

We believe that the study of the ideas presented here is the turning-point of Christian apologetics in our day. Professor Cooke has taken up the issues of the age and discusses them scientifically; he is not willing to let them go till he has exhausted their value to him. Such men are not numerous in the history of any great movement of human thought, and in the present one have heretofore been especially lacking. He grasps his thesis with a familiar and vigorous power which could only be the result of a high order of intelligence applied to honest study through a long series of years. His thesis may be summed up in one of the concluding paragraphs of his book (p. 321):

"Man knows nature because he is in harmony with it; man knows spiritual truth in the same way; and certitude in either case rests on similar evidence. Such are the general propositions which I have sought to maintain in these lectures. We have to thank the evolutionists for a plausible explanation of the first of the propositions, and they will not object if we apply the same principles to the second. A simple cell, at first only slightly sensitive to the light, has developed into that organ of wonderful adaptations, the eye. By the survival of the fittest, each advantage gained has been held and handed down: and thus the organ has been gradually adjusted to the environment and fitted to give to the mind of man truthful information about external objects and accurate impressions of the beauties of the outer world. . . . The method by which these results have been worked out is, however, a question of no importance to our argument, so long as we all admit, as all do, evolutionists with the rest, that the capacity of these organs to give accurate information about the external world is wholly due to their adaptation to their environment.

"But if man's harmony with his environment physically is an evidence of truth, then his harmony with his environment spiritually must be equally so. If a sensitive nerve can be trusted, a sensitive conscience is not less trustworthy; otherwise man's mind must have grown into harmony with its environment in one relation and not in another. If, when man longs for beauty and harmony, the impressions which flow in through the eye and ear are to be trusted, then it must be that when in his higher moods he yearns for purity, and righteousness, and holiness, the assurances which come to him on his bended knees are equally well founded."

That is to say, the inner religious life of man is a witness of the external reality of God and his ethical law, just as the inner scientific life of man is witness of the external reality of nature and its laws. The inner life of man is real—the whole of that life, ethical as well as scientific. Whatever makes for the equation between the phenomena of perception and the thing perceived in the material world makes no less for the equation between the phenomena of the moral and religious consciousness and

the objective reality of the spiritual world. Life is real, inner as well as outer, religious as well as scientific. The reality of life depends upon that most fundamental of all principles, that the object characterizes the action of the subject. All rational life is made up of the object, the subject, and their relation. The object awakens the activity of the subject. The object witnesses itself to the subject. The object proves itself to the subject. The subject perceives because the object is perceptible, that is to say, real. The final outcome of the study of all human life is that the phenomena of our inner life are not characterized by the mind's own act, as Kant's theory of categories would teach, are not idle dreams of an unregulated mental force, are not the creations of sprites and demons acting upon us as upon their spirit-slaves; the phenomena of our inner life are the direct product of the infinitely real and infinitely active force of supreme being. This gives us the product of sensible perception as to the material universe, and no less really the product of the inner touch of our souls with the Supreme Good, union with which is the end and destiny of man.

Professor Cooke does not enter formally upon this question, which is strictly philosophical. He takes for granted, however, that it lies at the root of every other question, and he everywhere takes for granted the true solution of it. It would be too much to ask of him to deal with both the philosophy and the natural science of this age's perplexity. He does more than one man's part in fully meeting the attack of godless science by comparing its own credentials with those of Christian faith and proving that faith and science stand or fall together. The reality of the object arousing the activity of the subject and characterizing it is the one only guarantee of scientific certitude in all its grades; and Professor Cooke proves that the same guarantee is amply present in the facts of consciousness in the domain of religion, and that they are at least as peremptory upon the rational man for acceptance.

"Even among scholars," says the author, "who, while familiar with the general results of science, are strangers to its methods, there is a common misapprehension in regard to the certainty of scientific conclusions or in regard to the infallibility of scientific evidence. Physical science is constantly spoken of as exact, and as yielding positive proofs in contrast with the moral sciences, whose results are less definite and more questionable. As regards physical science all this is to a great extent true, since a large mass of facts which have been established in relation to the phenomena of nature are as certain as the axioms of geometry; but no results of measurements are absolutely exact, and the accredited values have every possible degree of precision. There are very few magnitudes of nature which are known accurately within a thousandth part of their value; and our knowledge of such fundamental quantities is often in error to the extent of one-tenth. To scientific experts this is a familiar fact, and in all their deductions they take into account the resulting uncertainty; but literary men are apt to reason as if they thought everything accepted in science was known with equal exactness, and are led into error by this unconscious assumption" (page 112).

This extract is but a statement of what is clearly proved by Professor Cooke in many carefully arranged examples of the difficulties of arriving at results worthy of acceptance by men of science; analogous to the difficulty some minds experience in overcoming their obstacles to perceiving the credibility of the articles of theistic and Christian belief. This part of his work is the most valuable, and, we think, is an addition to the literature of the subject altogether new.

Professor Cooke is not a Catholic, but he is reasoning upon lines which

are universal. We do not agree with him in everything, but his main thesis is true and his support of it is complete; his errors—such as conceding too much to the demands of the scientific propaganda, and a low view of the primeval apprehension of the existence of God—are those of an apologist anxious to broaden as much as possible the extent of agreement with the adversary: anxious rather to conquer error than men.

The broader generalizations of science are but the catholicity of truth in the natural order, whether expressed in technical formulas or in popular language. We want more men like this writer—men who have the courage to use their high place in the scientific world to express the universality of truth. He exercises his vocation of public teacher with a conscientious conviction of loyalty to duty; all that he says bears that impress. He has taken for his task to show that the processes by which the principles of natural religion are arrived at are what are known as scientific processes. This has always been the doctrine of the Catholic schools, more especially since the days of St. Thomas, who maintains that there is a formulated statement of premises and conclusions establishing various grades of certainty of the existence and attributes of God. St. Thomas describes the process of reasoning to be followed in seeking the knowledge of the existence of the Supreme Being in a way that has no fitter parallel than the description of a geometrical proposition or a chemical experiment: in other words, the apprehension of God belongs to the order of knowledge called scientific.

Professor Cooke's fairness towards the Catholic Church is shown in his estimate of the Galileo case, which is substantially that of the most intelligent Catholic writers on the subject:

"It was his controversial spirit, rendered especially irritating by the great influence of his powerful utterance, which led to the collision of Galileo with the papal authorities. At heart he was a good Catholic and a faithful son of the church. He had many friends among the most influential of the clergy, and there can be no question that he would have been left to teach as he pleased, and even been honored for his innovations, if only he had avoided theological issues instead of rushing into them. There was no need of forcing that greatly irritated lion caged at the Vatican to show its claws. Neither truth nor honor required it; and though we may not think that a scholar can honorably hold an equivocal position in regard to facts of demonstration, yet the distinction 'ex hypothesi' and 'ex animo' was one which he avowedly accepted. And when he violated his pledges, and again revived the old issues, we cannot wonder that his conduct provoked censure; and it may be questioned whether he was treated any more harshly than is many a man at the present day for a much less departure from prescribed creeds" (page 76).

We recommend this book to all who are interested in the great questions at issue between scientific and religious men. As to its purport and excellence we have said much for a notice in this department of the magazine, and yet not as much as we should like to say. As to the style, it is a pure medium of precise thought. The book is well printed and bound.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. By Bernardine à Piconio. Translated and edited from the original Latin by A. H. Prichard, B.A. Merton College, Oxford. Epistle to the Romans, and the First Epistle to the Corinthians. London: John Hodges. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Great credit is certainly due to this publishing house for the Catholic works which they have been placing on the market, such as the one here

noticed, Father Gasquet's *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, Maldonado's *Commentary on the Gospels*, Cornelius à Lapide's *Commentary on the Gospels*, Father Jones's answer to Dr. Littledale, Dom Weldon's *Chronicle of the English Benedictine Monks, Life and Mission of St. Benedict*, S. Hubert Burke's *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, and offering to the British public Father Lambert's celebrated *Notes on Ingersoll*. These books, and others of like importance, which are to be had of the Catholic Publication Society Company, are to be followed by Dr. Daniel Rock's *Hierurgia, or the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass;* the Abbé Rohrbacher's *Universal Church History*, and Mabillon's *Complete Works of St. Bernard*. Such of these as are translations are done in the best style, honestly, as far as we can judge, and by men whose learning and mastery of languages guarantee a correct and elegant rendition. Furthermore the translators show a theological and historical reading in Catholic literature which enables them to do their work intelligently. No doubt the chief sale of these publications will not be among Catholics, at least in England. But Catholics could not ask a more faithful reproduction of these works from scholars of their own faith. And we are glad to know that the Protestant public has found out that there is so much worth translating, buying, and reading in Catholic ecclesiastical literature.

Piconio wrote his famous *Triplex Expositio* of the Epistles of St. Paul nearly two hundred years ago, and it still remains an unique aid to the understanding of the doctrine of the Apostle of the Gentiles. After many other commentaries have appeared, often full of learning and insight, Piconio has still a high reputation in Catholic schools, and is to-day in universal use by professors. Hence the value of his work in the vernacular, as being standard and approved in the interpretation of a part of Holy Writ extremely useful, and extremely difficult, in places, to be understood. St. Paul stands out even among the Apostles as the most eager, zealous, and active of them all, and his epistles, to use Piconio's words, are "like fountains of light and fire, perpetual and inexhaustible in the church of God. From them the life of the intellect and the life of the heart are abundantly supplied to all who piously meditate upon them, by the hidden ministry of the Holy Ghost. . . . St. Paul wrote in all fourteen epistles, not with ink but with the spirit of the living God."

Father Lallemant says that the first reading of Holy Scripture is apt to be dry and tiresome, but that if one perseveres there is no higher pleasure the soul can know than drinking at those fountains of celestial wisdom. And this is especially true of the writings of St. Paul. Difficult to understand, easily wrested to an evil purpose by the unlearned and unstable, yet to the honest Christian reader they are the medium of a divine influence altogether peculiar and essentially Catholic. Until one has known St. Paul well he has hardly grasped the meaning or enjoyed the substance of what is known among spiritual writers as liberty of spirit: "For you, brethren, have been called unto liberty" (Gal. v. 13).

In speaking of Piconio's work we have called it unique, because he has divided his commentary into three parts, given simultaneously for each chapter. The first is a paraphrase giving the apostle's own words, with such additions as are requisite for a full elucidation of the sense; the second is a commentary on every verse or expression which needs explanation,

including an analysis of each separate chapter; the third consists of pious moral and ascetical observations deducible from the text. That the writer was amply competent for the first two his repute in learned circles is good evidence. Read the third and you will perceive how fruitful and unctuous it is for the spiritual life, which might well be expected from one who for over fifty-eight years was a fervent member of the Capuchin order. Listen to his words in his preface to this book printed in his old age, six years before the end of a long life of sanctity and learning:

"At length, by God's providence, set free from official care of others' souls, I found my time more fully at my own disposal, and without hesitation, and I think under divine impulse, I gave it entirely, day and night, to study and meditation on these founts of life divine, life of the understanding and life of the heart. . . . I was not disappointed; for I saw the light and felt the flame, and my mind fed on the truth of God's words, and my heart, animated by their divine ardor, lived again."

We desire to recommend this book to all. Of course to the priesthood any commendation of it is unnecessary. But among the laity there are many souls, one of whose greatest drawbacks in the spiritual life is unfamiliarity with the Word of God. Let them read the Scriptures daily, if only for a few minutes, let them bear along with them such guides as Piconio, and the Spirit of God will illumine their minds and inflame their hearts with a freshness and vigor of divine life altogether peculiar.

LIBRARY OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES: Works of this Doctor of the Church translated into English. By Rev. Henry Benedict Mackey, O.S.B. Vol. IV. Letters to Persons in Religion. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

What we find of peculiar value in spiritual letters of holy men and women is their spontaneity: heart to heart. A letter is a confidential communication of one soul to another, and, even when not distinctively religious, is often the truest revelation of the writer's best characteristics. In these letters of St. Francis de Sales we have the direct and simple statement of the maxims of a devout life practically applied. But St. Francis de Sales was a man whose heart was at his finger-tips and in the glances of his eyes, and flowed out in celestial wisdom from his pen as he wrote to his spiritual children and friends. These letters are the mirrors of the best traits of his character—affection, unction, cheerfulness, immense confidence in God, and Christian liberty. In reading these letters you find a saint who gives you the idea that he would give you everything you asked and let you do anything you liked, and yet by that very means lead you nearer to God. St. Augustine's motto, "Love God and do as you please," found in St. Francis a most perfect interpreter. He is the apostle of the easy burden and the light yoke, joined with heroic sanctity.

These holy letters are addressed for the most part to members of the Visitation Order, and are directed in great part to their guidance in acquiring the spirit peculiar to that order. But he draws his wisdom from those deep fountains of religious life common to all who wish to serve God courageously, whether in religion or in the world.

This is the fourth volume of the Library of St. Francis de Sales, translated and edited by the English Benedictines, and is a valuable addition to the other volumes of the series already before the public. We bespeak for it the same hearty welcome accorded to the previous volumes.

AUTHORITY; OR, A PLAIN REASON FOR JOINING THE CHURCH OF ROME. By Luke Rivington, M.A., Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The difference between Anglicans and Catholics has the advantage of simplicity: it turns upon the one point of the seat of external authority in the church of Christ. That there is a divinely instituted society, that it is perpetual in its external life, that it has a divine right to men's allegiance, and that in some way that society is at present known as the Catholic Church, are matters agreed upon by Anglicans as fully as by Catholics. What is not agreed upon is the seat of authority. Hence Mr. Rivington does well to name his little book giving his reasons for seeking the communion of the Roman Church, "Authority." Persons who end their life-doubts as he has done discover that divine authority in matters of religion, as far as it has been extended into this outer world of our sensible human existence, is centred and seated in the Apostle Peter and his successors in the See of Rome.

Mr. Rivington's book, though not large, gives a good summary of the arguments, drawing largely from the witness of the early Fathers and Doctors of the Christian faith, for the papal supremacy. We suppose that he is a man of ripe scholarship in this department of learning, for he uses his matter with a familiarity which could hardly come from any but a patient and matured acquaintance with the authorities. His treatment of his proofs is solid and ought to be convincing. He is not without an appreciation of the force of arguments drawn from other sources than antiquity and sanctity, for he recognizes such convincing elements in the Catholic claim as the general view of church history, the instinctive admissions of enemies, the common sense of mankind, the views of students whose profane and infidel character enabled them to be of a scientific frame of mind when discussing this question so very remote from their own more radical difficulties—such evidences as these he does not ignore, for they are based upon the innate quality of uttering what is true which must characterize the organs of human opinion taken largely and running along for generations together. But the author's main and almost exclusive task is to carefully examine the biblical and patristic evidences of the primacy; and in this his book, excellently written as to its style, is a close and convincing argument. May the grace of God go along with it into many men's and women's hands, and into their souls to give them courage to follow the light! Nobody who has not gone through the struggle knows how *courage* is the virtue most to be prayed for in behalf of Anglican inquirers.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH: From its First Establishment to Our Own Times. By Rev. J. A. Birkhæuser, formerly Professor of Church History and Canon Law in the Provincial Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, Milwaukee, Wis. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

We cannot but welcome a new work on the history of the church, especially when it is written for English-speaking Catholics. To use the words quoted by our author from an English Catholic writer, we may say: "We are behindhand in many departments of literature, but in none, probably, is the dearth of readable books more saddening than in this one subject of ecclesiastical history." Most of the books we have are translations, but mere translations do not meet our

needs. The facts on which history rests are the same, no matter in what language they are told, but the way in which these facts are treated, the prominence given to some over others, are made to depend, in great measure, on the character and bent of mind of those for whom they are written. Hence it is that these translations from the French or German do not meet the needs of our students. Sometimes, too, they are mere compilations of facts and dates put in a dry and uninteresting form, useful for such as have a special zest for the study of history, but altogether unsuited for those who ought to have a thorough knowledge of history without at the same time making it a specialty. Such works when placed in the hands of the student are apt to repel him and make him look on history as a task to be got over as quickly as possible. Yet few studies are of more importance now than that of ecclesiastical history. There has been a new impulse given to it by learned men of other nations, and if we would keep pace with them it can only be done by an equally diligent study. And if we would have our young men continue the work, it can only be done by giving them a deep and earnest love for it from the outstart.

It is not sufficient to know in a general way that the teaching of the church has been ever the same, but we must be able to point out how this is so, to show how the teaching of one age or one century is connected with and explains what has gone before, to show, in fine, that the doctrine of the church has been developed indeed, but by a true, internal growth, and not by additions from without. It is true all this knowledge cannot be acquired in the seminary or from a text-book, but what we can and do expect is that during their course a real love for the study be given them and that such books are placed in their hands as will make the study of history attractive and give them a desire to continue their study afterwards in larger and deeper works. This is the hope of the author of the present work; this is the reason of it.

He makes no claim to originality in the book, he brings no new evidence of his own on disputed points; he simply places before the student the result of his own studies for many years. As a professor of history in one of our large seminaries, he has had abundant opportunity to test the capacity of young men preparing for the priesthood, and to find what are the things useful and necessary to them. These he has now put forth in the hope that they may be useful to students generally. The book is not a mere chronicle, nor is it a selection from other writers. The work is the author's own. Many topics treated at length by others he has passed over briefly. But many others that he has judged to be of importance, and in our opinion rightly—such, for instance, as the writings of the Fathers and the important events of the middle ages—these he has treated at greater length. The arrangement of the book is excellent, the style throughout simple, yet at the same time interesting, and, where the subject demands it, forcible and pointed. In all respects it is certainly a step in advance of some other books of the same class, and we feel confident that the author's hope will be realized and that it will fill a long-felt need.

A word of commendation is due to the publishers for the excellence of their work. The book makes a handsome, large octavo volume, and, while not as bulky as many other works of its kind, is printed from beautifully clear type on good paper. We need not say how important and necessary such features are in a text-book such as this is designed to be, and we feel that in these particulars the Messrs. Pustet & Co. have admirably seconded the author's aim to make the work popular with the student of church history.

THE HOLY SEE AND THE WANDERING OF THE NATIONS, FROM ST. LEO I. TO ST. GREGORY I. By Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G., Author of *Formation of Christendom*, etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

This volume is the sixth in a series well known to the public from the title of the first, *The Formation of Christendom*. Each of these volumes is a study of an epoch in the development of the divine plan for the redemption of the human race from heathenism and barbarism by means of the external organization of the church. The object of the whole work is to show how God implanted in the hearts of men and embodied in the public institutions of nations the principles of the Christian faith. This work of infusing Christ's truth and grace into the private lives of men and his civilization into their civil organisms he committed to the divine society of the Christian church. The author has in the previous volumes, especially in the first one, eloquently contrasted Christianity, as a divine element endowed with power altogether superhuman, with the various institutions of civil society which were the organic forces of the public life of mankind when the apostles went forth from Jerusalem to preach the Gospel. The first effects of their mission are described in *The Formation of Christendom* with much power of graphic description. We think that work worthy the pen of the best modern historians and capable of holding the interest of the reader from beginning to end, even though he be of the class who need for historical study the charm of an elegant style and the stimulant of an author's vividly shown personality; for Mr. Allies is a first-rate writer as well as a competent historian.

The present volume is one of peculiar interest because it treats of the final collapse, noisy, bloody, rapid, and in the highest degree picturesque, of the Western Empire. The period gone over is from the end of the fifth century to the beginning of the seventh, and starting with St. Leo I. ends with St. Gregory the Great, two among the greatest names the line of Roman pontiffs has bequeathed to our veneration. The main fact, it seems to us, at least from the point of view of the race problem, is that the imperial majesty of Rome, led by the prophetic instinct of Constantine, escaped from the torrents of barbarian invasion in the West by establishing a new Rome among the feeble and plastic nationalities of the East. But the Rome of Peter stood fast and breasted the angry floods. If the seat of Christian authority had followed that of the imperial authority to Constantinople the civilization of Western Europe would have been Saracenic. Mr. Allies shows how this calamity was averted by the introduction of Christianity as an element of national unity in public life, and hence of warlike power sufficient to stay the progress of Mohammedan conquest south of the Pyrenees, and how in private life the Gospel and its purity and holiness gradually cleansed the blood of the fierce Goths and Germans of their wolfish taint, and developed true manhood and womanhood by the slow but ever-deepening activity of religious influences in the private and domestic sphere. Rome was the very centre of that monastic institute which made the minster the nucleus of the city as well as the educational focus for all that makes for an orderly and reasonable existence. Rome was the centre, too, of that episcopate which took noble men from boorish cabins or the rude abodes of the war-lords, and made them potentates of peace, armed them with spiritual sceptres more mighty than the sword, and exhibited in every barbarian tribe the peaceful pomp of the church's worship, and charmed the rude hearts of men with the chaste melody of her divine song.

It was from Rome, too, that the nascent power of the Christian state was both taught to know its own rights and to respect those of the Christian church. The lesson taught by Pope Symmachus the last year of the volcanic fifth century to the Eastern emperor was not less carefully and plainly taught to petty leaders who were founding the nations whose representatives to-day need the same lesson. That pontiff, as quoted by our author, wrote to the Eastern emperor:

"Remember that you are a man in order to use a power granted to you by God. For though these things pass first under the judgment of man, they must go on to the divine examination. You may say, It is written, 'Let every soul be subject to higher powers.' We accept human powers in their proper place until they set up their wills against God. But if all power be from God, more, then, that which is given to things divine. Acknowledge God in us and we will acknowledge God in thee. But if you do not acknowledge God, you cannot use a privilege derived from Him whose rights you despise. . . . In this, O chief of human powers, I, as successor, however unmerited, in the Apostolic See, cease not to remind you that whatever may be your material power in the world, you are but a man. . . . What matters it whether it be a heathen or a so-called Christian who attempts to infringe the genuine tradition of the apostolic rule? Who so blind as to deem that in countries where every heresy has free license to exhibit its opinions the Catholic communion alone should be subverted by those who think themselves religious?" (pp. 133, 134, 135).

In this volume we have eloquent proof of the power of Papal Rome and of the Catholic Church in communion with her. During the two hundred years embraced in this history, organic Catholicity (which means the Apostolic Roman Church) founded nations, preserved the arts and letters of a dying civilization, broke the shackles from the limbs of millions of slaves, elevated woman from degradation, taught nomadic tribes to till the soil and live in peace, produced a multitude of men and women of most exalted character, drawing the material from the wild hordes of the forests—in a word, Christianized nations and created a rudimentary civilization. In all this warfare and victory the church had naught but words: the words of Christ were her only weapons.

We thank Mr. Allies for this good book; we wish him an extensive sale of it, and also of the preceding volumes of the series.

SYNOPSIS CANONICO-LITURGICA, EX CORPORE JURIS. Concilio Tridentino Romanorum Pontificum constitutionibus, S. R. E. Congregationum Decretis, Ecclesiæque Mediolanensis Actibus, Aloysio Adone ab Presbytero Neapolitano Rationali Methodo Concinnata. Neapoli: Apud auctorem, via S. Matteo a Toledo 21. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York.)

This compilation of the Rev. Aloysius Adone will be welcomed with no small degree of satisfaction by those who have experienced the difficulty of learning the decisions of the Holy See in reference to subjects discussed and settled by the sacred congregations.

From the very nature of their publication the decrees issued from time to time by the Roman court are scattered through several volumes of the official bulletin. They are put forth in order of time, not according to their subject-matter save inasmuch as this comes under the cognizance of one congregation rather than another.

Up to this time to find all the legislation upon any given question was more or less tedious in proportion to the number of utterances on the subject. The perusal of Gardelini and *Acta Sanctæ Sedis* is a task requiring not a little patience and considerable time, yet heretofore this was indispensable if accurate knowledge in certain matters was desired.

Adone, however, by arranging the numerous decrees under their proper heads, has done much to lighten the labor of future searchers. He has produced an excellent book, upon which he has evidently bestowed great care, and has much facilitated inquiry by well-planned synthetic and analytic indices. He divides the work into three books, the first of which is "De rebus ad sacrum cultum spectantibus." This is again divided into chapters treating of all that pertains to the church edifice, the altars, vestments, garniture, the administration of the Holy Sacraments, and the like. The second book, "De personis prout ad sacrum cultum referuntur," is devoted to declarations concerning the rights and preeminence of bishops, cathedral chapters, the duties of parish priests, etc. The third great division, "De sacri cultus multiformi ratione," embraces the body of decrees relating to the festivals of the various churches, the celebration of the Mass, the reservation and exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the burial of the dead, etc.

If space permitted we should go into the details of the chapters of the book, feeling confident that we should be doing a useful work in bringing to the attention of those interested in liturgy the merits of a volume of considerable value to them.

COMPENDIUM SACRÆ LITURGIÆ JUXTA RITUM ROMANUM. Una cum Appendice de Jure Ecclesiastico Particulari in America Fœderata Sept. vigente. Scripsit P. Innocentius Wapelhorst, O.S.F., S. Theol. Lector, olim Rector Sem. Salesiani et S. Liturg. Professor. Neo-Eboraci, Cincinnati, S. Ludovici: Benziger Fratres.

Father Wapelhorst's *Compendium* is one of those books of which we have cause to be proud. It is the work of a specialist who has a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and a thorough knowledge of the needs of his readers. Until quite lately the study of liturgical and rubrical questions in America was attended with considerable difficulty arising from this, that authors brief enough and at the same time full enough were not to be had. The time allotted in the seminary for this branch of ecclesiastical learning does not permit the careful perusal of such works as those of De Herdt, and many of the compendiums are really but summaries.

To have a good text-book on sacred liturgy was very desirable. Not long since Dr. Gabriels wrote an excellent one, and now we have Father Wapelhorst's. With such books as these the way to knowledge has been greatly improved for the student. He has no longer to hurry through three volumes with only a dim perception of what is necessary, what not, or else to gather the very barest information from the summaries; he has a book which contains what he should know in order to possess a fair acquaintance with the subject.

That he should have such an acquaintance with this subject is hardly necessary to say. Carelessness in liturgical matters is scarcely less excusable than in matters moral or dogmatic. Rubrics are put forth by the law-making authority in the church for the common good—for order and decorum in God's service. Books which help to advance an appreciation of the importance and the necessity of liturgical knowledge are good books and deserve praise, and especially so when they are written with evidence that their authors are well versed in the subjects of which they treat. Father Wapelhorst has our congratulations.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Vols. 1–7. The Catholic's Library of Tales and Poems. Edited by James Britten, Hon. Secretary Catholic Truth Society. Vol. I. Catholic Biographies, vols. 1 and 2. London: Depot of the Society. Agents for the United States: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Catholic Truth Society was founded twenty-three years ago in order "to disseminate among Catholics small and cheap devotional works; to assist the uneducated poor to a better knowledge of their religion; to spread among Protestants a better knowledge of Catholic truth; and to promote the circulation of good, cheap, and popular Catholic books." The Bishop of Salford is the president of the committee, and among its patrons are the cardinals and bishops of England, the archbishops of Dublin, Cashel, Calcutta, and Melbourne. In addition to its depots in England it has one in Melbourne and an agency in this country—the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. The list of its publications fills fourteen pages, and, beginning with leaflets for distribution sold for *6d.* the hundred, it includes a Penny Library, made up of a Scriptural Series, a Doctrinal and Controversial Series, a Devotional Series, a Biographical Series, the Catholic's Library of Poems and the Catholic's Library of Tales. The volumes mentioned at the head of this notice are a collection of the chief publications of the Society, in fact almost the whole of them with the exception of the leaflets and devotional works. It is the intention of the Society to continue the publication of these volumes as matter accumulates. Among the authors who have contributed to these publications are many of the best-known English and Irish Catholic writers—Cardinal Manning, Canon Northcote, Father Rickaby, S.J., Mr. C. F. B. Allnatt, Mr. E. H. Thompson, Father Morris, S.J., Miss Mulholland, Lady Herbert, the Rev. Arthur Ryan, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. By Cardinal Newman's special permission, the *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England* are being published for twopence each in eight numbers.

The work which the Society has done in the past has, we believe, secured for it permanent existence; the future promises even a wider and fuller development of that work—a development not confined, we hope, to the British Isles or to the British possessions, but extended to all English-speaking countries. Why should not all who are interested in the spread of Catholic literature unite their forces and their energies in some one society? Unity is strength; and if we have already what may be called a centre of unity, why should it not be adopted? That the Catholic Truth Society would form such a centre seems highly probable. An evidence of the importance attached to it is afforded by the conference on its work which took place last month in London, in which a very large number of the clergy, both secular and regular, and of distinguished laymen took part. We hope to give a fuller account of this conference in a future number.

A CATHOLIC CONVENTION OF ONE VERSUS THE CINCINNATI PRESBYTERIAN CONVENTION. By Rev. Abram J. Ryan. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This little book is a running commentary on the Presbyterian Convention held in Cincinnati in May, 1885, taking up its proceedings day by day. The Catholic Convention was Father Ryan himself, then the guest of a priest of Kentucky.

At the time of writing the author was a very sick man; he died in the following spring. But the book shows no sign of weakness or failing powers. It is bright, lively, and eminently readable. And it is animated by a spirit of charity and humility which makes it, as it seems to us, readable by Protestants

as well as Catholics. The great and common objection to books of this kind (of which not a few have appeared in recent times), in which the weaknesses of Protestantism are exposed, is the unsparing way in which the ridicule which is no doubt deserved is applied, so that it is asking too much to expect Protestants to read them. What is said is all true enough, but they cannot see it quite yet.

But though there are plenty of sharp hits in Father Ryan's book, yet they are generally such as can be enjoyed by all except those who may in some cases be the immediate objects of them. And mixed with them are plenty of solid facts presented calmly and temperately, which cannot but impress all who read them. Through all runs the spirit of Catholic faith, that certainty without boastfulness which always leaves in the mind which meets with it the feeling that here is true knowledge and science, not mere shifting opinion.

We commend this unpretending little work most heartily to the notice of our readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE LIFE OF ST. JOHN BERCHMANS, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. Translated from the French. With an Appendix giving an account of the miracles after death which have been approved by the Holy See. From the Italian of Father Boero, S.J. Published with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS SOLANUS, APOSTLE OF PERU. By a Priest of the Order of St. Francis, Province of the Sacred Heart. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

A CATECHISM OF MENTAL PRAYER. By Very Rev. Joseph Simler, Superior-General of the Society of Mary, of Paris. Translated from the second French edition. Nazareth, Dayton, Ohio.

GUIDE OF THE MAN OF GOOD WILL IN THE EXERCISE OF MENTAL PRAYER. By the Very Rev. Joseph Simler, Superior-General of the Society of Mary, of Paris. Translated from the French. Nazareth, Dayton, Ohio.

THE NEW SAINTS OF 1888: St. John Berchmans, S.J.; St. Peter Claver, S.J.; St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, S.J.; and the Seven Sainted Founders of the Servites. By Rev. Francis Goldie, S.J., Rev. Fr. Scola, S.J., etc. Reprinted by arrangement with the Authors. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL, Bishop and First Archbishop of Baltimore. Embracing the History of the Catholic Church in the United States, 1763–1815. With Portraits, Views, and Fac-similes. By John Gilmary Shea. New York: John G. Shea. [An extended notice of this work will appear in the next number.]

GOD KNOWABLE AND KNOWN. By Maurice Ronayne, S.J., Author of *Religion and Science: Their Union Historically Considered.* New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros. [This book will be noticed in the January number.]

REQUIESCANT IN PACE. Short Meditations for the Month of November. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY, with special reference to Contemporary Problems. By David J. Hill, LL.D., President of Bucknell University. The Newton Lectures for 1887. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.

THE STORY OF MARY THE MOTHER. Compiled by Rose Porter. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

THE BLESSED ONES OF 1888: Bl. Clement Maria Hofbauer, C.SS.R.; Bl. Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort; Bl. Brother Egidius Mary of St. Joseph; Bl. Sister Josephine Mary of St. Agnes, O.S.A. Translated from the German of Rev. Hermann Koneberg, O.S.B., by Eliza A. Donnelly. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

OUR CELESTIAL HOME: An Astronomer's View of Heaven. By Jermain G. Porter, A.M., Director of the Cincinnati Observatory. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

THE POCKET PEW REGISTER AND SCHOOL ASSESSMENT RECORD. Rev. Chas. M. Carroll, D.D. McGregor, Iowa: J. F. Widman.

A NOVENA FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR SOULS IN PURGATORY. By a Missionary of the Sacred Heart. Milwaukee: Hoffmann Bros.

UN INVIERNO EN NUEVA YORK. Apuntes de Viaje y Esbozos de Pluma. Por D. Eusebio Guiteras. Barcelona: Gorgas y Ca.

THE TRAINING OF THE TWELVE; or, Passages out of the Gospels exhibiting the Twelve Disciples of Jesus under Discipline for the Apostleship. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D., Professor of Apologetics and New Testament Exegesis, Free Church College, Glasgow. Fourth Edition, Revised and Improved. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

LITURGY FOR THE LAITY; or, An Explanation of the Sacred Objects connected with Divine Worship. By Rev. James H. O'Donnell. New York: P. O'Shea.

READINGS WITH THE SAINTS. Compiled from their Writings for the use of Priests, Religious, and Christians in the World. By a Priest of the Diocese of Clifton. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE

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"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

CHRISTMAS POEM.

PROMISE I'd made my comrade,
Holding my hand so fast
As through the city's highways,
Chattering softly, we passed—
Promise to show him the bustle
Filling the market-place
E'er when the stream-girdled city
Leadeth its life of grace,

When from the mountain forests
Wander the fir-trees to town,
Out of their cross-boughed branches
Sending their sweetness down
Over the mud-grimed cobbles,
Over the baubles bright
Shining to tempt the kind hearts
Thinking of Christmas night:

Gay leaden soldiers charging
Scarlet-combed chanticleer,
Glittering swans and fishes—
Each with its magnet near;
Fringes of golden tinsel,
Bright balls festooned below,
Santa Claus, silver-frosted,
Wonderful popcorn snow;

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Boxes of shining laurel,
Pearl-beaded mistletoe,
Close coral strings of the alder,
Holly-boughs' winter glow;
Star of the Eastern Magi
Wrought of the green club-moss,
Even the Christmas message
Taking the form of the Cross.

Jingle of car-bells beside us,
Whirr of swift trains o'erhead,
Rumble of trucks deep-laden,
Hurry in every tread;
Yet, now and then, some passer
Smiling at sweet boy-face,
Eager young eyes' wide gazing,
Slow-speaking tongue's child-grace.

Wide were my comrade's wishes—
Cometh not all at faith's call?—
Yet to him dearest seeming
Ox and ass in their stall
Where, in the great shop-windows,
Figure of angel and saint
Unto the shadows of this world
Light of another lent.

Child-voice spoke softly: "See Jesus,"
Reverent-thoughted eyes
Gazing at Bethlehem's manger
Made in quaint German wise:
Joseph near, with his lilies,
Guarding the Mother mild,
Gay-winged seraphs, bent meekly,
Praising the Holy Child;

Shepherds with sheep and watch-dog,
Camels with tasselled rein,
Magi in jewelled raiment,
Star of Judæan plain.
Drew me within, my comrade,
Nearer the manger-throne.
One with the lambs and the angels,
Little child-heart bent down,

As, in the presence of Jesus,
  Centuries many ago,
Hearts of the wise men and shepherds
  Bent with the dumb beasts low.
Loosing my hand from its clasping,
  Heart with its child-thoughts full,
Patted he gently the watch-dog,
  Soft kissed the lamb's hard wool.

Guessed they amid the hurry—
  Passers-by on the street—
How to the earth's first Christmas
  Wandered our pilgrim feet?
Felt they who, pausing a moment,
  Sweet in the boy-face smiled,
As, in the presence of Jesus,
  Led by a little child?

EDITH W. COOK.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING AND POPULAR DEVOTIONS.

EACH human organ and sense is capable of offering its particular worship and adoration to God. The mind, the heart, and the voice each has its separate attribute and function in this stupendous act. Worship may be silent. This is unquestionable. The contemplation of God, in love and faith, is in itself worship. But the worship of Heaven is not silent. The Apocalypse teaches that the voice of the mighty congregation, of the vast concourse of worshippers who assemble in the church militant to offer their homage to God, should not be hushed.

By the eminent Protestant ecclesiastical historian Bingham each distinctive rite of Roman-Catholicism, as to-day practised in our churches, is clearly and impartially shown to be of primitive origin, to have arisen in an age usually pointed to by Protestants as free from the so-called modern superstitions of Rome. Therefore I believe Bingham when he says (i. 295 *et seq.*): "From the first and apostolical age singing was always a part of divine service, in which the whole body of the church joined." I also believe with St. Jerome (Hieron. Ep. 22, ad Eustach.) that the service of the ancient church usually began with psalmody.

Now, by psalmody was never meant the perhaps scientific but none the less distracting quavers of an ambitious soprano, or even the labored performance of the average modern Catholic choir. The term psalmody cannot be dissociated from the idea of plain singing by the people, or by trained choirs whose purpose is not to supplant but to lead and tend to harmonize the less skilful efforts of the congregation. It may well be believed that antiphonal singing, said by Fathers of the church to have been revealed to St. Ignatius in a vision, was divinely ordered to encourage singing by the people. But certain Protestant writers profess to believe that the worship of God during many ages preceding the Reformation was to the laity (so to speak) *a lost art*. And such writers, if asked in what the worship of God consists, would not omit to mention congregational singing as an essential element.

It is true that, in ages long before Luther's day, in almost every parish church the melody was led with force and volume by singers in the sanctuary; and it is not to be believed that the people in nave and transept were slow in uniting to swell the chorus of praise. That antiphonal singing was common in England in the middle ages is certain from numerous records of the fact. Thus, by an order of Archbishop Winchelsey, made in 1305, every church in the province of Canterbury was obliged to be furnished with an antiphonary. Now, according to Spelman, the cost of such a book was about twenty-six marks, equal to at least five hundred dollars of our money. Such was the value put in England upon antiphonal, and, as may be conjectured, congregational, singing in the early part of the fourteenth century. For certainly, when the proper of the Mass, the Vesper chants, and other psalms and hymns of the church were as familiar to the people as was their horn-book, and were sung, as we know they were, in the simplest tones, the people must have united in that most natural, and I may also say spiritually necessary, act of praise.

Before the Reformation, as there was but one religion, so there was but one style of church music in Europe. This was the plain chant, and the descant based upon it. The entire English (Protestant) choral service, as now sung in the English cathedrals and large parish churches, and as somewhat effectively imitated in certain of the larger Episcopal churches in this country, was first set to musical notes and published by John Marbeck (or Merbecke), organist of Windsor. His notation of the English cathedral service was published under the title:

THE BOOKE OF COMMON-PRAIER,
NOTED 1550.

Imprinted by Richard Grafton, Printer to the Kinges Majestie, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

A comparison of the *Te Deum Laudamus* and other parts of Marbeck's publication with the Catholic missals, graduals, and antiphonaries of his time proves that the plain song of the Catholic Church in the principal hymns and responses was appropriated to the English Protestant service. The chant to the *Te Deum* as published by Meibomius (*Antiquæ Mus. Auct. Sept.*, Amst. 1652; vide Præf. Lectori benevolo), from a copy nearly as ancient as the venerable hymn itself, and another example of the same canto-fermo given by Glareanus (*Dodecad.* p. 110) in 1547, correspond with that retained by Marbeck and now used in the English Established Church. In fact, no deviation is discernible, except where the change of syllables in the translation from Latin to English required it. The same is true of the practice in the direction of church music by those separatists from Catholicity known as the Picards, or Bohemian Brethren, whose hymn-books, printed with musical notes at Ulm in 1538, show that melodies used by them originated from the chants to which the ancient Latin hymns of the Catholic Church, such as the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, *Te Deum Laudamus*, *O lux beata Trinitas*, *Pange lingua gloriosi*, etc., were sung. It is also observable that in the English cathedrals and many of the English churches, and in such of the Episcopal churches of this country as have adopted the choral service, the Litany is sung to the same tones, or to close imitations of the tones, used in the Litany of the Saints and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, certain changes being of course necessary because of the alteration in or blending of the petitions, and the translation into the vernacular.

Now, I maintain that up to several ages, at least a century, before the Reformation congregational singing, as to many parts of the Mass and Vespers and other services, was universally practised throughout the Catholic Church in Europe. But in the century preceding the great revolt the principal part of the psalm-tune was appropriated to a single singer, or, if not to a soloist, to what might be termed a present average choir, the congregation joining scarcely at all. This gave rise to a more scientific or artistic music; an accurate knowledge of the art became necessary; and at length the people were incapable of taking any part in the sacred function.

The instigators of the secession of the sixteenth century saw the deprivation under which the people suffered. Their first act

was to restore congregational singing, and this divinely exampled mode of worship, as it undoubtedly was in great part the inspiration of the sixteenth century revolt against the church, has ever been the attraction, the cohesive power, the very life-principle of Protestantism. Huss and Jerome of Prague, and afterwards Luther and Calvin, only restored to the people what was a Catholic privilege unhappily fallen into desuetude; and by the attraction of joining in the divine service with voice and soul the people were the more readily betrayed into throwing doctrine, ecclesiastical traditions, and the memories of childhood to the winds. However base may have been the motives or the hypocrisy of the leaders of the Reformation, God forbid that we should believe that the entire mass of the people were drawn from the church of their fathers by motives of unmixed heresy. I have too much faith in human nature, and in the effect upon the heart of the teachings of our holy religion, to believe that whole nations of Catholics were suddenly possessed with a deliberate desire to pervert the faith and to rebel against God.

There can be no reason, as it appears to me, why congregational singing, known to be common at this day in the Catholic countries of Europe, cannot be gradually introduced here at even the ordinary liturgical services of the church—*i.e.*, Mass, Vespers, and Benediction. I should be glad to hear even an *Amen* sung by the entire congregation. Of course, repetition of the word would have to be avoided. (A few Sundays ago I irreverently timed the singing of an *Amen* to a Credo, and found that the priest's fast was lengthened by it just four minutes and a half.) There are several simple responses, etc., in the Mass and Vespers, the meaning and pronunciation of which in the Latin are perfectly well known by the people, and which could by a little practice be sung by the whole congregation. Take, for instance, the *Gloria Patri*, the *Et cum spiritu tuo*, the *Deo gratias*, the *Gloria tibi Domine*, the *Laus tibi Christe*, the *Sed libera nos a malo*, the responsive parts of the Preface, etc.

Wherever the Church says Latin is obligatory, I, with all loyal Catholics, say: Let it be used. But, as we all know, Latin hymns and prayers are not of obligation at all the services which may be provided for the ordinary uses of the laity. At Mass, Vespers, and Benediction* this obligation strictly exists; although English

* The following, from the decrees of the Congregation of Rites, is given by Wapelhorst, *Compendium Sacræ Liturgiæ* (Benzigers), No. 218: "Utrum liceat generaliter ut chorus musicorum (id est cantores), coram SSmo. Sacramento solemniter exposito decantet hymnos in lingua vernacula? Resp. Posse: dummodo non agatur de hymnis *Te Deum* et aliis quibuscumque liturgicis precibus, quæ nonnisi latina lingua decantari debent" (S. R. C., 27 Feb., 1882' Leavenworthen); nec licet ista decantare infra ipsam Benedictionem post *Tantum Ergo* inchoatum [EDITOR].

hymns can be and are sung at Low Mass, before and after High Mass, and before and after the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. English prayers can also, as is known, be read after the *Asperges* before High Mass, and after Low Mass. But congregational singing and popular devotions in the vernacular must, of course, be chiefly encouraged at, and find their development in, those services of the church at which the vulgar tongue is in no wise prohibited. The church is rich in such services, which are too well known to need enumeration.

Knowing that in England great attention has been given by Catholics to the subjects of congregational singing and popular devotions in the vernacular, I wrote to the Bishop of Salford, who, if not the originator, is the chief promoter of the movement, and in my letter asked substantially the following questions:

I. How far, and with what success, has congregational singing, in the vernacular, been introduced in England?

II. At what services of the church?

III. What English prayers are read, and at what services?

The bishop's courteous, comprehensive, and most interesting reply is, with his permission, given in full below.*

GEORGE H. HOWARD.

Washington, D. C.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, SALFORD.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter of the 17th I beg to observe that we must begin by a clear distinction. We cannot lawfully translate the Vespers or other hours of the Breviary into the vernacular for congregational use. The liturgical services of the church must be confined to the language of the church. Hence we do not sing Vespers, or Compline, or any part of the liturgy in English. It is most important to keep this distinction clear, because it involves a principle for which we must insist uncompromisingly.

Next, there can be no doubt but that in proportion to the education of the people will be their desire to understand, and take part in, devotional services. Hence it is important to provide services which shall attract and interest them by satisfying this natural desire. Now, people are more interested when they are themselves performers than when they are simply spectators and listeners.

* I take pleasure in here correcting an error which has been put in print relative to the chanting of English psalms in the cathedral of Salford. It has been stated that these are the *Vesper* psalms. It is to this error—the bishop's attention having been called to it in my letter—he alludes in his opening paragraph. The error, I think, originated with the New York *Independent*, a publication which of late has treated Catholic subjects with some civility.—G. H. H.

The bishops of England have recently published a *Manual of Prayers for Congregational Use.* To this has been added a valuable Supplement, used in several of the dioceses. The object the bishops had in view was to promote the use of vernacular devotions. The English prayers thus used render a service which Latin prayers can never render—that is, they are constantly teaching in a plain, popular, and intelligible way all the doctrines of the church, and instil into the heart all those sentiments of praise, devotion, hope, love, humility, penance, resignation, etc., which are so essential to a Christian life. It is well to pray in an unknown tongue, but it is more useful to pray in one which is perfectly understood. In these days especially, when the mind and heart, educated and impressionable as they have been made by circumstances, are open to all kinds of worldly impressions all the day long, it is absolutely necessary to familiarize the people with doctrinal truths and religious sentiments. We do this by putting the words conveying these doctrines and sentiments into their mouths, and that with such frequency—for instance, every Sunday—as that a continuous and lasting impression shall be made upon the soul. From a religious point of view the habitual use of vernacular prayers and hymns thus becomes an educational medium of the very highest value.

English people are naturally fond of singing hymns and psalms. They also have a traditional reverence and affection for the great standard popular devotions of the church. The schools teach them to sing; their knowledge of reading makes the use of English prayers easy.

To illustrate the effect of popular devotions compared with that of Vespers in Latin I may mention the following fact: When I came to Salford sixteen years ago I found a congregation of fifty to sixty people attending Latin Compline in the cathedral on Sunday evenings. It was sung by the sanctuary boys at one end of the church, and by the choir at the other end, the miserably small congregation sitting or kneeling between these two sets of singers taking no part in the service and evidently understanding nothing of the literal meaning of the psalms and hymns thus sung. I determined to change this, and introduced a selection, in the vernacular, of psalms, hymns, and antiphons, with short night prayers, all set to simple and attractive music. The effect was magical. The cathedral filled every night. The rector walked up and down the gangways encouraging the people to sing alternately with the body of singers in the sanctuary. The Children of Mary naturally and easily took the lead;

and now, with a good, powerful organ, the music is fairly drawn out of the whole congregation and is well sustained.

People, of course, want training; they are often shy and afraid to hear their own voices; some hang back on the old habit in which they were brought up, and insist on remaining silent, if not passive; but all this can be changed by firmness, kindness, and perseverance on the part of the priest. If the priest makes up his mind to have a musical popular service—but really makes up his mind—the thing is certain to succeed. It was thus Canon Beesley succeeded so well in my cathedral here. The congregation of the cathedral is not what is called a wealthy or a highly educated congregation, but is made up almost exclusively of working-people and factory-hands. As a congregation they had not been accustomed to hear their own voices. Nevertheless a little intelligent painstaking and perseverance have secured a great success. Our Sunday evening services are most popular and are always well attended.

As I have said, the whole matter really is in the hands of the clergy. Whenever they take it up earnestly success attends their efforts; but if they wait for the people to take the initiative, or are afraid of the criticisms which form convenient topics for conversation among a certain class of people, they will have to wait a long time before they have a good popular musical service. In these matters the people are thoroughly Catholic; they are the sheep who follow their shepherd. This throws a greater responsibility upon the shepherd.

Another reason for the use of the vernacular in popular devotions is that non-Catholics understand and appreciate it. It attracts and instructs them, and removes an obstacle in the way of their conversion.

In many parts of England these English services for Sunday have been taken up with great effect. A practical way of getting over the difficulty in introducing them is the following:

Get the regular choir to practise them, get the Sunday-school, get the elder children and the day-school, get the Children of Mary or any other confraternity, to practise them. Distribute the words among the congregation. Let a priest encourage the people to sing out by keeping time for them, either in the pulpit or while walking up and down among them, until the whole congregation has been got thoroughly into the habit of singing. A powerful organ will after that keep them up and draw the music out of them without any difficulty. Above all things, enlist the interest and services of the younger members of the con-

gregation. There is nothing we complain of so much as the negligence of young people in coming to church. Many when they leave school practically leave church at the same time. Attach them to the church by engaging their services. Make them feel that you have something for them to do. They will soon relish and value that which they do well. And as sure as they find that they are taking a leading part in the congregational singing, they will feel themselves drawn to church by the cords of Adam as well as by the invitations of grace.

I must say a word in passing on popular singing by men:

There exists a popular fallacy that men, workingmen, cannot sing. In appearance they may be rough, hard, and ungraceful. Do not let these outward appearances persuade any one that these men cannot sing. I can mention three congregations—those of St. John's Cathedral, St. Peter's, Salford, and St. Patrick's, Manchester—where I have heard great confraternities of workingmen fill the whole church with their manly voices, singing the hymns with the greatest precision and regularity. I have never heard anything more soul-stirring than the singing by these great confraternities of men. It has been equal to anything I have ever heard in Germany. They were men wholly untrained in the art of singing till they became members of their confraternities and were taught to sing their hymns. When once they find out what they can do there are no people more interested in their work than the men. They feel the attractive influence of music as other people do, and they soon begin to sing, if only properly encouraged to do so. I believe it is entirely our own fault if we ever deserve the reproach that our services are for women and children only. The fact is, our services are made for all, for men, women, and children, and all are perfectly capable of being trained to take part in them. But to succeed in carrying out a general movement in favor of popular singing we must count, in the first place, upon training the young. And so I come back to the question of the young.

I believe that our Sunday-schools, which are intended for many who have just left week-day school, might be made a much more powerful auxiliary to the church than they have been. Half the time given to Sunday-school work should be set aside, during part of the year at least, or indeed on every Sunday, for regular instruction in religious singing. The evening service, the psalms, hymns, antiphons, etc., should be thoroughly well practised until all have become perfectly familiar with the words and the music. After a good rehearsal on the Sunday afternoon—

and other members of the congregation might be allowed to attend this rehearsal—they would be all ready and glad to be in their places in the church for the evening service. The young people from the Sunday-school may then either be distributed over the church or they may be placed together, according to circumstances. In one church it will be found that distributing them will induce the whole congregation to sing; in another it will be found more effective to pack them together in a body to respond to the choir in the sanctuary; while in a third church the young people from the Sunday-school will practically form the choir themselves, and the congregation will respond.

In some churches it will be found possible to divide the congregation itself, as it were, into two choirs, one side taking one verse of the psalm, and the other side the other. But as a general rule the easiest and simplest manner is to place a choir in the sanctuary, or even in the organ gallery, which shall take alternate parts with the congregation. A person, not necessarily a priest, will be required to lead and act as cantor, or, better still, there may be two cantors who will sing together. The prayers which are to be recited or sung in monotone may be sung either by a priest or by a cantor. The harmonied antiphons which Father Daniel has composed for St. John's Cathedral must of course necessarily be sung by a trained choir. They are very melodious and are easily learnt.

It is the Supplement to the *Manual of Devotions for Congregational Use* that contains the words used at the English services I am speaking of. They take the form of night prayers put to music. The music has been adapted or composed by Father Daniel, one of the priests of the cathedral. It is also to him that we are indebted for the selection of the music for the seventy hymns which are also found in the Supplement, and for the music to the English of the *Te Deum* and of the *Salve Regina*. The printed music of the evening services and of the hymns is sold by the sacristan of the cathedral. Messrs. Richardson & Son, Derby, and Messrs. Burns & Oates, London, have issued editions of the *Manual*. But in ordering it it is necessary to specify that the edition required is the one with the Supplement.

Believe me to be, dear sir, with blessings on your efforts to promote popular devotions, your faithful servant,

✠ HERBERT, *Bishop of Salford.*

To Mr. GEORGE H. HOWARD, Metropolitan Club, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

THE SUMMER ISLANDS.

"No; ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.
The blush of your bowers is light to the eye,
And their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the snow-spirit never comes here."

So sang Tom Moore when he held a government sinecure in these lovely islands. In his day the islands of Bermuda were but little known, and scarce a visitor ever sought them; indeed, it is only within the past few years that the charm of Bermuda as a winter resort has been discovered, and it was discovered by enterprising Americans, who now flock there by the thousands. The fact that "the snow-spirit" never comes here only lends an added charm to those who are weary of the sprite and glad to escape it, and Bermuda now bids fair to outrival our own winter sunny spots where the "snow-spirit" dare not go. But our home resorts will always be more or less protected by the fact that one does not have to venture forth upon a wintry sea to reach them, and the passage from New York to Bermuda is almost always a rough one, so that all but accomplished sailors readily succumb. Nor is the first sight of land reassuring to the sea-sick passenger. He strains his eyes to gaze upon some dots away out upon the ocean which look as if they must for ever rock with the motion of the sea. But as one steams nearer and nearer he begins to see that it is land sure enough, though not a remarkable amount of it. Just think of it, the entire area of these islands, over six hundred miles away from our coast, does not amount to twenty square miles, and the group includes between three and four hundred islands. To be sure, they are mostly mere rocks with a little verdure and a tree or so upon them, not more than twenty of them being large enough to be inhabitable. The four largest islands are united by ferry, causeways, and bridges, and so are virtually thrown into one; the strip of connected mainland being thus about twenty-five miles long, though nowhere more than three miles in breadth, and is in most places not one. This narrow strip extends in a curved line resembling a shepherd's crook. Encircling the islands is a chain of reefs with but a small number of navigable openings, which renders the enclosed land an almost impregnable natural

fortress. There are forts and batteries at commanding points, and a good stock of torpedoes. If we should ever fight John Bull again we would find Bermuda a rather uncomfortable little neighbor, so well is it adapted to give shelter to a fleet and as a base of naval operations. As far back as 1810 England awoke to the fact of the importance of Bermuda as a naval station, and it was then that the establishment of the dock-yard was begun. The fortifications upon Ireland Island are now formidable and extensive, and there is every facility for repairing ships. The enormous floating dock is famous, and is the largest in the world. It was built in England, and moored in its present position in 1869.

From off the dock-yard one plainly sees

> "The white-walled, distant town,
> And whiter sails go skimming down,"

though the sails can hardly be called whiter than the gleaming white walls and houses of Hamilton. When Mark Twain visited these islands he could find no better simile for the intense white of a Bermuda house than that it resembled the white of the icing of a cake. The white of marble, he declared, was modest and retiring compared with it. The whiteness of Hamilton simply dazzles the spectator. The houses are white, the roofs and chimneys are white, the streets are white. The houses are built of white coral blocks, which are easily quarried by means of a long chisel used like a crowbar in drilling, and then the stone is sawed to the required dimensions with a common hand-saw. The stone is exceedingly soft, but hardens upon exposure to the air. The houses are roofed with coral slates and then whitewashed. Nothing whiter can be imagined in this world. The roads are formed by cutting down into the white coral, and then the surface is smoothed.

It is a surprise and a pleasure to land in Bermuda for the first time. You are so entirely left alone that you feel a delightful sense of freedom. No hackmen rush at you, no hotel men attempt to bear you away in their clutches. It was some time before I was able to find a vehicle in order to drive about and settle for myself where I should like to stay. After finding a lodging-place I drove over a great part of the main island, upon which the chief town of Hamilton is situated. One can get a great variety of scenery in a few hours' drive over this beautiful island. Now you drive by a bold and rocky coast and look out upon a wonderful sea of many colors and fine stretches

of sandy beach; then you are plunged into the thick shade of cedars, while enormous oleander bushes covered with large, exquisite flowers, literally line the dazzling white road. These oleanders attain an enormous size, often towering above the stunted pines, and grow in great profusion all over the islands, bearing several varieties of flowers. You catch glimpses now and then of fields of white, stately lilies, and then skirt along by thick clumps of banana-trees, or by tall and erect bamboos, and jungles of mangroves, and here and there orange, lemon, lime, pomegranate and papaw trees, and varieties of the palm. The gleaming white houses which peep at you from amid trees and flowering oleanders make a very pretty contrast to the green foliage about them. You see no grand or stately mansions, but all the houses, even the very humblest cottages, present a neat and attractive appearance. Abject poverty, if it exists in Bermuda, is hidden away from sight. Indeed, it is said that there is no such thing as pauperism, strictly so called; certainly one sees no beggars nor any signs of absolute want.

The people are very trustful, and business seems to amble along in a happy-go-lucky fashion. If a Bermuda merchant wishes to indulge in a little social gossip and recreation, he does not hesitate to close his store and relax himself for an hour or so. I passed one store upon whose closed door hung this legend, "Gone West, but not far." It is hard to know what the people gossip about, though. They are so good and upright, and such devout and regular church-goers, that there seems to be no scandal worth mentioning, and nothing ever seems to happen. The local papers rarely give any local news except the sayings and doings of the House of Assembly, which take up an abnormal amount of space. For the rest they are made up of a few extracts of New York papers several days old, a letter or so from "Pro Bono Publico" and "Constant Reader," and advertisements. Though they give but little news they charge enormous prices. The *Royal Bermuda Gazette*, the principal sheet, a weekly, as are the other two local papers, charges sixpence, or twelve cents, per copy. It is a small single sheet, and does not contain as much matter as a page of an ordinary American paper. Its subscription price is twenty-four shillings per year, or nearly six dollars. I asked a Bermudian of a philosophic cast of countenance how it was that such small papers were so dear. "Well," he said, after considerable reflection, "news over here is very scarce, you see, and I suppose they have to charge high for it." This may seem as if it were intended for a joke, but it was said

with perfect seriousness. The people are not much given to joking, and are not blessed with a very keen appreciation of humor; they are apt to take things too literally.

Simplicity undoubtedly has its charm, but in some forms it is apt to become very tiresome. I discovered some miles from Hamilton a very charmingly situated boarding-house—and one has to make such discoveries for himself, for Hamiltonians are apt to give the impression that there is no living outside of the town—and there took up my quarters for some time. It was a beautiful spot, and one could live very happily there if it were not for the unwearying efforts of the host to entertain him. This man, in the simplicity of his heart, imagined that it was his duty to entertain his guests by continually talking to them. The Ancient Mariner was nothing to him, for that man of the skinny hand and the glittering eye had at least a very marvellous and wonderful tale to tell, so that I am certain I would have foregone the pleasure of attending any wedding, even my own, to have heard him pour it forth. But this our host spoke "an infinite deal of nonsense" and repeated it every day. His stock of jokes was small but had a wonderful lasting power, and by firing these at us incessantly he easily dislodged us from a favorite entrenchment of ours beneath a pride-of-India tree just in front of the house, and drove us to hiding in caves where he could not find us. There were a number of these little caverns washed out by the water, and in them we spent many a pleasant idle morning freed from our terrible host, who seemed to have no duties in life except to carve the meat and to talk.

The population of these islands amounts to about fifteen thousand souls, of whom sixty per cent. are colored. The white population is mainly composed of descendants of the old English settlers, with a sprinkling of immigrants from America and Portugal. They are very kind-hearted and hospitable people, but singularly unenterprising. The negroes appear to possess more energy than the whites, seem anxious to improve themselves, and are gradually taking a better position. Their upward progress is looked upon with considerable suspicion by the whites, who, of course, wish to retain the upper-hand, and seem to fear he negroes as possible rivals in the local government of the island in the near future. The colored people are slowly acquiring small patches of land, and they give evidence of considerable thrift. They are careful to send their children to school, and are very polite. Both white and colored people have a peculiar enunciation, entirely eliminate the *r*, and talk with a somewhat unpleasant drawl.

The government of Bermuda is administered by a governor, council, and House of Assembly. The governor is appointed by the crown, and holds office for six years, and is generally an officer of the Royal Artillery or Royal Engineers. The council is composed of ten members, appointed by the imperial government for life. With the governor as president it sits as a privy council for executive duties. The House of Assembly is an elected body of thirty-six members. There are about eight hundred and sixty electors altogether, who must possess freehold property amounting to sixty pounds. About one-third of the electors are colored men, though there is rarely more than one colored man elected as a member of the House. Members serve a term of seven years. The local laws are passed by the two houses and the governor. The governor is also commander of the forces. There are always about fifteen hundred English soldiers stationed in different parts of the islands. They appear to have a very easy time of it; but if not of much use they are highly ornamental, as their brilliant red coats contrast well with the gleaming white of the coral stone.

The two principal and almost sole exports from the islands are the famous Bermuda onions and potatoes; these find a ready sale in the New York markets. The farmers appear to be completely in the hands of the middlemen, into whose pockets the lion's share of the profits goes. Agriculture is not at all in an advanced condition, and the implements used are rude and old-fashioned. There are not more than three thousand acres altogether under cultivation. The agriculturist has to contend with continued droughts and parasitic diseases. An onion blight has lately developed itself against which no headway has yet been made. The islanders will be in a bad way indeed if their pride and glory and chief mainstay, the onion, fails them. The whole-souled devotion of the Bermuda farmer to potatoes and onions causes a great scarcity of other vegetables; there are no berries, and but little fruit other than bananas and melons, which are plentiful and delicious. At one time Bermuda did a thriving business in arrowroot, but she is being driven out of the market by cheaper West India starches. The waters about the islands teem with a great variety of fish, but, strange to say, hardly enough are caught to supply the wants of the inhabitants. What fishing is done is carried on in a desultory fashion by a few negroes and Portuguese, who readily dispose of their catches at eight cents per pound. There is no fish-market or market of any kind. An energetic fisherman could soon make a fortune in

Bermuda. The common people as a rule seem to be perfectly content if they make a bare living, and have no ambition beyond that.

Although the Bermudas cover so small an area, there is considerable difference between the inhabitants of the various islands. Hamilton is the metropolis and the seat of government, and is considered to be the centre of life and gayety and culture. The extremes of rustic simplicity are found upon St. David's Island. There are old people here who actually have never left their own island, who never even have been led, by curiosity and a desire to see life, to venture out to explore the wonders of Hamilton.

In older days wrecking used to be a favorite pastime among the innocent people of St. David's, though it was by no means confined to them ; for it appears generally to have been looked upon as a laudable and noble calling, and it is said that it is very hard to persuade some of the old-timers now that they have not a moral and legal right to all that the sea may bring them. St. David's had a parson noted far and wide for his eloquence and piety, and his activity and zeal as a wrecker. Once, during an eloquent discourse, he observed that the male members of his congregation were quietly stealing away. He at once divined the cause of this sudden desertion, and, checking his exhortation, excitedly cried out : " Hold on, hold on ! Wait till I take off my gown, and we'll all start even !"

The quaintest collection of houses is found at St. George's. This is the oldest settlement upon the islands, and was founded early in the seventeenth century. It for a long time was the principal town and the seat of government; but its glory has departed, and scarce a sound is now heard in its narrow streets, some of them barely six feet wide. During our war a very thriving business was done here in the way of fitting out blockade-runners. In the centre of the town is a very pretty garden, full of rare plants and trees; it contains a monument to Sir George Somers, who commanded the ship *Adventure*, bound for the colony of Virginia, but which was wrecked off Bermuda in 1609. Sir George and his crew managed to land, and built a cedar pinnace in which they reached Virginia. But they shortly afterwards returned to Bermuda, which was then uninhabited, in order to found a settlement. Sir George died, and his faithful crew, with the exception of three men who remained to keep possession of the islands, sailed for England, taking with them the embalmed body of their commander. Upon their arrival in Eng-

land a company was formed to colonize the islands. In 1612 a shipload of emigrants landed in Bermuda, and ever since it has been a colony of Great Britain. Though Sir George's body was taken to the mother-country he literally left his heart in Bermuda. It lies beneath the monument erected to his memory. From him the Bermudas are also called the Somers Islands, naturally and aptly converted into Summer Islands.

While wandering about the narrow streets of St. George's I came upon a house which told me that the American consular agent dwelt within, so, like a good American, I walked in to pay my respects. In the hall I was met by a very diminutive and very young man, or rather boy, of whom I inquired for the consular agent; with as much dignity as he could command he informed me that he was the person I was in search of. I stated my nationality, and we sat down in an office together; in a short while a portly and distinguished-looking gentleman walked in, whom the boy impressively introduced as "my deputy." The boy was very communicative and anxious to impress me, telling me, among other things, that his rank was equal to that of a colonel in the army. I subsequently found out that he amused the people about him immensely by his pretensions, and his brief history as a representative of our government is worth telling, as it throws some light upon the reasons why in so many places our consular service is a travesty. The young man was obliged to leave not long after I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and this, in short, is the history of his diplomatic experience: He had been a page in the Senate, and, by getting several senators to sign his petition for a diplomatic post, he was sent out as consular, or rather, I believe, commercial agent, to St. George's. There is no salary attached to this position, and it had been vacant for years; the fees would not suffice to keep a goat in comfortable circumstances, scarcely amounting to $100 per year. It does seem strange that the government should send out any one to a position utterly untenable, except to one who had other means of support. At Hamilton we have a consul, and a courtly and efficient one. He has held his position through the various administrations since Lincoln's time, by whom he was appointed, and has been in the service twenty-six years, longer than any living American diplomat. To his position a salary is attached, and he has for some years appointed a vice-consul at St. George's to look after the very small amount of business done at this port. His appointee was the fine-looking old gentleman alluded to above, to whom I was introduced as

"my deputy." This gentleman is a native and a man of independent means. When the office of commercial agent was revived he attempted to instruct our young representative in his not very onerous duties; but that young man, not being very teachable, kindly allowed the "deputy" to do such little work as there was to be done, while he himself pocketed the small fees. Not only this, but he hired from his "deputy" an office and bedroom, and boarded with him. As he had no money of his own, he was of course unable to pay for his board and room-rent. The kind-hearted "deputy" fed him and lodged him and did his work for him for two or three months, but finally was obliged to tell him that, although he appreciated the honor of harboring a representative of our government, he could afford the luxury no longer. And so our poor little representative, who could find no one else to keep him in the hopes of realizing upon the ships that never came in, was obliged to write to his mamma for some money to enable him to get home again. Upon the home-bound steamer he amused the passengers greatly—to whom he pretended that he was off on a leave of absence—by his extreme condescension of manner. And this is the brief, absurd, and true history of our commercial agent at St. George's.

Boating and bathing form the principal amusements in Bermuda. The native Bermudian is naturally an amphibious animal, and cares nothing for an upset. There is a great deal of boat-racing, and the little craft are made to carry an enormous stretch of canvas. The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club gives many gala-days upon the water, and it is an exquisite sight to see the trim craft darting about among the coral reefs in waters of many hues, spreading to the wind wonderful stretches of snowy canvas. But the most unique and extraordinary races are the "dingey" races. The "dingey" is a little open boat of ten or twelve feet keel, which carries in a race an amount of canvas out of all proportion to its size. By exact measurement a certain dingey of ten feet keel carried a mast twenty-seven feet high, a bowsprit twelve feet long, and a boom and spinaker boom twenty-one feet long each, making a stretch of canvas of forty-two feet. It is a very common thing for a dingey in a race to fill and go down; its crew are always ready for an emergency of the kind, and the boat is afterwards recovered. Such trifling accidents only add to the excitement and pleasure of the race. The bathing is always delightful, and may be indulged in by a fairly healthy person all the year round with safety. The water is far warmer than our sea water, and is always so clear and limpid that the temptation to take a plunge is well-nigh irresistible.

It would take a volume to describe all the beauties of these Summer Islands. Here and there are to be found wonderful caves full of gleaming stalactites; there are sounds and bays whose waters have all the tints of the rainbow, and so clear that you can see far down into their depths, which disclose exquisite coral formations and a multitude of curious denizens of the sea. On the shores generally the waves wash in gently, for their force is broken by the surrounding reefs; the south shore of Bermuda, the largest island, bears the nearest resemblance to our own sea-coast. Here the waves break angrily with a booming sound and there is considerable surf. At a short distance from the land are many curious, saucer-shaped rocks, called boilers, flattened and hollowed by the long-continued action of the waves. Indeed, it is a land of wonderful pictures; an impressionist would go mad in attempting to paint some of its views.

Over all there hangs a spirit of peace and dreamful ease. You feel far away from the world's toil and endeavor; everything about you suggests peace and restfulness. Readily you can imagine yourself in the land of the lotos and give yourself over to watching

> "The crisping ripples on the beach,
> And tender curving lines of creamy spray.
> . . . . . .
> Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
> Than labor in the deep ocean, wind and wave and oar."

As Bermuda becomes better known its popularity as a winter resort must increase; the charm of its climate, the beauty of its scenery, and the entire change of life which it affords cannot fail to attract many to its peaceful shores. Of course Americans will demand that the creature comforts be well looked after, and the inhabitants are gradually awakening to the fact that it is well to attend to such matters, for it is dawning upon them that several thousand rich Americans are very desirable guests to entertain, and may be more profitable even than onions, inasmuch as disease does not blight their pecuniary value, but on the contrary rather increases it. With its charming winter climate and its wonderful natural advantages there is no reason why Bermuda should not be the most popular winter resort for all the inhabitants of our Eastern States who love not the snow-spirit and have the time and means to escape it.

H. C. WALSH.

THE SWEETNESS OF BLESSED THOMAS MORE.

As fair a sight as one can wish to indulge is that of a great man in whose presence one feels no dread to enter because of any sternness of look or deportment in the majesty that towers so loftily above him. The worshipful feeling that mankind ever have had for such is a part of the awe imparted by Heaven for the divine. In the presence of extraordinary human greatness a mind endued with this higher sensibility cannot fail to become solemnized above the even contemplation of those around him, his equals or not very far his superiors, because of that supreme Greatness to which it suspects that such excellency looks with far clearer vision than its own, and by which it is sustained, perhaps inspired. Tyrants in time past, some with and some without thrones, have availed of this tendency to exact, often to obtain, service not due. Accidents have made great, or so made appear, a far larger number than prowess of arm or of genius, and many a fantastic trick these have played with the fortunes, consciences, and lives of those whom Heaven, with meaning inscrutable to the wisest, has allowed them to mislead and oppress. It is a temptation not easily withstood. Not only men of great parts in high positions, but officials down to the pettiest, sometimes seem to feel that they must assume forbidding manners in order to repress temerity which might venture to approach too nearly. The faculty to support greatness of any kind or degree, whether of gifts or place, without overbearing, is rare. The precepts of Christ touching humility, as manifestly as his miracles, declared the God. They who had walked with him, and been the special recipients of his confidence, affection, and promises, must become as little children or be unfit for the mission and destiny to which he had appointed them. So ever afterwards has every successor to the chief of the apostles written himself "Servant of servants."

These thoughts are preliminary to a brief consideration of Sir Thomas More, a man who perhaps was as near being devoid of this infirmity as any very distinguished personage that ever has lived. The characteristic which made him be so specially loved in his own and all subsequent times is here named, for want of a more significant English term, sweetness. The French have a much more expressive word—*douceur*. M. Olier, founder of the Society of St. Sulpice, in his little book entitled *Introduction à la Vie et aux Vertus Chrétiennes*, has an interesting chapter

on the discussion of this virtue, which he styles "la consommation du Chrétien. Car," he argues, "elle présuppose en lui l'anéantissement de tout le propre, et la mort à tout intérêt: en sorte que ni le mépris l'irrite, ni la perte des biens et du repos de la vie ne le tire de la douceur." In another part of the chapter he points out the two ways in which this gift so rare is imparted: one directly to the innocent whom God is raising for special designs, the second obtained by the naturally perverse after violent efforts attended by painful fidelity; the former is by "infusion," the latter by "acquisition." History has recorded not a few instances wherein men in great estate or with great powers of understanding, by the exercise of temperance and other discipline toward self-mortification, have succeeded in subduing to reasonable, sometimes admirable, control the passions that hinder the proper work and full enjoyment of existence. Of those to whom this gift has been imparted by infusion, Sir Thomas More seems the most conspicuous of all mankind.

Doubtless it is not so easy for a humorous as for a serious nature to lead a life of innocence. Now, More, inheriting such a nature from his father, long one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, was even in boyhood the readiest and raciest of wits. When a page in the household of Cardinal Morton, Lord Chancellor under Henry VII., his improvised interference in the Christmas entertainments at the palace were such that it was said "he alone made more sport than all the players besides." While at Oxford no fun was to be compared with that aroused by him and Erasmus in the interstices of laborious college engrossments. Yet it is certain that after leaving Oxford he pondered for some time the notion of becoming a monk of the order of Franciscans. For how long his mind was thus employed we know not, for, unfortunately, his biographies make only brief allusion to it. It is known, however, that he once lived in a lodging near a Carthusian monastery, and as a lay brother practised the usual austerities. His reason for leaving this abode and giving up the intention which had led him there may have been that he feared his love of merriment might prove an obstacle to the just performance of monastic obligations, or that in the English church he saw so much of the tendency to side with the arrogant despotism of the Tudor dynasty, which was becoming more and more defiant towards the See of Rome. At all events, he withdrew, but not without taking with him his hair shirt, which he wore until his death.* Convinced that the priest-

* This shirt may yet be seen in a convent at Spilsburg, near Blandford, in the county of Dorset.

hood was not his vocation (for the secular was becoming as corrupt as it was regardless of papal authority), he decided for the law. "God," said one of his biographers, "had allotted for him not to live solitary, but that he should be a pattern to reverend married men how they should bring up their children—how they should employ their endeavors wholly for the good of their country, yet excellently perform the virtues of religious men." It was a brief courtship, wherein the only item of sentiment was of a kind peculiar in the affairs of the heart. It seems curious that a young man, handsome, gifted, courteous, after finding himself in love with a girl of a family, the first he had entered since his change of mind, out of compassion for her older sister, who might repine at the younger's marriage before her own, espoused *her* in preference to the one who had inspired his affections, and lived with her in unalloyed happiness until her death. After a decent interval he took to wife another rustic, and, notwithstanding her rude ways, her seven years of seniority, and her temper not of the best, appeared to live, if not quite as happily as before, in a reasonable contentment. It is pleasing to contemplate how such a man may live with such a family. In his house at Chelsea, which he built at the age of thirty-four and ever afterwards resided therein, besides himself and his new—rather we might say his old—wife, dwelt his daughters, their husbands and children. In spite of the wife's rudeness and her being given to scolding, particularly for her husband's want of proper ambition, the head of the family gained entire obedience, and even succeeded in inducing her to learn and practise for his entertainment on several instruments of music. Above all duties in that household were those of religion. One of the biographers wrote about the performance of these as follows:

> "His custom was daily (besides his private prayers with his children) to say the seven psalms, the litany and the suffrages following; so was his guise with his wife and children and household nightly, before he went to bed, to go to his chapel, and there on his knees ordinarily to say certain psalms and collects with them."

If ever a family man performed to perfection his domestic duties, surely it was he. An enthusiast in the love of learning, his thoughts occupied often with the sublimer heights to which they were invited and in which his family, and especially his wife, were not competent to participate, yet he would never give to it the leisure time of political and professional work which he regarded as belonging to domestic intercourse. In a letter written in Latin to a friend he lamented, yet without complaint, thus:

"The greater part of the day is spent on other men's affairs, the remainder of it must be given to my family at home; so that I can reserve no part to myself—that is, to study. I must gossip with my wife, chat with my children, and find something to say to my servants; for all these things I reckon a part of my business, unless I were to become a stranger in mine own house; for with whomsoever either nature, or choice, or chance hath engaged a man in any relation of life, he must endeavor to make himself as acceptable to them as possible for him to be. . . . All the time which I can gain to myself is that which I can steal from my sleep and my meals, and because that is not much I have made but a slow progress."

Already eminent at twenty-four as a ripe scholar, an eloquent lawyer, and a sheriff with judicial as well as executory powers, he was then elected to the Parliament called by Henry VII., after seven years' intermission, in order for granting a subsidy on the marriage of his daughter with James IV. of Scotland, and he was the very first who in that assembly became noted for eloquence, and that in opposition to the demands of the crown. The monarch having claimed a sum far in excess of what was just, More boldly spoke against and succeeded in dissuading the Commons from acceding to it. The punishment of this audacity first was vicarious. The culprit's visible property being too small, and his invisible dubious, his father was shut up in the Tower, until the payment of a hundred pounds fine, on a charge of which he was notoriously innocent. It was a commentary on the treacherousness in high places and the already far-gone decline of the English hierarchy, that the Bishop of Winchester tried to inveigle the courageous boy into a confession of offence which would have ruined him and from which he was saved through an humble priest in that dignitary's household. The death of the king prevented the punishment of More himself, which only had been delayed.

How often are disappointing the goodly promises of youth! Newly come to the empire, recalling exiles, remitting exorbitant taxes, and dismissing profligates from the court, the Roman people were happy, believing that Caligula had inherited all the shining qualities of Germanicus. The young Nero, a model of condescension, affability, and mercifulness, when called upon to sign a warrant for the execution of some malefactors declared that he wished he had never learned to write. So Henry VIII., beyond all precedent complaisant and popular, was happily contrasted in men's recollections with the gross despotism and the mean penuriousness of his father. Yet from the very first he was understood by More, who, as long as he could, resisted the

solicitations of him and Wolsey to give up his profession and take service under the government. The minister wanted him not more because of his great abilities than of his unambitious dispositions, that he believed would shut out all danger of rival ship. His very courage recommended him to a monarch who for a season seemed as gallant as he was accomplished in person and understanding. When a ship belonging to the pope had been seized in an English port for an alleged breach of international law, and More had pleaded with success the cause of the defendant, Henry generously commended his demeanor. Feeling that he might be charged justly with incivism if he persistently kept himself from the service of his country, he retired from the bar, was made Master of the Requests, and, having been knighted, became member of the Privy Council. It was then that, contrary to the usage among courtiers, he removed to Chelsea, and, renting land adjacent to his dwelling, let his family engage in the raising of farm products. For this home he had the love which, with sound minds in sound bodies, Heaven often bestows upon those whom especially it loves. The only instance of duplicity recorded of him was one which the straitest casuist must have forgiven. Besides the time spent at meetings of the council, the king was ever sending for him on holidays, and even at nights, to be entertained by his conversation on science, literature, divinity, "and such other faculties," but especially for the sake of his unapproachable humor.

"When he perceived his pleasant conceits so much to delight them" (for the queen shared in this pastime) "that he could scarce once in a month get leave to go home to his wife and children, and that he could not be two days absent from the court but he must be sent for again, he, much misliking this restraint of his liberty, began therefore to dissemble his mirth, and so little by little to disuse himself that he from thenceforth at such seasons was no more so ordinarily sent for."

Have we not pitied sometimes an aged clown who, more in sadness than in jest, must make his jokes, which, more than any serious things possible for him to invent or reproduce, helped to maintain him and his dependants? But the young statesman concealed his redundance of fun for the sake of society far dearer than was to be found in a king's palace. Henry, graciously compassionating the decline of ease in the presence of so sublime majesty, thought to reassure him by appearing occasionally at his home in Chelsea, dining, and afterwards walking with him in his garden, the while holding his arm about his neck. One day, in answer to congratulation from Roper, husband of his daughter Meg, he answered:

"I thank our Lord, I find his grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof; for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to go."

In the Parliament summoned in the year 1523 More was made Speaker by the king and the minister, with expectation that he would overawe the Commons and force them to grant the full subsidy that was demanded. Yet, to the disgust of Wolsey, whom it pleased to be present on the occasion, More without passion resisted the exorbitance, after which the cardinal, unexpectedly discomfited, said fretfully that he wished that he had been in Rome when he was made Speaker. Still Henry did not withdraw his confidence, especially his affection, which, perhaps, was stronger than what was felt by him for any person whatsoever. The rivalry which Wolsey counted upon having prudently forefended sprang from the very things that had seemed least minatory. The total absence of ambition in the man, the most learned, eloquent, and witty as he was the most honorable and devout among all the attendants upon the court, at last provoked his jealousy, and he sought to rid himself of his influence by having him sent as ambassador to Spain. Whether it were the foresight of sore homesickness, or other dangerous malady, in such terms he besought his sovereign not to send a faithful servant to his grave that he was excused and shortly after raised to the chancellorship of the duchy of Lancaster, which he continued to hold until the fall of Wolsey.

Never were two colleagues who, so similar in some respects, were so unlike in the rest. Great scholars, great politicians both. Both had served king and country with distinguished ability at home and abroad. One gloried in power, pomp, and their circumstance. The other was fondest, fond only, of his plain country home, where, with his wife, children, and servants, he could render daily and nightly humble worship to the Most High, and enjoy in humble gratitude the fruits of his labors of every sort. One, a prince of the church, performed his priestly functions in state arrogant as magnificent, with marquises and earls for his attendants, seeming not well to remember how meek and lowly was the Lamb whose unbloody Sacrifice he was solemnizing. The other in the silence of eveningtide led his household into his simply appointed chapel, knelt in humble supplication for all that they knew it to be their duty to pray for, and then, after reasonable indulgence in chattings usual among simple country-folk, took such sleep as Heaven bestows upon the

industrious and guileless. Wolsey was a minister of two mighty sovereigns, the pope and the king; a delayer and a caviller with one who was a lover of righteousness and a seeker of peace, and at the same time a flatterer of the other and an abettor of his ever-growing despotism. More was a faithful, efficient servant to one of these potentates within the limits of official obligation, beyond which neither threatenings of danger nor promises of highest exaltation could present even momentarily a temptation to invade unjustly the domain of the other. Wolsey, more exalted in place, was jealous of More, who, in spite of his virtues or because of them, was nearer to the sovereign's heart. More, never envying but compassionating him who would regard him as a rival, kept himself as long as possible from the eminence on whose summit he tottered between pride and apprehension, and desired only that he might be allowed to withdraw wholly from the court, to which he had come with reluctance, and, living constantly in the bosom of his family, give himself to his profession, to philosophy, and to religion.

The real character of Henry VIII., theretofore hidden from all eyes except those of More, was developed when Anne Boleyn had grown up to the beauty whose attractions he could not resist. By some, only a few, writers More has been blamed for apparent dissimulation in declining at first to assume in the matter of the king's divorce the attitude that he afterwards maintained. Yet it seems strange that his integrity, made so illustrious at the end of this case, should have been questioned by any thoughtful mind during the period through which its discussion was protracted. The learned world seemed to be divided in opinion on the legality of a marriage contracted as that with Queen Catharine. In the existing condition of European civilization it was not a question, if indeed it ought ever to have been, for laymen. When asked his opinion by the king he answered by referring him to the writings of the doctors of the church. The question was not as to the lawfulness of the marriage with Anne before the former had been dissolved in pursuance of the canons, on which More could never have felt a doubt; but it was about a matter on which the most able and cultured minds throughout Christendom were not, or seemed not, agreed. His silence was of a part with his modest nature, that shrank from the expression of opinions outside of his studies and official duties. Wolsey, vacillating as ambitious, pursued the double course that ruined his fortunes, embittered his life, and blasted his fame; in his integrity the unhappy Catharine

never had had confidence, while of More she was accustomed to say that he was the one sound councillor in the kingdom. For Wolsey it was indeed a great day of redemption when, aged and broken, but sustained by the courage which penance and pardon had imparted, in obedience to the summons to repair to London and answer to the charge of treason, he rose from the bed of death, and, journeying as far as Leicester Abbey, lay down in peace. Not for him the glory that was shed around the sublime death of his successor; but not too far below was the resignation enjoyed when he who had

"Sounded all the depths and shoals of honor"

within so brief while had nothing to call his own save his

"Robe
And his integrity to heaven."

The trust reposed in More by the king, aside from the charm of conversation and bearing that made him beloved of all, was of a kind that princes, however despotic, find it indispensable to put in subjects whose competence for public business is recognized universally, and whose integrity is unquestionable. But for the sweetness of his disposition and his cheerful religious faith he must have suffered keenly from homesickness during so many prolonged absences. An admission of this was made, though in the merriest words, in a letter to Erasmus written at Cambray, whither he had been sent as ambassador to negotiate a treaty between England, France, and the emperor. On his return, after a success far beyond the highest hopes, he learned at Woodstock, where the court was then sojourning, of the destruction by fire of a part of his dwelling and all his outhouses, together with the year's crops stored therein. The letter written to his wife on this occasion is, of its kind, perhaps without an equal. A portion of it is subjoined:

"Therefore, I pray you, be of good cheere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thank God, both for that he hath given us and for that he hath left us, which, if it please hym, he can increase when he will. And if it please hym to leave us yet lesse, at hys pleasure be it. I pray you make some good ensearche what my poore neighbours have loste, and bidde them take no thought therefore, and if I shold leave myself not a spone, there shall no poore neighbours of mine bere no losse by any chance happened in my house. I praye you be, with my children and howsold, merry in God. And devise somewhat with your friends what way wer best to take for provision to be made for corne for our howsold and sede thys yere coming, if ye thinke it good that we keepe the ground still in our handes. And whether ye think it good y^{t} we so shall do or not,

yit I think it wer not best sodenlye thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk of our farme, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit, if we have more nowe than we shall neede, and which can get the other maisters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I wold not any were sodenlye sent away he wote not nere wither."

If history, outside of the saints, can show a more illustrative example of cheerful pursuance in the line of the lessons of the Redeemer, we should like it to be pointed out.

If Wolsey had not been a Christian and a penitent, anguishing must have been his grief at the quick rise upon his ruin of the modest countryman of Chelsea, of whose ambitions justly he had lived in no dread while he was revelling in that

> "World of wealth he had drawn together
> For his own ends, indeed, to gain the popedom."

Yet, when reflection has subdued him, the poet well might imagine such a dialogue as this:

Wolsey. What news abroad?
Cromwell. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wolsey. God bless him!
Cromwell. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wolsey. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them.
What more?
Cromwell. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
Wolsey. That's news indeed.
Cromwell. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was received in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wolsey. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

The call to be lord chancellor was obeyed by More with much reluctance. In his speech, when installed, he said:

"I have been drawn by force, as the king's majesty often professeth, to his highness' service as a courtier; but to take this dignity upon me is most of all against my will; yet such is his highness' benignity, such is his bounty, that he highly esteemeth the small dutifulness of his meanest subjects, and seeketh still magnificently to recompense his servants. . . . It is a burthen, not a glory; a care, not a dignity. . . . When I look upon

this seat; when I think how great and what kind of personages have possessed this place before me; when I call to mind who he was that sat in it last of all, a man of what singular wisdom, of what notable experience, what a prosperous and favorable fortune he had for a great space, and how at last, dejected with a heavy downfall, he hath died inglorious—I have cause enough by my predecessor's example to think honor but slippery and this dignity not so grateful to me as it may seem to others. . . . Wherefore I ascend this seat as a place full of labor and danger, void of all solid and true honor; the which by how much the higher it is, by so much greater fall I am to fear, as well in respect of the very nature of the thing itself as because I am warned by this late fearful example."

Of his deportment, both as judge of common-law courts and in chancery, nothing ever has been said but what was in his praise. True to the behests both of law and equity, yet, whenever consistently with these, he yielded to the suggestions of compassion and charity. To poor litigants he was particularly gracious, and many times remitted to them the fees that were perquisites of his office. He was the first English judge to maintain that the dispute (never yet decided) between law and equity might be ended by assigning to only one court adjudication of the claims of each. A man upright as he was learned could not but look with disfavor upon the continued jealousies of two tribunals, the province of each being protection of the citizen in all of his legal rights. On this question many of the greatest minds from that period until now have differed. In furtherance of his peculiar views he often in private appealed to the law judges to abate some of the rigor of their rulings, and whenever not able to succeed in such appeals he resolutely enjoined the execution of their judgments when to him they seemed unconscionably strict in accord with law, which by reason of its universality is not adequate for every species of equitable relief. Once he invited these judges to dine with him at Westminster, and while in the midst of excellent Gascony wine and other good cheer he proposed:

"That if the justices of every court unto whom the reformation of the rigor of the law, by reason of their office, most especially appertained would, upon reasonable considerations, by their own discretions (as they were, he thought, in conscience bound) mitigate and reform the rigor of the law themselves, there should from henceforth by him no more injunctions be granted."

When they declined, after they had taken their leave he said to his son-in-law:

"I perceive, son, why they like not so to do. For they see that they may, by the verdict of a jury, cast off all quarrel from themselves, and therefore am I compelled to abide the adventure of all such reports."

It is curious that out of the decrees made during his chancellorship there should be but one that has descended to us, and that one of the parties litigant should have been his own wife. Lady More, a good wife and stepmother, yet had her own opinions about some things, and not unfrequently sought to enforce them, even with an ejaculation as threatening as *tilly vally!*—all of whose import was known, possibly, to none except herself.

"It happened on a time that a beggar-woman's little dog, which she had lost, was presented for a jewel to Lady More, and she had kept some se'night very carefully; but at last the beggar had notice where the dog was, and presently she came to complain to Sir Thomas, as he was sitting in his hall, that his lady withheld her dog from her. Presently my lady was sent for, and the dog brought with her; which Sir Thomas taking in his hands, caused his wife, because she was the worthier person, to stand at the upper end of the hall, and the beggar at the lower end; and saying that he sat there to do every one justice, he bade each of them call the dog; which when they did the dog went presently to the beggar, forsaking my lady. When he saw this, he bade my lady be contented, for it was none of hers; yet she, repining at the sentence of my lord chancellor, agreed with the beggar, and gave her a piece of gold which would well have bought three dogs, and so all parties were agreed; every one smiling to see his manner of inquiring out the truth."

The same sweetness was manifested in his filial as in other relations. His father continued, although past ninety years, to sit as one of the *puisne* judges of the King's Bench, and for him the affection of this son was just as it was when as a little child he was dandled upon his knee. It was his daily habit, when repairing to his own court, first to enter that of the King's Bench, kneel, ask, and receive the old man's blessing. When the latter died, weeping as a young child would have wept, he embraced his body while commending to heaven the soul that had departed.

At length, as he had foreseen from the period when, grown weary of faded beauty, the king turned his eyes upon Anne, the time of trial came—I will not say temptation, for it does not appear that at any time he hesitated what he must do when demand would be made upon him for co-operation of a kind that his conscience must condemn. When the demand came, in the kneeling suppliant before him Henry saw, and he knew it, a courage intrepid as ever fired warrior's breast upon any field. His resignation was accepted, and the subject greatest in fame, honor, learning, and genius retired to his simple home, having saved from all the avails of his various work and service a property whose income was not above one hundred pounds sterling. In one of the biographies there is a delightful account of the

merry conference had with his children—who all, with their consorts and children, had always dwelt with him—touching the still more economical living to which they thereafter must descend when these "must be content to be contributaries together." If, beginning with Lincoln Inn's fare, and, descending, they might not be able to maintain even Oxford fare—

"where many great, learned, and ancient fathers and doctors are continually conversant, . . . then may we after, with bag and wallet, go a-begging together, hoping that for pity some good folks will give us their charity, and at every man's door to sing a *Salve Regina*, whereby we shall keep company and be merry together."

In the brief respite he enjoyed to the full the retirement which, as was shown in one of his letters to Erasmus, he had always desired in order that he might live "only to God and himself." But when a committee of bishops, with twenty pounds for the purchase of a dress suitable for the occasion, brought an invitation to attend at Anne's coronation, and it was declined, the new queen was resolved upon his death. All the world knows how he endured her ruthless pursuit. There is to be witnessed in the midst of dangers sometimes a quality higher than the highest courage. It is the uncomplaining, almost unsuffering, submission of innocence to injustice that it knows it can neither resist nor avoid. In More this virtue took on a beauty yet more exquisite from his temporary childlike apprehension of insufficiency for the ordeal before him. It makes the heart leap to be told of his joyousness while, after his appearance before Cranmer, Lord Chancellor Audley, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell, a royal committee appointed for his trial as an accomplice with the "holy maid of Kent," he was returning home in company with Roper. Said the latter:

"I trust, sir, all is well, you are so merry."

"It is so indeed, son, thank God!"

"Are you then, sir, put out of the bill?"

"Wouldst thou know, son, why I am so joyful? In good faith, I rejoice that I have given the devil a foul fall; because I have with those lords gone so far that without great shame I can never go back."

It was the gleefulness of a child after successful essay of steps for which its young strength was doubted to be fully adequate.

It was at his own trial for high treason that appeared the majestic courage of whose fame four centuries are full. Neither desiring nor shunning martyrdom, standing upon the right of a British subject to be condemned only after fair trial by his peers,

he put the marks of everlasting infamy upon his judges and prosecutors by exposure of the gross unlawfulness of their proceedings and the audacious falsehood of their testimony. His cross-questioning of Rich, the solicitor-general, the most infamous lawyer that ever belonged to the English bar, reads almost like a denunciation from a Hebrew prophet. Yet when the trial was over he lapsed again into the simple merry-heartedness that now was to be with him to the end. It appears almost preterhuman, his absolute freedom from resentment.

"I believe, Meg," he said one day to his daughter, who had come to visit him in the Tower, "they that have put me here weene they have done me a high displeasure; but I assure thee, on my faith, mine own good daughter, if it had not been for my wife and ye that be my children I would not have failed long ere this to have closed myself in as strait a room, and straiter too. But since I am come hither without mine own desert, I trust that God by his goodness will discharge me of my care, and, with his gracious help, supply my lack among you." So his compassionate regard for the sovereign: "And surely, daughter, it is a great pity that any Christian prince should, by a flexible council ready to follow his affections, and by a weak clergy lacking grace constantly to stand to their learning, with flattery be so shamefully abused."

As for the vengeful woman who had been the chief leader in his persecution, the feeling indulged by him may be known by the following talk with this same daughter:

"How goeth the world, Meg, and how doth the Queen Anne?"

"In faith, father, never better; there is nothing else in the court but dancing and sporting."

"Never better! Alas! Meg, it pitieth me to remember unto what misery, poor soul! she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs; but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance."

To the very last obedient to the king's pleasure, that he use not many words at his execution, he answered: "I did purpose to have spoken somewhat, but I will conform myself to the king's commandment." And so, pronouncing on his knees the *Miserere*, and after giving a piece of gold and a merry word to the executioner, he laid his head upon the block.

More is a saint of Christ's grace. But, in fine, whose career among the not inspired and the unsainted shall we compare with this in the matter of the peculiar characteristic which this article has attempted to portray? If any, that of Socrates. Yet Socrates was and showed himself to be conscious of superiority to the men of his time. Certainly the courage of Socrates never has been outdone. Still (though not with boasting) he would tell of

occasions whereon it had been exerted. When, along with others, ordered by the Thirty to bring Leon from Salamis that he might be put to death,

"I made known to them," he said afterwards, "both in word and deed, that (if it be not too hard an expression) I did not care at all for death provided I did nothing unjust or unholy, which was the great object of my solicitude. The great authority of the government did not influence me to violate my sense of right."

He knew, and he so said, that the calumnies heaped upon him had their main foundation in the contemplation of his superior wisdom. He had excited antipathy long and general by refusing to speak in terms other than were deserved of the abuses and follies of his time. Before the court that tried him he stood, though without anger, as an accuser rather than as a defendant. If there was pathos there also was scorn in the words with which, after condemnation, he left the judgment-hall: "It is now time for us to go our respective ways, I to die and you to live; and which of us is going on a better voyage is known to God alone." Of such a man his loving biographer could say well: "To me, as I have described him, he seemed such as the best and happiest of men would be." Outside of Christian history, without doubt he is the most illustrious example. Sir Thomas More, his equal in other gifts, had the unspeakable advantage of having and of learning, perfectly as is possible to human nature, the precept that to become fittest for the kingdom of heaven a man must be ever as a child.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.
Baltimore, Md.

TWILIGHT.

I STAND in shadow, for the day is done;
And at my window, turning from the west,
I gaze upon the far hill's purple crest,
Lit with the torches of the sunken sun;
The eve is still, and murmur hear I none
To break the perfect quietude and rest,
Save, like the farewells of a parting guest,
The distant echoes of the sunset gun.
O calm, sweet hour! wherein all thought is prayer,
When unseen hands, like those of Him who healed,
From weary hearts the daily burdens roll,
Breathing the incense of the twilight air.
To Him whose garments pass me, half-revealed,
I raise the silent vespers of the soul!

S. F. QUINTERO.

CHRISTIANITY UNIVERSAL.

THE most serious objection raised against the truth of the Christian religion is the alleged fact that it is local and particular, the religion of only a minority of mankind. A divine religion, it is argued, ought to be universal.

I consider this objection as it is made by those who admit that Christianity is partially true, and that all other religions are partially true; all being phases or forms of a universal religion. They look forward to a new development of religion, in which the comprehensive and extensive universality of the fundamental principles of truth, morals, and civilization shall be more perfectly manifested; whereby all mankind will be raised to a higher level, and continue to make indefinite progress toward an ideal state. With those who listen eagerly to blasphemous ribaldry against Christianity, and with those who take the road of a dismal and degrading scepticism, I have nothing to do. They do not wish to listen to reason, and reasoning has no influence over them.

To those who are wearied with Christianity as they apprehend it, and aspire for something better which will approach to their idea of a world-religion, I have something to say.

How do they, admitting that man is a religious being, and that religion ought to be, not the exclusive possession of a chosen, specially favored number of men, in certain places and times, meet the objection of those who deny that there is or can be any basis for religion in anything known to us or knowable; the objection, namely, that if there were a manifest providence of God over the human race, there ought to be a universal religion, whereas such a religion does not exist? If they say that this religion is to come, how will they explain the fact that it will be too late for the hundreds of generations which have lived before the period of this world-religion? They can only reply that the partial, successive, imperfect forms of religion heretofore existing sufficed for the essential needs of mankind, and for its gradual, progressive, religious evolution.

The same answer in substance can be made in defence of Christianity against the objection of non-universality. Although Christianity is thus far the religion of the minority of mankind, we can hope and prognosticate with good reason that it will eventually supplant all other religions and embrace within its

circle all mankind. In its nature and capabilities it is a world-religion. It is catholic in comprehension, and can become universal in extension.

As for past generations, a Christian can maintain that the providence of God has abandoned none of them, but has furnished all with the means necessary to salvation. We cannot, indeed, allow that pagan superstitions are forms and phases of a divine religion. But we can affirm that, in the pagan world, enough of the "Light which enlighteneth every man coming into this world," and of the grace which is universal, has been granted to all men of good will to enable them to attain the end for which they were created. At the beginning, during ages whose number cannot be certainly known to us, the primitive religion of which Christianity is the perfect flower was universal. Among the principal nations descended from Noah, the patriarchal religion was substantially preserved for centuries, and only gradually became degenerate. Even in the popular idolatry which became prevalent, there were elements of a higher and better religion, echoes from the tradition of purer ages. Then, there has always been the inner light, the voice of conscience, the revelation of God in his works, the secret illuminations and inspirations of the Spirit of God, to counteract the effect of the degrading fables of mythology, of obscene rites and cruel superstitions.

The objection to Christianity which is under consideration has been, to a great extent, evoked by an imperfect and distorted conception of its positive and exclusive claim to be the one, true, and divine religion. This distorted conception, in its extreme, represents all mankind as under a doom from birth, which determines them unavoidably to live in sin, and to sink after death into hopeless, everlasting misery. Some are saved, through a special act of mercy, by means of explicit faith in a divine revelation making known to them the way of salvation which is through the divine Redeemer, and by a special grace; while the great multitude are left to perish. This is the dreary view of religion which was presented before my eyes in childhood. I have always rejected it with the whole force of my reason, conscience, and heart, ever since I have been able to think for myself; and I compassionate those who are driven into doubt and unbelief by mistaking this spectre for the radiant and benign genius of Christianity.

The vindication of the Christian religion demands that the allegation that it is not a universal religion be denied and disproved. This is deeply felt and strongly asserted by the advo-

cates of what is called the Progressive Orthodoxy. Their affirmation of the universality of Christianity is an admirable and attractive feature in the new phase of Protestant orthodoxy which they present, in opposition to modern infidelity, and in distinction from the doctrine of the old school, from which they have to some extent separated themselves. They remain, nevertheless, so far trammelled by their traditional theology that they are unable to make an explanation of the difficulty which lies in the way, consonant with both reason and revelation. An explanation they have, which is the most salient and conspicuous novelty in their scheme. Leaving on one side the general controversy with unbelievers in Christianity, I wish to attend particularly to this explanation, and in the direct discussion of this issue I shall find an indirect way of engaging in the general contention and giving an answer to the objection.

Progressive orthodoxy, proceeding from Christian premises, recognizes in the special providence of God over the human race a way of *redemption*. This presupposes a universal need of redemption in the race, as a race; and the universality of the Christian religion is accentuated and specially insisted on, as a consequence from the postulate that Jesus Christ has actually redeemed all mankind. These two propositions are conceded. Then follows another: that the necessary medium of appropriating the benefit of redemption is an explicit faith in Christ the Redeemer. This proposition in its universality I do not concede. I concede the necessity of this *explicit* faith to those to whom the object of it, viz., Jesus Christ the Saviour of men, has been sufficiently made known by a divine revelation proposed with such evidence as to make it certain; but I deny it in respect to all others. Since it is evident that this object of faith has been proposed, in this life, to a small minority of mankind only, the orthodox progressists conjecture that it is proposed to all other men in the intermediate state where the souls of the departed subsist, awaiting the resurrection. A Catholic theologian can allow that this is an admissible conjecture in respect to some souls, by way of exception; but it cannot be conceded that, as a general rule, there is any period of probation after this present life.

This kind of tentative, conjectural way of showing that Christianity is universal does not at all answer the purpose. Something more positive and certain is necessary in order to remove the great obstruction to belief. It is nothing but a makeshift, an ingenious expedient, which can only serve as a tem-

porary shelter in controversy. Instead of relegating the discussion into the obscure realm of Hades, it is the part of the Christian advocate to justify the ways of divine Providence toward mankind in this world and in this life; and to show that no human being lives or dies under a doom of misery, unless he has made it for himself, contrary to the intention of his Creator. This is the real gist of the matter. And, no matter how progressive Protestant orthodoxy may be, or how often it may shift its position, it cannot get out of a *cul de sac* in which it is shut up by a wall of its own construction. When it is pushed by rationalism in front, it has to fall back on its old doctrine of original sin in order to account for the need there is for a Redeemer and a Redemption for all mankind. The progressists are in a dilemma. If they deny original sin and the universal need of redemption, they have surrendered to rationalism and renounced the defence of Christianity. "Fallen in Adam, redeemed in Christ," is the motto on the banner of the cross. If they persist in maintaining this primary, fundamental dogma, in the distorted form given it by the Reformers and embodied in their confessions of faith, they cannot answer the arguments of rationalists derived from pure reason. They must give up either reason or revelation; unless they can separate their preconceived ideas about revealed dogmas from the truth itself and thus secure a tenable position.

It is impossible to stir one step before gaining a point of departure in such a concept of human nature as fallen in Adam and affected by original sin, that, on the one hand, there is no surrender of revealed dogma, and, on the other, no evident contradiction of reason. Original sin is in the offspring of Adam, in each one from his conception, and it has the true nature of sin, being the state of the death of the soul, the cause of which was the transgression of Adam.

What is a sin? It is a free act of a rational creature which turns him away from his proper end, away from his proper relation to God, away from his chief good. The state of sin is the condition to which his actual sin has reduced him. It is a state of death, as being a privation of his highest form of life, and of that chief good the possession of which during his immortal existence is properly called everlasting life. Therefore, a sin which produces this effect is called mortal.

The end for which human nature was destined was the immediate intuition of God as he is in his essence, with all the good which is the sequel of this sublime and beatific vision.

The relation to God was that of sonship by adoption. The highest form of life was in its principle the grace of God. When Adam sinned he lost the grace which had been given him at his creation by which he was constituted in a filial relation to God, together with those special gifts and privileges which accompanied and were dependent on this best and most perfect gift of God. The right of transmitting these gifts to his posterity was included in the original endowment, which was not merely a personal grant, but was an investiture of Adam in his quality of head and representative of the whole human race. In consequence of this forfeiture, the offspring of Adam are conceived and born in the state and condition of nature into which he fell by his transgression. The transgression was simply and solely his personal act, for which he alone was blameworthy and responsible to God. His actual sin, his demerit, his remorse, he could not transmit; for these things are as incommunicable as identity and self-consciousness. How, then, can it be true that we all sinned and fell in Adam, are conceived and born in this sin of origin and nature, liable to the punishment which was incurred by the disobedience of our ancestor before we had come into existence? There is one, and only one, answer to this question. It is indeed possible to refuse to answer it at all, to say that it is unanswerable, that original sin is a mystery which God comprehends but which we must receive on pure faith in his revelation. This is very well, if the dogma is left in its simplicity as stated in Holy Scripture and in definitions of Catholic faith, for those who cannot go any deeper into theology, and who are not bound to instruct those who are perplexed by difficulties. But the case is otherwise in controversy. Expositions have been given, answers have been invented to the questions which unavoidably arise in the perpetually curious and inquiring minds of men, which are directly contrary to reason, and which are contradictory to revealed truths. We can believe mysteries which are above reason, but we cannot reasonably assent to any proposition which contradicts any truth which is self-evident or demonstrated, or which has been revealed. Now, to say that a person can be deserving of blame for an act committed before he existed, or because he is the offspring of a criminal, or because of his nature, or on account of acts to which he is determined by outward or inward necessity, or because of an arbitrary imputation of the acts of another, is absurd and therefore incredible. It is also incredible that God deprives any rational creature of any of those rights which he has radicated in his essence and its properties, or

dooms him to unavoidable everlasting misery, unless he has forfeited his rights by such an abuse of reason and free-will and justly deserves such a punishment.

We are, therefore, compelled to deny that we are bound to accuse ourselves of having committed the sin of Adam and to repent of it, or to beg pardon for having been born; or to repent of having a fallen nature, or of any inclinations or acts or omissions which we cannot help; or that we are doomed to everlasting woe on account of original sin. In order to make these denials logically, and at the same time to preserve the Scriptural and Catholic doctrine intact, we must deny that those rights which were conferred on humanity in the person of Adam, and were forfeited by his sin, are radicated in the human essence and its properties. They were a gratuitous gift, and as such subject to any conditions which the sovereign will of God was pleased to impose. In fact, God did make the transmission and perpetuity of this gift dependent on the obedience of Adam to a precept, and by his actual disobedience the gift granted conditionally to humanity was forfeited. Henceforth Adam could only transmit to his natural posterity mere human nature as it is by virtue of its essence, its specific properties, its native rights, and whatever is demanded by the nature of man according to his logical definition as a rational animal. God, without any derogation from his wisdom, justice, or goodness, might have created man in the state of pure nature, for a final destiny not transcending its essential capacities and exigencies. In that hypothetical state and order of humanity the parents of the human race would have been constituted by creation, and their posterity conceived and born, just as men are now born, excepting the qualification of sin. This qualification belongs to the state of *lapsed* nature in distinction from the state of *pure* nature. It does not denote an intrinsic, essential, and physical difference, but a distinction of mode and relation. It denotes no change from good nature to evil nature; no subtraction of good natural properties or qualities, either wholly or partially; no addition of such as are bad—*i.e.*, no total or partial depravation of the rational and animal constituents which are substantially united in the composite being man. His spiritual and immortal soul, with its faculties of intellect and will having a necessary inclination to truth and goodness; his organized body with its organs and senses, duly related to their proper objects and fitted for their proper operations—all these remain in the state of lapsed nature as they might have been in a state of pure nature. What, then, is

the proper ratio of sin in lapsed nature? In the first place, the lapse from a higher state was a sin committed by Adam in his representative character. There is a certain principle of solidarity running through all human affairs, by virtue of which families, tribes, nations, any sort of multitude organized in a corporate unity, are regarded as included in their heads and representatives, and participating in certain acts really emanating from their individual wills. There is a community in both good and evil, by which individuals who have done nothing either worthy of praise or blame share with those to whom personally belongs the credit or disgrace of the accruing benefit or disaster. In the same way that Americans of the present day may say that *we* declared our independence of the English crown in 1776, it is true to say that we all sinned in Adam. Our birthright was lost by his sin, and we suffer many privations which were incurred by that sin and therefore are justly called penalties, although our conscience does not accuse us, and God does not blame us, as having personally offended him and deserved punishment.

Again, the lack of sanctifying grace, of the filial relation to God, and of any title to inherit the kingdom of heaven, in the state of lapsed nature is a *privation*, whereas in the state of pure nature it would have been a mere *negation*. A corpse and a wax figure are both destitute of life; but in the corpse this negation of vitality is a privation and is the state of death. The lack of grace which is the highest life of the soul, in men who are born in original sin, is a privation of the life virtually given to us in our first parents. Therefore, it is in us under that qualification of the death of the soul, which is the definition of sin, as it is in each one of us by birth, given by the Council of Trent. It is implied in the notion of a defect by privation which is a state of sin, that the soul affected by it is unfit for the filial relation to God and incapable of attaining the final end for which it was destined in the first intention of the Creator. Pure nature is nude nature; lapsed nature is denuded nature. A child undressed does not differ from a child who has never been dressed. But, while the young savage may be quite fit to run about on his native soil, the civilized child must be properly attired before it can be brought into the family circle.

One more illustration will perhaps suffice to make the distinction plain between the two states of pure and lapsed nature.

A king adopts a boy of servile condition by birth, making him and his future descendants his heirs. For grievous misconduct the king's adopted son is disinherited and sent into exile.

His children and descendants are peasants, in consequence of his offence against the king, instead of being princes by birth and condition. They may be said to have sinned in their father, and to have incurred, as a disgrace and punishment, the privation of dignity and wealth, together with its natural consequences; although they are innocent of their father's crime, and are actually in the same condition which they would have inherited if their father had not been elevated to royal dignity by the grace of the sovereign. They may still be good and happy peasants, and even enjoy the favor and protection of their king as his servants, though they are excluded from the advantage of being his children.

If we suppose that the king offers forgiveness and restoration to all of this disinherited family, on condition that they deserve it by good conduct in their state of exile and servitude, and that he furnishes them with the means of gaining the education and fulfilling the meritorious services which shall make them worthy to be restored to their inheritance, the parallel will be more perfect.

The first intention of God respecting mankind was made irrevocably. The destination of the race of Adam remained unchanged. When Adam and the race in him lapsed into the condition of fallen and despoiled nature, the supernatural order of the world did not lapse into an order merely natural. It was modified, but not abolished. The first state of original justice was not re-established, but the state of repaired nature was inaugurated by the promise of a Redeemer, opening a way of restoration through the redemption. Adam and Eve were sent out of Paradise, that they and their offspring might work out their salvation, sorrowfully but hopefully, in the Vale of Tears—*in hac lacrymarum valle.* And although we have always been looking back with regretful sighs upon our lost Eden, yet we have good reason to say, with St. Francis de Sales, that "the state of redemption is a hundred times better than the state of original justice."

We can understand now, I trust, the universal need of redemption, in which the offspring of Adam are constituted before they have done either good or evil, and what is meant by the lost condition into which they are born. By the gratuitous goodness of God, men are intended for a state of adopted sonship and intimate friendship with God in this life, to be consummated in the future life by participation in the sanctity, glory, and beatitude which God alone possesses by his essence, and which are not due

to the created rational nature, however perfect and sinless it may be. By the fall human nature lost its proportion to this high destination, and all who are born in original sin are unfit and incapable for the inchoate or complete filial union with their Creator and Lord as their Father. Therefore, if they are to be restored to this privileged state, they must be redeemed, a new grace must be accorded to them; and since God has so decreed, this redemption must be accomplished by the Incarnate Son of God, coming into the world as its Saviour. Actually, the mass of mankind have many sins and miseries which cry aloud for a Redeemer, and the fulness of the redemption wrought by him extends to all these.

But it is, first of all, the substitution of Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary, the second Adam and Eve, in the place of the first, and the fulfilment by them of a more excellent and difficult work of obedience than the one which our first parents failed to accomplish. In this act of obedience the merit of Jesus Christ expiated the sin of Adam, and obtained the reversal of the sentence of exile which was the penalty of that sin. There exists the same solidarity of mankind in this restoration in Christ as in the fall in Adam. The promise of redemption was made to Adam and Eve as the representatives and parents of the human race. From the nature of the case the redemption is universal, and is most clearly declared to be so in the Holy Scriptures, especially those of the New Testament.

Nevertheless, men are not born in the state of grace, much less are they exempt from liability to sin, or made secure of obtaining admission into the kingdom of heaven at the end of their earthly life, on account of the Redemption. Each one needs to be personally sanctified, justified, and brought, by his fulfilment of certain conditions during his probation, to the attainment of that celestial destiny which the Redemption has rendered attainable by all who belong to the human race. If this is the common and attainable end for all those who are placed in the state of human probation, for which all are obliged to strive, and not only permitted but commanded to aspire and hope, the necessary means ought to be universally provided, and made as common as air, water, earth, and food.

It is the contention of the progressive orthodox party that this is manifestly not the case during this earthly life, and that the state of probation must therefore extend beyond this life, not reaching its final term until the Day of Judgment. They consider an explicit knowledge of Christ as the Redeemer, explicit

faith in him, and a certain spiritual experience derived from this faith, as an indispensable condition of justification and salvation. This faith was attainable only by a few, even among the worshippers of the One True God, before Christ came. Even now Christ has been preached to only a third part, at most, of the human race. Moreover, the advocates of future probation manifestly incline to restrict very much the number of nominal Christians who have a full and fair opportunity, and a final, decisive probation, in this life.

This view is certainly unphilosophical. Man is not a pure spirit; he is a rational animal. He has not his complete being and subsistence, and all the constituents of his human personality, in his soul alone, but in his total specific essence, which comprises his body as animated by his soul. This world is his native sphere, his place of growth, maturity, decay, and death. It is here that he is constituted in those relations of all kinds, Godward and manward, which make up that initial, inchoate human life which on the face of it bears all the marks of a state of trial, probation, education, and warfare; of a voyage across the ocean toward the shore of eternity. According to the view in question, the greatest part of history, the development of mankind through the ages, and the grand course of human life and activity, are mostly without scope or object, significance or value. This view cannot be proved from Scripture, which does not categorically condemn it, because it takes no notice of it and takes the opposite for granted. It is contrary to tradition, even in great part to ancient and general *ethnic* tradition, and seems to be adopted by its advocates as a *dernier ressort* and by way of hypothesis. It is the common sense of mankind that this world is the theatre of that probation which is decisive of the final destiny of man. And there is no way of establishing the universality of Christianity as the world-religion which will satisfy the exigencies of the case, except one which is based on this common belief.

It is obvious that Christianity in the most strict and definite sense cannot be called universal, according to the entire extension of that predicate. Those elements of doctrine, law, and worship which are brought to perfection in Christianity were in the primitive religion of the patriarchs, and in Judaism, in a more germinal and obscure form, wherefore they may be included in the term Christianity. The Jehovah-Elohim of the Old Testament is the Emmanuel of prophecy, who received the name of Jesus at his human birth and is the Messiah, the Christ,

of Jews and Gentiles. The original world-religion was inchoate Christianity, the society of men professing it was the inchoate Catholic Church. One and the same religion is therefore actually universal in respect to time, as existing through all ages from the first. Moreover, on the part of God, this universal religion was provided for all mankind. It became restricted by the departure of the great mass of men, after many centuries had elapsed, from the primitive religion, and the gradual formation of new and human forms of religion throughout the greater part of the world. It is the fault of men, and not an abandonment of the nations on the part of God, which has brought about the exclusion of the majority from the special privileges of the elect people of God. Nevertheless, since God has exercised a special providence over that portion of the race to whom he has sent prophets and apostles, whom he has enlightened by the splendor of revelation, and on whom he has conferred special graces, the question arises: Why has he not treated all mankind in the same manner and with equal mercy? We cannot penetrate into these secret counsels of God, or explain the reasons for the different methods of his providence. But, after all, the one momentous question is: Whether every man without exception who attains to a sufficient exercise of reason to be really a moral, responsible agent, on probation for eternity, has sufficient grace to enable him to become a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. As for all those who do not attain this use of reason, whether infants, or adults who are intellectually and morally on a par with infants, it is absurd to consider them as subject to any judgment at all. They have rationality in their essence, but it is in abeyance; they are incapable of merit or demerit; and it is certain that God will give every one of them in the future life that perfection and happiness which are proportioned to their quality, either supernatural or natural. The question of probation has nothing to do with this class of human beings who have never emerged from the chrysalis state.

Those who confine the operation of grace within the sphere of the church must defend their particularism as they best can. Their notions are not Christian and Catholic ideas, but individual and sectarian opinions. The universality of Christianity can only be affirmed by taking a wider view of the scope and range of divine Providence over all mankind. The Christian religion, in its inchoate form at the beginning of the world; in its progressive development from Adam to Moses and from Moses to Christ; and in its finally complete form in the Christian

church; is an act of the special providence of the divine Creator and Redeemer, whose name in the ancient religion is Jehovah-Elohim, and in the Gospel, Jesus Christ. He is one and the same person, whether operating by his divine nature alone, or by his human nature alone, purely divine or purely human works, or by the concurrence of both those which are theandric. There is unity of plan and purpose in his entire administration of his kingdom on the earth, from Eden to Calvary, from Calvary to the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The whole course of nature, the universal providence which rules over all human events, is a part of the one grand design which includes the universe and all its endless ages, all subordinated to one central object, the Incarnation and its glorious consummation. We must therefore take in the whole administration of the government of this world in a comprehensive view of that providence over men, in respect to their probation and their final destiny, which is concentrated in that which is strictly and properly called Christianity. The goodness of the Creator and the grace of the Redeemer pervade the whole system, include the whole race, and reach every individual. There is but one chief end in view, viz., to bring the fellow-men of the Son of God made man into a share of his sonship, by adoption, and a share in his celestial kingdom. This universal intention embracing all men necessarily implies the provision of the means necessary to attain the end. *Qui vult finem vult media*—He who wills an end wills the means to attain it. The Almighty cannot lack means to accomplish his ends. Provision of the most direct, perfect, and efficacious means by a clear revelation, by a divinely constituted religion, by sacraments, by numerous and easy means of grace, does not exclude the provision and use of other sufficient means, even such as are extraordinary, supposing that these last are necessary. The manifestation which God makes of himself through his works, the elements of truth and morality which are contained in human religions, the surviving traditions of the primitive revelation, the dictates of rational nature and conscience, the teachings of philosophy, are all means which divine Providence can make use of as channels and instruments of grace. There is the interior realm of the intellect and the will, also, over which God is sovereign, and where he can secretly give illuminations and holy impulses. Moreover, it is a point of Catholic belief that every human being is placed under the care of a special guardian angel. The nature and condition of a just probation require that nothing impossible should be required of any one. Human

nature, even in its denuded condition, does not determine any one to actual sins. Power to do good moral acts remains, and if anything is commanded which surpasses the ability of nature, the aid of grace is offered to make the fulfilment of the precept possible or less difficult. No one is bound to go beyond the circle of his knowledge and the capacity of his free-will, and if he sincerely and honestly follows such light as he has, and obeys his conscience, he can keep the natural law without any grievous sin from the first moment of the exercise of reason, the common and universal grace of God always giving him all requisite aid. If he does not know God explicitly and distinctly, it is enough for him to turn toward him implicitly and confusedly under the idea of the good and the right. It is the common doctrine of Catholic theologians, St. Augustine and St. Thomas included, that to one who thus fulfils what is obligatory by the law of nature sufficient grace will be given to fulfil all else which is requisite according to the law which is above nature, in order that he may become a child of God and inherit the kingdom of heaven. The assertion that it is sufficient to turn to God by a virtual or implicit act may seem startling to some readers, and I will therefore confirm it by citing a theological authority of great weight, Billuart, the most eminent author of modern times in the Dominican school. St. Thomas teaches that every child, on first attaining the full exercise of reason, is bound to determine his will to his due final end, *i.e.*, to convert himself to God; and that if he does this he obtains the remission of original sin.* Billuart, in his exposition of this statement, discusses the difficulty which arises in respect to a child who is ignorant of the existence of God, which he solves as follows:

"There are two distinct modes of conversion to God, one explicit and formal to God distinctly and explicitly known either by faith or by the light of nature; the other virtual and implicit, in which one proposes to live according to reason, or loves that moral good in which God as the author and end of this good is implicitly contained." †

Billuart further argues that, according to St. Thomas' doctrine, if one who converts himself to God in the best way that he can is incapable of making that act of faith which is indispensably necessary to justification, God will in some opportune time and way give him the necessary revelation of that which is necessary to be explicitly believed, either by ordinary or extraordinary means. It would not be of great practical benefit to the majority

* *Sum. Theol.*, Prima Secundæ, qu. 89, § 6.

† *Cursus Theol.*, tom. viii. diss. viii. art. 7.

of mankind if the grant of sufficient grace depended on a perfect observance of the natural law from the first exercise of reason. There is, however, ample and respectable authority for the opinion that this grace is continually offered to all men, however sinful, so long as they live. Those who sin, and those who live and die impenitent, must impute the privation of grace and salvation to their own abuse of free-will, and not to a doom which was unavoidable.

The Abbé de Broglie has well expressed this common doctrine of Catholic theology:

"Narrow and exclusive ideas denying all moral good among pagans are in nowise Christian doctrine. Catholic tradition distinguishes two orders of moral good, the natural and the supernatural. Natural good exists among pagans. They have the law of God engraven in their hearts, as St. Paul teaches. If they have less aid than Christians for the practical observance of this law, they are not, on this account, in a totally impotent condition, and we are not in any way bound to deny their virtues. Man is able, without faith or grace, to know the good and to distinguish it from evil. He can, whether it be as the effect of an antique tradition, or from the sole testimony of his own conscience, believe in future retribution, and find in this belief a motive to conquer his passions and reform his life. He can die for his conviction, as he dies for his country and his flag. This is not all; even the supernatural is not inaccessible to men in this condition. Indeed, according to the opinion of the great majority of theologians, God wills to save all men, and his grace flows through channels and in a measure which are unknown to us upon all well-disposed souls."*

The world-religion, which has been the same in essence from the beginning, and in its final, perfect form is Christianity, diffuses its light and power everywhere, always, and for all; and, in this sense, Christianity is and always has been universal. There is no kingdom of hell upon earth, but only the kingdom of Christ, against which hell is always warring. There is one revelation, one religion, one faith, one church. All men who have faith, hope, and the love of God are, if not explicitly and formally members of the Catholic Church, at least virtually Christians, united to the soul of the church by an invisible bond.

This is not, however, any justification of the principle of indifferentism. When the faith and the church are explicitly proposed, the obligation to embrace and profess the divine truth and law at once arises. Those who are virtually Christians are justified because they have the implicit will and intention to believe and obey God without any reservation. But one who refuses to believe the Catholic faith and enter the visible fold of

* *L'Histoire des Religions*, ch. viii. p. 249.

the Catholic Church, when they are sufficiently proposed to him, has no such will and intention. An apostate deliberately turns his back on God and the light, to bury himself in darkness.

Nor is there any just inference to be drawn from the doctrine that the heathen have not been abandoned to a hopeless doom of perdition, which should diminish the zeal of Christians for their conversion. It is not true, as is sometimes said, that the only imperative motive for missionary zeal lies in the conviction that the heathen must all fall into everlasting fire unless they are rescued by Christian missionaries. It is enough that Christianity will give them easier and more abundant means of grace, by which a much greater number will be actually saved than we can possibly hope for otherwise. It is worth much labor and sacrifice even to put an end to the slave-trade and other horrors of paganism, to diffuse the blessings of civilization, and to make the world better and happier.

Moreover, we ought to consider the glory of God, the honor of Jesus Christ, the triumph of the faith, the exaltation of Christianity, the victory of truth over error, the fulfilment of the commandment of the Lord to preach the Gospel to all nations, as the highest and most imperative motives for the effort to make Christianity literally universal. AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

MY VIOLIN.

WHEN the soft shadows end
Day's many-voicèd din,
Careless where others wend,
My footsteps bend
Toward my trusty friend,
My Violin.

Its sober suit of dun
Hideth a soul within
Passionate as the sun;
And oh! there's none
My soul hath stronger won,
Dear Violin!

What is its song—its creed
Borrowed from Nature's book?
Pleasure it doth not plead
Like to Pan's reed,
Plucked where through merry mead
Babbles the brook:

Singeth no lust of gain,
As doth the Siren shell,
Tempting, ah! not in vain,
To trust the main,
And seek the golden grain
Men love too well:

Ah, no! a softer song
Sings it than reed or lyre;
Heard as when zephyrs throng
The boughs among,
And wake to strophes long
The woodland choir.

Poet! whose every word
Melts this rapt heart of mine,
Joyance of bee and bird
Thy heart hath heard
Till every fibre stirred
With thrill divine!

So when thy minstrelsy
Pleadeth the higher themes
Sung in Earth's jubilee
To Deity—
How thy poor cage to me
Transfigured seems!

Yet hath it something, too,
Like to a mother's croon;
Mourning the joy it knew,
Thrilled thro' and thro',
When from the latticed blue
Shone stars and moon!

Hark to the melody
Flowing so clear, so thin—
Naught feel I, hear, or see
But thee and me
Sharing one ecstasy,
My Violin!

Dearest! my dreaming ear
Presses thy throbbing heart;
Each murmur, soft and clear,
Ravished I hear;
Oh! that our souls so near
Ever should part!

Philadelphia. HUGH T. HENRY.

THE CROSS OF EXPIATION.

AND still the fat woman talked on. She had talked without cessation for some hours now; it seemed to Tamson as if she had talked all night, but this may be taken as a stretch of exhausted imagination. Certain it is, however, that the latter had dropped into short, uncomfortable naps to the sound of the loud, strident voice, and had awakened from them to hear it still pursuing its monologue, still recounting with much detail the life history of its owner, her childhood, girlhood, and present mode of existence with all its attendant circumstances, and with such collateral adventures as from time to time suggested themselves.

The engine throbbed and thumped like the pulse of one in high fever; with every movement of the boat the misty oil-lamp rose and fell; the cabin was small and stuffy; to the smell of red velvet and straw which Channel-boat cabins always possess was added an odor of stale fruit; when Tamson closed her eyes she could imagine herself in the purlieus of Covent Garden market late in the afternoon when the slightly damaged contents of the stalls are offered at a low price.

"My father," continued the fat woman, "would not hear of it; he was frantic, simply frantic. 'I would rather follow you to your grave,' he said."

Poor Tamson tried to goad her weary attention with the spur of politeness, and to at least *seem* interested in the love-story she was listening to, when the cabin-door opened and a fair-bearded, weather-beaten face looked in.

"Morning, ladies; anything I can do for you? The sun 's rising and it 's a lovely day. You'd better let me help you on deck."

And the steward, not deigning to answer one of the questions which were poured on him by Tamson's companion, walked to the girl's berth, and, bundling her up in her shawls and wraps, half-led, half-carried her up the stairs. He settled her comfortably on an unencumbered bit of the deck (most of it was covered with hampers and baskets piled and packed one on the other), her back against a soft bale of stuff and her face towards a distant line of hilly shore. He brought her some tea, and while she drank it the captain came down from the bridge and stopped to inquire how she felt.

"If it had been a fine night," he said, "I'd ha' had you up here. I reckon you didn't get much sleep with her." And he jerked his head expressively towards the cabin.

"Is she really the chaplain's wife?" asked Tamson, whose ideas of the clergy and their helpmeets were taken from her own experience of Cornish vicars and vicaresses, among whom she had always been a petted favorite.

"Yes," answered the captain, "but he's a mighty poor soul; there an't more than half a dozen Protestants in Vilport. I expect his bishop put him where he'd do the least harm."

The lady whose husband he was thus commenting on appearing at that moment, Captain Reed abruptly took his departure.

"I wish I'd had my tea here," said the fat woman. "It's much pleasanter than down below. That is Vilport, over there to the left; we shall be in in an hour or so now. This is your first visit to France, you say? Are you going to stay with friends? There are very few English residents in Vilport—just ourselves, the Champneys, and Mr. Sendel, the timber merchant. Are you going to visit the Sendels?"

"No."

"The Champneys?"

"No."

A gleam of rage came into the fat woman's eye. She avenged her baffled curiosity by remarking: "There are two or three other families, small skippers and such like, but not people we should care to know."

This maddeningly uncommunicative girl did not look like the daughter of a "small skipper." She wore her dark-blue gown with a certain style, and the name on her trunk was Pommeroy. Mrs. Bradley, who prided herself on her knowledge of such things, was aware that this was the name of a good old Dorsetshire family. She was dying to find out where the girl came from and where she was going; yet in all the fifteen hours which they had spent in each other's society on the little packet-boat that carried fruit and butter and an occasional passenger from the Norman to the Sussex coast and vice-versa, she had not been able to extract one definite answer.

As a matter of fact, Tamson Pommeroy was not of a reserved nature. She would have talked with tolerable freedom had her fellow-passenger been of a different calibre. She would have been even glad to ask sundry questions as to Vilport and its inhabitants; but she shrank from this obtrusively conversational being, and her persistent silence at length met with its reward. Mrs. Bradley became offended and withdrew to the other side of the boat.

They approached nearer and nearer the coast, and at about

nine o'clock were so close to it that Tamson could see the roofs of the houses peeping from among the trees. It was a long line of undulating hill, cut into here and there by deep, fertile valleys. From the boat it looked as if the trees grew to the water's edge; and indeed at high tide the beach was but an insignificant strip. A range of hill rose towards the west and culminated in one extreme point up whose steep sides clambered the woods; at the foot clustered the town of Vilport.

The boat went snorting fussily into the harbor. As it neared the quay there arose a great clamor from blue-clad commissionaires and ragged nondescripts who were eagerly awaiting its arrival. Tamson had lived all her life in the glorious Cornish country; but here was something which almost took her breath away. It was no extraordinary scenic grandeur, but the sense of sunlight, air, and color; the strange houses, eight and nine stories high, some of them bearing traces of great architectural beauty, reflecting their clear outlines in the waters of the basin around which they stood; the grim old lieutenance once used as a defence against the English, who in spite of brave resistance captured the place over and over again, planting their flag no less than fifteen times on the tower of the fort; the oddly active men on the shore, who could not even throw a rope without excited yells and gestures—all made a scene as interesting as it was distinctly foreign.

"Come, ladies, you must get ashore as quickly as possible," said the captain.

In obedience to his command Tamson followed a small, nimble personage, who had shouldered her trunks, to a long shed. Her knowledge of French was absolutely *nil*. I doubt if she could have even said *bon jour*, or, saying it, would have understood its meaning. Her conductor spoke a little English, and she gathered from him that this was the custom-house, and that the fierce-looking individual indued with a cock-hat and sword was demanding her keys. The ceremony of examination over, she left her boxes in the dingy building and walked out into the June noonday. The boat was being unloaded; dozens of empty baskets were carried off to make room for the full ones. There were crates and boxes of high-smelling cheeses, coops of poultry, osier baskets of eggs and butter and cherries. Tamson had never imagined there were so many kinds of cherries in the world. There were red and white ones, small and large, little guignes, yellow and black, clearly crimson, almost transparent "courtes queux," and great purple-cheeked beauties darkly wine-colored around the stone.

She watched the loading of the boat for some time; then she began to look around for the unknown person who was to meet her. She thought it would be her grandfather himself; yes, surely it must be her grandfather. Her imagination had already clothed him with a personality. He would be tall and thin, upright in spite of his great age, and distinguished-looking—an old edition of the father, she could just remember. His letter was dated Château des Roquettes; that was the name of his place. Château meant castle. "Was it anything like Tregenna Castle?" she wondered, or "Tregothnan?" or "Sir John St. Aubyn's place on St. Michael's Mount?" How lovely it would be to live in a battlemented building with trim gardens on one side and the sea washing against the walls on the other! In the meantime she wished he would come; it was past two o'clock, and she was desperately hungry. A feeling of despair crept over her; she had almost resolved to seek her *ci-devant* persecutor, Mrs. Bradley, and ask her advice, when a gentleman came up. He was rather stout and seemed to feel the heat; his straw hat was pushed back so that its outer brim rested on his shoulders and formed a sort of speckled black and white halo around his fair, flushed face.

"I think you must be Mlle. de Pommeré," he said, raising the halo; "if so, I am sent to meet you. I am the British consul."

"Oh!" said Tamson, with a little gasp, "I'm so glad there's somebody to take care of me."

"We will go in my office," he said; "we can talk better there than in this sun."

So together they dived up a narrow street, and under a great archway over which ramped the royal arms of England, and so into a cool and shady little room. Here Mr. Champneys explained to Tamson that her grandfather had commissioned him to meet her and put her in the *diligence*. Her ultimate destination, the Château of Les Roquettes, was about five miles off.

"The *diligence* does not start till five o'clock," said the consul. "I have ordered some lunch to be brought to you here. I will come in again by and by and see how you are getting along."

About four o'clock he returned. "Well," he asked, "were the cutlets good? That's all right. So you have never seen your grandfather, you say?"

"No. He is my father's grandfather, my great-grandfather. I didn't know of his existence until a few weeks ago, and then Mr. Tyacke, my lawyer, told me about him. When my mother

died in the autumn Mr. Tyacke wrote to him; it was a long time before he could convince him that I was really my father's child. He had to get all sorts of proofs and certificates."

"And then?"

"And then he said that I must come over here."

"And were you glad?"

"No, sorry. I hated leaving Mallow. Shall I like Les Roquettes? Is the house large?"

"Not very; at least I imagine not, as I have never been inside. Do you speak French?"

"Not a word."

"Well, you're very plucky to come over here alone to people whom you have never seen. Don't you feel nervous?"

"No. I dare say I shall when I arrive at the château. I shall wait outside the gate for half an hour or so, and then make a bolt for the front door. I am never nervous until I am brought face to face with whatever it is that scares me."

"I will walk to the *diligence* with you. I have already secured you a seat."

The *diligence*, which left the hotel known as the Cheval Blanc twice a day, going as far as the fashionable watering-place Benville, was a great, red, lumbering vehicle, of a design positively archaic; it was drawn by two horses, and its arrival and departure was a bi-daily excitement to the inhabitants of Vilport. The place Mr. Champneys had taken for Tamson, and into which he helped her climb, was a narrow, padded bench under a leather cover that looked like a superannuated gig-hood stuck on to the body of the conveyance. The driver sat next to her, with his right foot on the shaft, holding his reins loosely and vociferating frantically. At last, after much swaying and rattling, many "youp-pi's" and "houp-la's," they got clear of the town and its cobbled streets, and were out on the country road, which wound now up, now down, and now along the level among gardens and orchards, and fields of rye and barley which came rustling up to the roadside. The driver spoke several times to Tamson, but she could only shake her head and smile in answer to his remarks; so, after a little, he addressed them exclusively to his horses, of which one was white and the other brown. The white one, being lazy, was apostrophized frequently in this style: "Pig and sluggard! Wilt thou exert thyself, thou species of idiot? Wilt thou see thy brother die before thine eyes, O beast that thou art?" Then to the brown one: "But thou, my little one, my cabbage, my rat of paradise, thou who dost all the work,

thou shalt have a treat to-night; so, so, my angel, gently up the hill. Ah! devil, I will make thee suffer. I will touch thy hide!" And then crack went the whip; the fearful threats and imprecations ending in nothing more alarming than a series of pistol-like reports produced by the long lash.

The road ran by the coast, and the sea was never out of sight for more than a few minutes; several times they stopped to deliver parcels, and once the driver returned with his cap full of cherries, which he insisted on Tamson sharing with him. At last, as the evening deepened and grew gray, they approached the foot of a steep hill; slowly the tired horses climbed it, the heavy coach groaning and creaking. It was very dark, for tall trees on either side interlaced their branches overhead. The road, hitherto white with dust, was now damp, and water lurked in little puddles. The summit reached, they dashed on wildly for a hundred yards or so, and then stopped at an iron gate. On either hand the gate was a hedge, and behind the hedge a tangle of acacia, thorn, and chestnut trees; no sign of habitation was visible. Only when Tamson pressed her face against the iron bars she caught a glimpse of a house, of no more imposing exterior than an ordinary English farmstead. The garden was unkempt and wild, with beds full of rank hydrangeas and tall poppies; just to the left of the gate was a long, narrow pond covered with green weed. This could not be Les Roquettes! The *diligence* had disappeared—no, there it was, come out from the shadow again on the winding road. Wildly Tamson shouted, thinking that the driver had mistaken her destination, but a dreary echo was all the shout produced. Not a living thing was in sight, neither cat nor dog nor sheep nor cow—only the girl standing forlorn beside her baggage. She raised her hand and jerked the bell; harsh and loud the sound clanged out on the startled silence; there was the click of wooden shoes on the paved pathway, and a woman in a tall white cap appeared. She seemed to have expected Tamson, for she smiled and signed for her to follow. Down the garden path they went, between the dusky laurels, through the open door, and across a dark and slippery hall into a long, low room. The windows of the room looked out upon the sea, and by one window sat an old, old lady whose face was seamed and puckered into a thousand wrinkles; the hands which lay in her lap exactly matched in color the yellow-white beads of the ivory rosary she was fingering. She did not notice their entrance, her lips continued to move, until the servant touched her and spoke at some length, as

though explaining something. Then the old lady rose, and, trembling violently, turned to Tamson; but what she said was unintelligible, for she spoke in French. It was doubtless a welcome, for she kissed the girl kindly while the tears ran down her cheeks; she held her at arm's length, looking at her with that curious, retrospective look peculiar to old people—a look as though searching for the traces of some dead face. By and by the old lady grew calmer; she motioned to Tamson to sit down beside her in an ancient, stiff-backed chair whose cushions were covered in faded tapestry. As conversation was impossible, the two could only smile at each other, and with little nods and pats convey their well-meaning. A lamp was brought in, followed by dinner; and soon after dinner the maid appeared with candles, and Tamson understood that it was bedtime.

Her bed-room was a large, gloomy apartment with a huge bed in an alcove; the mantelpiece was decorated with a gilt clock with a group representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia on the top; it was flanked by branching candelabra and two vases full of bouquets of shell flowers; the curtains and hangings were in heavy damask of a stony drab, and the place smelt musty. She was very tired, and, utterly overcome with the dreariness of the situation, she flung herself on the bed and wept bitterly. She was not without courage, but it had been severely tried.

Life, up to her nineteenth year, had been such an easy thing with her, she had accepted it as it came, smooth and bright. She and her mother had always lived in the cottage in the pretty Cornish town of Mallow where she had been born, and where her father had died while she was yet a baby. Her mother's income had always been sufficient for their wants. She had not troubled herself to inquire as to its source any more than she had bothered about the stock she herself sprang from. Then suddenly her mother died; and when the first stunning effects of her grief had passed and she could review her position calmly, she learnt how peculiar that position was. She was absolutely penniless; her mother's money had died with her. Mr. Tyacke, the lawyer, who managed everything for her, told her that she had rich relations whose duty it would be to take care of her, and to them he had written. He told her also that these relations lived in France, and that she was of French extraction; her real name was Thomasine (of which came Tamson, the Cornish corruption) Valérie Rival Pommeré des Roquettes; her grandfather when he came to England, some fifty years before, had dropped his surname together with his title, and had been known only by

the Anglicized appellative "Pommeroy"; her father's grandfather, the Vicomte des Roquettes, was still living, and it was to him the lawyer wrote. After some correspondence came the final order. Tamson was to go to France, to the remote corner of Normandy where the Château of Les Roquettes was, and live.

She was excited and rather pleased at the prospect. It was sad to have to leave all the friends she loved, but at nineteen—untravelled, unsophisticated nineteen—"abroad" means so much. Only when she arrived at Vilport and found no one there to meet her did she begin to think that perhaps these unknown grandparents wouldn't be altogether perfect. And then the dismal house, the stern maid-servant and the feeble old lady, the inability to make herself understood, the loneliness and desertion of the place, added to her bodily fatigue, overcame her. It was not in her nature to weep long, however, and her tears were soon exhausted; she flung open the window and leaned out. The air coming across the dew-drenched garden was sweet, heavy with the breath of honeysuckle and roses. In the distance she could hear the sea washing against the cliff; it sounded friendly and homelike; it sang its low song soothingly, and, lulled by that song, she fell asleep.

In the morning the sun shone and the sea was laughing in its light; through the window came the hymn of birds and the hum of insects. It was impossible to feel sad. Her breakfast of coffee and rolls she took alone, and afterwards went out to explore the garden. There were clipped yew-trees and holly-bushes, winding walks, and a dilapidated summer-house with statues of heathen gods and goddesses mouldering in the niches; there was a big, deserted stable-yard, and beyond it a field in which stood a picturesque farmhouse, whose stone court was full of ducks and geese and gobbling turkeys; the field ended on the edge of a low, indented cliff, down which she scrambled to the beach. Following the shore-line some little way, she came suddenly upon a smooth, green plot of ground on an elevated point of the cliff; it was enclósed in railings, and in the centre of the ground stood a huge cross; it seemed cut from one solid block of gray granite, mounted on a flight of square steps; it must have been visible far out at sea. Tamson walked around and around the cross, but no word was written upon it; only on one of the steps lay a bouquet of faded wild flowers, dog-roses, meadow-sweet, and marguerites.

The maid had given her to understand that lunch would be at twelve. She wondered if she should meet her great-grand-

father, and if he spoke English. At any rate, she must learn French, and learn it quickly; she meant to devote her afternoons to study. But no grandfather appeared, only the old lady with her shaking head and pale, wan face, who, after lunch, was ensconced in the window by the maid (she called her *Gracieuse*, a name ill-fitted to the hard-featured woman), a foot-stool filled with hot charcoal placed beneath her feet and a little table by her side; on the table were some books—Thomas à Kempis and *The Devout Life*—and a glass of sugared water. Then, with her rosary between her fingers, she turned her face towards the west, and where she sat the big, stone cross was full in view.

Three days rolled by. It was Sunday, and at nine o'clock a chaise which must have been built half a century ago came creaking to the door; it was driven by a youth who tried to look as elderly as his hat and livery, and almost succeeded. Tamson, her great-grandmother, and Gracieuse got into the chaise and were driven slowly away. The church was about two miles off, a quaint little edifice, with a congregation of peasants in dark blue blouses and white caps. Tamson was a little doubtful as to the exact function of three farmers who sat on a bench in the chancel, their broad backs to the congregation; but she soon discovered they were there to chant the responses and lead the singing. She was also much puzzled at the "*pain bénit*"; it is not customary in England to offer this blest bread.

In rural France two little acolytes make the tour of the church, carrying baskets full of square bits of cake, to which each person helps himself, the greedily inclined taking a handful, the modest one or two scraps. The cake is provided by the parishioners, each in turn, and great is the emulation among good housewives as to the excellence and quantity; what is left is distributed to the poor.

After Mass the people stood in little groups in the churchyard, waiting to say *bon jour* to Monsieur le Curé; presently he came, a genial-looking man, with a kindly word for each. He spoke to Madame la Comtesse des Roquettes, and Gracieuse answered him; then he turned to Tamson. "I speak English," he said; "oh! yes, my dear."

Tamson could have hugged him with delight, but contented herself with grasping his outstretched hand. "I'm so glad," she said; "I haven't spoken to a soul since I came here."

His answer was a benevolent smile and a repetition of the words "all right," then a flow of fluent French. She stared a little blankly. "Do you understand me?" she asked.

He laughed and nodded.

"All right, my dear, all right. I speak English—very well—oh! yes, all right."

Then the terrible truth dawned on her—like the raven, "what he uttered was his only stock and store"; he had aired it from a desire to say something agreeable to the new-comer, and perhaps also from a little innocent vanity. Poor Tamson, appreciating his motives, tried to smile cheerfully and look pleased.

As she helped her grandmother to remount the steps of the château she noticed some one in the hall. The change from the glaring noonday to the dark shadow was so great she could not see what manner of man addressed her; only she heard a voice through the general gloom:

"Welcome to Les Roquettes, if I am not too late to bid you welcome. I was compelled to be absent when you arrived."

By this time her eyes, grown accustomed to the dimness, could make out the speaker; it was her great-grandfather. He went on:

"It is only lately that I was made aware of the existence of so charming a relative. Messieurs your father and grandfather did not deign to keep me *au courant* of their affairs. In the salon I shall be better able to see if you resemble my dutiful son." Here he opened a door to the left. Tamson had already peeped into the room beyond, but was not attracted by its white walls and strips of looking-glass and its rows of Louis XVI. chairs. In each panel on the wall hung a portrait in pastel. Afterwards, when she had leisure to examine these portraits, she was struck by the likeness she bore to some of them.

Her grandfather (for we needs must drop the prefix great) placed her in front of the window, and scrutinized her with a slightly amused, slightly sarcastic expression.

"Well, what do you think of me?" she asked rather pertly.

"Mademoiselle, there can be but one opinion of you," he answered, bowing low; "permit me again to say how charmed I am to see you."

He was a strange-looking old gentleman, this ancestor of hers; in his youth he must have been about the average height; age, unable to bend his stiff back, had revenged itself by shrivelling him; his wizened face was closely shaven, his hair and eyes still dark; it was a proud face and cynical. On entering the house her grandmother had walked past her husband, and at lunch Tamson noticed that they did not speak to one another; he was studiously polite in attending to his wife and waiting on her,

but she never acknowledged his courtesies by so much as an inclination of the head.

At first Tamson thought that her grandmother was perhaps indisposed or a little out of humor, but by and by the terrible truth dawned on her that for some reason husband and wife never exchanged a word. Some sin had been committed by one or the other too grave for forgiveness. Every day the vicomte inquired politely after madame's health, every day the answer was returned to him by Gracieuse, the old lady never by a sign admitting that she was aware of his presence; only an increased trembling of her hands and head betrayed her emotion when he was near.

The first dismal meal was only a sample of its successors. To Tamson the words *déjeuner* and *diner* grew to mean an hour or an hour and a half of torture; there were always half a dozen courses to be gone through, and the jaws of age move slowly. Dawdle and trifle as she would with her food, she had always finished long before the others, and there was nothing to do but to contemplate the old couple who had lived their lives and were going to their graves with so much bitter enmity between them. There was more ceremony when the vicomte was at home; a man in livery assisted at table, and after dinner they all repaired to the salon and sat there in state till bedtime. There was a spindle-legged piano in the salon. Once Tamson mustered courage to touch it, but the chord she struck sounded weak and tremulous, and the reverberation ended in a snap which announced the worn-out string had broken; this was not encouraging, and she made no further effort at music.

As midsummer approached the houses in the neighborhood filled. Often Tamson would pass a party of boys and girls laughing and chattering on the highway. She caught a rumor now and again of gay doings at other châteaux—excursions, picnics, garden parties—but none of this festivity came her way; the inhabitants of Les Roquettes were left severely alone. The girl grew nervous and low-spirited. She moped through her days, wandering aimlessly about the lanes and on the beach, and often passing hours on the steps of the stone cross, which had a strange fascination for her. She noticed that when her grandfather was at home there were always bouquets of fresh flowers on the steps; as the season advanced and roses gave way to asters, the bouquets would be made of golden-rod, ragwort, everything wild and uncultivated. One September morning when she was out earlier than usual she saw him walking slowly across

the field; his hands were full of bright-hued leaves and berries. He laid them down and knelt beside them, his head uncovered in the sharp morning air.

Of the inhabitants of Les Roquettes, her grandfather was the one she knew best; he would sometimes talk to her for five or ten minutes, and he spoke English perfectly, She could now understand, and even speak, French fairly well, and made valiant efforts to get into conversation with her grandmother; but the old lady seemed not to care to hold communication save with her books and thoughts.

One evening when they were in the salon Tamson made a resolve. She was sick of mysteries. She would penetrate them. She would find out what it was that had raised the impenetrable barrier between husband and wife, what it was that had exiled her father and his father, and above all what was the meaning of the stone cross.

"Grandfather," she said, "is there some one buried out there in the field?"

He raised his head and looked at her, his sunken eyes illuminated by a sudden gleam.

"What field?"

"The field by the beach, where the cross is."

"Yes; it is a grave."

She longed to ask more, but something in his tone forbade further questioning. She dare not add, "Whose grave?"

"Would you like to drive with me to Vilport?" he asked one morning, some days after her attempted questioning. A drive to Vilport, after the long weeks of solitude, seemed a proposal of absolute dissipation, which she gladly accepted. They started off side by side in the high gig which was the vicomte's especial conveyance. The little town seemed so bright and lively; the shops, to her unaccustomed eyes, presented vast attractions. It was market-day, and the fuss and bustle of the market square was most entertaining. Her grandfather had business with his *avoué*, and left her to wander about among the stalls, whose owners implored her to buy poultry, melons, and strange little cheeses that were damp and soft and evil-smelling. She was enjoying herself immensely when she came face to face with Mrs. Bradley. In her joy at meeting some one that she knew she shook her hand cordially.

"Well," said the fat woman, "this *is* a surprise. I never expected to see you again *alive*. My house is close here; you must

come in and have a cup of tea with me. You really must. I will take no refusal, and I have heaps to tell you and talk to you about."

Tamson was rather taken aback by this greeting, which implied some years, at least, of intimacy. However, she accepted the invitation, and by and by they were seated in Mrs. Bradley's drawing-room.

"And so you are Monsieur de Pommeré's granddaughter!" began the chaplain's wife. "Why didn't you tell me so on the boat? I could have given you many a hint."

"Thank you," answered Tamson, a little stiffly. "I don't think any hints were necessary. Why don't you give my grandfather his proper title?" The word "vicomte" was a little impressive to her English ears, and she thought as well to maintain her dignity with this very familiar person.

"His title? Oh! well, you know in France the surname is used as often as the title; but if you prefer it, I will say the Vicomte des Roquettes. How is the old lady?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Wonderful how they both last, isn't it? You know he is ninety-four and she can't be much younger—seven or eight years, perhaps. It really seems, as an old woman said to my husband the other day, 'as if the Bon Dieu had forgotten them.' Are you a Catholic?"

"Yes."

"You believe in purgatory, don't you, then? Some one said to me once that people sometimes made their purgatory on earth. I think your grandparents have made theirs, don't you?"

"Really, Mrs. Bradley, I don't presume to think about the length of other people's purgatories. My own is as much as I can contemplate."

"Exactly; of course; but isn't it a very uncomfortable house?" Poor Tamson! her regard for truth would not permit her to say no. She avoided the question by answering:

"All French houses are uncomfortable, I think, judged by our English standard."

"Oh! no, they are not; quite the contrary. But tell me, is it true they never speak to each other?"

Tamson was beginning to bitterly repent her folly in having let herself be beguiled into a position where she could be exposed to such merciless "pumping." Without waiting for a reply her persecutor went on:

"I don't see how you can sleep at night—I really don't. *I*

couldn't in the house with that fearful old man; aren't you afraid of him?"

"Why should I be?"

"Well, I couldn't; there are such strange stories about. They say the place is haunted, and then that cross, you know—they say the shadow slants right over the lawn. And of course no one goes near the place. Everybody shuns it. *I* wouldn't pass it after dark."

"I must go now," said Tamson, rising and mustering all her dignity; "don't trouble to come to the door."

"Well, my dear, you're in a great hurry, but just let me say this: If you should ever want a friend, you know—I mean if anything *should* happen, and there's no telling what *might* happen, for they say things like that take such a hold on people as to force them to a similar action—Margaret Bradley is here and willing to help you."

"Mrs. Bradley," said Tamson, facing round, "what do you mean? What are you hinting at when you say those things? What is the mystery at Les Roquettes? I insist upon knowing."

"You mean to say you don't know? Well, then, least said soonest mending, and I'll hold my tongue."

"You'll do no such thing!" cried the girl, who was now thoroughly roused, her eyes flashing with indignation. Laying hold of Mrs. Bradley's arm, she marched her back into the salon. "Now you will tell me from beginning to end what you mean, or I will fetch my grandfather and he will *make* you speak!"

"Mercy! Don't be so violent! And as to *him*, I wouldn't have him in the house; he's nothing more nor less than a *murderer!* There, now you've got it, and don't blame me; you forced me."

A shiver of horror passed over the girl; she stood for a moment transfixed and cold, then the old principle that blood is thicker than water forced her to speak in defence of her kindred.

"It is a lie!" she said, in a low, clear voice.

"You are mighty polite, I must say. I wish for your sake it was a lie. I can afford to forgive you your rudeness, poor child! but it is none the less a fact that your grandfather is a murderer. He killed his wife's brother before her eyes."

"*There* where the cross is?"

"No; that belongs to another story just as bad—or rather it belongs to the first part of the story. Come, sit down, and I will tell you all about it."

Fascinated, sick at heart, yet unable to tear herself away,

Tamson obeyed, and Mrs. Bradley, delighted to have secured one to whom the old scandal was a novelty, settled herself for half an hour's solid enjoyment.

"It's years and years ago," she began, "and, of course, I don't know all the ins and outs of the case; but there was some one the old vicomte cared for very much—better than he cared for his wife, people say. It seems his wife was very proud and sullen, and not as nice to him as she might have been, and this young girl—she was a sort of companion—was very charming, gentle, and good. No one ever breathed a word against her, poor thing! but the vicomtesse grew furiously jealous and made the girl's life a burden to her. The vicomte saw how she was worried, and he promised to get her another situation. The vicomtesse found a note, or something which he had written to the companion, and she was beside herself with rage. Her brother was with her at the time; he always hated the vicomte, and they say he put the girl out with his own hands. Anyhow, it was night when the note was found, a winter's night and stormy. The vicomte was away, and his wife went to the girl's room and insisted on her getting up and leaving the house then and there. Madame's brother, as I said, helped turn the poor thing out. Out she went into the wind and rain, the servants heard her moans and cries, but dare not interfere. She wandered about, but in the darkness she lost her way; perhaps she did it on purpose in her misery—who knows? Anyhow, she missed her footing on the cliff, and the next day her body came ashore just there where the cross stands."

"And the vicomte?"

"The vicomte came home next evening; he heard the story here in Vilport, and he rode like a madman to the chateau. He found his wife and her brother seated at chess in the hall. There was a fearful scene. He challenged the brother there and then to fight, and swore that if he wouldn't he would shoot him like a dog. They fought with only the chess-table between them. The brother fired at the vicomte's arm, but he aimed right at the heart, and madame's brother fell dead. They say you can see the blood-stain on the floor to this day."

"Go on," said Tamson, too breathlessly interested to have the recital stop.

"The vicomte stood his ground like a man. He would not run away, and, besides, he had friends at court and the king didn't want to punish one of his devoted adherents; so he got off with a fine and an injunction forbidding him to go to Paris

for five years. Everybody expected that he would at least go away from Les Roquettes—in fact, from Normandy. But no, there he stayed, as bold as brass, determined to live it down ; and perhaps he would have lived it down had his wife helped him. But, as I said before, she was a proud, cold woman, and she never forgave him. *She* would not go away, for she took up the position of injured innocence, and so there they have lived ever since. He put up the cross where the girl's body was found. He has never been inside a church since the day of the duel, but they say he goes and prays at the cross for hours. There was a son, a young lad about eighteen or nineteen. I suppose he couldn't endure his home, for he disappeared soon after the murder."

"It was not a murder," interrupted Tamson. "I suppose the son was my grandfather ; he was an artist, and I know he went to Cornwall when he was quite young."

"He must have married early," said Mrs. Bradley. "A man does not often see the fourth generation, even if he lives to be as old as the vicomte."

"I know he married early," answered Tamson; "so did my father. He was only twenty-six when he died, and I was three years old. I think you meant well, but I wish you had not told me, the tragedy is such an old one—fifty years, you say? It might be forgotten."

"Ah! yes. But, you know, the sins of the fathers, unto the third and fourth generation. Of course it makes you feel uncomfortable."

Only the woman's absolute stupidity freed her from a suspicion of malice. She was honestly too *bête* to understand how her words hurt, and too much in love with the sound of her own voice to imagine it could possibly be obnoxious to others.

Tamson found her grandfather waiting for her at the door of the Cheval Blanc. She could not prevent a shrinking feeling as she took her seat beside him, though, looking at him as he drove slowly homeward in the autumn twilight, it was difficult to connect him with the events whose recital she had just listened to.

For fifty years this awful silence had reigned between them! For fifty years one had been hardly unforgiving, the other perhaps unsolicitous of pardon.

At dinner she could not eat, she was so preoccupied with watching those two, the hero and heroine of so fierce a drama. It really seemed, as Mrs. Bradley had said, as though God had

forgotten them and left them to drag the chain of their existence through endless years.

When she rose to go to bed her grandfather called her to his side. "Are you happy here, child?" he asked with unwonted interest. "It must be terribly dull for you, and you look sad to-night; you are too young to be sad. Your eyes are like my boy's," he continued—"my boy who was so weak he could not bear trouble, and ran away from home and country to avoid it. If he had stayed it might have been different here. Well, child, kiss me good-night."

Something in her face betrayed her, showed that she shrank from his caress. He looked at her sharply. "What!" he said, "you too?" Then he turned away.

He walked across the room and stood by a small table, his back toward her. Such an old back it was, and it seemed to have grown suddenly bent; every line of it expressed loneliness and desertion. Then two arms stole round his neck, and a soft cheek lay against his withered one.

"I am here, grandfather," was all she said.

"Child," he answered, with a great sob, "no one has kissed me for fifty years!"

She drew him to a chair and knelt beside him, soothing him, for he was weeping the scant few tears of extreme age. Her touch had opened the floodgates of his imprisoned soul, and he began to speak of the past, taking it for granted that she knew the whole sad story.

"I loved her," he said, "but it was a pure love. I was bad, but not so bad as they imagined. Then that devil killed her. The sight of her dead face maddened me, and then they all turned against me, even my son. I have had nothing to love for fifty years, and without love man is damned."

When he became quieter she persuaded him to go to bed. In the morning they met as usual, only she went to him and greeted him lovingly instead of, as previously, with a formal greeting.

November was upon them now, and the days were short, the nights long and dreary. The wind swept the fallen leaves into heaps about the garden, or blew them drifting along the paths. The sea moaned restlessly; sometimes when the tide was high the spray would come up wet and salt against the windows.

One dark night Tamson awoke suddenly and started from her sleep. Some one was moving in the house; up and down the corridors she heard the sound of steps. Flinging on a dressing-

gown, she opened her door. There was a light in the hall below. It was a square hall, furnished like a sitting-room, with a great open fire-place. Candles and a fire were burning, and before the latter was a table set with chessmen; by the table were two empty chairs, and standing near them her grandfather; in the background were the servants, Gracieuse and the others from the kitchen.

The vicomte's eyes were blazing and his cheeks flushed; he was speaking in loud, angry tones to some unseen being.

"Il est fou—he is mad," said Gracieuse to the trembling girl. "Can you not see? This is the end." He was indeed delirious, and his disordered brain was enacting once more the scene of half a century ago—the scene which had been in a manner the last of his life, and had condemned him and his wife to a living death. In his hand he held a long rapier; the bare blade glittered and flashed as he moved it from side to side. One of the men went to him and tried to take the sword away, but he turned so fiercely on him he was obliged to desist.

It was a horrible sight—the old man, mad with imaginary rage, raving and cursing, while the sweat poured down his brow; the frightened servants huddled together, fearful lest he should hurt himself or them.

Then another step was heard; it was Madame la Vicomtesse. Quietly she moved down the stairs and across the hall to her husband's side.

"Raoul," she said, laying her hand on his arm—"Raoul, come, come with me; you must not stay here."

He dropped the sword, looking at her bewilderedly, not understanding; then the voice he had not heard through such long years went on.

"You are ill, dear—come. You will not refuse me?" He bowed with his old courtly grace, and they crossed the hall together, she leaning on her husband's arm, looking proudly before her, with her head erect.

Tamson followed them upstairs to madame's room, but those two alone went in. The door was gently shut; what passed beyond it she never knew, only she waited patiently through the dark hours.

When the morning was dawning the vicomtesse came out.

"Send for Monsieur le Curé," she said.

The good priest came in haste. He was with the dying man for a long, long time.

All that day and the next Tamson hoped to be admitted to

his bedside, but was forced to content herself with such little offices as she could perform quietly. Her grandmother alone waited on the vicomte, nursing him jealously, as if she feared lest any one should come between them. On the third day she sent for Tamson.

"Come," she said; "you are of our race, and he loves you. Stay with him now. I have an errand I must do."

In a big invalid-chair lay the old man, pulled up to the window so that he could look across the snow-covered garden to where the granite cross stood gray above the laurels.

He never spoke, never moved his eyes from the window, until his wife returned; then he looked at her inquiringly.

"I have taken the flowers," she said; "and see, I have brought you some of them—they are winter roses."

AGNES FARLEY MILLAR.

THE TROUBLE IN THE BOSTON SCHOOLS.

THE importance which belongs by right to the question of education in the political economy of nations is pushed, under the forms of a republican government, into a prominence relatively greater than it holds elsewhere. Where power is to remain as a free gift in the hands of the people, subject to no law of heredity or succession, it is obvious that enlightenment, which is the only safeguard of power, should be the object of first and most vital interest to the state. It is jealousy in regard to a high standard of excellence which has given such sharpness to discussions concerning the public-school question in the United States during the last half-century; it is reflection upon the best means of attaining it which has led thoughtful minds on one side to uphold, on the other to condemn, the proposed introduction of private instruction. Apart from the large class which considers religious training necessary in the daily formation of character, and the other large class which demands that development of the intellect in the future citizen shall be kept absolutely free from the influence of creed, there are many minds occupied by the problem, unbiassed by any consideration more narrow than the ultimate effect upon the individual. It is too early yet to anticipate a final verdict; but at present public opinion is strongly in favor of unsectarian methods. It has even, in the New England States, gone to the extent of claiming that the common-

wealth shall be authorized to compel attendance on the public school and to prevent the establishment of others.

A proceeding farther removed from equity and plain-dealing than this it would be hard to imagine; but we will assume for the present that such a course is justifiable. We will pass over the fact that a direct animus against a particular instead of a general principle is shown at the outset by allowing the numerous secular schools of the Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Wesleyans, and others to go unchallenged, while only those belonging to the Roman Catholic profession are attacked. We will make a virtue of necessity, and allow the *vox populi* to be the *vox Dei*, and proceed to investigate how the project of unsectarianism is carried out. With this purpose in view let us look at some recent occurrences in Boston.

For generations this city has prided itself with some justice upon holding place in the first rank among educationalists. It has given to the school question its most careful attention, best wisdom, and lavish support. The twenty-four members of its school board have been chosen almost wholly upon their merits as men of intelligence, practical ability, and breadth of character. Although nominated upon party tickets and voted for in the general municipal election, the choice of names has been kept admirably free from politics and partisanship, the same candidate often being placed upon both Republican and Democratic ballots. The aim has honestly been to secure the best men, and it has been carried out with great success. No salary, patronage, or perquisites of any kind pertaining to the office, it has been possible to keep the position substantially free from the degrading elements which so often stain many otherwise honorable places, and the best element among the people has thus received willing representation. To the deliberations of the body have invariably been brought courtesy, deference, and a desire to make each measure serve the public good as completely as possible. Its various decisions have been carefully studied, and if from time to time some lack of individual judgment has tended toward a straining of principle or a deviation from a broad and elevating policy, the sentiment of the whole has never failed to correct or check the bias. The stigma of prejudice or dishonest purpose could scarcely be farther removed from any body of earnest and enlightened men. During the last five or six years the board has been nearly equally divided, as is the population of the city, between the two sects, Catholic and Protestant. In detail it was composed of a Congregational

minister, a Hebrew rabbi, half a dozen doctors, half a dozen lawyers, a college president, one or two ex-school superintendents and masters, two female members, and a quota of practical business men. Until recently the mayor of the city was ex-officio president, but a later regulation changed this ruling.

Before the committee, in the main thus constituted, a complaint was brought in May of last year to the effect that in the English High School a certain teacher had from time to time insulted the intelligence of his pupils by giving erroneous interpretations of historical facts, and had continued to do so after his attention had been called to the mistake. The complainant also stated that the teacher in question had "trespassed on the forbidden ground of religion," and demanded an investigation, provided the accusation was proven correct. An inquiry was immediately instituted. The statements were found to be exact, with the reservation on the teacher's part that the interpretations given by him were drawn from the text of the standard history which had been for some years in use among the higher grades of schools. This also was looked into. The book in question, Swinton's, was discovered to be "misleading and ambiguous," affording opportunity by its definitions for individual prejudice or ignorance to distort truth in proffering explanation. The publishers of Swinton's *History* were thus advised by the committee of investigation, and offered an opportunity of revising its mistakes; the teacher, Mr. Travis, was admonished that he was clearly outside his duties in meddling with religious subjects at all, but that, if he still prefered to offer personal opinions upon doctrinal points, he should make himself sure of the correctness of his statements. Neither suggestion was accepted. The publishers declined to make any change, and Mr. Travis persisted in his former line of conduct to the extent of recurring to the subject in a set of examination papers given to his class. The answers to these papers showed such a want of clear information, and such an innocent misconception of the real facts on the part of the pupils, that the committee proceeded to supplement their earlier action by severer methods. Such an evident bias had been imparted by Mr. Travis in the teaching given his boys that his charge was transferred from the department of mediæval to that of ancient history, where such mistakes would be hereafter impossible, without, however, interfering either with his rank or the salary belonging to it. At the same time Swinton's was dropped from the authorized list of text-books.

Now, bearing in mind that the public schools were to be

kept as free from error as is consistent with human frailty, and as removed from taint of religious bigotry as is possible to human conscientiousness, what other course was left open to the men in charge of these interests? Two grave accusations had been made; both had been found to be correct. Not only regard for the integrity and purity of education, but the positive demand of public opinion for unsectarian teaching, required that both these defects should be instantly remedied. The action as taken was one of moderation and fairness, and it was practically unanimous. Only two out of the twenty-four members voted against the propriety of the rebuke, and it was thus placed on record.

Hereupon ensues a result which makes one doubt either consistency of principle or loyalty of purpose on the part of a certain portion of the public. A storm of angry denunciation sweeps through city and State. Mass-meetings of indignation are held in Faneuil Hall and Tremont Temple; newspapers give large space to editorial comment and incendiary protestation; the pulpits of the city are made rostrums for fiery appeals to the bigotry and prejudice of the people. Here and there a few of the best journals—notably the *Advertiser*—try to stem the torrent of popular vituperation by a calm statement of facts and truth in the case, and by the urgent representation that justice could be satisfied with no less, and clemency ask no more, than the actual turn affairs had taken. It was as unnoted as a child's wall of sand before the incoming tide, and as useless. A frenzy seemed to possess both the populace and its leaders. A "Committee of a Hundred" chosen from secular ranks, and a committee of clerics from the Evangelical Alliance, were appointed to wait upon the School Board with only the insufficient and often erroneous data of the public press as foundation for complaint; and upon the occasions appointed for receiving these petitions of remonstrance, every attempt at elucidation before the hearing was deliberately and decidedly refused, as if they feared lest the quarrel should be too easily settled. "You will not, then, allow one of your own class, a Protestant minister like yourselves, to lay before you the simple facts concerning his and our ground of action?" inquired the chairman of the text-book division. "No. We are here to present a remonstrance, not to listen to explanation," answered the reverend spokesman. "I congratulate you on placing yourself on record by the side of Sir Lucius O'Trigger," retorted the chairman, with pardonable irony, and the hearing went on. The disturbance was instantly seized upon by

politicians. Twenty-five thousand women were urged into taking the steps necessary as a preparation for voting, and they were instructed to consider the merits of candidates solely from their partisan attitude in relation to the school question. Toward the last of this special excitement a large number of Catholic women, acting under legal advice, qualified themselves also to make use of the ballot, if necessary to protect their principles.

The reason for this tremendous outburst was not far to seek. The merits of the case are stated here with absolute fairness; the circumstances are line for line as laid down in the preceding paragraphs. But the historical fact misstated was one relating to the Catholic Church; the ignorant and prejudiced explanation was given on a point of Catholic doctrine; the person who brought the circumstances first to the notice of the board was a Catholic priest. Lo! then, why reason should run out the door and justice fly through the window! Here was *prima facie* evidence that Jesuits were tampering with the public system, and that a corrupt and venal school committee were aiding and abetting their designs. If it had been a Protestant minister pointing out an injury done the consciences of his people by a libellous interpretation of some teaching of his church; or a rabbi asking that slander against the convictions of his race should be suppressed from the text-books his children were required to use in daily study; or even an atheistic student of history demanding, in the interests of accuracy, that some point now wrongly defined should be correctly stated, and that the flippancy and narrowness of private belief should not be allowed to color public instruction, and if these suggestions had been accepted—all would have been well. The public mind, if moved at all by the announcement, would have been stirred to gratitude that some such guardianship over just and faithful training existed, rather than to wrath over complaint and complainant. But a Catholic doctrine! And a Catholic priest! And an attempt to insist that a Protestant teacher should not meddle with dogma, or, if he did, should give the truth instead of his distortion of it! To arms at once and no quarter! Liberty of conscience was threatened and the freedom of the public schools. Alas! that the old leaven of bigotry is so lively and so subtle even yet in the inner consciousness of New England that her children can mistake intolerance for earnestness and dogmatism for justice; that reason can be so usurped by conceit as to blind them to the real nature of a failing, and to make them, while assailing the phantom of sectarianism, be themselves the body and soul of fanaticism!

In deed and truth the Rev. Father Metcalf—American born and bred, a public-school graduate, a convert, and a brilliant scholar—was wholly within his right as a citizen in the step taken. Waiving entirely the special religious aspect of the case, any one noting the introduction of theological matter into presumably unsectarian schools, or the inaccuracy of historical statements in presumably correct text-books, is doing a kindness to the state and the people in pointing out his discovery, since he ultimately strengthens the desired aim in promoting liberal and truthful knowledge. And ordinarily any such service would have been so recognized by the public; for the public has in the main that intuitive perception between wrong and right which the vulgar call "horse sense." But the word Catholic and the alertness of the leaders were too much. The animal instinct of animosity did not give time for the sober second thought of intelligence to gain the ascendency; and the result is before us. Then, too, the sentiment of those sentinels of the outer gates—those wardens of small sects and petty interests—whose positions are somewhat dependent upon a condition of unrest rather than of quiet, sounded the tocsin too suddenly to admit of sober reflection. They called the rank and file into battalions and placed them under party banners almost before the good people knew what they were to fight against.

The main interest in this episode, which makes it deserve more than passing notice, lies not in the demonstration itself, but in the conditions which have made it possible. That such an outburst could take place, after long years of companionship and mutual trusts had brought Catholic and Protestant into intimate and harmonious relations, and given to each a passably clear comprehension of the other's motives, shows the bias of old conservatism to be too strong for the liberalism of modern times. No thread is so hard to disentangle from the woof of character as that of heredity, especially, most unfortunately, if it mark a dark instead of a bright line. Neither that gallant march, shoulder to shoulder, through the long years of the war of the rebellion, nor the willing offering of limb and life on the battle-fields of the republic, nor the respect won for honorable offices well filled in every department of government, have sufficed to wipe out the stain of distrust and suspicion which still soils the average New England mind in its estimate of Catholic citizenship. A reed shaken by the wind is enough to put in motion, even at this late day, the currents of calumny. To be sure Boston is not New England, and the whole of Boston did not join in the

hue and cry against an act of justice. Many of its best and most broadly cultivated gave unqualified assent to the grounds of action and the final position taken; but outside this, in city and country, unreasoning clamor and virulent abuse were almost unanimous. There was not sense enough left in the community to perceive that all this feverish excitement and quixotic tilting at windmills was simply playing into the hands of their pet horror, the parochial school; and that Catholics, confronted thus by positive evidence of the hollowness of pretence in the unsectarian system, would consider themselves obliged, willing or unwilling, to found educational establishments of their own.

If the zealots who so loudly raised the cry of "seditious practices," "popish interference with the liberty of American institutions," or "danger to the public schools," would reflect for a moment, it would become as clear to themselves as it already is to the rest of the world that it is their action and not that of the Catholic which is imperilling their chosen system. The attitude of the latter has been throughout thoroughly dignified and self-restrained. Secure in the justice of their position, they have refrained from useless discussion upon a subject which the best authorities among their adversaries have already sufficiently well stated for them. Professor Fisher, of Yale, probably the best historical reference in the country, has published a strong and fair statement of the doctrine of the church on the topic in question. Many of the better class of daily and weekly papers, accepting his definition as absolute, drew the only inference possible—that in such case the remonstrant was wholly right in making his complaint, and the committee equally so in coming to their conclusions. But the zealot never reflects. It would deprive him of too much ammunition in the shape of bombastic firebrands, without which his style of warfare is impossible.

It would be matter of great interest to know what the national answer would be to the questions raised in this local issue. The latter part of the nineteenth century, in a republic which as yet is only in the formative stage, which prides itself upon liberty of thought, speech, and action, and in the composition of which all nations and creeds find representation, would seem the last time and place in the world to look for fanaticism. Yet it is here, and in that portion which public opinion has united in considering its most enlightened centre, that the epidemic has broken loose. Such queries as the *Woman's Journal* has been circulating through its columns in apparent good faith: "Should Roman Catholics be elected on our School Board? Should Ro-

man Catholics be permitted to teach in our public schools?" would be insults if they were not so naïvely absurd. By what right can any such question be asked concerning the formation or guardianship of non-sectarian schools, if there is any sincerity in the promise that they are to be kept wholly free from religious distinctions? What has creed or belief to do with qualifications wholly intellectual and temperamental, verified by general competitive examinations, and subject to exact tests of fitness? And how can any Catholic place his child at a pupil's desk where the simple fact of his persuasion debars one of his co-religionists from filling the teacher's chair? Yet it is precisely such an issue as this which has caused the registration of over twenty-five thousand women in a single town, to vote upon the school question this month, and to subserve every higher interest of suitability to this wholly irrelevant point.

Whatever results from this most ill-timed and ill-tempered agitation must have an effect, direct or indirect, on the whole question of education in America. The school system as it is must be declared infallible, beyond the reach of mistake or error, and as such not to be tampered with in the way of change; or freedom—at least from abuse—must be assured every honest effort to assist in cleansing it from faults and insuring it from failure. If attempts to point out weakness are to be assailed by such malevolence as has characterized this late outburst, there can be no longer public instruction. It is already private, and hedged in by the narrowest and most offensive of all prejudices, that against conscience. If the security of the state can only be assured by bolstering up erroneous doctrine; if the integrity of a school system cannot bear the elimination of an error from its course of study; if the Protestant population insists on being left to the enjoyment of fallacies and falsehoods in relation to the motives and beliefs of its Catholic fellow-citizens, then but one course is left to pursue. The parochial school is no longer a question of feasibility but of necessity. Fortunately at the present time the choice need not be between ignorance and misrepresentation. There is plenty of trained labor and available material to make the new departure a success, if it should once be fully determined upon.* But let the people who are pushing matters to such an extremity reflect that theirs has been the harsh and bitter course of intolerance, theirs the opposition to

* The writer doubtless uses these words in reference to an instant and practical necessity; for the last Plenary Council has made it of obligation upon every Catholic parish to establish a parochial school as soon as possible, regardless of the character of the public schools of the neighborhood.—EDITOR.

simple justice, theirs the unmasking of the hollow pretence of unsectarian education. Coming where it does, the disturbance is of a piece with certain lines of conduct which have periodically stained the fair fame of the commonwealth from its first settlement to the present day. Mr. Brooks Adams in his *Emancipation of Massachusetts* has made a keen and accurate dissection of her earlier history, and given graphic expression to the thraldom of the yoke under which she struggled for two centuries. He has shown how, under the hierarchy of ministers who so long controlled the functions of her government, her proud boast of "Freedom to worship God!" was made empty by the banishment of Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, the hanging of Quakers, the persecution of Catholics, the execution of witches, and the flogging of heretics at the cart-tail. The title of his work proves that he believes the State to have emerged from this condition of despotism. We who love her would gladly coincide with him; but the outbreak of Know-Nothingism thirty-five years ago, and this newer outburst of rancorous feeling to-day, would go to prove that she is not yet out of the penumbra. The one hopeful point of prognosis is that the shadows are cast now by the lower rather than the higher orders in the world of intellect and refinement. And the shortening of shadow is proof that the sun is rising.

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

OUT OF THE CHURCH THERE IS NO SALVATION.

"When," says Cardinal Newman, "we consider the beauty, the majesty, the completeness, the resources, the consolations of the Catholic religion, it may strike us with wonder that it does not convert the multitude of those who come in its way." This, he goes on to say, is apt to be the surprise especially of converts to the church, "who know from sad experience how barren, unmeaning, and baseless are all other forms of religion, what poor attractions they have to offer, and how little they have to say for themselves." Yet, in spite of every effort made to bring home the truth of Catholic teaching to all hearts, many still remain unconvinced, and many, while entirely convinced of the truth, fail to embrace it. In spite of all reasons which militate in favor of the church, in spite of all the beauty and brightness with which her Divine Founder has adorned her and which

ought to win all hearts to her love and service, very many remain separated from her divine life and unity. Strive as we may, it seems we never shall have done with error. Destroy it in one form and it comes forth, phœnix-like, in another. Why this should be so we shall probably never understand fully until God may please to reveal to us why he permitted his enemy and ours to sow evil in that Garden of Delights which his own hand had made so fair, and which he had destined for the perpetual use of the creature stamped with his own divine image.

For the Catholic, therefore, to be a member of the church, to be one with her, to be counted among her faithful children, is not only in some sense the first of all obligations but the highest of all earthly privileges. To repose in her bosom is true certitude in the midst of doubt and hesitation; it is consolation in the midst of trouble, it is joy beyond measure. For others the church is a dark shadow in their path, a thief that comes in the stillness and darkness of the night to steal away some loved one from their very side, and then by a cruel tyranny to erect a barrier of eternal separation that withers every natural affection and scoffs at every tender emotion of the soul. For others, again, the church is like a song that is sung or a tale that is told; an obsolete institution, a stain on the face of society which modern progress is destined to wipe out for ever. There are others, and in this our day their name is legion, who seat themselves on the stool of unholy indifference and smile at the divisions among religious people and at the efforts of the church to produce unity of faith among all men. All religions, they say, are good in their way, but the easiest way, after all, is to get on without being attached to any special form of religion. Perhaps they quote a line of Pope's to show that, after all, a man's religion must be all right if his life is upright. However, the man whose life is upright before God and man, and whose creed is real and practical infidelity, is a something still left to the discovery of modern science.

A man, as a matter of form or propriety, may belong to this or that religious body, while at the same time he receives just as many or as few of the doctrines professed by the teachers and preachers of that body as he pleases.

"Religious controversy," says Frederick Robertson in his sermon on Obedience, "is fast settling into a conflict between two extreme parties: those who believe everything and those who believe nothing—the disciples of credulity and the disciples of scepticism. The first rely on authority.

Foremost among these, and the only consistent ones, are the adherents of the Church of Rome; and into this body by logical consistency ought to merge all—Dissenters, Churchmen, Bible Christians—who receive their opinions because their sect, their church, or their documents assert them, not because they are true eternally in themselves."

His estimate of authority in the Catholic Church is fundamentally incorrect. We believe what the church teaches, not merely because she teaches, but essentially because in our heart and reason we are convinced that she has been appointed by God to teach us the truth.

But, no matter whether Protestant or sceptic, all the men of our day outside the church can see in the dogma of Catholic unity, Out of the church there is no salvation, nothing more than a spirit of intolerance so gross as to amount to frightful barbarism. Now, in answer to this charge of intolerance I propose to do nothing more than explain this dogma on Catholic principles as laid down and taught in Catholic theology, and then leave it to the good judgment and conscience of the right-minded reader whether or no "exclusive salvation" be the frightful nightmare of barbarism our enemies would fain have themselves and others believe. It is said by many, and I think with evident truth, that the best defence of religion, and the best method of proving the claim of the Catholic Church as a teacher from God, is to give a calm, clear, faithful, and forcible exposition of her doctrines. The doctrines of the church are in general so little studied, so badly comprehended even by men otherwise learned, that when they come to look at them from a real Catholic standpoint they open their eyes in wide astonishment, as though they beheld a new revelation and an order of things entirely different from the shapeless mass of absurdities and contradictions they had imagined. If the church were what her enemies would fondly make her, then, I say, the sooner she were wiped off the face of the earth the better for the cause of liberty and humanity. I say it is often like a new revelation to Protestants and others when Catholic truth is presented to them in its calm and simple reality.

I remember the *great cry* of our professor of theology when I was in the seminary was: "Gentlemen, don't be afraid to know too much theology. The more you know the milder you will be, because you will see the bearing of the whole on each part, and how each part has to correspond with the whole." The principles of Catholic theology are not isolated, but each one has a bearing on every other and is modified by it. It was re-

marked of this professor that the older he grew and the more he studied the milder his teaching became. Faber very justly remarks that "the doctrines of the church are much safer in the hands of a mild than a rigid theologian." Before explaining directly this dogma, "Out of the church there is no salvation," we must understand well certain fundamental principles, which, once explained, are taken for granted throughout Catholic theology.

In the eyes of the church heresy or unbelief of whatever kind is regarded as the worst of sins. Now, then, what is sin? Sin is disobedience to the law of God. Sin may be either material or formal. In every formal or actual sin the intellect must have a knowledge of what we are doing, and the consciousness of the mind must be fixed upon the action with two objects before it, the law and the Lawgiver. A sin is formal when committed with a full knowledge of what we are doing and a full consent of the will. Hence we can understand how the malice of sin is increased in proportion to the light and knowledge of the sinner, and where there is no knowledge of the moral guilt of the action there can be no sin. A sin is material when committed without intention or without sufficient knowledge. However, those who have it in their power to know and still purposely remain in ignorance are morally responsible for the sins committed under the influence of such ignorance, and here comes in the distinction of vincible and invincible ignorance, of good and bad faith. Ignorance is termed vincible when it can be overcome by the ordinary helps of nature and grace. Thus a man is said to be in vincible ignorance who refuses to know his duty in order to shirk it. Such is the man who refuses to profess any religion lest a restraint should be placed on the indulgence of his passions; and this is the worst sort of ignorance, and is called "affected" ignorance, or ignorance loved. Again, a man is in vincible ignorance who, from sloth or other cause, fails to acquire the knowledge necessary for his station and position in life—as, for instance, a doctor, priest, etc.; and this ignorance is called supine. So, in order that ignorance be guilty in the sight of God, two conditions are necessary: a possibility of overcoming it and an obligation to overcome it. Hence we say a man who knows himself to be ignorant, and knows his obligation of dispelling that ignorance, is in bad faith. This obligation, of course, is relative: a layman, for example, is not bound to know theology like a priest. Ignorance is said to be invincible when it cannot be overcome by the ordinary helps of nature and grace, and a

man acting under such ignorance is said to be in good faith; and no matter what the actions resulting from such ignorance, they cannot be formal sins nor deserve eternal damnation. Now, all this is simply saying that for each man his own individual conscience is his highest law, and as long as his actions are in conformity to his conscience he cannot commit sin, even should the heavens fall. We also remark that vincible and invincible ignorance, when applied to morals, are relative terms, and that what would be vincible for one man may be invincible for another. I am not aware that any writer, Catholic or Protestant, has maintained that conscience could be violated without sin.

Now, if we keep these principles, about which there is no dispute among Catholic theologians, before our minds, I think we can easily understand the explanation of this Catholic dogma, "Out of the church there is no salvation."

I take for granted that the Catholic Church is the church of Christ, and I say, resting on the words of Jesus Christ himself, that being a member of this church is as necessary for salvation as is baptism. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned" (St. Mark xvi. 16). Belonging to the church is the very first essential for faith in Jesus Christ. "He that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me. And he that despiseth me despiseth Him that sent me" (St. Luke x. 16). Faith is, then, like baptism, one of the most essential conditions for salvation. But we know from Catholic teaching that there are various means of supplying for baptism when it cannot be actually received in its sacramental form. We know that the church honors as saints and martyrs the little children who were slain in the cause of Christ, and she calls martyrdom the baptism of blood. Again, she regards the desire of baptism as a sufficient substitute for baptism when the sacrament cannot be received. So we say of the church, as we say of baptism, no one can be saved who is not united to it either in reality or desire. Now, this desire, in order to be sufficient for salvation, need not be formal and explicit, springing from a positive knowledge of the true church; it is enough that it be a disposition of the heart which implies the sincere wish and desire of belonging to Christ's true church. The church has nowhere defined precisely and categorically the conditions of this desire necessary for salvation; it leaves this to the judgment of God. However, resting on excellent authority and not trusting my own judgment, I have no hesitation in saying that an implicit desire is sufficient—that is, a desire

contained in other actions—and such a desire can well exist in a man who has the will to obey the law of God, as far as he knows it, and who is willing to use such means as are reasonably within his power to arrive at the truth. If such a man be in error, his error is one of good faith and can never be a cause of his eternal damnation. Good faith will damn no one, neither will invincible ignorance. Here we can be positive, for we have the express authority of the church herself to support us. The church condemned, as an impious doctrine, this proposition of Baius: "*Infidelitas negativa est peccatum*"—Negative unbelief is a sin. The Council of Trent says: "*Deus impossibilia non jubet*"—God does not command what is impossible. Alexander VIII. (1690) condemned a proposition which stated: That in the state of nature invincible ignorance of the law of nature does not excuse from formal sin. Now, if invincible ignorance excuses from sin, even when there is question of the natural law, *à fortiori* must it excuse from sin in case of divine positive law, such as the law of receiving baptism, joining the church, etc.

"For whoever have sinned without the law," says St. Paul, "shall perish without the law. For when the gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature those things that are of the law, these, having not the law, are a law to themselves, . . . their conscience bearing witness to them, and their thoughts within themselves accusing them or else defending them" (Rom. ii. 12–15).

Who, then, come directly under the condemnation of this dogma, Out of the church there is no salvation? Those, and those only, who are in voluntary and culpable separation from the church, who obstinately resist the known truth when clearly and sufficiently presented to them. Separation from the church must be known and consented to by a culpable act of the heart and mind before it can be formal heresy and sufficient of itself to exclude from eternal life. Protestants will be forced to admit that such an act would condemn one in the sight of God. "A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, avoid; knowing that he that is such a one is subverted and sinneth, being condemned by his own judgment" (Titus iii. 10, 11). This Scripture condemnation clearly applies only to formal heretics. If the separation be not voluntary and culpable, then there is good faith and invincible ignorance, and these cannot be a cause of reprobation. The error is then a misfortune, but not a fault.

Culpable separation from the church is what every man's own

conscience condemns, and this is all that is meant by this dogma. Outside the church there is no salvation.

Such is the principle. Now, as to its application, I shall confine myself to three classes: infants who die without baptism, Protestants, and finally pagans; because I think that under these headings humanity as a whole may be included. About infants who die without baptism there are various opinions among Catholic theologians. I will give one perfectly reconcilable with the principles here laid down, and explicitly taught by many approved theologians, and which we can hold and be perfectly good Catholics. I know that Bossuet and four other bishops denounced the opinion to Innocent XI. at Rome, but I know that Rome never condemned it, as anybody can see by looking at the twenty-sixth proposition of the bull *Auctorem fidei*. The opinion was held by Catharinus, a Dominican, who was present at the Council of Trent, and Cardinal Sfondrate defended it in a work he published at Rome in 1696, and I think it is an opinion almost generally held in our day. It is evidently the opinion of Cardinal Manning, as anybody can see by reading his book on *Sin and Its Consequences*. Here is the opinion itself: Infants who die in original sin shall enjoy a natural beatitude founded on the natural knowledge and love of God. The condition of infants, then, who die without baptism, is one of happiness and contentment, though not of *supernatural* beatitude. They are not in a supernatural state, and consequently are not in a condition to enjoy supernatural happiness. Probably, as Cardinal Manning says, they would not enjoy supernatural happiness any more than a poor man would enjoy the court of a king. The poor man with his plain clothes and plainer manners would much prefer to be let go back to smoke his pipe in peace among his plain but honest friends by his own humble fireside, rather than be forced to sit down to a champagne supper among the lords and ladies of the royal court. So those poor infants who die without baptism have not on the wedding-garment, and are not prepared to enter the guest-chamber where the marriage of the king's son is being celebrated.

What of Protestants? If they are in good faith and invincible ignorance as to the true church—that is, if they sincerely believe they are in the true church of Christ and keep out of mortal sin—or if, having committed mortal sin, they obtain pardon for it by true contrition and a sincere repentance, then I say they are in the way of salvation, and we can recommend all such to God as dear brethren in Jesus Christ. But can Protestants be

in good faith? I will answer this question by quoting two very high authorities, both well known in this country and in Europe. The first is Cardinal Manning, speaking of that church to which he himself once belonged. He ought, therefore, to be a high and interesting authority on the question.

"It is to me a consolation and joy—I say it again and again, and more strongly as I grow older, . . . it is my consolation to believe that multitudes of such persons [he speaks of Anglicans] are in good faith, and that God in his mercy will make allowance for them, knowing what are the prejudices of childhood, of an education studiously erroneous; what is the power of parents and teachers, of public authority, of public opinion, and of public law; how all these things create in their minds a conviction that they are in the right and that they believe the one faith and are in the one church in which alone is salvation. We rejoice to commend them to the love of our Heavenly Father, believing that though they may be materially in error and in many things in opposition to his truth and to his will, yet they do not know and, morally speaking, cannot know it, and that therefore he will not require it at their hands" (*Nature of Sin*).

The other authority bears with it a name enshrined in the hearts of the American people, Catholic and Protestant—the name of Cardinal de Cheverus, formerly Bishop of Boston. His testimony is from personal knowledge of Protestants converted by himself to the Catholic faith. "Many Protestants," he says, "can be in good faith and invincible ignorance which excuses before God." Hence, he concludes, we ought to be very indulgent toward those who are deceived, and very slow to condemn them of culpable error (*Life*, 2d edition, p. 140, in French). Of course what is said of Protestants will apply with equal or greater force to the members of the Russian Church and of all the other schismatical churches of the East.

Let us finally take an extreme case, and one that will certainly include every other. A man is born in the wild woods and brought up among savage beasts, ignorant of the primary truths of the faith, never baptized. What of him according to the Catholic doctrine of exclusive salvation? I answer with St. Thomas of Aquin, prince of theologians, and with every Catholic theologian that has ever written on the subject, *certissime tenendum est*—it must be held as certain that if such a one obeys the true dictates of his natural reason and follows his conscience, such as it is, God will by means known to himself reveal to such a soul, precious in his sight, all that is necessary to form at least an implicit desire of baptism and of belonging to the true church, so that he can, if he will, secure his eternal salvation. St.

Thomas clearly enough teaches that if a child or a savage, who is practically a child, makes an act of the will toward what is good and right (*bonum honestum in confuso*), that child or savage is justified, because, doing all that lies in his power, his act, imperfect in itself, is elevated to divine charity by grace. All, therefore, that is required of the savage or the child is that he should turn to what is good and right (*eo modo quo potuerit*), which leaves room for salvation to the multitude of uncultured savages the world over, who are capable of nothing more than this (*Summa*, 1a, 2æ, art. 89, qu. 6). Now, I ask, where is the barbarism and intolerance of this much-abused dogma?

From the explanation given the reader will easily understand why the church never pronounces concerning the reprobation of any one in particular, and how careful we ought to be, and how we must take all circumstances of time and place, of prejudice and education, of law and influence, into consideration, if we would avoid the sin of rash judgment in deciding upon the good or bad faith of any one outside the church. We know that God is justice itself, but above all his prerogatives in his dealings with man stands his mercy: *superexaltat misericordia judicium*—mercy outranks judgment. We cannot sound the depths of divine wisdom, but we know that every act of God and every permission of his is infinitely worthy of divine love and goodness; and if we fear for those who are not within the pale of the one true church, we can also hope that, if they keep a pure conscience and guard the faith such as they know it, they may one day come to sit down in their Father's house with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, with Peter and James and John, and all the saints, where there shall never be aught more of heresy or separation of brethren all stamped with the image of the same God, and redeemed with the same blood of his only-begotten Son, Christ Jesus our Lord.

Davenport, Iowa. JAMES P. RYAN.

I AM THE WAY.

"Thou hast laid thy body as the ground, and as a way to them that passed over."—ISAIAS li. 23.

"WHAT haste, good pilgrim? Whither art thou bound?"
"Jerusalem, good sir, is where I long to stay."
"Methinks thy way is o'er rough, thorny ground
To seek so blest an end. Art not astray?"

"If there be thorns I know not. To my feet
This One True Way is from all hindrance free.
All ways to him who loves are sweet.
Farewell! But hist! Wilt thou not walk with me?"

I AM THE TRUTH.

"The watchmen who keep the city found me:—Have you seen Him whom my soul loveth?"—CANT. iii. 3.

Time was I set me out lost Truth to find.
Heart-sick; foot-sore; aweary grew my mind:
When haply—oh, to pride what bitter cost!—
Truth found me wandering. I, not Truth, was lost.

I AM THE LIFE.

"He shall drink of the torrent by the way; therefore shall he lift up the head."—Ps. cix. 7.
"The water that I will give him shall become in him a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting."—ST. JOHN iv. 14.

The Disciple.

For life I am athirst: yet drink to die.
Of living water, Lord, thy servant give.

The Master.

If thou wouldst gain true immortality,
Stoop low and drink with Me of death; and live!

ALFRED YOUNG.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XV.

AT WORK.

THE sun was scarcely up on the cold January morning when I went for the first time to work at Guggins' warehouse. As I ran all the way to keep my blood in circulation, there was a full half-hour left for me to admire the beauties of the Delaware before the porter came to open the warehouse doors. Even when the doors had been thrown open I had the place to myself, and, not knowing what else to do, I sat down to warm myself by a stove in which the porter had kindled a fire. About twenty minutes past seven the clerks, in batches, began to drop in. No notice was taken of me till a youth whom the others called Gormick attracted attention to me by shouting to a watery-eyed boy rolling himself a cigarette, "Is that the sweep, Flat?"

"I'm everlastingly jiggered if I know," called back Flat.

"I say, Sealskin"—because of my cap—"are you sweep, or what?" questioned Gormick.

"I don't know what I am," I answered. "Is Hawkins here? He knows."

I had risen from my seat to answer Gormick, wishing with all my heart that I was at my work, whatever it was to be.

"Well, you'd better get to work and help sweep out; you'll find a sprinkler somewhere back," advised Gormick. "We don't want no idlers about," he added, and, by way of setting me a good example, pulled out a cigar, lit it, and took the chair I had vacated.

I had no idea of the use of a sprinkler other than the one use I had seen gardeners make of them, not dreaming they are used to water *floors;* so I stared helplessly at Gormick enjoying his cigar.

"What are you staring at, stupid?" asked Gormick; "why don't you go to work?"

The clerks, who, drawn by curiosity, stood making a half-circle about me, burst into a loud laugh.

My temper had begun to rise. I did not know that these young men had no special grudge against me; that each one of them had gone through, in a greater or less degree according

to the state of ignorance in which he had entered Guggins' employment, what I was now called on to endure.

"How am I to know what to do? Why don't you show me?" I asked, not unreasonably.

"If you give me any sauce I'll pitch you into the river," blustered Gormick.

Again there was a laugh, suppressed to hear my reply. "I don't believe you will," I said, having little confidence in my ability to resist him should he attempt to handle me roughly.

There was not a sound, every one intent on hearing Gormick's answer. Very red in the face he said: "Wait till I finish this cigar; I'll teach you!"

They all appeared disgusted save the weak-eyed Flat. One good-natured-looking fellow sneered: "You'll be a long time getting through that cigar, Gormick; better not let the bosses catch you." Taking me by the arm, he said kindly, "Come along, Sealskin; I'll show you what to do. By the bye, did old hen-pecked say you were to sweep?"

Instead of answering his question, I asked who "old hen-pecked" might be, and was told, to my surprise, that Guggins was so called. "Did he say you were to sweep?" he repeated.

"He said I was to help Hawkins," I said.

"Then you'd better wait till Hawkins comes. I wish you were in our department; we're a better crowd than Hawkins' lot. What's your name, Sealskin? Mine's Ned Link."

I was about to tell my name when I heard it shouted by some one, and looking up saw Hawkins beckoning to me.

"All right now," said Ned Link. "I say," he called after me, "meet me in front at noon, and I'll show you where to get a daisy lunch."

Briskly nodding my head in assent, I hurried after Hawkins. My work was in the retail department, where besides myself were Hawkins, Gormick, Flat, and two other youths; all young, and, though I was the youngest, I looked the oldest. In spite of the novelty of the situation, and of my being kept busy all morning dusting baskets and wooden-ware, time crawled, and when twelve o'clock came I was glad to be told that I might go to dinner.

As he had said, Ned Link was waiting for me, and we went to a place called Stofford's, where we got as much meat and vegetables as we could eat for fifteen cents apiece. Then, having still a half-hour of our own, we took a walk on the river-front, Ned Link telling me a great deal about himself in our

walk. He was the only son of a widow, who was a mancipist, he told me, and when I asked what a mancipist was he exclaimed at my ignorance:

"Don't you know what a mancipist is? Why, that's one who makes hands beautiful—'tends to finger-nails. Mother paints, too," he added.

I remarked that I would hardly have thought hand-beautifying to be a very lucrative business.

"It an't, neither," said Ned; "there's not enough of it; but mother makes it up, and she does right well."

I supposed she "made it up' by her painting, and asked if any of her pictures were in the galleries.

"What are you giving me, Scott?" he said.

Assuring him that I was serious, he remarked that I *was* fresh, and explained: "She paints women's faces, and men's, too, for that matter. Two dollars for cheeks and nose, and when it's a whole face with eyebrows and lashes it's five, sometimes ten. That's not bad."

He interested me very much in his account of a mancipist, and when he asked me to take tea at his house on the following Sunday I willingly promised to do so.

The afternoon was passed in much the same way as the morning, and as was spent the remainder of the week. On Saturday afternoon at six o'clock, closing hour, Ned Link came running into our department to tell me that I was wanted by the boss in his office.

My employer was seated in a pivot-chair, nervously fingering his scanty whiskers. "Oh! is that you, Scott?" he said as I entered. "Take a chair."

I seated myself and waited his orders. He seemed to have none to give me, so I told him that I had delivered his message and gift to Miss Bland.

"Was she pleased, do you think, Scott?" he asked in a husky whisper.

When I had truthfully told him what Miss Bland had said he asked thoughtfully: "Do you think she'd like another basket, Scott? I might send her another."

I suggested mildly that Miss Bland might have enough of baskets. He immediately retorted: "Of course! of course! I had no idea of sending another; it was just a thought I had."

After a long pause he asked me how I liked my work. My answer was not a candid one. I said that I liked it well, whereas I was miserable at being debarred from what had become a second nature to me—books.

"I sent for you to pay you your week's salary," he said. "You are always to come to me for it; the payer has nothing to do with you."

There could not be much coming to me, I had been working but three days, was my suggestion.

"We'll call it a week," he said, and counted out four dollars.

It would be wrong for me to take it, I said; it had not been earned. With an authority one would not have given him credit for, he said he was the judge of that, and pushed the money across the desk to me.

I saw nothing else to do but to take the money and wish him good-evening, both of which things I did in a shamefaced sort of way.

Ned Link was waiting to remind me of my promise to take tea with him on the morrow, and to walk home with me as far as our ways lay together. On the road he treated me to several anecdotes of his mother, exhibiting a deal of honest pride in her that was pleasant to witness.

Mrs. Glass became quite jealous when I told her of my intention of taking tea with Mrs. Link. "I s'pose you'll be gettin' 'bove my ways, an' 'll want a higher sort uv boardin' place," she said.

It astonished me that Mrs. Glass should get excited over such an ordinary occurrence as taking tea with a friend. Later in the evening she asked pardon for what she call her contrariness. "The fac' es, Walter Scott," she said, "I can't b'ar you to be away the on'y day you *can* stay to home." Then I think that I was more pleased than otherwise.

CHAPTER XVI.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

There are miles of small houses in Philiopolis like the small house Mrs. Link, the mancipist, dwelt in—the same number of bricks, the same number of rooms, the same uniformity, that is about as melancholy a thing in the way of architecture as was ever conceived in the mind of man. Take a smooth strip of wood, measure it off into squares, paint little windows and doors on it—the same number of windows in each square, one door to each—and you have an exact fac-simile of Philiopolis. But we can forgive its dreary sameness, for it is a "city of homes."

To Mrs. Link's credit be it said, she had made its interior unlike anything in Philiopolis, or any other city in the world, for

aught I know. The little passage-way into which a little maid admitted me when I had jangled a little bell was painted a glowing gamboge bower of sunflowers, done by Mrs. Link herself, as was afterwards told me. The little parlor was hung with arras of blue calico, heavily powdered with Japanese figures in decalcomanie. The chairs were no two alike, all with spindle legs. A great yellow pot, large enough for a small orange-tree, stood in the centre of the room, and in it grew a sickly calla—a room decidedly not an exemplification of the ape theory, inasmuch as it was not imitative in its decorations.

The lady who met me in the parlor needed no introduction to tell me that she was Ned's mother. She had the same good-natured face and cheery smile that he had.

"I'm Ned's mother," she said; "he'll be here presently. You're Mr. Scott, I presume?" I made a bow of assent, and Mrs. Link chattered on: "You must make yourself at home; you're Ned's Damon—you must be, he talks so much about you—my friends say we are very much alike—all my customers say, 'Make me youthful like yourself, Mrs. Link,' which is very complimentary, but how is one to do it and nothing to build on?—Isn't Ned a splendid fellow? He's not a bit like his poor father, and what a blessing! His father"—Mrs. Link rounded her fist, put it to her lips, and reeled in her chair—"It's dreadful!" As it seemed to be expected of me, I expressed my horror in dumb show. "But you mustn't say anything to Ned—there he comes!" and Ned walked into the room and grasped me warmly by the hand. Lovingly putting an arm about Mrs. Link's neck, he said: "So you have met mother at last! Do you know, mother, he's been just wild, as the girls say, to see you?"

Taking my extreme youthfulness into consideration, Mrs. Link showed herself unnecessarily confused. Taking out a handkerchief to hide purely imaginary blushes, she murmured something about being very much flattered, and that she did not know how it was, but people were *so* complimentary.

"All the men fall in love with you, mother," declared Ned, with an artless innocence for which I love him now.

In the course of our conversation, something being said about books, Mrs. Link suggested to Ned that perhaps I would like to see their library and picture-gallery. Wondering very much, I said that I would—rather eagerly, for it was now long since I had seen a library.

Ned and his mother led the way to a small room opening out of a larger one that smelled very much like an apothecary-shop.

"My studio," explained Mrs. Link, waving her handkerchief in the direction of the much-smelling room, that was possessed of a pier-glass and a great number of bottles on shelves.

"We have no bound books," said Mrs. Link, calling my attention to the contents of the smaller room, "but we have the choicest works, such as may be procured in the cheap libraries."

The choice works were a collection of novels published in "Seaside" and like editions. Great stacks of them. They were so frankly proud of their collection, there was so much genuine simplicity in their pride, that, void of tact as I am, I entered fairly into their spirit.

"Have you read them all?" I asked, really in awe of persons who could have gone through so much fiction.

"Yes, indeed," emphasized Ned. "Haven't we, mother?"

"I am sure Mr. Scott will excuse a mother who may be partial if she says she thinks it doubtful if many young men have imbibed so freely at the fount of knowledge as Edward Link."

This speech convinced me that the mother was as fond of a novel as ever the son could be.

"And now for the picture-gallery," said Mrs. Link airily.

Covering one wall of the room hung a curtain of some red material. Mrs. Link pulled a cord and the curtain drew back, disclosing cheap chromos, photographs, and engravings, all in straw frames. I was beginning to express my admiration when a picture I saw tied my tongue.

Flanked on one side by an impossible river, on the other by a truly imaginary landscape, hung a photograph of Nurse Barnes.

These two innocent persons took my confusion for speechless admiration.

"I knew he'd be pleased," said Ned triumphantly.

"I perceived immediately that Mr. Scott has an artist's eye," put in Mrs. Link blandly.

Heedless of their remarks, I asked, pointing to the picture of Nurse Barnes: "Do you know that person?"

"Just as every one else is," said Mrs. Link complacently; "taken up with that photograph. Of course I know that lady, Mr. Scott. She's my aunt, a most respectable old lady in a most respectable situation. She's housekeeper for Mr. Ringwood, a very eccentric person with something the matter with his eyes."

I knew that Nurse Barnes had kinsfolk in the city whom she sometimes visited. What if she were on one of her periodical

visits now? Scarcely had the thought come to me when, as if conjured up, Nurse Barnes entered the room.

Late in the afternoon, the dusk was gathering in the room. Whilst nurse was accustoming her eyes to the gloom she said: "I've had a good nap, Jenny, an', hearing you all talking, I come in—the Lord be good to me, Master Paul!" And dear nurse clutched the back of a chair for support.

Forgetting where I was, I threw my arms, as I had done a thousand times before, about nurse's neck, and kissing her on either cheek cried: "Dear nurse! I'm so glad, so glad to see you!"

And I was glad. Not till that moment did I know how much I missed them all at home.

Ned and his mother stood by expressing their astonishment in signs. It was only when I caught sight of Ned's puzzled face that I took in entirely the false position into which I had put myself.

"Do you know Mr. Scott, aunt?" faltered Mrs. Link.

"No, I don't know no Mr. Scott," said nurse, emphasizing my assumed name with contempt. "But I does know my dear boy who I gave suck to when his poor mother was too broke down."

Ned shook his head and significantly tapped his forehead with his forefinger. At this nurse, in a passion, flew at Ned and shook him, exclaiming: "I don't know what my folks left old England for me to bring up a niece as would have a son as would say his old aunt was a ninny—" Here nurse relapsed into tears, calling on me to tell her why I had gone away from home.

Very awkward were the necessary explanations that followed. No less awkward were Mrs. Link's suggestions when the truth about myself had been told. "You should let Mr. Guggins know all about it, Mr. Scott—that is, Ringwood; he is a very prominent business man; he might induce your father to shorten your exile," she said.

It was with difficulty that I persuaded Ned to say nothing at the store of what he had heard that day. Why, he even wanted to go and give my father "a talking to," as he expressed it.

Mrs. Link's heart was as warm as her head was light. Showing much delicacy of feeling, she excused herself for leaving me alone with nurse; she must see about the tea-table, she said, adding: "You come too, Ned; I need you." Presently was heard the clattering of chinaware, and I am afraid that on the strength

of my being Paul Ringwood much was done for the tea-table that would not have been done for Walter Scott.

It was not possible to get from nurse a connected relation of what had taken place at home after I had left. She knew that I had been sent away and could but conjecture why. A priest had called to see my father, and had been refused admittance to him—Father Weldon, I supposed rightly, as was afterwards told me. My name was never mentioned, not even by Bert, who was now at home.

"And is it because you are a Cath'lic, Master Paul?" moaned nurse when she had finished her narration. "Why don't you come back to what was good enough for your saincly mother?"

It would have been wasted time to argue the matter with nurse. I contented myself with saying that my belief was most precious to me, the belief of my forefathers, and would have been my mother's had she known of it.

"As is my bounden duty, with all respec' I say it," said nurse, "your father is the queerest man! Who'd believe, he never setting foot inside a Protestant church, that he'd be so hard-hearted!" adding illogically: "I wish to gracious goodness, Master Paul, I had hold of that priest who's been fooling you. I'd give him a piece of my mind for bringing a poor innocent into such a peck o' trouble."

I told nurse that no priest had tampered with me; I reminded her that it was not the priest who had driven me from home; but all was useless. She was a prey to a fixed idea that the Jesuits had trapped me. It was quite dark when Ned, bearing a lighted candle, came to call us to tea. A very nice tea; only nurse abashed me by insisting that I should be served first, and by her exaggerated accounts of my father's table. Mrs. Link, too, seemed annoyed, and I am sure was much better pleased with Walter Scott than, under the circumstances, she ever could be with Paul Ringwood. With the good intention of hushing Nurse Barnes' apologies for Mrs. Link's table, I related how most of my dinners consisted of muddy coffee, dank bread, and a mysterious compound called meat-balls. Nurse dismayed us all by bursting into tears, and calling on my absent father to behold the plight his son was in; drying her tears to abuse the Pope and the Jesuits.

Every one was very glad, I think, when the time came for me to go back to my lodging, nurse was so unruly in my presence.

Dear nurse! We were all in the sunflower passage-way when she drew me aside into the blue parlor. Pressing a little

roll of money into my hand, she said: "Keep it, dear, for I can't bear to think of you starving and me in pompishness." Wherever she got it, the word evidently pleased her, for she repeated, "Me in the greatest of pompishness." Though the money was refused, I pacified her by promising to let her help me should I be in need.

"I'm going back home to-morrow," she whispered, "and I'll tell Master Bert where you are"—I had given her my address at Mrs. Glass'. "I don't doubt he'll come to see you."

When I had bidden nurse good-by Mrs. Link said she hoped I would come again, and Ned said he would see that I did. He did, too, and many a holiday I spent at his house, mother and son most kind to me.

It was a sleepless night for me, spent in thinking of home, of my meeting with Bert on the coming day, feeling as sure as was nurse that he would come to see me. On the following evening, when I returned from work, I found Mrs. Glass on the door-step waiting for me, her bonnet-strings blown every which way by the cold wind.

"You're late this evening, Walter Scott," was her greeting.

"Not later than usual," I said.

"Then it's jus' because I an't no patience Come in!" And taking me by the arm, she hurried me along to my bed-room.

"Them there came 'bout four o'clock, an' this here letter with 'em," she exclaimed, pointing out two trunks on the floor, and handing me a sealed envelope.

The handwriting on the envelope I knew to be Bert's, and the trunks I recognized as two of my father's.

"Read your letter," said Mrs. Glass excitedly; "an' I, fur one, hopes it's good noos."

It was undated, and began abruptly, thus: "Father says he appreciates your going under an assumed name in your disgraceful course. Your things would have been sent you long ago if we had known where to send them. Father says you are not to write to him, and mind you don't write to me.—ELBERT RINGWOOD."

I must have had an odd look in my face, for Mrs. Glass exclaimed, squeezing my hand in both of hers: "What's the matter, you pore critter? Come where it's warm." I let her lead me to the kitchen, and seated myself in the chair she set before the fire.

I think God sent her to me. I told her all, and, simple as her words of comfort were, they did me good. After supper we

went to overhaul the trunks. In them was every article that had ever been given me, every article that I had the most shadowy claim to, even to a miniature of my mother.

From that night I put aside all hope of a reconciliation with my father.

CHAPTER XVII.

PROMOTION.

I had been brought up in such blind obedience to my father's behests that I doubt much, had his refusal to allow it been unconditional, if I would have become a Catholic at the time I did. It was in accordance with this blind obedience that I left home unquestioningly at his command. To this day I am not sure that I could not have obliged him to support me till I was in a position to support myself. Certainly it never entered my head to attempt any such thing. I could make a living, and, though it was only with an effort that I suited myself to my work, I am far from complaining. Having been a witness of much unmerited, downright misery, my lot seems to me to have been an exceptionally happy one. I wanted books and time to use them—great and sorrowful wants to a book-lover. But houselessness and famine are terrible wants.

It was during the time that I was employed at the warehouse of Guggins that I acquired the habit of doing with but little sleep. I accustomed myself to an average of five hours sleep out of the twenty-four. I have been reproached for this habit. How many foretellings of a premature death, to be preceded by much bodily suffering, have I listened to! Perhaps mine is an extraordinarily hardy constitution, for I have never known a day's sickness. This good habit, for me, of doing with but little sleep, gave me time that, obviously, I could not otherwise have had for study and reading. My routine was to spend a half-hour after supper in talk with Mrs. Glass, then to my books till twelve or one; rise at half-past five, hear Mass at St. Augustine's round the corner, take my breakfast, and be at the store in time, that is, about seven o'clock.

What bore heavily on me for some time was the petty persecution I underwent from Gormick. Having found out that his obscenity was the greatest annoyance he could inflict on me, Gormick took particular pains to indulge his passion for bawdy talk when I was by, not able, because of my work, to go away. More than once I had had hot words with him on this score, but

hot words only provoked him the more. At last something happened that put an end to Gormick's exhibition of lewdness.

One morning Gormick made a remark to me that I told him to repeat at his peril. He then applied an epithet to me which Sir Pandarus of Troy has enriched with a synonym. I doubled my fist, and a moment after Gormick lay on the broad of his back among the baskets, his nose spouting blood. I do not know which astonished me most, my being so muscular or Gormick's getting up without a word and walking off quietly to the wash-room. Thanks be to our Mother of Purity, Gormick behaved very decently after that day.

One afternoon, shortly after this occurrence, a very pleasant surprise came for me. All that day Ned Link had avoided me in so marked a manner as to make me quite miserable, thinking that I had in some way given him offence. About four o'clock Guggins sent a message that he wanted me in his office. Connecting this unusual event with Ned's strange behavior, I felt not a little uneasy as I knocked on the office-door for admission. When I entered I found my employer, as I found him every Saturday, seated at his desk in a mooning attitude.

"Well, Scott," he said, "you're doing tolerable, I suppose."

I answered that I hoped so.

"Of course you are," he said dreamily; "a friend of Martha Bland couldn't help doing well. You know March?"

Yes, I knew March, a clerk in Ned Link's department.

"He's going away," said Guggins; "I guess you'd better take his place. You'll get seven and a half a week."

But ought not Ned Link to have the place? I asked; he had been in the house longer than I.

Peering at me, Guggins questioned: "What sort of kin did you say you are to Martha Bland?"

As I had told him before, I said that I was no kin to her.

"Then it must come from acquaintance with her," he mused aloud; "few folks thinks of others first in this world. You needn't worry, Scott; Link's all right. He gets eight a week; he don't want March's place."

Then there was nothing left for me to do but to thank my employer, which I did very sincerely, for it was no little thing for me to have my wages almost doubled.

"You had better go home now, Scott," said Guggins, when I had finished my speech of thanks, to which he paid no heed, "and if you see Miss Bland, tell her. She might think I was forgetting you."

To avoid the questioning of my fellow-clerks, though I would have liked to tell Ned Link, I went out the back way, almost running on the road home. What was my surprise when, hurrying up the steps of Mrs. Glass' house, the door was suddenly opened by Ned Link, his face one broad smile. "Saw you coming," he said.

"You here, Ned!" I exclaimed.

"I don't believe I'm a ghost, any way," Ned retorted. "Why don't you come in?"

For I still stood on the door-step, staring dazedly at him.

"Then you know?" I questioned slowly. "That's why you kept away from me all day?"

"To be sure it is; 'fraid I'd let the cat out of the bag. But come in! come in!" said Ned impatiently.

Following him to the kitchen, again I came to a stand-still. Not only were Mrs. Glass and Miss Bland there, but Mrs. Link and dear Nurse Barnes.

When nurse had embraced me, and every one had congratulated me, it all came out. It was Ned who had induced Guggins to promote me. How I shook his hand when I heard this, and how he patted me on the back, saying all the time, "It's nothing; don't you mind." Mrs. Link, knowing of it, had sent off for Nurse Barnes; and Ned and Guggins had arranged about my getting off early that afternoon. And now that everything that was mysterious to me had been made plain, I delivered Guggins' message to Miss Bland. Straightway she made a beautiful speech about the constancy of stars, and recited some lines of poetry which were very gloomy. Miss Bland said that these verses were the opening stanza of "Camnor Hall." No one understanding their purport, they failed to impress their gloominess on our little party, and when Mrs. Link had said that Miss Bland had a poet's soul we went immediately to eating ham sandwiches and drinking tea, very fast, for we were to go to the theatre, and I had to change my store clothes. We wished to be in time to get good seats, for the play was "Haunted Houses," and, as every one knows who knows anything about Philiopolis, that play drew crowded houses.

Nurse Barnes came near making an unpleasant scene at the tea-table. After staring at me for a while she startled us by crying out: "Goodness gracious! he's fat."

Two red spots burned on Mrs. Glass' face, as, bridling, she said: "Did you think I wus starv'n 'im, Miss Barnes?"

Nurse made profuse apologies, and said she had expected to

find me "wearing." Whatever that may be, it satisfied Mrs. Glass. When her wrath had subsided she said she "reckoned I was doin' well."

On the way to the theatre—the old Walnut Street—nurse told me that Bert was still with father, who was very unwell. "I do think it's lumbager, though the doctor he says as it's gout," said nurse.

"And nothing is said of me?" I asked.

"Not a mossel of a word," sighed nurse, repeating emphatically: "It can't go on so—it can't; I know it can't!" seeming to derive much satisfaction from these asseverations.

A bright starlight night, a sort of beatified slush in the streets—made so by the gleam of the gas-lamps—the air full of melody from the balcony concert at Fox's Casino, a crush of people before the theatre-doors. Ned, strictly enjoined to get front seats in the dress-circle, had gone on before. Now he was to be seen above the crowd, beckoning us to come on, which we succeeded in doing after a deal of good-humored pushing.

Once on the stairs leading to the "circle," we were all right. There we paused for a few moments to breathe and to let the ladies settle their gowns and straighten their bonnets.

Ned must have been an old theatre-goer, for he had gotten us seats on the left, not too near the stage. The last time I had been in a theatre was the night father and I had heard "Faust," and thinking of it made me melancholy. Fortunately, I was seated between Mrs. Glass and Nurse Barnes. These good women had never been in a playhouse before, they informed me. Their constant interchange of admiration-notes across me drove away my sad memories. From the bed-curtain drop to the frescoed ceiling everything was matter for them to wonder at. And when Simon Hassler's bald head appeared above the orchestra, and "Zampa's" overture began—I believe "Zampa" is out of date now; it is a good overture, however—Nurse Barnes summed up her feelings in an exclamation: "It's elegant!" and Mrs. Glass replied: "It jes' es, Miss Barnes, a heap sight better'n camp-meetin'."

Whilst the curtain was up these good souls preserved a decorous silence, never taking their eyes off the stage, laughing with the actors, crying with them. I have not the faintest remembrance what "Haunted Houses" is about, but I am sure if either Nurse Barnes or Mrs. Glass were here they could tell me. They had the strongest conviction that it was the finest play ever acted, that never were there better actors than Mr. and

Mrs. Charles Walcot. I myself acknowledge a strong liking for these two delightful people. When nurse said, decidedly, that "Haunted Houses" was the best thing Shakspere ever did, and I gainsaid his having written it, Mrs. Glass put in to say, "Well, ef he didn't write et, he had oughter"; they burst into a jolly laugh, sure that I had been logically silenced.

"Well, well, times es changed," said Mrs. Glass, as we sat in an eating-house over our fried oysters.

"How so, Mrs. Glass?" asked Mrs. Link, stirring her coffee.

"I never thort preachers went to sich places es play-houses; they didn't when I was a gel," answered Mrs. Glass.

Miss Bland looked surprised. "Aren't you mistaken, Mrs. Glass?" she asked.

"No, I an't," said Mrs. Glass indignantly. "Where was yeh eyes, Miss Blan', an' them a-floppin about in white neckerchers a-givin' th' big bugs th' bes' pews, jes fur all th' worl' like et wuz en chu'ch?"

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Link. "They are not ministers; they are the ushers."

"I guess I knows a preacher when I sees 'im," said Mrs. Glass sulkily.

Fortunately for the peace of our little company, the waiter at this juncture came in with the custards that had been ordered as an after-thought. In their distribution ministers and ushers were forgotten.

Nurse Barnes stayed the night with Mrs. Glass, in order to see as much as possible of me next day. She was up betimes next morning, and nothing would satisfy her but going down to the store with me to see what kind of a place it was. Its size proved in some way to be a comfort to her, and I verily believe that she thought all the cares of the establishment rested on my shoulders; for she piously remarked that she hoped I looked above for strength to support such a responsibility. I think, so often did she feel for her purse on our way down the street, that it had been her intention to offer me money as she had done before, but the sight of Guggins' warehouse put the idea out of her head.

Nurse wanted me to write to her, but I refused, feeling sure that my father would not like me to. Several of the salesmen saw me bid her good-by, and the more curious ones asked me if the old lady they had seen with me were my mother. I answered simply that my mother was dead.

My new position was an improvement on the retail depart-

ment. My companions were of a better sort than Gormick and Flat, and, if not always congenial spirits, it was not their fault. Never have I come across a more whole-hearted set of young men than were the clerks in Guggins' shipping rooms.

The months went slowly by, every day my old home-life becoming for me more completely a thing of the past. One day during this time, the warehouse was shut up, crape tied on its doors. Mrs. Guggins was dead. I could not help speculating on a hope I had now, that, after a decent time of mourning had elapsed, Guggins would reward Miss Bland's constancy by marrying her. When Miss Bland heard of the death of Mrs. Guggins she said she supposed that it would be proper for her to put on mourning; and the next time I saw her she wore an old black frock, and a black tape about her neck. When I proposed carrying her condolences to Mr. Guggins she exclaimed: "Not for the world! He would not believe in their sincerity. Heaven forgive me for saying so, Mr. Scott," she continued in a half-whisper, "but I don't believe he needs *condolences*; she led him an awful life."

After that I did not hear Miss Bland speak of "Charles" for a long time.

One sultry noonday in July I was standing in a doorway to get the benefit of whatever air might be stirring, gazing longingly at the green country in the hazy distance across the river, wishing for the cool seat in the porch at home. There was little traffic on the river street; the draymen were all at dinner. The clattering of a vehicle over the cobblestones, where horses were generally walked, caused me to turn my head. It needed no second look for me to recognize the approaching carriage as my father's. I stood stock-still, staring at the horses drawing it as if they were veritable nightmares, not moving till it was pulled up before the warehouse. The carriage-door was impatiently flung open, and Bert walked up to me, putting out his hand stiffly.

I told him how glad I was to see him, and wished very much that Guggins' warehouse was not destitute of a reception-room.

"Paul," said Bert gravely, "father is very ill; he cannot speak, but he has made signs that he wants you. Will you go back with me?"

My answer was to rush out to the carriage, coatless and hatless as I was.

Bert caught me by the arm. "Don't make an ass of yourself," he said. "Get your hat and coat, then tell the man you work for that you may be gone a day or so."

Bert always had a cool head for the proprieties. I ran off to do as he bade me, making a hasty toilet with the assistance of a basin of muddy water. This done, I went to Guggins' office to ask a leave of absence to go to my father, who, perhaps, was dying.

Notwithstanding my preoccupation, I could not help noticing how much less of a badgered appearance Guggins now had.

"All right," he said, after thinking a moment. "What's his disease?"

I told him that I thought it was paralysis.

"Then don't you hurry," he said consolingly. "Folks sometimes hang on for several days with that before getting out."

I found Bert waiting for me in the carriage. Dan was driving, and after I had warmly grasped his hand he asked: "Home, Master Paul?"

"Yes," said Bert for me, speaking shortly.

Then Dan banged the door to, jumped up to his box, and began to thread his way through the drays, now in motion.

The ride was a silent one. I had expected that there would be much for us to talk about, but the fact is Bert did not seem to want to talk, and I could think of nothing to say.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR END.

Gazing on the spot where I had turned to look back and wave my hand to my father at the book-room window, how long the time seemed since I had gone away from home! Yet nothing was changed, save that I had left in the winter when snow was on the ground, and now the elms shadowed green grass, making a leafy archway above the gravel drive. There, on the porch, were the very chairs which father and I had used so many, many summer days. Some one had left an open book on the stoop as I had often done. In the dining-room the vases were still kept filled with flowers as I had kept them, in memory of mother and partly for the love I have myself for flowers.

Nurse Barnes came running out to welcome me, her eyes much swollen, as if from weeping. With but a word in greeting, she took me by the hand and led me directly to my father's room.

He lay on the bed in a loose dressing-gown. Never had he appeared more handsome than he did then. His face was pallid,

his flaxen hair smoothed back from his forehead. His palsied left hand lay helplessly beside him; his right hand played nervously with the silken coverlet that was drawn over him. His eyes were fixed on the door as I entered, and by a nervous twitching of his moustache it seemed he wished to speak. The doctor by his side made place for me. I caught the living hand of my father in mine, and he feebly returned the pressure. Not speaking, I gently wiped the damp from his forehead, and then, seeing the tears rolling slowly from under his closed eyelids, wiped them away too.

It was perfectly still in the room, save for the rustle of Nurse Barnes' gown as she moved about, making little arrangements for my father's comfort. Suddenly the veins on his forehead began to swell, and, with a great effort, he cried out: "Paul, don't leave me!" Exhausted, he fainted away. The doctor applied restoratives, and the first thing my father's eyes did when he came to was to seek mine.

The long summer afternoon dragged on, father alternately dozing and waking. In one of his waking moments my shabby clothing seemed to trouble him, for he passed his hand over my coat sleeve, his eyes seeming to ask the meaning of my shabbiness. A pained look crossed his face as I told him in a low voice that I was in my working clothes.

Late in the evening nurse brought me tea, which I took seated at my father's dressing-table. The doctor, who had been away, came in and took a cup with me. This gave me the occasion I had been wishing for to ask him if I could hope for my father's recovery. I begged him to speak plainly, to tell me the worst.

The doctor had a very full beard, which he stroked meditatively, glancing meanwhile at my father sleeping on the bed.

"He may pass away at any moment—in his sleep, for instance; he cannot recover," said the doctor decidedly.

A moment after I had again taken my station beside my father. A weary station, shadowed by the arms of a great cross. He was dying; no man could help him, but there was God. What should I do? If God would only direct me! It was only at midnight that I came to a decision. Bert and Nurse Barnes had fallen asleep in their chairs; the doctor asleep in the next room, ready to be called should he be needed. The shaded lamp was burning low on the dressing-table, and I knew my father was awake by the restless rolling of his eyeballs. I took his hand in mine, and, steadying my voice, said: "Father, they say

you are—" I had to stop. How could I have the heart to tell my father that he was dying? Nor was it necessary; instinctively I knew that he understood me.

After a moment to shape my words I began again, speaking slowly: "Father, do not think that I would pretend to teach you—" Again I paused. I knew this to be no time for phrasings, and I continued impetuously: "Perhaps, father, you have never been baptized—let me baptize you."

To my great surprise and joy he pressed my hand in assent.

"Yes, father?" I asked, to make sure; and the pressure of my hand was repeated.

With such awe as I have never felt before or since, I filled a bowl with fresh water.

I was weeping, and my voice was choked, as I said, pouring the water on his head: "Arthur, if you are not already baptized, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

It was not done too soon. I heard the rattling in his throat, and gently raised him as best I could.

"Nurse! Bert! Doctor!" I called. In a moment they were roused, nurse helping me to hold my father, whose head rested on my breast.

It was striking half-past twelve when a smile flickered on my father's face, and he whispered: "Edith!"

Now, Edith was my mother's name.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

THOSE of our American fellow-countrymen who were in Paris or in London during the month of July of this year may, perhaps, have been present at the meetings held in both capitals, at the instigation of Cardinal Lavigerie, to protest against the horrible traffic which is now being carried on in the interior of the African continent by the Arab slave-dealers, and of which his missioners are the daily witnesses.

It was natural that the venerable cardinal should address himself to the sympathies of English and Americans in this matter. By their heroic and self-denying efforts slavery has been abolished in the West Indies and both in North and South America; and by the zeal of the Anti-Slavery Society in London cruisers have been regularly despatched to the African coasts to arrest the passage of the slaves-dhows and stop the traffic to Asia from Zanzibar and the surrounding ports. Until a few years ago, in fact, people cherished the idea that, except in a few rare instances, slavery was a thing of the past and the African race was free.

Then came the revelations of Livingstone, of Speke, of Stanley, of Gordon, of Cameron, all eminent men, who had seen with their own eyes the horrors they describe, and who rudely dispelled the dream to which we have alluded. But as greater publicity given to these facts may help to rouse the interest of some of our readers, we will give a short account of this infamous traffic, condemned not only by the head of the Catholic Church, but by Christians of every denomination throughout the civilized world.

Twenty or thirty years ago little or nothing was known of the interior of the great African continent. It was represented on the maps as a great sandy desert, fatal to Europeans and quite uninhabitable by them on account of its deadly climate. It has now been discovered that in the high lands, near the great lakes, the soil is beyond anything rich and fertile. Four large rivers irrigate the country, while the great altitude of these vast table-lands tempers the heat of the sun and makes a residence there both healthy and agreeable. On the borders of the lakes Nyanza and Tanganyika the heat of the day does not exceed 32 degrees (centigrade), while the nights are always fresh and cool. The vegetation is wonderfully luxuriant, and the trees are large and magnificent. Four crops can be sown and reaped in the

year, and the consequence was that no part of Africa was so peopled and so prosperous. Then came the hour of European exploration, whereby this beautiful and fertile region was discovered by the white men. But by an unhappy coincidence the path was likewise opened to the slave-dealers, who, guided by the natives who had accompanied the explorers, soon spread misery and desolation throughout this once peaceful and happy land. Their points of departure were Egypt and Zanzibar, and their nominal traffic was ivory. The heads of these slave-trading expeditions are of a race called "*métis*," whose origin is a mixture of Arab and negro blood of the vilest sort. Brutes without conscience and without pity, infamous for their bestial corruption and their horrible cruelty, they justify the African proverb: "God made the whites and the blacks; but the devil alone created the *métis!*"

To transport the ivory to the sea-coast in a country where there are no roads bearers were required, and to obtain them the natives were seized and enslaved. One village after the other was depopulated and left a heap of ruins. The wretched inhabitants fled to the woods or to the high maize crops near the lakes; the *métis* surrounded and set fire to them; and when, driven to desperation by the heat and the smoke, they strove to escape, they were seized and chained, men, women, and children, and forced to march with their captors.

Then begins a series of cruelties almost too horrible for description. The slaves are tied in a way which makes walking a real misery. The men have a fork round their necks which connects the one with the other, and so they are driven on by the lash all day in the burning sun. When night comes they are given a little dry grain called "sorgho" and water, and nothing else. The "*métis*" then examine which are the most likely to survive the next day's march, and those whom they find too much exhausted are felled to the ground with a heavy blow on the back of the neck from a wooden bar (to save powder and shot), and left thus to die. One of the missioners of Tanganyika, F. Guillemé, writes from his station at Kibanga: "Having asked an Arab how it was that I had seen so many skeletons in the neighborhood of Oujiji, he quickly replied: 'Oh! formerly we used to throw the dying slaves there for the hyenas to carry off, but this year the number of deaths among them has been so great that these beasts are disgusted with human food.'"

Thus they march, day after day, month after month, till they arrive at the slave-market on the borders of Morocco, Tripoli, or

elsewhere. If a weary and footsore mother, carrying her child in addition to her heavy load, lags behind for a few moments and thus delays the march of the caravan, her infant is torn from her arms and its brains dashed out before her eyes, while she is flogged into continuing her painful path. It is needless to say that not half of these poor creatures arrive at their destination. But the value of the "animal," as the "métis" call them (which amounts to between ten and twenty pounds, according to the age and strength of the slave), amply repays their drivers for the loss of the remainder. The drain on the already too scanty population of Africa caused by this abominable traffic is calculated by Cameron, Gordon, and others at not less than fifteen hundred men, women, and children *every day of the year*. The question before the civilized world is this: Are we to permit a system which, at the lowest computation, costs annually more than *five hundred thousand human lives?* Cardinal Lavigerie emphatically declares that his "conviction is that if some stop be not put to these frightful excesses, and that speedily, the most beautiful and fertile portion of this great country will, in a very few years, become a perfect desert." Gordon calculated that from 1875 to 1879 the loss of life in Darfour and Bahr-el-Gazelle alone was 81,000, in addition to the slaves exported, who numbered from 80,000 to 100,000; so that in two provinces alone in four years from 180,000 to 200,000 human beings had either perished or been carried off into slavery. "But," as he sadly exclaims in his Letters to his sister, "people care more for their dinners than they do for anything else, and you may depend upon it, it is only an active few whom God pushes on to take an interest in this vast question. What a miserable thing this is!"

The scarcity of ivory in the neighborhood of the great lakes now induces the "métis" to content themselves with women and children; but the fate of the former, without defence in the hands of these debauchees, is too horrible for description. Cardinal Lavigerie exclaims, when speaking on this subject:

"Christian women! to you it belongs to make known these horrors everywhere and to excite the indignation of all the civilized world. Do not leave your fathers, your husbands, your sons, your brothers in peace till you have induced them to use all the authority which their position, their fortune, or their eloquence gives them to stop this effusion of the blood of your sisters. If God has given you the talent of writing, employ it in this cause. You will not find a holier one. Remember that it was the novel of a woman, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which, translated into all the languages of the civilized world, set a seal on the deliverance of the slaves in America."

But our readers will naturally ask: What is to be done? What practical use can we make of this new and terrible information? Cardinal Lavigerie takes the same view as General Gordon, Commander Cameron, and as all those, in fact, who have a personal and intimate knowledge of the question—namely, the necessity of the employment of a small force of armed men under the guidance of European officers, for the protection of the defenceless villagers and for the destruction of the slave-trade. Already one gentleman has been found to make the experiment. An old French officer of the Pontifical Zouaves, Captain Joubert, has nobly devoted his life to defend the natives of Mpala, on the Tanganyika Lake, from the raids of the slave-dealers. He has armed and equipped two hundred or three hundred of the best kind of negroes, whom he has carefully disciplined, and in this way has for eight years succeeded in keeping slave-dealers and slave-stealers away from his neighborhood. Why should not other men follow this example? Mr. Waller advised young men of means, who are continually making expeditions in Africa to shoot big game, to turn their attention to the slave-stealers instead. If on the great lakes, and on certain points of the interior, we had small bodies of men organized as Captain Joubert has done, we should soon arrive at the suppression of this infamous traffic. General Gordon suggested the addition of a small body of light cavalry, to be despatched when tidings were brought of any fresh raid likely to be made in the neighborhood. These troops would interfere with no existing governments, for we must remember that this slave-trade is carried on in spite of the law, which prohibits it in every district. Cameron suggests the founding of an order which should consist of two branches: one comprising those who would be willing and able to join this crusade in Africa; and the other who would practically assist the crusaders by gifts of money, boats, arms, etc. Of course it would be best if the European states who at the Congress of Vienna, the Conference at Verona, and the Congress of Berlin took formal engagements to suppress the slave-trade wherever their power extended, would themselves organize a sufficient force, each on their own territory, to put it down. But if the selfishness of modern governments precludes this hope, why should not a crusade of this kind be formed, as in old times, to deliver this glorious land from a worse than Egyptian bondage?

In the midst of the moral turpitude, the luxury, and the self-indulgence which reign in this nineteenth century, whether in

Europe or America, would it not be a great and glorious sight to see young men come forward, nobly and generously, to devote their lives, or a few years of it, at any rate, to this object? Would it not be something for them to feel, when they come to die, that they had done such a great work for God and for the souls he died to save?

We will conclude with the words of Cardinal Lavigerie addressed to a French and American audience in the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris:

"It is said in the Acts of the Apostles that while St. Paul was preaching in Asia Minor he saw in a dream a man of Macedonia standing and beseeching him, saying: 'Pass over into Macedonia and help us.' '*Transiens . . . adjuva nos!*' This is the prayer which, through my voice, the unhappy African slaves address to you to-day. Christians, cross the sea which divides us and come and help us. St. Paul at once accepted the petition and delivered the Macedonians from the yoke of sin. Come, in the same way, to the Black Country. Come with your strong arms and your warm hearts, come with your alms and your prayers, and deliver this people, who are now sitting in the valley of death, and in the still more horrible shadows of a slavery which is a thousand times worse than death. Again I cry to you, with all the energy of my old priest's heart: Come over the sea and help us!"

LADY HERBERT.

AT ORDINATION.

My childhood's dream had grown to fancy, then
It budded into hope within the heat
Of mother's love—as flowers grow to meet
The rays that come to kiss them—chid me when
I erred, and led me from the ways of men
To angel paths where dewy graces fall,
To temples grand where golden vesture gleams
And music flows in soul-absorbing streams,
Or some deserted shrine 'neath twilight's pall
To feel alone in prayer what heaven seems;
And long the vales of mystery we trod,
With books, and nearly saw the face of God;
But now, untrue to all that lovely past,
It leaves me here on Calvary at last.

DENIS B. COLLINS.

St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.

THE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES OF NEW YORK CITY.

"To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach,
No care improve them, and no wisdom teach."—LUCRETIUS.

No class of unfortunates have benefited more by the Christian religion than the deaf and dumb. Before our Lord they were treated with incredible inhumanity, sometimes being forced on board of hulks in company with incurable cripples and sunk in the sea. Even by the code of Justinian deaf-mutes are declared incapable of legally valid contracts. But the church reached out a protecting hand to them, and when the disturbances of the migration of the nations began to subside we hear of attempts made to instruct them. The Venerable Bede tells us that in 685 he met an instructed deaf-mute. About the same date Rudolphus Agricola, of Heidelberg, in his *De Inventione Dialectica*, mentions meeting with an educated deaf-mute.

But the first recorded attempt at their systematic instruction is that of the Spanish Benedictine monk Pedro Ponce de Laon in 1580. He taught them to speak and read from the motion of the lips. In 1620 there were two English clergymen engaged in teaching deaf-mutes at the University of Oxford. The famous Abbé de l'Epée opened the first school for these unfortunates, in Paris, 1778. Such was the veneration in which he was held that even the Revolution spared him. He used the sign-language and probably invented its present method. In the same year Samuel Heinke opened a school in Leipsic and taught by the oral method. Since then every civilized country has such schools, and the United States is not surpassed by any, the State of New York alone having six deaf-mute institutions employing the best methods for the relief of those suffering from this sad infirmity of nature.

Mr. Gallaudet, father of the distinguished Episcopal minister of the deaf-mutes of this city, opened the first school for them in this country, in Hartford, Conn. He himself received his instruction in the sign-language from the Abbé Sicard, the successor of the Abbé de l'Epée, and brought with him to America one of the former's distinguished pupils.

Three methods are used: the purely oral, the sign-language, and a combination of both, the last, however, being now generally discarded. The oral method is the most perfect and almost entirely restores the deaf-mute to the society of his fellow-men. It

is based upon the fact that dumbness from defective organs of speech is not found oftener among the deaf than among those who have their hearing. There are positions of the lips, tongue, and facial muscles peculiar to nearly every articulate sound, and as the elementary sounds of human speech are not numerous they are readily learned by the shape they give the organs used to utter them. The sight thus may become a substitute for hearing, and the process is called lip-reading. The teacher manages his pupil as a mother does a child who has the sense of hearing but is yet without the power of articulating, teaching his pupil to express ideas with the sounds he has already acquired. He totally interdicts the use of the sign-language, whose facility would soon give it the advantage. By dint of much energy, patience, sharpness of hearing and thinness of lips (so as to give plain examples of the form of sounds), and much zeal on the part of the teacher, one year is sufficient to enable the pupils to converse passably well with each other by the oral method.

Complaints are sometimes heard of the banishment of sign-language from dactylological schools; but the Abbé Tarra, of Milan, a prominent instructor of deaf-mutes, affirms that, without any exception, all who are capable of learning the sign-language are also capable of learning to speak. And the result gained, at no greater outlay, all things considered, is that the pupil talks like any other man and hears with his eyes.

The causes of congenital deafness are: consanguineous marriages, weak constitution of parents, scrofula, cold and damp dwellings, ill health of the mother at a certain period of life, and in a few cases hereditary transmission. The number of the congenitally deaf is not large, certainly not the half of the whole number of those who are deaf. Very likely many are entered in the registers as congenitally deaf who have lost their hearing in the period of infancy, when it was nearly impossible to ascertain the fact, and the mother is so far from looking for such an accident as unlikely to cause proper investigation.

The causes of contracted deafness are: scarlatina, measles, paralysis, fits, cold and damp surroundings, bad treatment, hydrocephalus, and other affections of the brain. The immediate causes of this sad infirmity are the paralysis of the auditory nerve or the deformity of the organ of hearing. Both defects have been considered until now as incurable. The proportion of deaf-mutes in regard to the population varies according to the hygienic conditions of the different countries and their degree of civilization. They are very scarce among the North American Indians, where

they do not survive the diseases which produce total deafness. In the United States the ratio is one to eleven hundred.

The Catholics in the Archdiocese of New York numbering 600,000, there should be 546 Catholic deaf-mutes. But if we consider that they are generally found among the poor, as their infirmity is mostly caused by diseases arising from the injurious conditions of their early surroundings; that they drift into the large centres of population, where they can more easily better their condition in life and enjoy the company of their companions in misfortune; that five of the schools of New York State are in or near this city, and that the best physicians, who can often restore hearing, and can, at any rate, save their lives, are generally found in large cities—we must admit that there are at least seven or eight hundred Catholic deaf-mutes in the Archdiocese of New York.

Of this number 200 are in our Catholic schools at Fordham (girls) and Westchester (boys) under the intelligent management of a religious order of sisters. About 60 are at Dr. Peet's school; but I could not ascertain their number at Mr. Greenberger's school, as they do not register or inquire about the faith of the inmates. The remainder are scattered in every part of the city, employed in different arts and trades, etc.

Uninstructed deaf-mutes, though having no clear idea of God, have a good knowledge of the first principles of natural morality, which constitutes a certain knowledge of a Supreme Being, and, as a consequence, have a knowledge of right and wrong and are responsible to conscience. Hence the church has always endeavored to give them religious training. Everywhere they are made good citizens, good husbands and wives, good Christians, and generally very patient in their afflicted and lonely condition.

Our separated brethren are doing a great deal for the deaf-mutes of this city as well as for those in all parts of the country. They have six ministers going from place to place and giving them religious instruction, without mentioning those stationed in the different institutions in various parts of the Union. At St. Ann's Episcopal Church, Eighteenth Street, where the deaf-mutes come from every part of this city and neighboring places, there are three ministers, thoroughly understanding the sign-language, and devoting part of their time to the deaf-mute mission. They have spacious rooms for the meetings of their little societies, their library, and for their amusements. I must acknowledge that all this is a great temptation for our Catholic

deaf-mutes to join their church, especially for those who have been their pupils; for a deaf-mute thinks a great deal of his teachers. In fact, I greatly fear that the greatest part of our Catholic deaf-mutes have gone that way, for during the year I have been here I have not been able to reach more than two hundred.

Our Most Reverend Archbishop has also done all he could for that unfortunate part of his flock, especially in founding and supporting the mission under my charge. Helped by his worthy counsellors and understanding perfectly the question and his responsibility, he continued for two years to ask for a member of the community of the Clerics of St. Viator, to which I belong, and whose vocation it is to evangelize deaf-mutes.

The archbishop considered that men to whom this work is a special vocation would be likely to do it well; members, too, of a community, and therefore not liable to be shifted from it by a canonical promotion, who, being brethren together, in case of death or sickness can take one another's place, and have the knowledge and experience gained in similar work elsewhere.

Good progress has already been made. Last August twenty-two men and women, who had received at our hands proper religious training, made their First Communion and were confirmed. At the present time, besides those coming to me for instruction on Sundays, and on week-days after their day's work, I usually go twice a week to a club-room in Father Slattery's parish, Carmansville, and give religious instruction to fifty Catholic young deaf-mute men and women whom Dr. Peet or some of his able staff of teachers brings to me. Dr. Peet takes a great interest in this good work of ours and furnishes me every facility. On Saturday, at two o'clock, ten of Mr. Greenberger's pupils come to me for catechism at La Salle Institute, Fifty ninth Street and Sixth Avenue, where the good Christian Brothers have made me their guest. This instruction I give orally. All of these young people will, I hope, make their First Communion and be confirmed next spring, and I doubt not that all will prove to be good Christians and will much assist my mission by setting the others a good example.

In the beginning of a mission like this there is a great deal of work to be done before we can show any substantial results. The spirit of darkness does not love it, and will raise up difficulties and trials—all good works are subject to that test—but it was the work of predilection of our Divine Saviour—"the

dumb he made to speak and the deaf to hear"—and he was led dumb and patient to death for us. This mission has been put under his sovereign patronage. He will take care of it, and it will continue to be his work of salvation. Meantime I beg for it the prayers and co-operation of the whole Catholic community.

ALFRED BÉLANGER, C.S.V.,
Missionary for the Deaf-Mutes.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

IT befell the present Talker, in those days of callow immaturity of mind which he supposes may come to the inchoate sage as well as to the more ordinary dullard—though he speaks with undoubting assurance of the latter only—to encounter another, possibly less youthful, certainly not less callow, wanderer in the paths of literature. Their aims were diverse, the Talker being then, as now, bent upon discovery and admiration pure and simple, the other on "creative art." But how create from nothing? How paint without a model? How reveal secrets without knowing any?

Realism in art, as this generation is learning it from certain French and Russian masters, with the kindly aid of American and English critics, was only on its way to the birth in those days. But this neophyte had a private inspiration which, possibly, nothing but some congenital weakness in the intellectual knees of him to whom it was vouchsafed prevented from placing American fiction at once in the van on that road. For the inspiration appeared genuine; it had the air of coming straight up from the nether source of such. Still, as it seemed somehow incompatible with the general unfledgedness of its recipient, as well as with the wholesome, if strict, parental discipline under which his years compelled him still to squirm, his boasts of what he had done, was doing, and would do, moved the lighter-minded of his well-wishers as often to laughter as to tears. A pair of these beheld him one snowy afternoon, just on the verge of dusk, emerging from an underground oyster-cellar, a tin pail in his hand, it is true, and a most virtuous-looking red woollen com-

forter about his neck, but still with the familiar and not-lightly-to-be-cast-off air of mysterious wickedness peering through these mean disguises. "Halloo!" said one, "there's the great Sylvander! What is he doing down there?" "Possible you don't know?" said the other. "That must be one of those 'lowest haunts of vice' he says he frequents. Looks as if he was carrying a pailful of it home to his mother for supper."

It was of Sylvander that the Talker was reminded by Mr. George Moore and his delectable *Confessions of a Young Man* (New York: Brentanos), now in its second "authorized" edition. Mr. Moore is the author of one or two unrelievedly nasty novels, constructed on the Zola pattern, but with heavy, English materials and not any charm of style. His *Confessions of a Young Man* are understood to be autobiographic, although the "young man of refined mind," as he describes the hero, calls himself Edward Dayne, and so manages to introduce this affecting little tribute to the merits of Mr. George Moore:

"In England, as in France, those who loved literature the most purely, who were the least mercenary in their love, were marked out for prosecution, and all three were driven into exile. Byron, Shelley, and George Moore; and Swinburne, he, too, who loved literature for its own sake, was forced, amid cries of indignation and horror, to withdraw his book from the reach of a public that was rooting then among the garbage of the Yelverton divorce case. I think of these facts and think of Baudelaire's prose poem—that poem in which he tells how a dog will run away howling if you hold to him a bottle of choice scent, but if you offer him some putrid morsel picked out of some gutter-hole he will sniff round it joyfully, and will seek to lick your hand for gratitude."

Edward Dayne is by birth an Irishman "of the landlord class," and by training a Catholic. Hear him discourse concerning those facts:

"Two dominant notes in my character—an original hatred of my native country, and a brutal loathing of the religion I was brought up in. All the aspects of my native country are violently disagreeable to me, and I cannot think of the place I was born in without a sentiment of nausea. These feelings are inherent and inveterate in me. I am instinctly averse to my own countrymen; they are at once remote and repulsive. . . . The English I love, and with a love that is foolish, mad, limitless; I love them better than the French, but I am not so near them. Dear, sweet, Protestant England, . . . southern England, not the north—there is something Celtic in the north—southern England, with its quiet, steadfast faces; a smock-frock is to me one of the most delightful things in the world, it is so absolutely English. The villages clustered round the greens, the spires of the churches pointing between the elm-trees—this is congenial to me; and this is Protestantism. England is Protestantism,

Protestantism is England. Protestantism is strong, clean, and westernly; Catholicism is eunuch-like, dirty, and Oriental. . . . Look at the nations that have clung to Catholicism: starving moonlighters and starving brigands. . . . Let us be Protestant, and revere Cromwell."

A page further on comes this:

"Marriage—what an abomination! Love—yes, but not marriage. Love cannot exist in marriage, because love is an ideal; that is to say, something not quite understood—transparencies, color, light, a sense of the unreal. But a wife—you know all about her—who her father was, who her mother was, what she thinks of you, and her opinion of the neighbors over the way. Where, then, is the dream, the *au delà?* There is none."

But when he says "a wife—you know all about her," this "young man of refined mind" means to be understood strictly of a man's *own* wife. His neighbor's wife—ah, that is quite another thing! She is the very dream of dreams, to prove which he prints a long letter to himself from one which goes to contradict his first thesis, that a man "knows all about" the woman who bears his name. And then he tells how he read Gautier and learned joyfully from him that by

"Looking without shame and accepting with love the flesh, I might raise it to as high a place and within as divine a light as even the soul had been set in. The ages were as an aureole, and I stood as if enchanted before the noble nakedness of the elder gods. . . . And I cried with my master that the blood that flowed on Mount Calvary *ne m'a jamais baigné dans ses flots.*"

But all this is in the oyster-cellar. The "young man of a refined mind" does not really tie on his red comforter and get his stew in his tin pail until he reaches his last chapter and turns to parley with his "hypocritical reader." You want to know, he says, why you

"Have been *forced* to read this record of a sinful life. Soldier, robber, priest, atheist, courtesan, virgin, I care not what you are, *if you have not brought children into the world to suffer*, your life has been as vain and as harmless as mine. . . . I neither repent nor regret, and a fool and a weakling I should be if I did. I know the worth and the rarity of more than fifteen years of systematic enjoyment. Everything conspired to enable me to gratify my body and my brain; and do you think this would have been so if I had been a good man? If you do you are a fool; good intentions and bold greed go to the wall, but subtle selfishness with a dash of unscrupulousness pulls more plums out of life's pie than the seven deadly virtues. . . . Admit that you feel just a little interested in my wickedness; admit that if you ever thought you would like to know me it is because I know a great deal that you probably don't; admit that your mouth waters when you think of rich and various pleasures that fell to my share in happy, delightful Paris; admit that if this book had been an account of

the pious books I had read, the churches I had been to, and the good works I had done, that you would not have bought it or borrowed it. Hypocritical reader, think, had you had courage, health, and money to lead a fast life, would you not have done so? . . . You who are now turning up your eyes and murmuring 'horrid young man,' examine your weakly heart and see what divides us. . . . Humanity be hanged! Self, and after self a friend; the rest may go to the devil; and be sure that when any man is more stupidly vain and outrageously egotistic than his fellows, he will hide his hideousness in humanitarianism."

And so on, *ad nauseam*, indeed, but still in a way to make one reflect that the "weakly heart" of no reader counts for as much as the "weakly head" of the writer in estimating the repelling force between them.

The Court of Charles IV.: a Romance of the Escorial (New York: W. S. Gottsberger) is translated by Clara Bell from the Spanish of B. Perez Galdós. It is a historical novel, with nothing sufficiently romantic either in its conception or its execution to explain or justify the second half of its title. The time chosen is early in the present century, when the Prince of Peace, Manuel Godoy, was still powerful in Spain. The story is supposed to be told by an ignorant boy, originally page to an actress, afterwards to an intriguing lady of the court. It is not compellingly interesting in any of its parts—few novels pretending to be historical ever are so—and its historical details and explanations are distinctly tiresome. It is translated into smooth and agreeable English, and in some of its scenes shows its author's knowledge of the springs of human nature and his cleverness in making them subserve the purposes of fiction. There is one virtuous girl among the female characters, and what little is shown of her is pleasant. The marquis, too, vain, pompous, empty, yet apparently bursting with his load of imaginary secrets, is languidly amusing. The book reads like the hack-work of a clever and capable writer who regards the production of fiction as a profession, and works at it as he might at law, medicine, or politics had he chosen either as a means of livelihood. But it does not suggest to one who makes in it a first acquaintance with Galdós any sufficient explanation of the praises heaped upon some of his other novels.

Dodd, Mead & Co. publish *A Gallant Fight*, by Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune). It is a most ladylike production, and may be recommended as certain not to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the most innocent. And yet the "gallant fight" intended by the title we take to be the long struggle kept up by Mrs. Richard Phelps not to "let on" to him, or to anybody,

that she knows her husband has once been on the verge of unfaithfulness to her after she had said she would "stake her soul's salvation on his continued fidelity." She continues this warfare throughout the greater part of the novel, and is finally victorious in it by means of that great defeat, a point-blank lie. Mrs. Terhune has not made quite plain what she thinks of this enormous turpitude on the part of Madeline. She paints with *vim* the dreadful state of affairs at the time when her heroine touched this—topmost height, was it, or lowest depth?—final point, any way, of her struggle. She gives you the beautiful, detestable, snaky woman, who has found and preserved and brought to Madeline's notice, out of sheer, inherent spitefulness, the knowledge of Richard's contemplated but providentially prevented fall from virtue, and who now wants to use it in a sort of blackmailing way. Then she draws Richard's horror at the thought that Madeline knows. Poor fellow! no wonder his wife took pity on him, for it affected him like this:

"He shook as in the death-ague. Such extremity of terror as she had never conceived of rushed into the eyes she held with hers; a greenish pallor overspread his visage; his thin fingers fastened on her sleeve; his lips writhed, giving forth no sound."

So, when his tormentor insists on having from Madeline, in his presence, "a categorical reply to my question, Did you *never* read the contents of that envelope?" Madeline says, "*Never!*" Was it victory? Was it defeat? Mrs. Terhune is doubtful. She is quite sure that it was good "wifehood," yet she says:

"Madeline in this hour knew a deeper depth of degradation—even the lowering of herself to shield him. The salvation of his fair fame, the protection of her children from befouling scandal, the unspeakable dread of seeing her husband die under the scourge of detection—by so much more fearful to characters like his than awakened conscience, as they love themselves more than others—all these things started up before her in the one instant of recoil from actual and conscious falsehood, and hurled her forward. She had cried to an offended God for forgiveness. He knew the might of the temptation, and, being all-merciful, *might* assoil her soul. The blot would be *for evermore visible to her.* It was a Pyrrhian victory, with disasters *never to be retrieved.*"

The italics are ours. Mrs. Terhune has told her story in an interesting way. But there is, as usual in her work, a subdued, cook-book sort of flavor in it, an atmosphere of tatting and tattling, and crochet work, and æsthetic chromos, and general primness, propriety, and prettiness, which makes "ladylike" at once the most comprehensive and descriptive of adjectives for it.

Pen, by the author of *Miss Toosey's Mission* and *Laddie* (Boston: Roberts Brothers), is a very sweet little English story, well written and well conceived. Both the sisters, Pen and little Tre, are charming, and Sandy and his love-affair enlist from the first a sympathy which his red hair and yellow-green eyes have no power to do away with. The book is entirely wholesome and to be commended.

The Rebel Rose (New York: Harper & Brothers) is an unusually good piece of work by an anonymous author. Whether man or woman is not so evident as it usually is in anonymous novels, and we confess to feeling more than ordinarily in doubt on that point. Mary Stuart Beaton, the heroine, and Lady Saxon, her foil, are both painted, one would say, from the inside. Unlike as they are, there are very feminine touches in both of them. So there are, for that matter, in the men, Sir Victor Champion, Rolfe Bellarmin, and Lord Saxon. But whether the book is the production of a clever woman whose native intuition has been pieced out by experience, and possibly supplemented by masculine collaboration in the treatment of public affairs, or that of a good man whose ideals have been more or less consciously shaped by a knowledge of the Catholic ideal, is not convincingly obvious. The writer is, at all events, no tyro. He has an easy mastery of all his material, and, though the story is long, there is little that can be called mere padding in it.

The scene is laid in London, where the Honorable Mary Stuart Beaton, a legitimate descendant of the Stuarts, and a very striking reproduction in face and figure of Mary Queen of Scots, has come to press her claim to some estates bequeathed to one of her ancestors but confiscated by the crown. She is under age, and is attended by an elderly lady-in-waiting, and by an old friend of her father's, General Falcon, who, in spite of his years, is madly in love with her and inclined to play the part of Bothwell to her Mary. She has held a sort of court in Schwalbenstadt, is addressed as Madame, and gets into one of the English illustrated papers in the character of a Jacobite pretendress to the throne. She is, in reality, a most charming young girl, who presently leads into captivity, wholly without intent to do so, and with no effort save that unconsciously exercised by her beauty and pure womanly charm, the two men most able to advance her cause in the House of Commons—Sir Victor Champion, the Liberal leader, and Rolfe Bellarmin, the young head of a schism in the Conservative ranks known as Tory Democracy.

Nor do these exhaust the list of Mary's suitors. There is also Lord Stonehenge, young, remarkably handsome, the living head of a great and powerful family which had never changed its English homestead or its religious faith since the Conquest. Mary herself is Catholic, goes to the Jesuit church in Farm Street, and when she and her quartette of admirers are assembled together at Stonehenge Park they meet there another pretender to a throne, the little Don José of Saragossa, his tutor, Mgr. Valmy, a Jesuit priest, and that ecclesiastic's "chaplain and private secretary," Dr. Amblaine. Mgr. Valmy's Catholicism was of the widest range, says the author, and exemplifies the fact by making him say, concerning the transmigration of souls, that he has "never thought of the theory of reincarnation as totally opposed to the divine revelation which we have received. It would, on the contrary, seem to throw some light upon difficult problems." And again:

"Men not of his own faith sometimes found fault with his very wideness of view and his comprehensive, candid tolerance of differing opinion. It was the arrogance of the Roman churchman, they would have it; he was so satisfied of the final triumph of his own church that he already regarded every other human creature as one of the same fold, whether the other human creature would have it so or not."

Mgr. Valmy, however, has no important part to play in the story, and, in spite of the prominence given to him and his views in two or three of its chapters, the space he fills comes as near to deliberate padding as anything between its covers. But he and Dr. Amblaine are the only official representatives of any form of religion who are brought into a singularly full novel which shows refinement and elevation of sentiment, and for that reason they become interesting, as indicative of tendency in a writer whom we do not believe to be Catholic. Reverent he is, however, and in sentiment religious, and in the delineation of Mary Beaton and of Lord Stonehenge, especially in the last scene between them, he has touched high ground. But the novel has much more of politics than of religious sentiment in it. Of religious doctrine it has none, and its central pivot is, as it should be, a love-story—that of Mary Beaton and Rolfe Bellarmin. It is not a great novel; it allows itself to be laid down without difficulty, although it must be taken up again with pleasure. But it shows an easy and sympathetic mastery of nearly all it touches, and a keen insight into human nature in both its nobler and its meaner aspects. It is written, too, in singularly even and well-bred English, which is always quite equal to the stress laid upon it by the exigencies of

the business, the sentiment, or the passion of the moment. And as all of these, though natural and real, are yet lifted out of the rut of the ordinary tale of contemporary life and manners, chiefly, perhaps, by the skill with which Mary Beaton herself and her would-be Bothwell are invested with imaginative charm, the book fairly deserves the title of a romance rather than a novel.

Ticknor's "Paper Series of Choice Reading" has been really enriched by the two October issues, *Doctor Ben*, by Orlando Witherspoon, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's *John Bodewin's Testimony*. Neither novel is new, each dating back some six or seven years its first appearance, and the present being the fifth edition of *John Bodewin*. Mr. Witherspoon's story is cleverly told, interesting in plot, and packed full of incident. It is, notwithstanding, a novel with a purpose, its underlying intention being to enforce the probably true notion that insanity is, in absolute strictness, a disease of the body, and therefore to be cured in most instances by treatment. Mr. Witherspoon, like most enthusiasts, is at least as vague as he is energetic in the promulgation of his theories, and if, as he affirms, "the wise ones, doctors, psychologists, specialists, physicians, and metaphysicians, are going full tilt towards a land of paradise unveiled by the doctrine that *insanity is sickness*," it seems tolerably certain that the progress of none of his own readers in the direction of that Eden will be perceptibly forwarded by the history of *Doctor Ben*. Speaking for ourselves, we have got from it not an inkling of anything likely to benefit a lunatic, except putting him in the care of a specialist known to be intelligent, scientific, and an honest hater of those ways with the insane which have made both public and private asylums for them so often a stench in the nostrils of the sane. The story, however, stands on its own legs as a story, and is worth reading.

D. Lothrop Company (Boston) publish, in very handsome form, a compilation by Rose Porter entitled *The Story of Mary the Mother*. There is, we must suppose, some want among our Protestant brethren to which such a publication is intended to cater. And that there is, at the same time, a current of feeling tolerably sure to be adverse to it may be inferred from the words in which the compiler disowns having any part in the letter-press of the book save that of selecting and binding together. It has been "a pleasant task," she says, "and one on which, I think, the sternest advocate of orthodoxy will not frown; for however much we Christians may differ in our forms of worship, we all unite in the" Apostles' "creed."

The selections are made in the main from Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*, supplemented by extracts from the King James' version of the Gospels, from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Christina Rossetti, and Adelaide Procter, and end with a not very characteristic poem by Cardinal Newman. It has ten full-page illustrations, most of them tolerably good reproductions from well-known paintings by Titian, Murillo, Carlo Dolce, Guido Reni, and others. The book might have been made more worthy of its subject, its binding, and its fine, thick paper by more careful proof-reading.

There is some delightful poetry in Sir Edwin Arnold's new volume, *With Sa'di in the Garden; or, The Book of Love* (Boston: Roberts Brothers). The bulk of the poem is original, though some of its passages imitate the Persian. In form it is a dialogue, supposed to take place at Agra, in the garden of the Taj Mahal, the great tomb raised by Shah Jehan to the memory of his beloved Persian wife, Arjamand. The speakers are an English Saheb, two singing-girls, and the Mirza Hussein, a Mahometan, who meet by moonlight to listen to

> "Sa'di's third chapter of the Bostân there,
> That 'Ishk' which sings of Love."

Love, in the thought of the Persian poet, as in that of the English one, his translator and imitator, is a very noble passion, coming from God and leading back to him. "In what market," asks one of the singing-girls, "does one buy such love?" And the Mirza answers her:

> "In all the markets, daughter, where they sell
> Black snow, cold fire, dry water, and such goods;
> For this thing cometh not of golden gifts,
> Nor marriage-brokers, nor with bartered hearts,
> But is by Kismet and the grace of God,
> And bringeth where he will.
>
> "*Saheb.* And, if He will
> That it bring far?
>
> "*Mirza.* Then may the Lover learn
> Infinite things beyond that thing he sought:
> For Beauty is a perfectness of Allah,
> Showing Himself; and the Soul—seeing this
> By vision of the senses, so devised
> That flesh must thrill, delighted blood must course,
> Heart bound with worship, and glad eyes grow dim
> Beholding Beauty—Soul, perceiving this,
> Hath first the impulse to create in turn—

Whence human crave for household, wife, and child,
Whereby this earth is peopled; then, past that,
The passion to draw near Heaven's perfectness;
To lose the Self therein, to live for it,
To win to wonders of the Rose-garden,

. . . . . .

To hidden mysteries of Allah's love.
For more than He is glorious, He is dear,
More than almighty, sweet and beautiful. . . .
So led, the Lover hath his man's blood changed—
In base hearts little; in the gentle much—
To mildness as of maid, to peace, to grace,
To sacrifice, and amity, and thirst
For manful deeds."

And to yet larger love wins Sa'di himself in certain of the poems translated directly from him. As thus:

"It comes to me what a wise ancient told,
How one, with God's love drunk, went—lone and bold—
Into the waste, and when his sire with anguish
Of separation—foodless, sleepless, old—

"Reproached him, he replied: 'From that dear day
When He who is the Friend to me did say,
"Mine own thou art!" by God! no earthly feeling
In this glad bosom found a place to stay:

"'By God! since He His beauty hath made known
All other grace is dream and shadow grown.'
Nay! and he was not lost who left his people!
God found him; and he found his All, his Own!

. . . . . .

"Oh, if to God thou hast propinquity,
For no wealth heedless of His service be!
If Lovers true of God shall ask from God
Aught except God, that's infidelity!

"If thine eyes fix on any gift of Friend,
Thy gain, not his, is thy desire's end!
If thy mouth gape in avarice, Heaven's message
Unto Heart's ear by that road shall not wend!

"*Saheb.* I see it is not willed that Love should gain,
Nor pay itself with pleasure, nor sit soft
On this world's carpets, drinking wine of ease.
. . . Learnèd Mirza! so
Your Ishk comes, by its Persian road of palms
And nightingales, and roses, and soft verse,
To that same Syrian Hill whose slopes austere
Heard our Lord Isa speak: *I say to you*

Love ye your enemies! Be in your love
Perfect, as is your Father, who is Love!
Take no thought for your life: the Kingdom first!
God's Kingdom first! God's righteousness! and then
Other things shall be added!"

Some of the episodes in what is, we suppose, Sir Edwin Arnold's original poetry are extremely beautiful. That, for example, which tells how the despised singing-girl, Gulbadan, saved from the jaws of a tigress the baby of the virtuous woman who had scorned to let her touch it. That, too, which relates the temptation and the victory of Shah Jehan, and the nobility of Arjamand. The poem is in all ways a worthy companion to the *Idyls of the King*, and we are by no means sure that, re-reading the latter, we should not give *In the Garden with Sa'di* the preference. Arnold himself seems to rank Tennyson above *Sa'di*, yet where has he struck any note so high as this in praise of love?

"One to Majnûn spake: 'Oh, of noblest lot!
What falleth that to Hayy thou comest not?
Thy love for Laila, peradventure, passes;
Thy fancy turns; thy heart no more is hot.'

"He heard, the hapless one, and, weeping, said:
'Good sir, let go my skirt! Love is not dead!
I have the same heart, sorrowful and bleeding;
Pour not thy salt upon its wounds, still red.

"Thus to be severed is not to forget,
Nor absence fault, when Fate decreeth it.'
Quoth t'other, 'Ah, most faithful one and gentle!
Utter some errand on my tongue to set

"For Laila from Majnûn.' He answered: 'Bear
No message in my name to her most dear!
To speak as we were twain, and I not she,
Is treason: Where she is, *I*, too, am there!'"

In those lines of the Persian rings an accent akin to one that echoes from a quarter so remote as Annecy, and from the heart of a saint. "Rest in the peace and consolation of our Lord, my dear mother," writes St. Francis de Sales to his twin saint, "and in eight days at most I shall return hither, whence, however, I think I shall never truly depart so long as God keeps me in myself. You yourself know very well that the unity which God has made is far stronger than all separation, and that distance has no power over it. So God bless you for ever with his holy love. It is one heart he has made in us, one in spirit and in life."

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

We had at home a room that was a repository for all sorts of odds and ends of printed matter for which a place could not be found in the library. This room was a favorite haunt of mine when a boy, and there it was I first formed an acquaintance with the "Romans"—not the citizens of Rome, but the "followers of the Pope."

It was in a thin, yellow-covered book, the name of which I forget (to me it was the "Bloody Book"), that I made these new acquaintances. The frontispiece represented Cranmer in the garb of a modern Episcopal bishop, seated before the fireplace of a humble room, expounding Scripture from an enormous Bible held on his lap. His audience were a group of cottagers and a lady with a crown on her head. This lady I knew to be Catherine of Aragon, for the title of the picture was, "Cranmer explains the Bible to Queen Catherine of Aragon." How Queen Catherine came to be in a cottage seeking the truth from Cranmer I have quite forgotten. I think the book did not faithfully follow history. That Cranmer should go about the country in the garb of a Protestant bishop bothered me considerably. I, a little Episcopalian, knew that our bishop only assumed his robes in church. As I could not imagine a queen without a crown and royal mantle, Catherine appeared to me to be as she should be. There were in this book a frightfully wicked priest, and a beautiful nun who had been converted from her errors by the reading of the Bible. The Bible was found with her, and she was condemned to be "immured" in a wall with a little opening left for her to breathe through. I am sure of this word "immured," for it tickled my fancy immensely. The nun would have died of starvation had she not been rescued by a duke, who then fell in love with her, was brought by her to see the errors of the Papacy, and then married her. Whether she caused him to repent of this last step I do not remember. This book deeply impressed me, exciting in my mind a most Christian hatred of all Catholics, and there is nothing I would have liked better than to have had the roasting of a priest. For want of a "Papist" I set about immuring our cat, "to see how it worked." Caught at this, I had my ears boxed and myself immured in a dark closet. My boxing and immuring also made an impression on me. At the early age of eight I was a martyr for Evangelical truth as contained in "No-popery" books. During the years immediately following this event my hatred for the Catholic Church, so far from decreasing, augmented. It did not become more reasonable—hatred of truth never can be reasonable—but it gradually assumed a definite shape.

The Episcopal church I attended was moderately "High"; it would be called "Low" nowadays. I liked it because "nice" people formed its congregation. Its services did not please me, and I cared little for the sermons. Still I liked well enough to go to church, and loved dearly to go to Sunday-school—this last because of the teacher I had. When I had the unhappiness of losing my mother I was more drawn to religious things. It was suggested to me that, now that I was fourteen, I should think of being confirmed. The idea of being confirmed was most distasteful to me. It appeared to me that our sect was exceedingly like the "Roman Church," and it would have pleased me better to have been a Lutheran.

On the Christmas eve of the year on which confirmation was proposed to me I overheard our Catholic servants talk of the first Mass of the morrow, of how beautiful it would be and what a crowd would be there. My curiosity was aroused, and I asked one, if my father consented to it, would he take me along with him to the Mass. He assented, and I ran off to get my father's permission, which was gotten without difficulty. Never shall I cease to wonder at the impression that Christmas Mass made on me. The church in which it was offered is very beautiful. The marble altars were ablaze with light and were adorned with fair flowers; the ceremonies were grand and stately. To say that I was shocked and horrified is to say little of what I felt. I thought the people about me were the grossest of idolaters. I longed vehemently to denounce them then and there. I wondered that the lightnings of God's wrath did not cleave the roof and altar, and strike dead the wicked priests. I felt myself guilty of a heinous crime in being present there, and had not egress been almost impossible because of the immense crowd, I would speedily have gotten away from what I felt to be an accursed spot. On the way home I was silent and taciturn. I would say nothing of what I felt, for I had been early taught never to offend our servants in their belief by word or deed. At home I begged God on my bended knees never to permit me to put my foot again in a Catholic church.

Confirmation in the Episcopal sect was no longer a difficulty for me. I could no longer perceive any likeness in Anglicanism to Catholicity. Certainly there was a great difference between the bare church of St. L.'s and the almost magnificent sanctuary of St. V.'s. I was confirmed, and, as far as going to church services went, was a zealous Episcopalian; for from the time of my confirmation I do not think that I missed an Episcopal service of any kind as long as I remained an Episcopalian.

How and when it was that my feelings in regard to the church began to change would be very hard for me to say exactly. Probably it was in the Sunday-school that the sharp edge of my hatred of Catholic things was blunted. There I learned Sunday by Sunday the beautiful collects which I did not then know are prayers translated from the Mass-book. These prayers I became much attached to, particularly the one for the feast of the Annunciation and that for St. Michael's day. At Sunday-school my teacher, of whom mention has been made, instilled in me a greater reverence for Anglicanism and church authority than, perhaps, she at all intended doing. In all probability this good woman did more towards leading me to the truth than she or I in this life will ever be aware of. Then, too, a serious reading of the books in the Sunday-school library did much for me. The greater number of these books were rather "High." The change that was going on in me first manifested itself on a certain Easter when I wished our "altar" would be well decked with flowers. To help further this I procured a basket of flowers—not very fine ones, but they were really the best I could get—and brought them to our minister's wife. I was delighted next day—Easter Sunday—to see quite a floral display in the chancel, and the flowers brought by me on the very altar itself. A little sacrifice had been made by me, and that day I could say my prayers ever so much more fervently.

The communion service had great attractions for me, and it became a source of sorrow to me that it was not read more frequently at St. L.'s, as I knew it was at some other Episcopal churches, even daily. Of course I had been taught not to believe in transubstantiation, yet if what I did believe was not transub-

stantiation I don't know what it was. If I recollect rightly I did once try to reconcile the being taught that in communion I received the very flesh and blood of Christ, and again being taught that it was a grievous error to believe in a change in the substances of bread and wine. I must have given it up, for when I became a communicant I finally believed that at the words of consecration pronounced by our minister, whom I now called a priest, our Lord did really come down on the table we called an altar. My Episcopalian friends were not guilty of not instructing me; rather, mine was a case of over-instruction.

Believing in the Real Presence, little by little I was won to that phase of Anglicanism which loves to deck itself in the pilfered garments of the church. I began to wish for more of what I had once looked down on as vain pomp and show. All the extreme "High-Church" books that came in my way were read by me with interest and attention. I became quite learned in rubrics and ritual. Every Sunday and holyday that I went to service I hoped for the time when St. L.'s would bloom out into a temple of the genuine "Anglo-Catholic rite."

The books I read told me that I should bow my head at mention of the holy name, at the *Gloria Patri*. This I did, deriving much consolation from the thought that I was doing some little thing to help on "Anglo-Catholicism." This was the name I now called myself, an "Anglo-Catholic." Protestantism became distasteful to me, though in this I was more charitable than I had been in my hatred of the Catholic Church. *That* I had "hated with the hate of hell." I pitied Protestants (those who were not of our sect or those who were not Catholics I called Protestants) because of their blindness to the beauties of the church of the many-times widower. "Romans" I now pitied for the same reason. Though I hankered after candles and chasubles, it never entered into my head to go to a Catholic service. And this, too, when the names of Catholic services were daily on my lips. I spoke of going to Matins, to Vespers and Compline, of assisting at Mass. All of which expressions I learned from Ritualistic books. I knew no Ritualists, no Catholics, nor had I read any book by a Catholic author.

About six miles from home was a Ritualistic temple. I had been promised a horse and wagon to take me there, but had been put off so many times that I lost patience, and one Sunday morning started very early to walk to what I called Mass. It was certainly the most disagreeable walk I have ever taken, through country lanes so muddy that it was almost impossible to pick my way. With great care I was able to reach the church, very like a peacock, my upper raiment spruce and radiant—alas for my feet! Looking down at my mud-encased shoes, and recognizing the utter impossibility of my cleaning them, I could have cried—not from vanity, but because my feet were not presentable to a dainty congregation. Whilst I was pondering over my woful condition a gentleman in a flowing cassock came up and spoke to me so kindly that in a few moments he knew my little story and the difficulty I was in. With much warmth he invited me to come with him to his house, and he would have my shoes cleaned for me. "You are very early," he said; "it is only a little after nine, and I do not celebrate till eleven." After my shoes had been given to a servant to be cleaned, he took me into his study, where there was a table set out with a good breakfast. I was not a little shocked, and drew back when he insisted on my taking breakfast with him. My Anglican books had told me that a priest should celebrate fasting and communicants should receive fasting. He seemed to read my thoughts, for he said that he was obliged to dispense himself, and that I had suffered enough mortification from my muddied shoes.

"So sit down and take your breakfast," he said; "you know what Horace says." I did not, neither did I know what the wit or wisdom of Horace had to do with the dispositions of a communicant. I felt, however, that it would be impolite in me to say so. He was one of the most delightful men I have ever met with. During breakfast, of which he seemed to think I could not eat enough, he talked about church ceremonies, church decorations, and priestly vestments, mixing it all up with quotations from the Latin poets in a most bewildering way Only once did he touch on doctrine. That was when he asked me what my views of the "Presence" were. When I told him he said that what I believed in was the Roman transubstantiation, and that I must pay attention to his sermon; he would settle my difficulties. "However," he went on, "Pusey seems to teach transubstantiation, and he has his followers; there may be something in it." Even then this struck me as being a most unsatisfactory way of settling my difficulties, supposing I had any, which I had not.

The "celebration" was ornate and delighted me. But the sermon! My friend planted the first seeds of doubt in my mind as to the authenticity of the prodigious claims of Anglicanism to be a branch of the Catholic Church. It would be vain here to repeat his contradictory statements concerning our Lord's presence in the Eucharist. I left the church dissatisfied with myself and with the sermon, and determined to find out what Anglicanism really taught concerning the Lord's Supper. It may as well be said now that I never did find out, because of the latitude she allows her ministers and on which she prides herself so strangely.

Shortly after this adventure I found at home a number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD that had been loaned my father by a good Catholic gentleman. There was in this number an article on Ritualism which made me think a great deal. For the first time I began to realize that the contradictions of Anglicanism cannot be reconciled. Being able to realize this did not lead me to look to the Catholic Church to solve my difficulties. It only led me to seek out Ritualistic teachers. who gave me spiritual Dover's powders that for a time put my doubts to sleep. My real and only trouble was the teachings of the sect to which I belonged concerning the Real Presence. I was now daily asking the prayers of Mary for me; I had my patron saint; I believed in the Sacrament of Penance; I believed in the authority and recognized the necessity of a spiritual head to the church. There are others who do all these things, believe in all these things, who are like me as I was then, without a thought of seeking admission to the church.

One summer day I came across another number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. I was most unhappy that day, for I was convinced that Anglicanism, as far as it was plain in anything, had always denied the Sacrament of the altar. I opened the magazine at a little story entitled, as well as I can recollect, "Our Boy Organist." It was the story of a boy who played the organ of a Protestant church, who one Sunday stole away to a humble Catholic chapel. He, too, was a believer in the loving Presence on the altar. And there, in that humble chapel, as the shepherds found Him centuries ago in the manger, he found Emmanuel, God with us. This is not all of this beautiful story, but it is enough of it to show why I wept in reading it, and longed with intensest longing to find my way to such a chapel. Still—will it be believed?—I made no move to better my soul's condition other than a reading of all the back numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD I could find.

All this was many years ago, but to this day I cannot forgive myself for my hesitation in taking the step I knew I was bound in honor and conscience to

take. I had no doubts; I wished to believe and believed all that the Catholic Church believes and teaches. I had never attended a Catholic church but once; I have told how unfavorably it impressed me at the time. I knew no Catholics; the only things I had read by Catholics, articles in a few numbers of a magazine.

I did go to a Ritualistic minister and told him the state I was in. He said that he sympathized with me, that he felt precisely as I did. If he could stand it, could not I? Ours was a branch of the Church Catholic that had, it was true, done all in its power to uncatholicize itself. We must live in it, bear with it, and help to make it Catholic indeed. I told him that I did not any longer believe Anglicanism to be a part of the Catholic Church. He said that he would give me a book to read. I shook my head. I had read so many books; this one would be of no avail. He was not angry with me for refusing to read his book. Indeed, I think we were both too sad to be angry about anything. On my way from his house I had to pass a Catholic church. I went to the other side of the street and hurried home.

One day, not long after this, God, in his mercy to me and others, sent Father Hecker to give a lecture in our town. I was, by what seemed to me a mere chance, present at it. Suffice it to say that of this lecture what burned into my heart and brain was the stated fact that God's church, and it alone, can make our country whole; that that church was offering *me* countless treasures—dared I refuse them? I afterwards found that I was not the only one who felt that the speaker spoke to him alone.

My days of hesitancy were over. I knew myself to have been a coward and made haste to put myself in the hands of a priest for instruction. Having done this, I made known my wish to become a Catholic to those at home. Of the opposition I met with it is better that nothing were said. It made me unhappy, but it is long since past. Of the happiness that came to me in becoming a Catholic it is impossible to write.

I was baptized, and on a Christmas morning, in the very church where I had wished to denounce Catholics, at the very altar I had looked for the indignant lightnings of God's wrath to cleave, I received for the first time the precious Body and Blood of our dear Lord. Ah! we who are Catholics, how we are blessed! Day by day Jesus comes to us with outstretched hands, stays with us, and will not leave us. And we can speak with him mouth to mouth, even as the disciples did in the ages long ago. What more can there be for us till that surely coming day when the veil shall be uplifted and we shall see him as he is?

THE COMMON SCHOOLS AND CITIZENSHIP.

"Foreign born citizens and citizens of foreign parentage need to be assimilated by America more than we need to assimilate them. Every advantage that has come to them in this country has come through the absorption of their home-country interests into American interests. They owe all that they are here, that they were not at home, to the public schools and kindred associational influences. If the American people should attempt to exclude them from the public schools, what an outcry would be raised! Every present American interest would say to them, 'Go, and stand not upon the order of your going!' It will save Boston more than $200,000 a year to have every child of foreign-born parentage taken from the public schools; it will raise the standard of scholarship in the public schools; it will make many of the public schools much more refined; it will greatly reduce the occasions for corporal punishment; it will enable the city to sell a million dollars' worth of school-houses and school-lots. It is not from any sense of selfishness that objection is raised to the universal withdrawal of the Catholic children from the public school. It is simply from a conviction that it is for the best

interest of these children and the future of our country that America demands that, regardless of expense, they be kept in the public schools."

The foregoing paragraph is an editorial of the *Journal of Education*, a Boston weekly of wide circulation among the teachers of the United States. The editor, strange as it may seem from this expression of his sentiments, is in secular matters exceptionally candid and generous; and hence his pen is likely to do all the more harm, since what he says will be taken by his readers as carefully weighed in the scales of justice and labelled *ad valorem*. On the other hand, it must be taken into account that he writes for, and naturally under the influence of, a class who, some craftily and some innocently, are erecting themselves into a party, the self-summoned defenders of national institutions against a chimerical array of assumed opposition.

The wrong foreshadowed by the ever-busy agitator, and pictured after him by the apprehensive journalist, was originally photographed from the little world within the agitator's brain, and never existed but in that fantastic room. It is as ridiculous as if one should cry out, "A great crime is, I guess, about to be committed. Say, aren't you the intended perpetrator?" Let now any champion of our country's honor sit down a moment, and note when, where, and by whom he has ever heard it proposed to abolish our public-school system or any part of it, or to divide the public moneys or divert any part of them from present uses. I will cite one instance.

A few years ago serious danger did threaten that system, and justifiable alarm was raised by the hot and heavy attacks made upon it. The air was thick with cries for retrenchment, and loud calls were made for the abolition of public high-schools and of all parts of the school system that were not essential to the teaching of the "three R's." Had the church been then the enemy of the public schools, what a golden opportunity was presented her for their destruction! No; she was then, as now and always, in favor of expansion rather than restriction, and would build high, but build safely, and would lay the foundation of the "three R's" and all other rudiments of human knowledge in the eternal "fourth R"—religion.

Where are those fiery assailants and would-be destroyers of our public-school system now? They are pointing their stained fingers at Catholics, and shouting: "If we would preserve our national institutions we must look out for them!" The puniest of all piping cries for an American to utter—one that I am sorry to hear voiced by any "unselfish" journalist or friend of my country—is that "assimilation" is an indispensable condition of citizenship with "us"; and by "us" I mean all who happened to get here before a given tally-mark in our brief calendar of a century or two. "Foreign-born citizens and citizens of foreign parentage need to be assimilated by America more than we need to assimilate them." Of course parentage does not mean descent, but rather applies to the children of actual immigrants; and all those whose grandparents or remoter ancestors were pilgrims to this "land of refuge, land of benedictions," are excluded from consideration. This is well; for an indiscriminate assimilation of foreigners would turn us all into savages, in fact, without the rum and the knavery which we unfortunately by assimilation gave to the preoccupants of our soil. If the Red Man had known his advantage and our greed to assimilate all that was his, he would have plucked up the little plant that grew from the wafted Pilgrim seed while as yet he could.

If we go back to the opening of this century, which is but nine-tenths gone, do we reach a safe point to decide what is America and who are Americans? A strip of land along the Atlantic coast is peopled by a little over five million souls,

of all races and faiths. The Catholic Church is here, presided over by the patriotic and saintly Bishop Carroll. Catholic spirits have helped found our nation. Pulaski and Montgomery have fallen; De Grasse is dead; La Fayette and Rochambeau have returned to France; but the brave "signer," Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Commodore Barry, "father of the American navy," and Kosciusko, and Moylan, and many patriots of their faith who helped win the battles of the new republic, still live to enjoy its liberties and citizenship. This coast, which by right of discovery was Catholic, is now in 1800, by settlement and conquest and in the spirit of its established law, as legitimately and intrinsically Catholic as Protestant. The new republic guarantees the principle of non-exclusiveness in religion and race. Her gates are open "to the oppressed of every nation."

Looking beyond her borders, in that year of grace 1800, across the rivers which Catholic priests and pioneers explored and on whose banks they settled, we see a territory three and a half times as vast as that of her Eastern seaboard, while to the south is a peninsula as large as all New England. All this domain is to be added to her, and all this in 1800 is Catholic possession and no shadow of prescription lies upon it.

Now, as the five millions grow, chiefly by immigration, into sixty millions, and the territory is enlarged threefold, where is the compact or the compromise which stipulates that America is a Protestant land? Who has the right and authority to recall the benison of our first President: "May the members of your Society in America, animated alone by the pure spirit of Christianity, and still conducting themselves as the faithful subjects of our free government, enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity"?

No new Americanism has a footing here. The American name and citizenship are as comprehensive to-day as the Constitution made them. No class, party, or religion has the prerogative of pronouncing itself American and branding another class, party, or religion foreign to America. Birth may be foreign, but entrance into our citizenship cancels birth. Every one of the millions who have reached our shores since our government was founded comes in his own God-given rights to dwell here, obeying the constitutional law and protected thereby. No other assimilation can be demanded of him than that to which he voluntarily assents; and such assimilation may be expected, not from antagonism, but from sympathetic and cordial relations.

"Every advantage that has come to them in this country has come through the absorption of their home-country interests into American interests. They owe all that they are here, that they were not at home, to the public schools and kindred associational influences."

Yes; that which is peculiarly American we all get in America. We all fled from oppression, or poverty, or unpleasantness to find relief in America. Is it not straining the point to say that the benefits we receive all come from the public schools or "kindred" influences? For example, the right to vote, the better wages, the larger freedom of intercourse and of conscience—do these come specifically from our schools, or from our laws and mode of life?

"If the American people should attempt to exclude them from the public schools what an outcry would be raised!"

Who are "them"? Is it "themselves"? These citizens who have become so, or whose parents became so, by naturalization may be meant; but probably not. If so, they also are part of the "American people."

The contingency probably is either that the American people may exclude

themselves from the schools, or that a "portion" (and a very bigoted portion) of the American people may attempt to exclude another "portion." Neither contingency is to be feared. The promoters of such strife would be a hopeful (?) minority, and the immense majority opposed to such injustice would raise a deafening, cataclysmic outcry.

Yet what could not be openly done may be silently effected. The exclusion of the religious element will in time effect the exclusion of many children from the public schools, and not those of one faith only, nor wholly those of recent immigration. All men of profound religious conviction will come to inquire how it happens that the "household of faith" is so uncommon, and that religious indifference, discourtesy, insubordination, and irritation under restraint have become so common among children. Instead of minimizing the religious phase of education, the reaction must come in favor of a permeating religious element in school life. Hence denominational schools must multiply, unless our public schools are developed to meet the want. Do our prominent educators think the problem worthy of serious and timely thought?

"Every present American interest would say to them, 'Go!'"

We shall presently find who constitutes "them." But how can every "American interest" say "Go," when the public schools in their entirety are the bulwark, support, and author of American welfare?

"It will save Boston more than $200,000 a year to have every child of foreign-born parentage taken from the public schools; it will raise the standard of scholarship in the public schools; it will make many of the public schools much more refined; it will greatly reduce the occasions for corporal punishment; it will enable the city to sell a million dollars' worth of school-houses and school-lots."

Here we have one "American interest"—exclusiveness—in three slices, sandwiched between two layers of another "American interest"—covetousness. The money argument has generally been most effective against the improvement of our schools. They have cost too much for the oppressed taxpayer. What a tribute to those who will support schools of their own for the sake of such an education as they think desirable! The "exclusive" argument is already worked so successfully by brokers and landlords, and tenants reciprocally, that our communities are pretty well classified and stratified. Assimilation is meanwhile utterly ignored, even as a missionary effort. The "blue blood" of ancestral standing and the red blood of a newer life flow in different channels. They do not mix, because their offices are unlike. The former, having attained to somewhat, demands to be refreshed and to enjoy the rewards of former hard labor and sore self-denial. The latter comes in with willing heart to take up the spade and the trowel in this land of good prospects, and push out and up the works of national progress. In time, as fortune's wheel revolves, this latter laboring class becomes thrifty and then opulent, and pledges its capital to the right hand of toil. We cannot say to the poor immigrant, "Go back," because we need him, and by his help the continent has been spanned with steel, the interior been populated, and our national resources been developed.

One man, one child, has the same public rights here as another. We have no privileged class. What one class, party, or sect has been allowed to do is lawful precedent for another. Individuals may be exclusive, but our school system cannot be such. Many pupils, fresh from fatherland or mother-country, enter our schools the models in scholarship, in refinement, and in facile obedience for their

associates until by contact with "Young America" they lose some of their previous grace. There are too many examples of this kind to permit one to remark that the removal of these children would elevate the character of our schools.

The concluding passage of this editorial limits the force of precedent criticism to the Catholic children, apparently, whether of foreign "parentage" and recent immigration or of lineage *ab urbe condita*. The child's "interest" and the "future of our country" are the "purely unselfish motives" of the "American" *par excellence—i.e.*, if our editorial friend correctly represents him. These suggestions to Catholics, though perhaps not very persuasive or logical, reveal the fact that their children are wanted in the public schools. Indeed, the anti-Catholicity which became in the time of the Tudors a political motive was intensified into political ostracism in later reigns, and has several times broken out in the American body politic, as a sort of European plague, but it cannot rage long in our republic. Our national system was inoculated against it by the pilgrim Fathers of all faiths, who put into the life of the young nation this Catholic truth: "God hath made of one all mankind, to dwell upon the whole face of the earth." Know-Nothingism may break out once in a generation, just to show how feeble it is and how un-American.

The American public schools are the gift and the inheritance of Catholics as well as Protestants. The Catholic desire has oft been expressed, "Let us make these schools worthy of our children and for their highest education, be they Catholic, Hebrew, or Protestant.'

The *Journal of Education* very well understands this proposition, and that the tendency of educational thought is towards the discovery of some way to supply the religious element and not merely technical religious instruction in the public schools. Why are not the bright and thoughtful writers who are prospecting along this course more fully represented in its columns? The question is not, "Is the religious element a factor in the education of the times?" nor, "Is it feasible in our public schools?" but," In what way may it be made feasible there, to the satisfaction of all Americans?" AUGUSTUS D. SMALL.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.*

We have seen a picture by a French artist representing the Egyptian Sphinx, surrounded by the sands of the desert and enshrouded in the darkness of night, but with the Blessed Virgin, the Child Jesus sleeping in her arms, resting between the Sphinx's paws, St. Joseph standing near by and keeping watch. It occurs to us that this most famous sculpture of antiquity represents the puzzled soul of humanity questioning the barrenness and darkness of nature, only to remain in deeper perplexity, as age succeeded age, until the riddles of human life were answered by the coming of Jesus Christ. This republic is like the Sphinx to the rest of mankind. It asks questions which the Old World cannot answer, especially that portion which is traditionally Catholic. When it assumed its place amidst the nations of the earth it was apparently an attempt to resume the pagan idea of civilization—the all-sufficiency of human nature for its own destiny. But to the more discerning minds Archbishop Carroll and the infant church he represented were the mother and child nestling in the arms of the cold and stony figure of the unreligious republic. Father Seraphin Bandol,

**Life and Times of the Most Rev. John Carroll, Bishop and First Archbishop of Baltimore.* Embracing the History of the Catholic Church in the United States, 1763–1815. With portraits, views, and fac-similes. By John Gilmary Shea. New York: John G. Shea.

chaplain of the French embassy, in a sermon preached before the Continental Congress at Philadelphia on occasion of the capture of Cornwallis and his army, expressed the sentiment of the Catholic Church perfectly when he said (*Life of Archbishop Carroll*, p. 198) that, however worldly-minded men might interpret the rise and establishment of American liberty, it was to be attributed to a singular providence of Almighty God, and its true significance could be discovered only by the aid of a religious disposition of mind :

"It would be equally ungrateful and impious not to acknowledge that the event which lately confounded our enemies and frustrated their designs was the wonderful work of that God who guards your liberties. . . . For how many favors have we not to thank him during the course of the present year? Your union, which was at first supported by justice alone, has been consolidated by your courage, and the bond which unites you together has become indissoluble by the accession of all the States and the unanimous voice of all the confederates. You present to the universe the noble spectacle of a society which, founded in equality and justice, secures to the individuals who compose it the utmost happiness which can be derived from human institutions. This advantage, which so many other nations have been unable to procure, even after ages of effort and misery, *is granted by divine Providence* to the United States ; and his adorable decrees have marked the present moment for the completion of that memorable, happy revolution which has taken place on this immense continent."

It was the infant Catholic Church of America, whose history is told by Dr. Shea in this fine volume, which gave at that epoch a decided answer to the perplexed minds of observant Europeans. What can the American republic contribute towards the solution of the higher problems of life—founded, as it is, by members of all the rival sects of chaotic Protestantism, or inspired by deists like Franklin and Jefferson? The answer is that it can prove that most anti-Protestant of all truths, that the mere natural man is not totally depraved ; that he has noble aspirations, is fit to found and rule a civilized state; that his natural virtues are the admirable suggestion of the virtues of Jesus Christ, and that a state which is the outcome of guileless nature must by a law of its being welcome the supernatural society of the Catholic religion, and its citizens sooner or later seek and assimilate her supernatural influences. The conspicuous presence of Archbishop Carroll at the cradle of this new order of man's secular destiny gives us a clue to the supernatural meaning of the American republic.*

The scope of this volume, embracing Archbishop Carroll and the Catholic Church in America from before the Revolution till after the last war with England, furnishes matter of the highest interest to all classes of readers. The archbishop might be called the Washington of the American Church, and it is not easy to exaggerate the full significance of such words. Carroll was a great man. In the natural order he had all the qualities of Washington—uprightness of character, purity of intention, well-balanced mind, steady determination in

* A striking example of his missionary spirit and how far he would reach out to help his fellow-citizens into the true church is shown in the following extract from a letter to Father O'Leary. He is speaking of views formerly expressed to an English priest named Berington: "In a letter to him, and before I had a thought of being in my present station, I expressed a wish that the pastors of the church would see cause to grant to this extensive continent, jointly with England and Ireland, the same privilege as is enjoyed by many churches of infinitely less extent—that of having their liturgy in their own language ; for I do, indeed, conceive that one of the most popular prejudices against us is that our public prayers are unintelligible to our hearers. Many of the poor people, and the negroes generally, not being able to read, have no technical help to confine their attention. Mr. Berington's brilliant imagination attributes to me projects which far exceed my powers, and in which I should find no co-operation from my clerical brethren in America, were I rash enough to attempt their introduction upon my own authority" (*Life*, p. 234).

pursuit of worthy aims. But he was not called to that civil or military career in which he might have rivalled the greatest of our early heroes and have stood on an equality with his kinsman, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

It must be said to his credit that his European education did not spoil him. Men of talent have been spoiled and their usefulness abridged, made almost null, by fewer years of foreign study than Archbishop Carroll's. Some have associated the Catholic faith too closely with the race-traits of the Old World and have returned with a religion too much European to be entirely Catholic. Some have been weak-minded enough to lay to the church the faults or weaknesses of her human representatives in the Old World, and have brought home to America a fierce animosity against ecclesiastical institutions which are in some sense a necessary complement of the church's existence. Some American Catholics are secretly monarchists from an education abroad, and some bend too far in the opposite direction. It is always dangerous to educate a man out of his own country, unless he is going to spend his whole life in exile. That it can sometimes be done with much profit is shown by such cases as Archbishops Kenrick and Spalding, and especially in that of Archbishop Carroll. He made the full course of the Jesuit College at St. Omer, entered the society's novitiate, went through the entire curriculum of its studies, completed by maintaining a public thesis, was professed in the four solemn vows, taught in the college at Liege, was tutor and companion to an English nobleman in his travels on the Continent, and was always an American and a freeman, while always a most devoted Jesuit. One of his letters to America, describing his sensations at the suppression of the society, is a touching evidence of how noble a homage a free spirit can pay to a religious institute the most severe in its rule of obedience; only less touching than the archbishop's instinctive desire in his old age to re-enter the society on its revival under Pius VII.—a purpose only reluctantly given up on account of the urgent needs of Catholic public life in the United States.

Apropos of his affection for the Society of Jesus, we reproduce Dr. Shea's extract from a private letter written to the famous Father Arthur O'Leary; he is speaking of Clement XIV. and the suppression of the society by that pontiff:

"I find that you are not pleased with my note [printed, we suppose, in the archbishop's reply to Wharton] on the late pope, and that you think I was mistaken in attributing to him a time-serving policy. Peace to his spirit and may God have mercy on his soul; but whatever allowance charity may wish for him, the pen of impartial history will not join you in attributing to his public conduct (and to that the destruction of the Jesuits belongs) the virtue of benevolence. You think that your intimacy with the good Cardinal de Luines gave you opportunities of information which I had not; on the contrary, I think that having spent in Italy the two years immediately preceding our dissolution, and the last of them at Rome, and mixing in all companies and not being much with my own brethren, I had means of collecting knowledge which were perhaps wanting to Cardinal de Luines himself; and I certainly saw repeated instances of conduct which upon the coolest and most unprejudiced consideration appear irreconcilable, not only with benevolence, but even with common humanity and the plainest principles of justice. At the same time I do not take upon me to say that the whole weight of this misconduct fell upon the pope, unless it be for withdrawing himself totally from business and trusting his authority to men who shamefully abused it. I hope you will excuse this liberty; your writings express a free soul, and I cannot think that you would wish me to dissemble the feelings of mine. But though I communicate them to Mr. O'Leary, I have neither ambition to make them public, nor fear to do so if occasion require" (*Life*, pp. 233, 234).

The era of John Carroll was full of special providences not only for America but for humanity; as well in the temporal order as in the spiritual, no less for the advancement of civilization as for that of religion. He was himself one of these

providences. It was a special favor from God that Carroll was ours during those great days—ours in his faith and in his love of country, and in his union of both those qualities. It would have been a calamity if a narrow or a cowardly spirit had been in his place, or a prelate of little learning or mediocre ability. A brilliant light shines from above on that era, lighting up the most powerful figures of many generations of human history; among them appears a great American prelate leading the Catholic community in most hearty and efficacious co-operation in that struggle which marks the beginning of rational liberty in modern times. What political institutions could ever look back to such great and, in the natural order, such good men as were the founders of our free empire of peace? And it is not boasting to say that Carroll was the peer of the best of them. It was fitting that such should have been the case. The great supernatural order of mankind is the Catholic Church; it was well that it should contribute such a man as Archbishop Carroll as its exponent in the beginnings of the American republic. In him God gave us as the founder of the American hierarchy a thorough American and a thorough ecclesiastic. He gave the keynote to the harmonious accord between the true religion and American politics. He set the example loyally followed by our leading Catholic minds ever since. The conditions to be studied where church and state are to be adjusted in their relationships to each other are not essentially different now. Church and state were at that time placed upon a basis of harmony by applying philosophical principles to actual facts; not by a frantic advocacy of antique methods, or of a state of things which ought to be in the abstract, or of what emotional or traditional temperaments might desire—all legitimate enough, but barred out of here by the sovereign rule of providential conditions. Hence if any man wants to know the relation of church and state in America, let him read this *Life*. Some of its chapters form a Catholic gloss upon that famous constitutional clause that Congress shall make no law providing for the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

If we study the mental drift of those days and find it sceptical of revealed truth and impatient of religious restraint, we are astonished at the amount of unmistakably Christian sentiment infused into our institutions; we are surprised that men like Jefferson and Franklin, chief corner-stones of the edifice of our civil polity, showed so great respect for religious belief and practice, since it is notorious that they did not personally share it. Close acquaintance with men like Carroll—a strong bond of friendship in Franklin's case—must have had something to do with bringing about this happy frame of mind.*

We extend a hearty welcome to this *History of the American Church* in her heroic epoch. Our earliest impressions of Catholicity on this continent were

* We are not left ignorant of the archbishop's mind as to the position of non-Catholics in reference to the church. Wharton, an apostate priest, had attacked the church, accusing her of holding the same narrow views of the dogma, "out of the church there is no salvation," which have been recently advocated with such bad judgment and lack of information. The archbishop replied to him and vigorously repudiated this error, and affirmed that Catholic theologians do not limit salvation to those in the visible communion of the church: "The members of the Catholic Church," he writes, "are all those who, with a sincere heart, seek true religion, and are in an unfeigned disposition to embrace the truth whenever they find it. Now, it never was our doctrine that salvation can be obtained only by 'those actually in the communion of the church' (these words are Wharton's), united in the profession of her faith and the participation of her sacraments, through the ministry and government of her lawful pastors" (*Life*, p. 229).

derived from the study of John Gilmary Shea's *School History of the United States* in the parish school he attended as a boy. That is now many years ago; but the proper connection between love of God and love of country was permanently established in our mind by that little history. The dignity of the vocation of such a writer as Dr. Shea can, we think, be no better measured than by the fact mentioned—one instance out of tens of thousands throughout the country. Next to the priesthood itself, it is the highest vocation to which the Holy Spirit can call a man with competent natural gifts. Such laymen as Shea are the necessary complement to an organized clergy. Without such men no religious movement can flourish. And we only hope that Almighty God may prolong his life till he has entirely finished the course of history of which this is the second volume. His life is drawing to its close, and yet he labors on. It is truly admirable to see a man laboring in such a noble cause at a time when money cannot attract and when the word fame has lost its meaning. We are persuaded that only the purest motives and an extraordinary grace of God can explain such a career. When we see a man who expends the intellectual labor of a long life, trained in the discipline and enriched with the fruits of a finished education, upon occupations whose reward never could be money or office, or aught else but the consciousness of well-doing, we say that he is a high-grade man. The intrinsic excellence of his vocation must first have attracted him: the discovery of the truth about heroic men, the pointings of Providence in great epochs, and their publication and defence before the world.

READING CIRCLES.

The communication on Reading Circles which appeared in the last issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD has been published for general circulation in the form of a leaflet. Copies may be obtained gratis on application to the office of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Members of reading clubs and literary societies will find it to their advantage to direct attention to, and foster a discussion of, the subject.

For obvious reasons, names of places, and likewise names of individuals, must sometimes be omitted in giving information about books, etc., to correspondents. The avowal that there is need of co-operation among intelligent Catholics with reference to a choice of books will elicit testimony from various places as to the number who are anxious to do something to supply this need. One writer sends the following:

"We have just organized a Ladies' Literary Club, composed entirely of Catholics, and are desirous of reading Catholic literature. We are somewhat at a loss as to what would be the most profitable plan to pursue, so I write to ask you to suggest a course of reading for us for the winter. Would also like you to tell us the best condensed history of the Catholic Church, one suitable for a club study. S. R. E."

An excellent and condensed school history for American readers is that known as Spalding's *History of the Church of God*, price $2, published by the Catholic Publication Society Co. But for the purpose here proposed we recommend the *History of the Church, from its First Establishment to our own Times*, by Rev. J. A. Birkhaeuser, published by Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

NOVEMBER 26, 1888.

"In the December number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is an article suggesting the necessity of Catholic Reading Circles based on the plan of St. Anselm's Society in England, or the Chautauqua Society or the Agassiz Association in our own country. As you request comments on the matter, permit me to say that I think the plan most commendable. Except in

cities our people have little access to Catholic books, and hence have comparatively little knowledge of Catholic literature. Our people are a reading people; if the proper subjects are furnished them, they are also a thinking people.

"Right here in this town I can give you examples of dozens of persons who have read George Eliot, Dickens, Howells, James, etc., and who have never knowingly read one line from Lady Fullerton, De Vere, Miss Tincker, Mrs. Craven, or any Catholic author. I am referring to Catholics, not Protestants.

"A circle such as you suggest would open up a new life to our people; it would strengthen both faith and intellect. We certainly lack *intelligent* Catholics in the United States. By that I do not mean Catholics who cannot solve difficult problems in geometry or algebra, who do not know the prominent theories now in vogue about the solar system, who are not able to talk glibly of transcendentalism and the Concord school of philosophy, who are behind in theosophy, and who cannot discuss the Nirvâna. We have too many who know all these things and yet do not know enough to save their souls. I mean we have not Catholics enough who have made a study of Catholic doctrine, who know the lives of the great scholars of the church, who know anything about the schools of the 'Ages of Faith,' who have read *Gentilism* and other such works to obtain information about Buddha and Brahma. We have not many Catholics here in this 'Almighty-Dollar-Kingdom' who can appreciate the superiority of a St. Zita over a Huxley or a Tyndall.

"Pardon the length of my remarks, for I am very much interested in the dissemination of Catholic literature. B. E. B."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IRELAND UNDER COERCION. By William Henry Hurlbert. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

The present political agitation in Ireland has produced a good deal of literature of a partisan character. The opposing parties have indulged in attack and counter-attack of every kind, and in the heat of the debate they have often lost sight of everything else except their own side of the question. The Nationalists have sometimes represented the Tories as tyrants and nothing but tyrants. The Tories again have represented the Nationalists as rebels and nothing but rebels. On the whole, however, there has been more argument than abuse, and we find a fair amount of candor at the bottom of it all. It was reserved for an American, we regret to say, to produce the most purely partisan and ungenerous contribution to the controversy. For this Mr. Hurlbert's book most undoubtedly is. He is by all odds the most "offensive partisan" that has yet taken part in the debate; and there is only one way of accounting for it. The poor gentleman has fallen a victim to Tory blandishments and has become altogether more Tory than the Tories themselves. His conservatism is of the most painful kind. Everything and everybody all the world over that stand for the masses as opposed to the classes set his teeth on edge. He crosses the Atlantic from his English paddock to cast a fling at Cardinal Gibbons because of His Eminence's sympathy for the sons of toil; he wanders off to Australia to remind Cardinal Moran of the futility of his efforts to reconcile certain issues at Rome; he sneers at the presentation, by His Grace of Philadelphia, of President Cleveland's jubilee gift to the Pope, and greets with approval an ecclesiastical friend who calls it "the godless American Constitution." He even makes fun of the cowardice of his countrymen at the battle of Bladensburg to please an Irish Tory landlord whose ancestor was one of the conquering heroes of the occasion.

It is not to be wondered at that such a man, writing on the Irish question, makes himself supremely absurd. He begins by trying to identify the land-agitation in Ireland with the Henry George movement in New York. This is his prime point, and he ends by threatening the archbishops and bishops and priests of Ireland, who are on the side of the people, with the thunders of the Vatican—nay, with the major excommunication. He heads the long list of his reckless assertions by the statement that there is no Irish-American of any weight who does maintain that complete separation from Great Britain is essential to secure Ireland's rights and liberties.

He warns his fellow-countrymen—for he considers himself a thoroughbred American withal—that the Irish-Americans and their political affiliations are a downright danger to the republic. He gloats over the action of the mayor of New York in the matter of the Irish flag, etc. Mr. Hewitt is in his eyes a typical American, the representative of a great idea and a growing party in the country. Wonder if he read the returns? He tries to play off the dead Irish patriots against the living, and this is altogether the most sickening part of his performance. All the true friends of Ireland he has known are either dead or fretting over their country's ruin in the Tory camp; the great mass of the people are rushing headlong into a state of moral degradation "below the level of savages." All trace of Christian ethics is fast disappearing from amongst them; there is scarcely a fragment of the Decalogue left in the land! This certainly is alarming and, strange to say, the keen moral sense of the author enabled him to detect all this depravity before he entered upon his investigations at all. Indeed, the visit he paid to Ireland was entirely unnecessary for his purposes; he could have compiled the book quite as well had he never set foot in the country. The etching was made before the landscape was seen, and the little bits of color subsequently supplied did not add to the accuracy of the engraving. The prologue and the epilogue are interchangeable negatives.

When he did go over to Ireland to take in the situation we are not surprised to learn that one of his first visits was to Mr. Balfour in Dublin Castle, and that he found the chief secretary "quite delightful." Nor are we surprised to hear that he was dined and wined by the viceroy and his court and the Irish aristocracy generally. And when the purpose of his visit became known we are quite prepared to see him escorted by lords and judges, magistrates and county inspectors, and policemen and emergency-men through the country, and entertained by them at every turn. The few Nationalists he encounters are for the most part either knaves or fools, but the parson who presides at a Tory meeting which he attends is "a kind of Angelic Doctor," and Dr. Kane, the grand-master of the Orangemen at Belfast, whom he had the "*pleasure*" to meet, he describes as a "fine-looking, *frank*, resolute man"; and so on *ad nauseam*.

In view of the select circle in which he moved while in Ireland, we are not at all surprised when he assures us that he saw "nothing of coercion, and heard scarcely anything of home rule" there. But we should be surprised beyond measure if any sane man would accept Mr. Hurlbert as an impartial authority on Irish affairs.

LITURGY FOR THE LAITY; or, An Explanation of the Sacred Objects connected with Divine Worship. By Rev. James H. O'Donnell. New York: P. O'Shea.

It has been said that the Ritualists have done much more than Catholics to

present in popular form treatises explanatory of the significance and purpose of their rites and ceremonies. We may admit the truth of this and find its explanation in the fact that the Ritualist must emphasize forms, since he possesses so little of the realities of the Catholic religion. With the Catholic this is not so; underneath the rite or the ceremony is hidden a meaning greater than its symbol, a significance which touches his heart and his spirit. He may know little of the meaning of the various ceremonies of the Mass, but the Mass itself as an act of religion is to him the reality of the most sublime worship of God.

While admitting this, however, we are none the less induced to give the little book before us the warmest praise. The great truths of our holy religion, our awful Sacrifice, the wide channels of grace that come to us through the sacraments, must of necessity demand and employ ritual and ceremony. The senses are but broad avenues to man's heart and mind, and so the church has her liturgy and her elaborate and well-arranged ceremonial. Naturally a knowledge of the meaning and object of these ceremonies conduces to a better understanding of that truth or aim of which they are the symbols. Hence the author is to be commended for placing in the hands of the laity a book so well calculated to achieve this purpose. There are, as Father O'Donnell observes, many works written on these subjects, but they are not cast in a form suited to the generality of the laity, being for the most part written in Latin, and, even where the vernacular is employed, of too learned and exhaustive a character to be popular. The clearness, simplicity, and conciseness of this book are its best recommendations, and will, we are certain, insure its popularity. Our Catholic laity invariably show great eagerness to acquire information of this character, and though the phrase is well worn and often meaningless, it is particularly true and appropriate to say that this book will fill a long-felt want. It is well printed and attractively bound.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, late Archbishop of Westminster. With a biographical introduction by the Rev. Jeremiah Murphy, Queenstown. London: Thomas Baker. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

Cardinal Wiseman's fame does not rest upon a literary basis, although his style is always clear and often eloquent. His literary merits would have secured him readers and a competence, but not a posterity. He is in that respect eclipsed by the brilliancy of his contemporaries. Macaulay is the perfection of verbal mechanism, is a fatal attraction to imitators, and for all that style was first, width and depth and truth secondary, he has both the air of honesty and real honesty sufficient to make him an English classic. Newman's style is supreme in English prose, and although inimitable, is fascinating in the extreme. This fascination is due to the quality of clearness. Not that his style throws light on his great mind, but that it positively unveils. It is a medium so transparent that you are brought into contact almost immediate with one of the ablest minds of our age.

Now, Wiseman lacked this highest literary excellence, and, compared with Newman, that is all that he lacked to make him his peer. Wiseman plus Newman's style equals Newman. His natural ability was of that order which assumes among men a monopoly of the term great. His education was perfect, and he was a distinguished educator. As a linguist he was perhaps second only to Mezzofanti, who, indeed, said to him, apropos of his *Horæ Syriacæ*, "You have put your knowledge of language to some

purpose; when I go I shall not leave a trace of what I know behind me." He was a great Biblical critic, and his essay on the sixth chapter of St. John has been translated into Latin and made a seminary text-book. He was a literary critic of a high order, a journalist, a dramatist, and was a leader in the Shaksperean world. His scientific attainments were extensive, and thoroughly thought out and matured. He was an archæologist and a historian. He was a novelist; who that has read his *Fabiola* will ever forget him?

But Cardinal Wiseman was most distinguished as a controversialist, and did the best service to the church in softening prejudice, convicting error without the parade or noise of battle and without insult to the vanquished; there are no *væ victis* in his triumph. Much of his matter is antiquated from the very fact that the errors which he combated have been driven by his efforts from conspicuous place in the battle-field of controversy. He humiliated and defeated Protestantism on the old lines of attack, without enraging its adherents. Meantime he was an enlightened administrator and able governor in the church in very critical times—times demanding patience and boldness and a perfect knowledge of the time of his age and country. In colloquial terms he might be called an "all-around man" in the various rôles of the highest human endeavor.

This volume contains Cardinal Wiseman's Essays on the Catholic versions of Scripture in various languages—an essay summing up the best learning on this topic—three essays on the parables, miracles, and actions of the New Testament, two learnedly critical articles on the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, one on the harmony of ancient and modern Catholicity, another on the High-Church theory of dogmatical authority, a treatise on Christian art, and three historical papers on Boniface VIII., the Council of Constantinople, A.D. 1166, on Christian unity, and one on early Italian academies. The reader sees that the volume is a valuable one, exhibiting the versatility of the author and embodying some of his best literary efforts, while the matter treated is of the same interest to-day as when first published in the *Dublin Review*.

The book is excellently got up, the press-work is first-rate, and the binding handsome and durable.

ST. PETER'S CHAINS; or, Rome and the Italian Revolution. A series of Sonnets by Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

Aubrey de Vere's poetry is intellectual—that is to say, it appeals to a taste which is dominated by intellectual views. His poetical gifts are not calculated to produce appeals to human passions, whose gratification, innocent or otherwise, is the object usually sought after by poetry as well as art, and especially that of the nineteenth century. Mr. De Vere rehabilitates the ideals of a purer epoch. His devotion to the truth viewed simply and in an atmosphere of purity of heart is so great that he is willing to make, or risk making, sacrifice of present fame. Yet, like Wordsworth, in his willingness to ignore the common methods of securing fame he wins it. He must have, and has, a large share of admiration from those whose allegiance is best worth having. He is a genuine poet. He will stand when others now in greater vogue will have fallen out of notice. Let the reader listen to the music and let him ponder the deep perception

of truth in the following sonnet, and he will see what we mean by the above remarks:

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1859.

"This night, O Earth, a Saviour germinate!
Drop down, ye Heavens, your sweetness from above!
This night is closed the iron book of fate;
Open'd this night the book of peace and love.
On from the Orient like a breeze doth move
The joy world-wide—a breeze that wafts a freight
Of vernal song o'er lands benumbed so late,
Rivers ice-bound and winter-wasted grove.
Onward from Bethlehem, westward o'er the Ægean
Travels like night the starry feast divine;
All realms rejoice; but loudest swells the pæan
From that white basilic on the Esquiline
Beneath whose roof in sunlight radiance clad
The suffering Pontiff stands—to-night not sad."

BOTANY FOR ACADEMIES AND COLLEGES. By Annie Chambers-Ketchum. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1889.

This volume is one of "Lippincott's Science Series," and, if we mistake not, it will prove the most generally acceptable amongst them. The subject is full of interest, the treatment thoroughly scientific, and the work as a whole is a monument of patient labor and systematic condensation. It is remarkable that such a text-book should have been produced by a woman; for however great the author's talents, the researches entailed in the composition of such a work would seem beyond her reach. But love of her subject, combined with great natural ability and persevering industry, enabled her to overcome difficulties which at first sight seem insurmountable, and to produce a text-book of which the most expert naturalist might well be proud. In the three hundred and odd pages of this volume we have the principles that govern investigation into the vast and varied kingdom of the vegetable world ably developed and practically applied, and the general results of botanic science fully summarized. With such a text-book as this in the hands of a competent teacher, there is nothing wanting to the student who seeks to explore the fairest realm of nature.

In our higher educational course there is no greater want than reliable text-books on purely scientific branches; and it is gratifying to know that this want has been supplied in at least one department. Most of the text-books in use on such subjects are objectionable in that they assume as facts many things that are merely theories. Indeed, we have noticed one such assumption in the present work in regard to the antiquity of man which we would like to see qualified. When such an authority as Sir John Dawson insists that there is no evidence which proves conclusively that man has inhabited this planet for more than eight or ten thousand years, the statements of geologists of lesser note on the subject may well admit of qualification. This question, however, is purely accidental in Mrs. Ketchum's book, and does not detract from its value as a safe and reliable authority on all that pertains to the beautiful science of botany, and as such we cordially recommend it to our Catholic academies and colleges.

The enterprising publishers have turned out the work in excellent form; it is filled with most accurate plates and illustrations.

Tribute of "The Catholic World"

TO

ITS FOUNDER,

FATHER HECKER.

I DO not propose to write a biographical sketch of Father Hecker, or to make an estimate of his entire character and career as a priest. In view of his relation to THE CATHOLIC WORLD as its founder and editor, the one specially appropriate side of his public life for a tribute in its pages to his memory is the one looking toward the employment of the press in the service of truth, religion, and morality. I shall confine myself within this limit, but first, to correct mistaken statements which have appeared in some newspapers, I will give some of the principal facts in the life of Father Hecker.

He was born in New York, December 18, 1819, of German parents, and he died December 22, 1888, four days after completing his sixty-ninth year. During his boyhood and early youth he was obliged to assist his two elder brothers in the humble and laborious beginnings of their business, which afterwards expanded into such large proportions, and did not enjoy many opportunities and advantages for study. His bent was entirely toward intellectual pursuits, and he gave himself

up to the acquisition of wisdom and knowledge with energy and enthusiasm as soon as the more affluent circumstances of the family gave him the leisure and means of doing so. His disposition and aspirations were deeply religious, but he never joined any sect, much less intended or desired to prepare himself for the ministry of any Protestant denomination. His sympathies and associations were altogether with the coterie of philosophers in Boston who came out from the Unitarians, and who were seeking for a natural religion in both a speculative and a practical sense. In searching after this ideal, Father Hecker, as well as Dr. Brownson, struck into the rational road leading to the Catholic Church. After his conversion he became a Redemptorist, went through the course of preparation for the priesthood in Belgium, and in 1851, shortly after his ordination by Cardinal Wiseman, returned to this country to engage in the missionary works of his order, until 1858. At this period the new Institute of Missionary Priests of St. Paul the Apostle was established, over which he presided during the remaining thirty years of his life.

The peculiar idiosyncrasy of Father Hecker's character and career was determined by the mental and spiritual position from which he started in his movement toward Catholicism, and by the line of its direction. It was not from Protestant orthodoxy of any kind that he took his departure, or by the historical and theological inductions and deductions which begin from high-church or evangelical principles that he arrived at Catholic

conclusions. Consequently, it was not in that department of Catholic polemics that he took a special interest. The great present controversy which is imminent and of the most vital importance, in his view, was the one between the first principles of rational philosophy, rational theodicy, natural religion with its moral code, and the negations of scepticism tending and striving to subvert the whole fabric and sink it in the abyss of nihilism.

What he saw in searching for rational religion was, first, the insufficiency and incompleteness of the purely natural order, and the need of the supernatural for its completion and sublimation. Every form of Protestant Christianity, from Unitarianism to Calvinism and Anglicanism, appeared to his mind as in various respects unequal to the demand of reason for a revelation at once concurring with and transcending its sphere. Thus he saw the need for a supernatural religion still remaining, the demand of reason still imperative, in spite of all the efforts of Reformed Christianity to answer the call.

What he saw, besides this inadequacy of either philosophy or dogmatic Protestantism to answer the demands of our rational nature, was the intrinsic reasonableness and credibility of Catholic Christianity, its adequate fulfilment of all the requisites of a supernatural religion. This was his preamble of faith. It removed from his mind every obstacle preventing or obstructing a clear view of the notes of the Catholic Church, the motives of credibility, the obligation of belief and obedience.

Just as soon as the Catholic faith is sufficiently proposed to any one having the use of reason, the one only question to be determined is whether the individual to whom it is proposed will obey or disobey his conscience. It is a simple question of moral rectitude and good will. For although it is by a gift and grace of God that one believes and obeys the revealed truth, the grace always acts unless free-will resists its influence. Yet there are many obstacles in the way of this sufficient proposition. Ignorance is one great obstacle, even in those who are intelligent and in other matters well instructed. Errors of education, prejudices, misconceptions of the dogmas of Catholic faith, are obstacles, and these are very various in different individuals and classes. The great preliminary work to be done by preachers and teachers of the Catholic religion, who aim at the conversion of non-Catholics, is, therefore, the removal of these obstacles.

The attention of Father Hecker was naturally directed in a special manner to that great mass of outsiders in whom the obstacles to belief are not found in opinions and convictions derived from attachment to some form of Protestant orthodoxy, but in what is called Liberal Christianity, and the vague, negative mental attitude which tends towards agnosticism.

This great class of people, having little or no religion, have to a great extent deserted the Protestant pulpits; neither can they be attracted by Catholic preaching. They do not care for distinctively doctrinal or religious reading. How can they be reached? If at all, Father Hecker thought it must be by means of lec-

tures and by literature of an attractive kind, specially adapted to their habits of thought, their sentiments and tastes, judiciously tinctured with sound philosophical, moral, and religious instruction. It is the press which has the most powerful influence of an intellectual and moral kind over them. This influence is to a great extent noxious, anti-Christian, demoralizing, enervating. It can be counteracted most efficaciously, he thought, by employing the same powerful engine of the press in the service of genuine Christianity, pure morality, and wholesome literature.

Father Hecker wrote and published several volumes and a considerable number of shorter pieces, always with the general class above described chiefly in view, and with the intention of pointing out and clearing from obstacles the rational road to the Catholic Church which he had himself travelled. But he also exerted himself assiduously to stimulate others to write, and to promote the increase and circulation of Catholic literature. Although he was personally most interested in that kind of writing which is adapted to the great body of non-Catholics who are not orthodox Protestants, yet he did not fail to encourage and promote other kinds of works for the instruction and edification of Catholic readers, the confutation of erroneous doctrines, the proof and vindication of Catholic truth by all lines of argument and evidence. Under his direction several volumes of short tracts, several of longer and shorter popular sermons, and by means of the Catholic Publication Society, which he established, a great variety of works of

miscellaneous character and scope, in several departments of solid and light literature, were edited and put in circulation.

The most important and successful enterprise which he undertook in this direction was the founding and conduct of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. This magazine is now in the 24th year of its existence, and must speak for itself. Whatever its value and influence may be, such reputation and success as it has attained are primarily and chiefly due to Father Hecker. He was the chief of the small battalion of about one hundred writers who have contributed the great quantity of reading matter composing the contents of its forty-seven volumes. Those who have the control of it at present desire and hope that it may continue and perpetuate the work which Father Hecker began, within the limits of its own proper sphere. The work of this kind to be done in the whole civilized world is immense, and needs a legion of gifted and learned warriors in the crusade of truth, in every country where Christianity can exert any influence on the minds and hearts of men. One warrior and leader has fallen after a long and arduous campaign. It is devoutly to be hoped that God will raise up many in the coming age to work in this country in the same sacred cause, which I think I am justified in calling the Apostolate of the Press.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE INDIAN PROBLEM AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE Indian problem continues to attract, and properly, the attention of the government and of thinking men throughout the United States. What progress is being made in the matter? Are the effects gained such as might be expected from the efforts made and the vast sums of money expended yearly? These questions will justify our present consideration of a subject that to many may seem but a hackneyed one.

The Indian is as yet little more than a savage, being at best in a transition state from barbarism to civilization. He is in the anomalous condition of being practically deprived of his traditional laws, customs, and religious forms without enjoying ours. This condition has continued too long; his temporal and spiritual welfare demands that without further delay the Indian be led into a state in which progress towards genuine civilization shall be secured. Before he became the formal ward of the nation the Indian had certain laws of his own; and, in addition to these, the work of early Catholic missionaries had been so effective that even among heathen tribes many of the precepts and traditions of the faith had been engrafted on his daily life. His nomadic state, the more or less generally prevailing warfare among the tribes, and the necessity of providing for his daily support by hunting and fishing guarded him to some extent against idleness and its accompanying vices. The little communities had necessary and strictly enforced laws for their own government and for protection against external hostility. No doubt the system was an imperfect one. But its defects were more obvious than its merits. When the government

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took matters in hand it struck at the evils it recognized, without, perhaps, fully realizing the underlying merits of the system; and in the new order of things many customs that were good, at least under the circumstances, were abolished, and no adequate substitutes furnished, while hidden evils remained unremedied.

The Indians were now placed on reservations. Their wanderings ceased; hunting and fishing, as a means of subsistence, gave place to a system of gratuitous supplies of the necessaries of life just sufficient to allow complete idleness. The evils of this system were increased by unwise administration. The Indian Department at Washington has always shown a desire to advance the cause of the Indians, but the appropriations asked have almost always been cut down by Congress, which seems to suffer a fit of economy whenever the Indian is considered. Those interested in the question have generally not been able to bring such political influence to bear in Washington as seems specially needed in the matter of Indian supplies. In addition to this bad management has too often characterized the distribution of these supplies at the agencies. Meantime the Indians have not been practically stimulated to industry. Such theoretical encouragement as has been given has too often been frustrated in the granting of supplies, as in the distribution of implements, etc. For instance, one man would receive the horse, another the wagon, and a third the harness, thus rendering them all equally useless. The purpose of the people to extend the protection of the general government to the Indians has not yet been realized. No adequate punishments are inflicted for crimes committed by Indians against Indians. There exists a sort of Indian police court, consisting of three "judges" appointed by the agent, and too often selected because of their prominence as "chiefs" rather than for any qualifications for the office. The old men of the tribes are usually the most determined opponents of all progress, and show either a stolid indifference or positive resistance to the ambition of the younger men to secure the benefits of civilization and Christianity. And yet these chiefs are too often the favorite appointees of the agents, and are generally allowed to retain an influence that is fatal to the advancement of their people.

Schools have been established in the Western agencies and in some of the Eastern States to enable the younger Indians to form civilized habits. The work of these schools is constantly undone by the fact that at the agencies the children are allowed to revisit the camps about as frequently as they wish. A few days of the association of the camp pretty thoroughly root out

the new habits formed or the new tastes acquired in the schools, and the children almost invariably return with all the old habits revived and strengthened.

The government desires that missionaries teach the Indians the truths of Christianity. Now, Protestantism has but little attraction for the Indians, save on account of such material gain as may be had by professing it. This we say without alleging motives or assigning reasons. And yet under the "Peace Policy" little encouragement has been given to Catholic priests, welcome as they undoubtedly are to the Indians; they have been excluded from many agencies, while in others they have been only tolerated, and this very grudgingly. Corrupt influences have been exerted against them, on the part not only of the badly disposed or vicious among the tribes, but, still worse, among many of the white attachés of the agencies, whose corrupt, dishonest, and often immoral lives make them anxious to exclude the priest, from whom they can hope for no encouragement and who might prove a dangerous reformer. Not unfrequently have agents seemed anxious to prove to the Indians that the priest is of no worth to them, and that his suggestions have little weight; for they have deliberately ignored such Indians whose character and good dispositions have led the missionaries to recommend them for local appointments, and have selected others whose age or character made them almost certain obstacles to all the efforts made by the government in their behalf. Thus the civilizing efforts of the government and the Christianizing efforts of the missionaries are unhappily hindered and robbed of their proper effects, and the Indian remains, as before stated, in a nondescript state of transition, which, unless speedily bettered, will soon prove itself a state of moral and physical corruption and decay.

The remedy must come quickly, and, to the close observer, there is no doubt of what it should be. The tribal relation, no longer a benefit, as to the savage it once was, but a positive obstacle to the advance of civilization, should be broken up completely. Their lands should be surveyed and allotted to the Indians in severalty. The means to cultivate the land and acquire civilized habits should be supplied freely, judiciously, and punctually. The utmost good faith must be observed, for under no circumstances is good faith more important than in dealing with the Indians. Instances could be named in which notable progress towards civilized forms has been arrested by the perhaps involuntary failure of an agent to keep his promises. It will not do to urge an Indian to supply himself with a house in

place of his wigwam, and promise him that doors, windows, etc., shall be furnished as soon as he is ready to use them—and then fail to supply them, perhaps at the very opening of the winter season. Under such disappointments Indians have been known to lose ambition and go back to the wigwam as a more desirable form of architecture.

With regard to the land to be allotted to the Indians, it must be said that much of it is suited only for stock-raising. Now, such men can be expected to become good, practical farmers only by gradual development; therefore they should now be supplied with stock, for herding is a form of labor to which their old habits of caring for ponies have accustomed them. This would at once make them producers, adding to the available wealth of the country. The importance of this point has not been overlooked by the government. Every treaty made with the Indians records the promise of cattle to be given them—a promise subsequently ignored or very scantily fulfilled. And the Indian does not readily forget a broken promise. The country at large was perhaps surprised at the positive stand taken by the Sioux Indians in their late discussions with commissioners appointed to treat for the opening of the Sioux reservation. The secret is to be found in the failure of the government to keep its previous promises, which naturally made the Indian but little disposed to listen to further proposals from the same source. To return to the question of agriculture and stock-raising, we must insist that competent men should be appointed as instructors. There is no good judgment in sending from Washington as "boss farmer" of a reservation a man who has never handled a plough, just as it is monstrous to appoint there as chief clerk one who cannot write or spell correctly. Ability rather than political influence should dictate all appointments. The fact must be faced that but little progress can be made with the older members of the tribes; the most that can be expected from them is that they place no obstacle to the ambition and good dispositions of the younger members of the tribe. The importance and influence of these older members must be broken, their resistance to the progress of civilization must be removed, and the younger and better-disposed members must be shielded from these dangerous influences. The general laws of the country must be made operative on the reservations at once, so far as possible, and each individual must feel assured of the protecting ægis or taught to fear the avenging hand of the law, without favor to any one.

Beyond all other human means, the proper care of Indian children must be provided for. It is useless to give them the temporary advantage of schools if they be permitted at frequent intervals to return to their rude family circles in which existing evils have not been remedied. Too often does the missionary hear from the older Indians that Christianity may be tried with the younger ones, but that they themselves are too old for any change. Many refuse all aid towards Christianizing and civilizing their children. Enforced constant attendance at school can alone exempt the children from these debasing influences, which sadly uproot the budding plants of virtue in soil that promises well. A recent occurrence at the Standing Rock Agency may illustrate the importance of this point. A young Indian girl, trained in the sisters' school, showed an earnest and persevering desire to enter the religious life, and really gave strong signs of a true vocation. She was allowed to visit her mother to obtain her consent to such a step. This was not only refused, but the savage parent actually endeavored to sell her child into a slavery worse than death—a horror from which the girl escaped only by precipitate flight to the safety of the cloister. Children, therefore, must be kept at school uninterruptedly until, by marriage there, they form new family ties and are prepared to settle down in a truly civilized and Christian form of life. Then, with the progress made among the younger members of a tribe, we may reasonably hope to see the gradual development of civilized, Christian communities.

In spite of many obstacles our missionaries have done and are doing much towards gaining this great object. We begin by gathering together as many as possible of the better-disposed, younger members, who, when unmolested, are generally anxious to avail themselves of their opportunities for material and moral improvement. Thus withdrawn from bad influences, they are formed into societies having but few rules, where they frequently meet each other and receive suitable instructions. They are not slow, under these circumstances, to adopt civilized habits and customs, and whole families are thus often prepared for the sacraments and become good and practical Catholics. They are then formed into regular societies, whose rules and regulations are fixed according to the condition and circumstances of each agency, and which regulate not only their religious habits but also the general details of their social life, and, in some sense, take the place of the law not yet established. While no community can exist without laws, we have no means of compelling

obedience, and the only penalty is reproof or expulsion. The missionary's hold on the Indian arises solely from the faith and confidence of the latter. But it is certain that very many of the younger members prove themselves tractable and promising subjects. Removed from evil influences, receiving constant instruction, aid, and encouragement, associating with those only who think and act as they do, they will steadily improve, their wills are strengthened, bad habits are replaced by good ones, they learn to respect themselves and their families, and, under the influence of God's grace, they realize and enjoy the benefits of Christianity and civilization. Thus trained there is but little danger of their relapse into barbarism, and they soon become capable of meeting white men on an equal footing.

This desirable and promising work is obstructed by want of adequate means. A greater number of priests is needed for this great harvest in which the laborers are at present so few—priests who are not easily discouraged, but who come to stay and who will realize that their labors and trials, and perhaps their sufferings, may be great, but that their success and reward will be yet greater. These priests should be assured of a proper support. Laying no claim to mere luxuries, they should at least be exempt from anxious cares as to their sustenance, and have at their command sufficient means to live according to the simple dignity of their station and sacred character. The necessary expenses of these missions and societies are great, and are constantly growing as their sphere is enlarged. No aid can come from the Indians, for they have nothing as yet. Government aid cannot be expected for this specific work. It therefore rests entirely with the faith and zeal of Catholics to push on and enlarge this great work. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore recognized its importance when it directed that on the first Sunday of Lent in each year a special collection be held in all our churches for the benefit of the negro and Indian missions. It is a regrettable fact that while only two of these annual collections have been held, the amount of the second collection was materially less than that of the first. This must certainly arise only from an imperfect understanding of the vast importance of the missions among the Indians. With the kindly aid of the clergy throughout the land in urging upon the people the need of a living and most active charity in favor of our home heathens, and of so many struggling missions among them, it cannot be doubted that Catholic zeal will provide the means for continuing this great work of civilizing the Indians and enriching them with the priceless gift of faith.

The matter is urgent. It will bear no delay. Already the policy of the general government provides for the extension of the public-school system to all Indian agencies. Whatever may be said of such a system in places where the church and good parents may supply the religious instruction necessary for the child, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that no such redeeming opportunities of church and home exist for the Indian. To him a school without religion will inevitably become an irreligious school. The education of his mind without the necessary training of his heart to the practice of virtue may only increase his opportunities for evil and so prove a curse to his best interests. He can be saved from this new danger only by quickly opening for him schools in which, together with a secular education, he may receive proper religious training. When he has once entered the public school of the reservation we may abandon all hope of his future education in the truths of religion. Our Catholics, upon whose charitable aid this urgent work entirely depends, will surely not remain indifferent to a danger already very serious, and which may soon be beyond their power to control or obviate.

In the interest of morality and good order it is vital to enforce the regulation made by the Indian Department that all the whites living or employed on the reservation shall be accompanied by their families. This rule, so excellent in its purposes, is construed far too liberally in many cases, according to the whim or pleasure of the agent. These "hangers-on" often prove the most serious obstacle to all improvements, for if their lives and habits are such as merit condemnation they are only too determined to exclude the light in which they would be scrutinized, and to keep out the missionary whose voice would be raised loud in condemnation. Here is an ample field in which church and state can join hands, each working in its proper sphere, but each aiding, encouraging, and making effective the work of the other.

But in all these efforts it is important to remember that the work of evangelizing and civilizing the Indians in no manner differs from similar work everywhere. There is no such thing as civilizing the Indian race as a wholesale operation, nor is their conversion to the true faith to be effected as an entire body, any more readily than such work could be done in any other community. The individuality of the Indian is as marked as that of the white man. There are good and bad among them, well-disposed and evil-disposed. There are many whose naturally good

lives predispose them to receive the truth and to open their hearts to divine grace. There are others whose vicious lives and unrestrained passions render them hard of heart and less susceptible to the operations of grace. Those who oppose the onward march of civilization and Christianity have their "reasons" for doing so, even as the infidels and sceptics of our cultured centres of civilization. And, precisely as in the case of other men, the Indian must be treated and dealt with on the basis of his own individuality, and with due regard to all those personal traits and circumstances that distinguish him from others around him. The knowledge of this fact may aid in the solution of this great problem, and may obviate many of the obstacles that have hitherto prevented larger results in the nation's work for the Indians.

MARTIN MARTY, O.S.B.

Yankton, Dak.

SUNSET BLESSINGS.

THE sun upon the western sky,
Mid-deep in setting, stands:
His beams along the level lie,
And bless it as with hands.
O fingers of a dying day!
Reach onward unto me,
And bless me, ere he pass away,
As ye do bless the lea.

Our days drop downward one by one,
Still fleeing from the night;
But every setting of a sun
Should bless us with new light.
And as the sunbeams from the night
For ever flee away,
So should our souls conserve God's light,
And all our life be day.

FRANK WATERS.

Cornwall, Ont.

"THE STONES SHALL CRY OUT."

RECENT discoveries have borne eloquent testimony to the accuracy of the Old-Testament records. We all know that the credibility of the Scriptures has been mainly assailed on three grounds: (1) that the narratives could not have been written until long after the period of the events which are so confidently recorded; (2) that the art of writing was but little known in primitive times; (3) that the style of the Biblical writings presupposes an educatedness which most certainly was not common to the Eastern world. Now, each of these three objections is quite groundless. We may go so far even as to affirm that the exact opposite of such statements would be very close to the literal, exact truth. For, briefly, the contemporaneousness of the writers with their narratives is now proved to be an absolute certainty (we shall show this in but very few pages). The educatedness of the Hebrews, as of the Egyptians from whom they separated, was probably superior to that of the mass of modern Christians. And as to writing, it was as common an art upon clay or papyrus as it subsequently came to be upon vellum. Let us take this last point first; for to know how to write must be evidently antecedent to the composition of intelligible histories.

That writing was known and practised in Judah, at the time when the Old Testament was being written, is a truth to which the recently discovered monuments have borne undeniable testimony. Let us remember, to begin with, that the Israelites "came out of Egypt," where learning and the fine arts had attained to a high standard, and where the civilization was at least as real as is our own. The scribe was as much honored in his profession in Egypt, indeed throughout the whole of the Eastern world, as is the barrister, the savant, the literary man in these days of much-talked-of education. Long before Abraham there were grand libraries in the world. These libraries, stored with books on papyrus or on clay, flourished in all the Babylonian cities; they were accessible to the "respectable public," precisely as libraries are in our own days; they were catalogued, classified, and kept in order, as are the books in our great modern libraries; indeed, there was no practical difference between the old treasure-houses of books and those which we proudly call modern. Such facts prove the educatedness of the ancients, just as the classics prove Greek or Roman culture, or the news-

papers prove modern, popular schooling. Of course, before the invention of printing, the "circulation" of thousands of copies was out of the question; but the reading of books which were stored in public libraries was not only possible, it was general.

And consider, too, how admirably planted were the Hebrews —that is, after their wanderings were ended—for contact with civilization and enlightenment. Living midway between Assyria and Egypt, and bordering on highly civilized Phœnicia, they had opportunities of culture such as may be said to have been equal to those which are now enjoyed by Europeans. The Phœnicians were rich, industrious, and aspiring. In the time of Solomon they must have been masters of many arts which were contributive to the building of the Temple. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, without the aid of King Hiram, Solomon could have completed his Temple. Those masterpieces of art-work which made the Temple of Jerusalem the wonder-house of both the ancients and the moderns prove how cultivated were the habits and the tastes of the contemporaries of David and Solomon and their "allies." And just one word here as to the Tabernacle: Whence did the Hebrews, in their wanderings, get the culture, the accomplishments, which enabled them to rear the beautiful Tabernacle; or whence did they learn how to *make* the "golden calf," and, still more, how to "*grind it to powder*," unless they had brought with them out of Egypt a science and an art such as we, in these last times, have only ripened?

To come, however, to some quite modern testimonies, the discovery of the Moabite Stone, and also of the Siloam Inscription, prove that writing—and this, too, in difficult forms—was an art that was much practised B.C. 900. The Moabite Stone was a monument that was erected by Mesa, a contemporary of Achab, who is called "a sheep-master" in 4 Kings iii. 4. It was discovered twenty years ago by Mr. Klein. The inscription, which is very long (the last sentences are wanting, owing to a stupid breakage by modern disputants), begins, "I, Mesa, am the son of Chemosh-Gad, King of Moab, the Dibonite." The whole story told by Mesa coincides in every particular with the narrative which is given in the Book of Kings. Both its language and its characters are identical with those used in the Hebrew historic records of the Old Testament; or, more accurately, the dialect differs much less from the Bible dialect than does one English county-dialect from another. The very phrases seem all familiar to our ears. The characters belong to a form of the

Phœnician alphabet closely resembling that used by the Jews. Indeed, the writer of the one might be the writer of the other but for very slight, super-refined distinctions.

Another discovery, that of the Siloam Inscription, which was found in Jerusalem itself, shows how the books of the Old Testament must have been originally written, between the time of David and the "carrying away into Babylon." This Inscription was engraved in a rock-cut tunnel which conveyed the water of the Virgin's Spring to the Pool of Siloam—the only natural spring, by the way, which is now to be found in or about Jerusalem. The ten or twelve lines of writing which tell the history of the excavation prove that engineering was perfectly understood by the ancients so far back as the time of King Ezechias and that "tunnelling" was worked then as it is worked now—being commenced at both ends at the same time. This same tunnel (which was 1,708 yards long) is spoken of in 4 Kings xx. 20 and in 2 Par. xxxii. 30. The engraving on the stone is in the characters used for writing, which shows that the alphabet employed in Judah was that of a people who read books and preferred to write in the characters which were familiar to them. The carefulness of the writing, coupled with the fact that the Inscription was hidden away in an unapproachable spot, seem to show that ordinary workmen knew how to write what they could read, and were educated in a most creditable degree. And numerous dug-up monuments in Egypt and Assyria testify to the same important truth. For it is most important, in the vindication of Bible-story, to know that the ancients were thoroughly competent for their task, and that readers were much too educated to be deceived. It was no more possible for a scribe, say B C. 1000, to palm off fictions on his average contemporaries than it would be possible for a popular writer in New York or in London to palm off fictions instead of truths in the magazines. Most of the public and private monuments, at the period we refer to, were covered with inscriptions which were intended to be read not only by the unlearned but by the learned; nor is it conceivable that such inscriptions could tell lies, nor that "the public" were unable to decipher them. Take the following curious item as an illustration: A collection of Egyptian epistles has come down to us unhurt—a collection which had this really scholarly object: to serve as a model for that special kind of composition which should best be used for public inscriptions. In the great library of Ninive were many such fragments. No doubt this great library was founded in imitation of the numerous public libraries in Babylonia. Nor

was the cataloguing of the books a neglected art. We have not ourselves reached perfection in the difficult art of cataloguing (all readers at public libraries bewail this truth!), but the ancients did their best, and they succeeded in cataloguing at least some of their collections. Their "editions," too, were as well emended as are our own. When we read in the Old Testament that the scribes of Ezechias made a new edition of the Proverbs of Solomon, we need no stretch of the imagination to picture the literary task; nor can we doubt that this new edition was shelved in some great library which was intended for the popular research. It is more than probable that a better use was made in early times of the opportunities which were afforded by the libraries than is made in these days, when the libraries are less frequented than are the theatres, the music-halls, or even the clubs.

Such reflections are quite pertinent to our more immediate inquiry—the *reliableness* of the Old-Testament records. We would lay it down as an axiom that the Scripture records are *reliable*, even to the smallest detail of information. We are under inexpressible obligation to the explorers of buried ruins—to Layard, to Wilkinson, to Rawlinson—for having revealed to us (for it is a kind of revelation) the evidences for the historic accuracy of the Old Testament. Those huge yet artistic copies of the "discoveries" which may be seen in some of the European museums—and which, in drawings, may be handled in one large volume, put together by Messrs. Macphail and Pollock Simpson—prove to us that the grand narratives of the Old Testament were literally, not suggestively, true. How startling, if how quaint, is the dug-up representation of Adam and Eve and the Eden apple-tree; how significant is the Assyrian sculpture of the Tree of Life; how real, if how droll, is the sketch of Noe leaving the Ark, of the Exodus, of the strawless bricks, of the Jewish captives! In a capital little pamphlet by Mr. Sayce (the Oxford professor of comparative philology), called *The Witness of the Ancient Monuments to the Old Testament Scriptures*, these historic points are neatly traced and put together. We allude to them here because it would be idle to speak of details—monumental and sculptured details of Bible truths—unless we had before us the general testimony to their acceptance as well as the general proofs of ancient "educatedness." The point is so important that we must insist upon it. It is not sufficiently borne in mind that the Hebrews were a cultured race; that they possessed a literary knowledge of the world's story; that they were the allies of the most civilized of peoples, as well as the

heirs of past discoveries. They were cultured up to that point which would render literary imposition as hopeless as it would be quite without motive. We may therefore proceed to quote the "monuments" in all confidence. They are auxiliary, but they were not needed for demonstration. Egypt and Assyria have now become *material* witnesses to truths which were already *morally* assured. The long-buried stones have been dug up to rebuke the modern impugners of the old faith; the cities of the ancient world have come forth from their graves to testify to the truth of the old records.

To any one who has closely studied the "revelations of the monuments," the "civilization" of Egypt, of Assyria, of Babylonia is as patent as is the civilization of imperial Rome. Sennacherib and Thelgathphalnasar, Nabuchodonosor and Cyrus, now talk to us quite as familiarly as do Horace or Juvenal; while we can trace the very forms of the letters, the characters, in which the prophets recorded their prophecies, in which Isaias or Jeremias "wrote" their thoughts. To go further back, in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis there is an account of an expedition against Palestine made by Chodorlahomor, King of Elam, and his allies of the southern parts of Babylonia. Now, this account has been rejected by modern sceptics, on the ground that the invasion of so distant a country was practically out of the question in those early days. But "the monuments" have proved to us that long before the days of Abraham kings of Babylon carried their arms as far as Palestine, and even crossed over to Cyprus and to the Sinaitic peninsula, which one of the Babylonian kings claimed to have conquered. Bricks are now to be seen in the British Museum from which we learn, by inscriptions, that Chodorlahomor did conquer Babylonia and that his son became ruler of Larsa. Further investigations show that Larsa was "Ellasar," and that Eri-Aku was identical with Arioch; so that, city for city and personal name for personal name, the account in the Book of Genesis is now vindicated.

In some store-chambers in Egypt "strawless bricks" have been discovered by the indefatigable explorer, M. Naville, who remarks that we may see in these strawless bricks the work of a bitterly oppressed people when the order came, "Thus saith the Pharao, I will not give you straw."

As Egypt declined the kingdom of Assyria grew. It was with Assyria, a good deal more than with Egypt, that the later history of the Israelites had to do. The inscriptions on Assyrian monuments prove the accuracy, the exactness, of the Bible account of Assyrian conflicts with Israel and Judah. It would

be impossible in this short article to do more than make allusion to a very few of the points of the agreement. Thus, it has been objected that the great Assyrian monarchy was not likely to have troubled itself greatly about the petty powers of Judah and Israel. On the contrary, the "monuments" have now proved to us that, from the time of Jehu downwards, the Assyrian kings were almost perpetually in relation, sometimes friendly and sometimes inimical, with the people of Samaria and Jerusalem. The names of personages spoken of in the Old Testament are found inscribed on Assyrian monuments of the same date. Even the tribute-bearers of Jehu can now be seen in the British Museum, sculptured on an obelisk which was brought by Sir A. H. Layard from the ruins of Calah, in Assyria. These tribute-bearers carry bars of gold and silver, and they wear fringed robes reaching down to their ankles.

The successes of Jeroboam II. are monumentally explained in the same way. The operations of Thelgathphalnasar are detailed with much exactness in his annals, and are in precise accord with the details of the Old Testament. The true chronology of the Israelite and Jewish kings has been cleared up at last by Assyrian records. It has been discovered that the Assyrians reckoned their time by the names of public officers changed each year; and lists of these public officers have been found, so that we can now fix the dates from B.C. 909 to the close of the Assyrian monarchy. The tenth chapter of Isaias—long a bone of contention from the difficulty of reconciling historic items—has now been completely cleared of every difficulty. The particular invasion of Judah and the capture of Jerusalem, referred to in the tenth and twenty-second chapters, have been "monumentally" proved to be accurate. Among the clay books of Ninive are the most exact, lengthy accounts of many a conflict between the Assyrians and the Hebrews; and even the very omissions in the clay books are shown to have been suggested by the humbling facts which are recorded in the Old Testament. And just a word as to the Babylonian Empire: it rose upon the ruins of the Assyrian Empire, and Jerusalem was destined to fall by the hand of a Babylonian, not of an Assyrian, conqueror. The monuments now confirm for us the truth of the Bible statements; they amplify the whole history of Cyrus; and they further make it certain that the writers of the Bible narratives were contemporary with the facts which they record, so far as all the disputed details are concerned.

The relation of the Old Testament to the New is of supreme, indeed of final, importance. If the prophecies were the product

of a later age than the assumed one, there is an end of their value, of their inspiration. The monuments have proved that the prophecies of the "major" prophets were all written at the times which have been ascribed to them. Space does not permit us to quote the proofs. It is in the minuteness of details that the best proofs are to be found; and this minuteness needs close study for its unravelment. It is certain that there is no study, in the way of Biblical evidences, which is so certain to repay the earnest, patient student as the study of those dug-up witnesses from the buried nations of the East which have come to life again to assure us of Bible-facts. Nor is it creditable to the modern impugners of the old faith that they utterly ignore the living witness of the old stones. Conscious, indeed, of the surpassing importance of such testimony, they have sought to lessen its obvious force by showing that the apocryphal books—notably the Book of Tobias and the Book of Judith—are "most certainly utterly wrong on historical points." Such an evasion is not honest, for this simple reason: that Jewish writers who lived in the days when Persian power had gained ascendency had no chance of consulting the monuments of the old contemporaries. Greek writings, Greek fictions, were their authorities; so that, historically, they were very liable to be wrong. We are not saying that they were wrong; we are not debating it; we only say that their "history" is not "the point." We are speaking now of those "canonical" books which all Christians have always accepted; and of *them* we have the literal vindication. And it is certainly curious that, while the growth of modern discovery has lessened the credit of Greek historical writers, it has illumined, it has illustrated, it has verified the historical statements, and even the allusions, of the Old Testament. It is the *fact* of the Biblical writers being the contemporaries of the described events which gives to their writings the personal interest of observers as well as the absolute certainty of perfect accuracy. So, too, it is the *fact* of the prophets prophesying "antecedently"—a fact which the discovered monuments have now established—which gives to those prophecies a determined signification, such as any doubt in regard to date would render impossible. That difficulties must always remain as to points of chronology in the Old Testament is a matter of course which no critical student would wish to question; but enough evidence has been forthcoming to remove every *real* difficulty, such as appertains to authenticity or genuineness. The stale objections which used to be drawn from classic writers have been utterly quashed by the (new) material witnesses; the only

difficulties now remaining being insoluble from their very nature, which is intellectual or spiritual, but not critical.

Briefly, that we may make this short paper at least didactic in point of argument if not of treatment, let it be repeated that the discovery of the ancient monuments of Egypt, of Assyria, of western Asia proves the minute (not only the general) Scriptural exactness; proves the prevalence of the habits of reading and of writing in times antecedent to even Abraham; proves the fidelity of the narratives of the Old Testament on points which had been forgotten by classic writers (notably, take the recovered remains of the Hittite empire); proves the existence of grand Babylonian libraries; proves the truth of the "picture" of Oriental society as it is presented by the Old-Testament writers; and proves, above all, the contemporaneousness of the writers with the events which they familiarly recorded. So that it may be safely affirmed that people who want to disbelieve have a harder task than those who want to believe; and that people who want to believe need really no exercise of their faith, so far as the historic groove of Scripture evidence is concerned.

ARTHUR F. MARSHALL.

HOW SHALL WE TEACH MORALITY?

No one has yet dared to affirm that moral training for children is unnecessary, or that the state should assume an attitude of indifference towards virtue and vice. Differences of opinion exist as to the ways and means best adapted for the teaching of morality, but there is now becoming manifest a general agreement among Christian denominations that the most improved methods of the modern educator should be utilized in favor of the soul's higher aspirations. The good citizen, the reliable merchant, the incorruptible official holding a place which demands a lofty standard of conduct, are personifications of moral convictions. Great is the demand for men of this type, and the supply is not regulated entirely by the demand. The same is true in the domestic circle. Progressive civilization has not yet produced too many good husbands and exemplary wives. The moral virtues, prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance, are incorporated as parts in a whole, and take concrete shape in the great characters of every nation. Experience shows that these

noble moral qualities are not of spontaneous growth. There is a process of evolution in each individual which is variable and dependent on external as well as internal causes.

Earnest men of all denominations are asking, What are the influences which make for morality? Is it separable from religion? Can children at school be improved by positive moral teaching as they are improved in their knowledge of arithmetic, or should the whole burden of teaching morality be assigned to parents and the church to which they belong?

In answer to these questions a large amount of valuable evidence has been collected during the past two years by the commissioners appointed to examine into the working of existing laws and the present condition of facts relating to elementary education in England and Wales. Three large blue-books have been sent to Parliament containing stenographic reports of the testimony given by one hundred and fifty-one competent witnesses. A liberal allowance of time was granted—ninety-five days—for the taking of the testimony, and fifty-one days for the preparation of the final report. Documentary information was obtained through the diplomatic agents from various foreign countries, also from the United States and the British colonies.

The discussions between the commissioners and the representatives of the various denominations touch on the vital points of the religious question in schools. As Parliamentary blue-books are not widely circulated, it will be more interesting to make extended quotations than to attempt a condensation. Rev. Robert Bruce, M.A., D.D., a Congregational minister at Huddersfield, was questioned concerning the objections of Nonconformists to the recognition given in the present educational system to the work of denominational schools.

"Canon Gregory.—Do the members of the Church of England pay school-board rates in Huddersfield?—Of course they do.

"Are the rates heavy?—They are pretty heavy.

"Are the church schools rated? are the buildings rated?—Yes, all schools are rated; that is one matter we complain of.

"Then you first mulct the church people of the rates, then you mulct their schools, and then you complain of them because they have not sufficient money to spend on their schools?—I do not do that.

"I thought that the great burden of your complaint about church schools was that there was not sufficient money to fit them properly?—Yes; but I do not mulct the church schools of any money. If you ask my opinion, I think that no elementary schools ought to be rated for any purpose.

"Do the church people like the system in Huddersfield, or do they grumble at having to pay the money?—I dare say some of them grumble.

"Do they not feel it to be a gross violation of religious liberty to have to maintain schools of which they entirely disapprove?—I am not aware that they do.

"Have you heard many say so?—Possibly a few.

"Is it not a great hardship that people who think that the top and bottom of education ought to be founded upon and upheld by religion should have to support a school from which religion is excluded?—Religion is not excluded from our board schools.

"It is as nearly as possible, is it not? You have only a little sham?—There is no sham about it; I was there only a few days ago, and I never saw a more impressive service anywhere.

"Is it not an obvious thing that those of us who believe in religious education should feel that it is a gross violation of our religious liberty that we should have to maintain schools of which we entirely disapprove?—I do not think so at all.

"You think it is right for us to be coerced, but wrong for you?—I would not coerce anybody.

"But you coerce church people to pay for board schools of which they disapprove; you say that is right, but that it is wrong to coerce people who disapprove of denominational schools?

"If religion is separated from secular instruction upon the week-day, is not a child very apt to grow up with the idea that religion is a thing for Sundays, and has nothing to do with the other six days of the week?—No, I do not think so.

"Is not that a very common feeling in England?—I am afraid it is, even with those who go to a day-school and a Sunday-school too; it is sadly too common.

"Are the parents of the Huddersfield children, do you think, able to teach them religion?—I think that many of them are.

"Do you think that they do teach them religion?—I am afraid not; they trust very much now to the Sunday-school teachers.

"How long do the children attend school on Sundays?—An hour and a half in the morning and an hour and a half in the afternoon.

"Do they all come both times?—There is a very large attendance.

"What is the average attendance? Would it be 70 per cent.?—About that, I think.

"That is a very short time in which to instil religious truth into the children's minds, is it not?—I think it is long enough."

Evidently the Rev. Robert Bruce never made careful observations in an afternoon Sunday-school. It is with the greatest reluctance that boys especially can be urged to attend regularly. From the boy's point of view there are many reasonable objections. The Sunday dinner has the most attractive bill of fare, and the consequent mental condition is not favorable to hard study. Besides, papa is generally very benignant on that occasion, and if a boy is allowed the choice he will generally enjoy the home comforts in preference to Sunday-school. Teachers of experience recognize that the best school work can be done in

the morning, and for this reason the first lesson of the day is arithmetic, because it is difficult to learn. Certainly the short time allowed to instil religious truth into the minds of the children at the Congregational Sunday-school at Huddersfield would not be sufficient for any important branch of secular study.

In response to further questions the same witness continued to answer broadly but not clearly in stating his dim perceptions regarding the basis of moral teaching and the limits of the intuitional system.

"Rev. Dr. Morse.—As to the moral teaching given in board schools, upon what basis would you rest it?—On the moral law written on the human heart and conscience.

"Would you think it justifiable to enforce the performance of moral duties by any reference to religious sanctions?—I very much question that in reference to a day-school.

"Would you rest it upon an intuitional system of morals?—Yes. 'First that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual.'

"You say a natural system of morals; is that equivalent to what we may call the pagan system of morals taught by the Greeks and Romans?—No.

"What is it more particularly? where does it come from?—With the progress of human society the natural conscience has considerably increased in power and in vividness of conception.

"The ethical teaching which you would recognize is not Christian ethics?—I recognize Christian ethics, certainly. If I were teaching my children I should teach them so.

"Do you mean in your official capacity?—Yes.

"In board schools you would teach natural morality and not Christian morality?—I would teach morality, as far as I could.

"But it is essential that you should lay stress upon the basis of what you are teaching?—I do not think it is necessary.

"Not in teaching morals?—No.

"Not in teaching a system which is intended to restrain evil-doers?—That can be done by the ministers or clergymen on Sunday, and by Sunday-school teachers, and by parents."

Cardinal Manning, who was present as a member of the Royal Commission and listened to the foregoing evidence, decided to assist the inquiry. He directed the attention of the witness to some facts often conveniently ignored even in the United States—namely, that the government was not first historically in the field of education; that parents felt it a duty of conscience to seek education, and asserted the right to choose the methods and control the system established by their own voluntary efforts. In this matter parental responsibility was the motive which urged a Christian people to secure for their children schools in which the

doctrines of the Christian religion, as well as other studies, should be taught. Before the year 1845 the right of parents and the conscience of parents were the motive and rule of education in England.

When the state came in to claim a supreme right to compel the education of children it was bound to make provision for the conscience of parents, inasmuch as the whole system of the government is founded upon the most profuse recognition of freedom of conscience. To this lucid statement Rev. Robert Bruce replied:

"I do not see that; it can provide what, in the conscience of the state, it thinks that the parents should comply with.

"CHAIRMAN.—Are you quite sure that the state has got a conscience?—It ought to have.

"CARDINAL MANNING.—I am coming to that, but for the present I mean to say this: Given compulsion, there must be a provision made for the conscience of parents; if not, the state would compel parents under penalties to do that to which they conscientiously object. Therefore my first objection against a universal school-board system would be that it violates the whole basis of our commonwealth.—I said the contrary; that the present system compels me and a number of other Nonconformists to pay for the teaching of the Roman Catholic religion and the teaching of the Church-of-England religion, and that it violates my conscience in compelling me to pay for it.

"To that I should make two objections; the one is, that the money of the state does not go to teaching religion in our schools. How can we know that?

"I believe that I can affirm that. The very long experience that I have had now of forty and more years in schools would tell me so, because the money* that is received from the state does not suffice even for the secular part of the teaching; it would not pay the stipend of the teachers, and it would not provide the house in which it is taught; so that the teaching of religion in a denominational school is thrown entirely upon the managers. There is a contract between the government and the denominational schools, whereby the government purchases the three R's (I will say for brevity) at a sum certainly much less than that for which the government could institute and maintain schools for that purpose. Therefore my

* Elementary education, as now established in England, is sustained by money from three sources—the parliamentary grant, local resources in the form of rates, subscriptions, or endowments, and school fees. For the year 1886 the total income for the maintenance of all elementary schools, including voluntary contributions from all sources, was £6,827,189, of which £2,866,700—about 42 per cent.—came from the central government. Considered with reference to the individual scholar, the annual government grant per head has recently been computed as 17*s.* 2½*d.*, to which were added 22*s.* 1¼*d.* from local taxation and fees, making a total of £1-19*s.* 4*d.*, which is equal to $9 44 in our money. These figures do not include the cost of buildings, repairs, etc. Between the years 1860 and 1886 the average salaries of teachers have been considerably increased. A principal's salary is now £132; assistant teachers, according to rank, receive from £60 to £90.

first answer would be that the money of the state does not go for religious teaching. But it would seem to me that you admitted that natural morality might be taught in schools?—Yes."

"Do not you admit that there is natural religion?—Yes.

"Is not the state bound to maintain natural religion and morality—for instance, the existence of God, and that he is a lawgiver, and that his laws are the great outlines of the obligations of man? Surely no state can exist, unless it becomes atheist, without recognizing the obligation to teach natural religion and natural law?—Is the state obliged to teach everything that is true?

"I am certainly of opinion that the state is bound to teach both natural religion and natural law.—I do not think so, because I should say that there are certain truths in astronomy which the state is not bound to teach, but astronomers.

"I do not call astronomy either religious or moral.—I was speaking of things that are true.

"I am confining my argument distinctly to things religious and moral. I am trying to reach the principle upon which the system which you are proposing—the universal school-board system—can rest, and I must say that I can find none. I believe it to be unjust, and I will tell you why: It would assume for the state a supreme power contrary to the right of conscience in parents. Now, the first natural right, we know, in parents is the right of choosing the education of their children, and the teachers of their children, and the companions of their children, and it would seem plain that the state cannot assume to itself the supreme right of controlling that.—I do not think they should control it.

"On what ground could such a claim be founded? Does it exist in natural law? The right of parents exists in natural law. Is this claim on the part of the state to be found in natural law?—I do not think that either denominational schools or board schools exist in natural law.

"Am I not right in saying that, even according to the law of nature, there is a natural religion and a natural morality, and that man, as man, comes under those two obligations?—Yes.

"And therefore the education of man, as man, in the order of nature alone, leaving Christianity out of sight, must be controlled by those two great laws. Man must be formed in the knowledge of natural religion and morality; and it seems to me that the board-school system does not do that.—I should take the objection that clergymen, Independent ministers, and Roman Catholics sometimes do interfere with the right of the parents; they take the responsibility off the parents.

"Nobody can do that.—But they do it.

"I think not.—I have had cases of parents sending children to school, and ministers of some church coming and saying they must not do it.

"There may be particular cases where some persons misconduct themselves, but I am speaking of the system.—So am I.

"By our law at this moment the denominations are permitted to form schools freely under the control of the department under inspection, and all conditions necessary; but they are left entirely free to form a school which shall be Congregationalist or Catholic. There, as it seems to me, is no interference with the conscience of parents, because they are not bound

to send their children there.—But we are not allowed to do that under the present system.

"How so?—Because we are told that if there is sufficient accommodation in the church school we shall not have any other school in the district.

"Wait a moment; I am going to make a concession to you. I quite admit that there are residual difficulties to be found all over the country. Again and again you have said in evidence that the small schools of the country are often very inefficient, and I have a very strong feeling that when Nonconformists are scattered over the country, and are unable to form schools of their own, there is very great hardship in compelling them to attend the parish national school; and I also feel that my own people would be compelled in the same way, and I object to it strongly. But that does not touch the system; these are residual difficulties, I admit, but it appears to me your remedy erects the residual difficulty into the rule for the whole land. I object to that. The system ought to be based upon its own proper principles, and those residual difficulties dealt with afterwards. —I want a system in which the Roman Catholics, the Protestant Church, and Dissenters may all work amicably together, as men believing in what is good, as we do in our Board, and as the members of this commission do.

"That would bring in natural religion and natural morality, and also Lord Norton's general Christianity, and that would raise immensely the system of board schools; but you said, I think, that if the parents neglect their duty the state may come in to protect the rights and interests of children?—In some instances, but it is a very delicate question.

"I entirely agree with you, and nobody knows better than Lord Norton, who has been laboring all his life nearly in industrial schools, that industrial schools really are penal upon bad parents, because their children are put into industrial schools and the parents are made to pay.—Yes.

"That seems to me an exercise of the protective right of the state, which is justifiable on principle, namely, that when parents neglect their duty and children are abandoned, then the state might come in; but giving up that category of bad parents, which you do, I contend that the state has no right to come in over all other categories of good parents.—What is the value of that religion to those parents?

"To the individuals none, but in the system it is supreme. Why would not such a system as this satisfy you: that the state should give to all those who are ready to found and maintain schools without asking them what they are in religion? And I would say even this, let there be a category of the Church of England, the Congregationalists, the Wesleyans, the Catholics, and the Agnostics, if you like, and secular board schools; I will reduce the board schools to a category, and let the state freely give support to all; that would be but fair. It would seem to me that then we ought not to be tied down to one source only of public money, as the voluntary schools at this moment are only paid out of the Consolidated Fund; and, as Lord Norton said, any want of efficiency in voluntary schools may be fairly traced to their want of funds compared with the abundant wealth which is in the hands of the school board derived from two sources of public money. I would deal with all alike; you would not object to that?—I wish all to be put on one level. I want a system in which the teacher may be either a Roman Catholic, Protestant, Dissenter,

or Nonconformist, and where the children shall never be asked questions about religious beliefs; where they shall be meeting together as brothers and sisters; and if there is anything further to be taught, let the clergymen or ministers teach it.

"I must object to that; that is a mixed system; it is the system of common schools in America, and in America there is a very wide-spread and powerful reaction on the part of the parents for what is called 'the home' against the common-school system. We believe that to be the only system that will preserve our education. I will only ask you one question more. I believe that there was never a claim on the part of the state to educate the citizens of the state, except in Athens, and that it was adopted in the first French Revolution, from which I believe the present theories in England have derived themselves; and I do not know of any law in which the parental right has not been recognized as supreme, unless it be forfeited in the case of abuse or neglect; and therefore I object to the board-school system *in toto* upon the ground that it is founded upon a principle which I must say, with all respect, is heathen—I use the term classically. You do not agree with that?—No; I want to see a system in which we can all work harmoniously together. I sit myself in the school board in Huddersfield by the side of the Roman Catholic priest, and we are very good friends; and I do not see why the children should not do the same in school."

With classical propriety it may be said that the Rev. Robert Bruce seems unable to distinguish between the Christian and the pagan standard of education. In this respect he is typical of a large class of people in the United States. The charge reasonably made against them is that they profess to be satisfied with very imperfect results in religious instruction, and unjustly accuse of a want of patriotism those who try to point out their error. We Catholics have no desire to disturb the friendly relations existing among American citizens when we assert our convictions as to the teaching of Christian morality. It is a subject on which we are entitled to form an opinion and to express it vigorously. The good work done in Catholic schools for secular education demands recognition officially and financially as long as the state collects taxes for school purposes. It is false Americanism, and was condemned by the founders of the republic, to establish by law a system of education which imposes taxation without representation.

Thomas McMillan.

A MEDIÆVAL BARON AT HOME.

The writers of historical novels and romances have much to answer for. They have deeply impressed the popular mind with an utterly misleading picture of the life of the middle ages. Their barons and knight-errants, stately dames and beauteous damsels, are the accepted types of the men and women of five centuries ago. Most people have been gradually persuaded into the belief that desperate combats, sieges, and sackings, hair-breadth escapes and blood-curdling adventures, were the ordinary, every-day events of the far-off times, when, as a matter of fact, some of the most beautiful works were executed that human minds ever conceived and human skill realized. Those who talk as if the middle ages were all strife and rapine seem to forget how much evidence we have, in mediæval buildings, books, and works of art, that there were long periods of peace and security without which such things could never have come into existence. Storm and strife there was, no doubt, but after all not so very much more than there is in our own time. But wars were more localized than they are now; for one day of battle there were a hundred days of peace, and when we get a real sight of one of the men of the middle ages he seems a very different character from our old friends Fitzurse, De Bracy, and Bois-Guilbert, who swagger so grandly and fight their way so fiercely through the changing scenes of *Ivanhoe*.

M. Hagemans, a Belgian antiquary, gives us such a real sight of a French baron of the fourteenth century in a little volume,* in which he has published for the first time the accounts kept day by day from 1327 to 1329, by the clerk or steward of the Seigneur Jean de Blois at the castle of Château-Renault in the west of France. Jean de Blois belonged to a family which was connected by marriage with the royal house of France. Among the guests that he entertained at Château-Renault on January 2, 1327, was Margaret de Valois, the sister of King Philip; and one of his own nephews was among the most wealthy men of the time. Yet the accounts kept by his clerk, "Master Colin," show that he lived at a very moderate rate, and, although he was generous, open-handed, and anything but parsimonious, the big men

* *Vie domestique d'un seigneur châtelain du moyen âge d'après des documents originaux inédits.* Par G. Hagemans, ancien membre de la Chambre des Representants. Antwerp: Plasky.

of our own day, the railway kings and the successful capitalists, would consider such an expenditure as that of the lord of Château-Renault to be penury itself. To quote M. Hagemans' book:

"The total expenses for one hundred and eighty-one days—that is, for a term of six months—amount to 277 livres, 8 sous, 9 deniers, equivalent in intrinsic value to 3,329.25 francs, or, taking into account the modern value of money, 19,975.50 francs—say 40,000 francs for the year [*i.e.*, about $8,000 or £1,600 sterling!] Assuredly this was not very much for an establishment organized like that of Jean de Blois, who had his chaplain, clerk, squires, guards, sergeants-at-arms, huntsmen, cooks, butlers, pantlers, grooms, messengers, footmen, torch-bearers, fishermen, maid-servants—in a word, a very numerous household to board and lodge, besides at least twenty horses in his stables." *

It is true, adds M. Hagemans, that Jean de Blois was a bachelor. But, though he had neither wife nor child, there were at least seventy people in his service at Château-Renault, besides the poor, to whom he was always very liberal. And the account-books show that he treated his household well and paid his workmen and subjects a fair wage. He was able to do so much at so small a cost because, although some things were quite as dear as they are at present, most of the necessaries of life were exceedingly cheap, and many of them were produced on his own lands in sight of his castle-walls.

The daily consumption of bread was 240 loaves of five French ounces each, equal to about 75 pounds, or about a pound of bread for each person in the castle. Wine—probably the thin wine of the country—was the ordinary drink, and of this 82 pints a day was the average allowance. The price was about 75 centimes a pint—rather dear for *vin ordinaire*. The accounts show, indeed, that wine of all kinds was rather high-priced, as also were salt and fish, but bread and butcher's meat were very cheap. Meat there was in abundance. On January 2, 1327, when the seigneur of Château-Renault entertained the king's sister and a number of other guests, the accounts show that he had provided for their entertainment two oxen, six sheep, four deer, and a hecatomb of fowls, ducks, geese, capons, rabbits, and hares. There were a thousand loaves of bread and 240 quarts (*litres*) of good wine—not a large proportion of drink to such a mighty feast. It is, however, to be noted that all this was not for a single repast, but for an entertainment that lasted at least two

* To an English reader, accustomed to accounts kept in £, *s.*, *d.*, it is interesting to see these accounts of 1327 kept under the same heading, though of course in the old book *libri*, *soldi*, and *denarii* mean something different from "pounds, shillings, and pence."

days. The whole feast cost, in the money of to-day, a little over 2,800 francs (say about $560). No such banquet could be given nowadays for the money.

All through the season of Lent there was no meat on the table at Château-Renault, not even on Sundays. If we turn to the accounts for the Lent of 1329, we find at the outset, in the margin, this note in quaint old French: "*Ci commence le harang de karesme achter*"—"Here the Lenten herring begins to be bought." This *harang de karesme*, or Lenten herring, appears to have been the *pièce de résistance* of the bill of fare at the baron's table for forty days, Sunday and Monday. About 75 salt herrings were eaten daily, one fish for each person in the castle. By Easter 3,000 had been bought and consumed, at a cost of 524 francs. Now and then some other fish was provided for the sake of variety—"*poisson de l'estanc de Molion*," fish from a neighboring pond, but not many of them; "*quarpes*" and "*braimes*," our old accountant calls them, the carp and bream of to-day. We hear also of lampreys and eels, eels that cost 53 francs each! and which M. Hagemans suspects to have been themselves a kind of lamprey; but this costly fare was not in Lent. Nor was it possible to vary the Lenten diet with eggs. They were strictly forbidden, and from Ash-Wednesday to Easter not one was brought into the castle; but the accounts show that if eggs disappeared from the table there was a greatly increased consumption of onions, perhaps by way of compensation. Onions, indeed, appear to have been the principal vegetables used at the castle table. Peas, it is true, appear in the accounts in considerable quantities, but they are meant for horses, not for men, for we find them classed under the head of *marchaucerie*,* that is, stable matters.

It would seem, then, that Lenten fasting and abstinence were well observed at Château-Renault. Alms-deeds were not forgotten. Indeed, they had their appointed place in the daily routine of the castle, not in Lent only, but all the year round. Each morning, when the drawbridge was lowered for the day, the first visitors to enter were eight poor men who came to receive the leavings of yesterday's meals—probably no scanty alms in a household kept up on such a scale. And besides the leavings, strictly so called, they were given portions specially set aside for them by the master of the house in a vessel that was placed for the purpose on the dining-table, and they had also

* *Marchaucerie* meant literally what belonged to the department of the *maréchal—i.e.*, the man who looked after the horses. In country villages in France and Belgium the word *maréchal* is still used in this original sense, and suggests anything but dignity.

two sous a week in money. Two sous seem a small sum for eight people, but the equivalent money of to-day would be about seven and a quarter francs, so that each poor man had nearly a franc a week; and M. Hagemans reminds us that in those days people did not smoke tobacco or drink absinthe out of their pocket-money. Besides these daily alms something was always found for passers-by who came to beg for help at the castle.

Poor people "on the tramp" were not the only chance visitors who went away from Château-Renault with their purses replenished by the visit. In the autumn and winter wandering minstrels would come for a day to enliven the old castle and amuse its master with their songs or feats of dexterity. Thus, one Friday, November 13, 1329, a "*menestrel qui jouet d'oiseaux*"—a man who travelled with some performing birds—exhibited them in the castle-hall, and the account-book shows that the baron gave him ten sous, rather more than seven dollars, for his afternoon's work. A few days after another minstrel came and played on a cornet, but he only got half the amount that was paid to the man with the birds. On the very same day "*un povre clerc*," a poor scholar, asked for and received hospitality at the castle. He sang in the chapel during service, and when he went his way next day he had two francs and a half from the baron to help him on his journey.

The accounts show that the master of Château-Renault was just as well as generous. One day his hounds in pursuit of a hare rushed across the low roof of a hut belonging to a poor woman and completely demolished it. A miserable shed it must have been to give way under such a shock. Next day's accounts show that full compensation was paid for the damage. Every service done in connection with the household was duly noted and paid for, and the scale of wages appears to have been a high one considering the purchasing power of money. The accounts also show that whenever presents were received from neighboring seigneurs the servants who brought the gift were not allowed to go away empty-handed. Thus, a man who brought a present of some capons received a *pourboire* of eight *deniers*, about half a dollar; while two carters who had the good fortune to bring two casks of wine from the Dame de St. Cire received a sum equal to no less than five and a half dollars for their trouble. Open-handed without being extravagant, the lord of Château-Renault evidently held that a gentleman should not be shabby or mean-spirited about money. Though the least item of expenditure was carefully noted each day, there was

nothing miserly about the Seigneur Jean de Blois. The accounts which record his daily expenses, gratuities, and alms reveal the fact that he now and then risked and lost a little money at play with his friends. But his heaviest loss was only thirty francs, or about seven dollars, so that our old friend could hardly be called a gambler.

Throughout the accounts give the impression of a peaceful, settled state of affairs, in which the daily life of the château ran on, varied by no greater event than the entertainment of a noble guest or a visit to some neighbor's house at a distance. The fire and fury of the historical novelist is conspicuous by its absence. The record is one of prudent economy, justice, and generosity, which does high honor to the memory of this old baron of the "dark ages." Assuredly he was no oppressor of the poor; rather he used his modest fortune so that the peasants who dwelt within sight of the towers of Château-Renault had good cause to hold their seigneur's name in benediction.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

A PLEA TO MARY.

O MARY, Mother! white of heart and soul—
  Bending in rapture o'er the Heavenly Guest,
  Whom thou didst harbor in thy stainless breast
With joy undimmed by shade of future dole—
Bend now from Heaven, if thou rememberest
How the heart's anguish slips the will's control;
  For there are babes o'er whom no mother bends,
  And there are hearths no fireside angel tends,
Blank spaces that no earthly gifts may fill.
But if thy Heart its tender pity sends
Into those homes, no babe is motherless,
  No hearth is desolate: the joyous thrill
  That Christmas-tide did to the stable bring
Can girdle all the world at thy sweet will;
Thou and thy Babe each vacant spot can fill,
Draw love-reft hearts to tenderest sheltering.

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

BLESSED CLEMENT HOFBAUER, C.SS.R., APOSTLE OF VIENNA.

If the biography of a great secular character gives new zest to our efforts and seems to realize our dreams of perfection, how much more should the history of a favorite saint stimulate us to great and noble deeds! And there are few whose lives contain more valuable practical lessons of holy living than that of Blessed Clement Maria Hofbauer, whose beatification was celebrated by a solemn triduum from October 15 to 18, 1888, in the old church of Maria-Stiegen in Vienna.

But before outlining this wonderful man's career I wish to say a few words about the times in which he lived. The period of his apostolate begins in 1785 and ends in 1820. During this period the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars kept European society in a state of almost continual fermentation. Before the outbreak of the great convulsion in France the false doctrines of Gallicans and Jansenists had already begun to unsettle the religious faith of the clergy, rulers, and people in many parts of Europe. Febronius and men like him were also at this time actively propagating error in Germany and Austria. The so-called "progressive tendencies" of the age had found in the son and successor of Maria Theresa a blind adherent. When Joseph II., after the death of his pious mother in November, 1780, became sole ruler of the empire, he introduced a series of impious laws which have since borne in Austria, at least, the name of "Josephinism." The theory that the state has the right of supervision of worship, that it should divorce religion from education and attend only to making a man a citizen, was, under Joseph II., practically applied in Austria. As a result the direct intercourse of the hierarchy with Rome was forbidden altogether, and the imperial embassy at Rome was the only channel through which communication with the Holy See could be had, and the pope's authority restricted exclusively to what the state chose to consider "religious matters." Whatever came from Rome required the "*placet regium*" before it could be promulgated. The state legislated on marriage; the bishops were instructed that under the new order of things they had authority to give the dispensations previously reserved to the pope. The expulsion of religious orders was followed by a wholesale confiscation of their property, and no less than seven

hundred cloisters, convents, monasteries, and abbeys were secularized within eight years. The education of the clergy was taken out of the hands of the bishops; seminaries controlled and superintended by the state became the only nurseries for priests, who, unfortunately, frequently learned to look only to the state for favor, and if they became its willing tools their preferment was sure to be rapid. Such small matters as the ringing of the church-bells and the ornamentation of altars were also subjects of state regulation. With the church in a crippled condition, it can be readily understood to what an extent indifferentism was spread among both clergy and people, and the decay of faith resulted naturally in great laxity of morals.

These few remarks will enable us to form some idea of the general condition of that period, and I am forced to make two observations upon it. First, unbelief, lack of faith, was the main defect of that era, and so God willed that "faith," strong, pure, and immovable, should be the means of recalling Christians to his service, and the bearer of this heavenly weapon was to be our saint. Secondly, those who were bent upon crushing out belief were the great and powerful, while the instrument chosen by God to frustrate the work of those in power was a powerless, penniless peasant, only an apprentice to a baker.

Let us see who this man was and what he did. He was born in Tasswitz, a village in Moravia, on December 26, 1751. His parents were poor, respectable, and pious people. When six years old his father died and left his mother a widow with six children, of whom he was the youngest. One day his good mother, leading him up to a crucifix and pointing to the figure of our crucified Lord, said to him: "Look up and see who your Father now is; be careful to walk so as to please him." He heard and obeyed those words, for from that time his life presents an unbroken record of sanctity. During the nine years following, which he spent at home, there was a daily increase in his love for God, which was manifested by his great assiduity in prayer and penance amid a life of the hardest toil for one of his years. He was a model of obedience, which is an excellent test of Christian virtue. Family circumstances at length brought about a dissolution of his home associations, and it became necessary for him at the age of fifteen to rely solely upon himself. He accordingly apprenticed himself to a baker in Znaim, a small city not far from Tasswitz, and served afterwards in the same capacity in a monastery near Bruck, where he found in the abbot a friend, through whose kindness he was permitted to attend the Latin school at-

tached to the monastery. After the abbot's death his yearnings towards union with God induced him to live as a hermit in a small hut in the vicinity of Tasswitz; but Josephinism soon compelled him to give up this manner of life, and we find him in his twenty-seventh year in Vienna working as a poor, humble baker. He felt clearly a religious vocation, he was most anxious to prepare himself for the priesthood, but he believed that God knew best how to order all things, and, with firm reliance upon the divine will, he bore his fate with never-murmuring resignation, willing—to use his own words—only *what*, *when*, and *how* God willed. While in Vienna he became acquainted with Peter Kunzmann, also a baker, poor like himself, and pious; and the two, though without means, following an ardent wish of their hearts, set out on foot on a pilgrimage to Rome, where they received the sacraments, and returned greatly strengthened in faith because of the wonderful way in which God had helped them to make the journey not only safely but without money. Shortly after their return Pius VI., deeply distressed at the deplorable state of religious affairs in Austria, concluded to visit in person Emperor Joseph II. His Holiness arrived at Vienna in March, 1782. This visit, as is known, was a total failure. During the stay of the Holy Father, Clement Hofbauer, in the midst of a crowd of people, received the papal blessing, and that grace inspired him to visit once more the Eternal City. So he undertook the weary journey again, and, having arrived at Tivoli, he determined to try again his vocation as a hermit. He accordingly went to the bishop of the place, Barnabas Chiaramonti (afterwards Pope Pius VII.), and requested episcopal sanction to live in the diocese of Tivoli as a hermit. After carefully examining the applicant and satisfying himself that Clement was one whom God had selected for some great work, the bishop not only granted his request, but in person invested him with the habit. The future apostle then retired to a solitude, where he acquired that close communion by prayer with his Master which continued all through his life, and this was what prepared him to overcome all his future difficulties in after-life. Here, after some months, he learned that it was not God's will that he should live apart from the world in prayer and contemplation all of his days, but that he would be called soon to a more active service, to harder trials and sufferings among men; so he retraced his steps to Vienna, where he applied himself again to his trade and to study. His poverty proved, of course, a great stumbling-block and prevented him from studying as he would have liked to do. Never-

theless he never complained, as we know from the celebrated ex-Jesuit, Albert Diesbach, whose acquaintance he made at that time, and who familiarized him with the writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori, whose congregation he was soon to adorn. From the profound and varied knowledge which Clement Hofbauer possessed at this time it is generally believed that he received wisdom from above, but undoubtedly he thus acquired much of it.* After a time there came to him once more an inspiration to visit the tomb of the apostles, and he communicated his desire to a friend named Hübl, who lay just then sick in a hospital, inviting at the same time this friend to join him. "How can I," said Hübl, "since I am sick and have no money?" But the man of God knew better. "For the first" (the health), he said, "God will provide; and for the means, I." And his faith proved that he was right; for God did indeed restore Hübl's health, while kind friends enabled Clement Hofbauer to carry out his part. So the two made the pilgrimage to Rome on foot, and, having arrived there late one evening, took lodgings near Santa Maria Maggiore's, and resolved, before retiring, to visit on the next morning that church whose bells they should first hear. In this way they were led at daybreak to the church of San Giuliano, where they found a very devout community of priests assembled at their morning meditation. When they left the church they asked a boy outside what congregation of priests that was, and the boy replied: "Priests of the Order of the Most Holy Redeemer; and you will be among them." These words impressed Clement Hofbauer deeply; he went to the superior the same morning, opened his heart, and that master of souls, recognizing the vocation of the inquirer, offered him admission into the order. On the next day his friend

* We extract the following incident from the excellent life of Blessed Clement by "a member of the Order of Mercy" (Cath. Pub. Soc. Co., 1877): "On Sunday during High Mass it began to rain heavily. The hardy Moravian (Clement), who could sleep as sweetly beneath the stars as on a comfortable bed, cared as little for rain as for sunshine. . . . But seeing three ladies in the porch, whose dress and mien proclaimed their exalted rank, hesitating to brave the rain-storm and quite unattended, he politely stepped forward and asked whether he could be of any service in procuring them a carriage. His offer was accepted; the ladies invited him to drive home with them. Something in his frank, modest demeanor irresistibly attracted their sympathies. They plied him with questions—who he was, what he was, whence he came, how he supported himself. The eldest, with rare discernment of spirit, stirred his soul to its very depths by the suggestive question: 'But perhaps you desire to become a priest?' 'I do!' cried the delighted baker, beginning to see gleams of hope; and he took the whole party into his confidence on the spot, saying frankly: 'My most ardent and constant desire from infancy has been to become a priest, but I have always been too poor to finish my course of study.' 'Your education shall be finished at our expense,' said the eldest lady." Thus, by an act of simple politeness native to his manly heart, Clement at thirty-four years of age was enabled to finish those studies which were indispensable to the fulfilment of his sublime vocation. The name of the sisters who had the honor of assisting him was Maul.—Editor.

Hübl, whom he had brought so providentially to Rome, applied and was also admitted. But as they were both foreigners, well advanced in years, some of the fathers in Naples were by no means pleased with their reception into the order. But fortunately the founder, St. Alphonsus Liguori, who was still alive though no longer superior, overcame that opposition by saying in a prophetic spirit: "God will not fail to increase his glory by these two Austrians from across the Alps." Both received the habit on October 24, 1784, and began without delay their novitiate. Owing to their pronounced vocation, their great zeal and exemplary virtues, as well as their mature age, they were allowed to take their vows on March 19, 1785, and ten days later the Bishop of Alatri ordained them priests. As soon as their theological studies had been finished both asked to be sent north, and, as they had from their entrance into the congregation been destined for the German missions, their request was willingly granted. So Father Clement Hofbauer, now in his thirty-fourth year, enters upon that apostolic career which was to make him so famous.

In the fall of 1785 the two Redemptorists arrived at Vienna, at a time when Josephinism was at its height and the suppression of religious orders and confiscation of church property was being carried on with the utmost vigor. To think then of establishing a new religious order was, of course, out of the question; so Father Clement and his companion put themselves at the disposal of the Prefect of the Propaganda, who accepted their services gladly for the Polish mission, because the Archbishop of Mohilev had lately received permission from Empress Catherine II. of Russia to get priests to attend to the spiritual wants of the Catholics in Poland. Equipped by their superiors with authority to receive novices, establish houses, etc., Father Clement and Father Hübl set out for Warsaw, the capital of Poland. Near Vienna they had to cross the Danube, and on the boat a hermit attracted, naturally enough, Father Clement's attention. He was rejoiced to find in this hermit his old friend Kunzmann, who had accompanied him on the first visit to Rome and who was just returning from a pilgrimage to Cologne. Kunzmann became Father Clement's first novice and went on with them to Warsaw.

When they arrived at this city they presented themselves to the papal nuncio, who received them with open arms and installed them at once in the church of St. Benno, with the adjoining house for a residence. The three had between them only three thalers (about $1.80) in money, while the church, having been un-

occupied a long time, had nothing but bare walls and stood sadly in need of repairs, and the house was filthy, unfurnished, and so dilapidated that water was dripping from the ceilings. The situation was anything but cheerful. Yet Father Clement, instead of being depressed or disheartened, gloried in the prospect of suffering hardship for his Master, and knew by his boundless faith not only how to inspire confidence into his companions but to render them anxious to emulate his example. Consider that it was necessary for them to know Polish besides German, and it will be seen that the building up of St. Benno's was fraught with such difficulties that only a truly heroic faith could overcome them. But Father Clement Hofbauer's confidence in God was too great to be in any way affected by this apparently hopeless condition of affairs. When poverty pressed them to the wall, as it did only too often in the beginning, he would pray hard and long before the tabernacle, and say, "Lord, now it is time to help," and help in one way or another was always vouchsafed to their reliance upon God. It would lead us too far to give the history of St. Benno. Suffice it to say that before long the church was repaired and properly ornamented. Meanwhile the attendance at all the services steadily increased, and the fame of the Bennonites, as they were called, spread even beyond Poland. And how was all this accomplished? I reply unhesitatingly, by Father Clement's marvellous faith.

In order to provide the means wherewith to do so, he went out begging himself all through the city, firmly believing that God would not abandon him in that work. So on one day he entered a restaurant where some rough-looking characters were playing cards; he approached them and begged for some alms for his orphans. One of them, however, enraged at the sight of a priest and more so at the request, spit in his face. Father Clement, firmly believing he would get alms if he went to work in the right way, quietly wipes his face and says, perfectly undisturbed: "That was for me, sir; but now give me something for my orphans." Such humility disarmed, of course, even the hardened gamblers, and they gave him liberally. This is one out of many cases illustrating the way in which Father Clement knew how to suffer.

In 1793 Father Clement was made vicar-general of his order with full powers for all countries north of the Alps. Requests came from Germany to establish the order there and help build up a decaying faith. Requests for missions in Poland and Bulgaria came also. And to all Father Clement knew how to respond.

While still at the head of St. Benno's he founded one house at Jestetten, on Mount Thabor, another at Tryberg, a third at Babenhausen, while all through Poland his missionaries restored religion among the people. Such was his success at St. Benno's that in 1796 he counted 48,000 communicants, which number had increased to over 104,000 in 1807. Their work in Germany, it should not be forgotten, was accomplished in times which were anything but favorable. For the higher clergy in Germany, led by Dalberg and Wessenberg, was almost in open revolt with the papal authority; the so-called "*punctationes*" drawn up by Febronius had received the signatures of three archbishops of Cologne. Others, including the Archbishop of Salzburg, had added their names also. It required, therefore, great courage to appear as a missionary, who could not help displeasing the most powerful church dignitaries. Unfortunately houses established in Germany had a short duration, because the governments interfered and expelled the Redemptorists. A similar fate, through the misfortune of war, finally awaited St. Benno's also.

On June 9, 1808, the fatal decree for the expulsion of the Redemptorists from St. Benno's was signed at Pillnitz, and on June 20 it was executed. Father Hübl had died in 1807—a blow which Father Clement had felt very much; now came this still harder trial. As if they were so many criminals, Father Clement and all the fathers, novices, and lay brothers were hustled rudely into carriages and transported under military escort to a fortress. The indignation of the people, when they found out that their fathers had been arrested, assumed such alarming proportions that the marshal had to appease them by a proclamation. Still St. Benno's was kept closed and the exiled Redemptorists continued to Küstrin, in Brandenburg, which fortress had, by the terms of the treaty of Tilsit, remained in the hands of the French. After a month's confinement there orders were issued to disperse each one to his home. So Father Clement took affectionate leave of all his co-laborers and proceeded with a lay brother to Vienna. Many hardships befell the two during the journey, and the lack of passports on arriving in Vienna caused the police authorities to imprison Father Clement for three days as a suspicious character. But that undeserved ignominy only gladdened his heart.

Now begins that glorious career of Blessed Clement Hofbauer in the capital of Austria which was to end only with his death. Many changes had taken place in Vienna. Joseph II. was dead, also his successor, Leopold II. Francis I. now sat on

the throne, no longer, however, as Roman-German, but only as Austrian emperor, a monarch really good, pious, and possessed of many excellent qualities. On May 13, 1809, the French entered Vienna. As Napoleon had suppressed the Redemptorists everywhere, and Father Clement Hofbauer was known to be their vicar-general, it was necessary for him to live in the utmost retirement. He found an old friend in Abbate Luigi Virginio (an ex-Jesuit), the director of the Italian church (Minoriten-Kirche), who was very glad to have his assistance in pastoral work. When this good priest had been carried off by a contagious disease, contracted while attending wounded French soldiers in the hospitals, his successor, an old and feeble priest, confided to Father Clement most of the duties of the parish. During four years he labored in that church, reviving faith, reintroducing approved Catholic devotions, preaching in his own plain but wonderfully effective way, making himself the true friend of all in need, whether young or old, ever ready to obey a call to a sick-bed or death-bed, edifying all by his zeal, piety, and devotion, so much so that his reputation reached the ears of the then Archbishop of Vienna, Count Hohenwarth. This prelate was a good and holy man, who lived most simply and gave his whole revenue to the poor; but he was hardly one who could fight with energy the Josephinism which still lurked among many of his clergy and people. The administration of the diocese was almost wholly entrusted to his chapter of canons, many of whom were the offspring of Josephinism and owed their position solely to their uncatholic principles. It was therefore a difficult undertaking to revive the true spirit of faith; still the archbishop always proved himself a true friend of Father Hofbauer.

In 1813 the position of confessor and chaplain to the convent of Ursuline nuns became vacant, and Archbishop Hohenwarth offered it to Father Clement, who gratefully accepted the charge. He rented for himself a room in a building not far from this convent. A bed, wardrobe, study-table, prie-dieu, crucifix, picture of the Blessed Virgin, and a few chairs were his stock of furniture. While dwelling in this humble lodging he carried on his most wonderful apostolate. The church attached to the convent and now under his care was in a deplorable condition in every way, exteriorly and interiorly, and what Father Clement most deeply regretted was that it had no people in attendance. For years no sermon had been preached in it except at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. Pastoral letters had been issued against solemn Vespers, processions, rosary devotions, and the like as

calculated to foster superstition among the people, and all pious confraternities and societies were then still forbidden by ecclesiastical authority. Soon, however, all the Masses, services, and sermons which belong to a well-regulated church were established by Father Hofbauer, and in a short time the Ursuline Church became the most popular and best attended in Vienna.

His unvarying daily routine while confessor to the Ursuline nuns deserves to be briefly recited. At three o'clock in the morning he always arose, and, after prayer and meditation, went in all kinds of weather to the church to hear confessions, because, he said, the early morning was the only time that laborers and poor people had at their disposal. He went from the church to the convent to minister to the spiritual wants of the nuns; then until ten, and, if necessary, until half-past eleven, he sat in the confessional to hear his penitents of higher rank. After that he said Mass, recited the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and then took his breakfast, which was sent over from the convent and to which he generally invited some poor friends. He never allowed any one to serve at table, but waited himself on whosoever was there. The afternoon was devoted to sick-calls, visits to churches where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and to the confessional, and in the evening there were gathered in his room a company of students and others whom he had won over to a devout life. He was, as Cardinal Rauscher testified in the process of beatification, during the whole day engaged in God's service. Often he spent whole nights among the sick and went directly in the early morning to the confessional. The learned professor of the university, the Freemason, the Jew, the atheist, the poor servant, and the high-born lady all came to him for counsel, and none went away without a consciousness that his compassion for the sinner was excelled only by his power to discover at a glance the heart's sore place, on which he always sought to pour the balm of God's mercy. This man, whose words were sustained by actions, produced necessarily on the minds of all the greatest effect. People *felt* that what he said was true; his utterances carried conviction, and sometimes faith and hope, because he was himself filled with faith, hope, and charity. The indwelling grace of God imparted to him a magnetism which it was hard to resist, and those who knew him looked upon him as a saint.

The Catholic Church in Austria, as we shall now see, owes its continued life to him. How far Father Clement's influence extended, how anxious he was to further the unity of the church,

and how ably he defeated the schismatic efforts of Wessenberg during the Congress of Vienna, is shown clearly from the following facts. On November 27, 1814, a draft for a "reform of the church in Germany" was handed in by Wessenberg, the main features of which were absolute independence from Rome under a local primate—in short, a national German church, with national, provincial, and diocesan synods, to be entrusted with the administration of everything under regulations made by the State confederation. Humboldt, Prussia's representative, Count Münster (Hanover), Count Rechberg (Bavaria), Baron Plessen, Baron Gagern, and the Dean of Münster, Count Spiegel, warmly supported the establishment of a state church. Helferich, Dean of Speier, and Baron Wamboldt, Dean of Worms, were the accredited leaders of the Catholic Church, and these two, principally the former, relied entirely upon Father Clement's advice and assistance in defeating this scheme. The prevention of a schism has, it is true, been attributed to the influence of Frederick von Schlegel, Schlosser, Zacharias Werner, Baron Pilat, and Councillor Adam Müller. But all of these were converts of Father Clement, and contributed only indirectly to the defeat of Wessenberg's proposition. It was Father Clement who, as spiritual counsellor of the Crown-Prince Louis of Bavaria, prevented through him any action on the part of Bavaria, and thereby frustrated the whole project, as Bavaria's action was decisive in the matter. Dalberg's ultimate conversion and separation from Wessenberg were also due to Father Clement's indirect influence upon this unfortunate prince of the church. It is therefore Father Clement's honor to have rendered at a critical period the church of his country the most important service, and one of far-reaching consequences. Cardinals and nuncios frequently consulted him on grave questions. Blessed Clement, through his humility and piety, possessed a far deeper insight into the most complicated affairs than those who by education, position, and experience might be supposed much more competent in matters of that kind.

Blessed Clement also revived Catholic literature in Vienna. The translations of the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori and other good Catholic authors, as well as the establishment of a weekly paper, *Die Oelzweige*, were his work, and all that was done through the press by his illustrious converts was due to his comprehensive conception of religion and of the duties of a priest. He furthermore persuaded Klinkowström, a convert of his, to establish a school for the education of the sons of the nobility.

During the sixteen years of its existence four princes, fifty-nine counts, and twenty-three barons received their education there, many of whom occupied later very high positions and became famous, and of all the two hundred and ten pupils two only abandoned the truly Catholic way that had been taught them in this institute. After Klinkowström's death, in 1832, it was discontinued because no one could be found to take his place.

Clement Hofbauer, great and holy as he was, did not escape envy, calumny, and persecution. The greater his popularity, influence, and success, the more anxious his enemies appeared to be to injure his work. Numerous attempts were made to have him expelled from Austria by the authorities, but they were always unsuccessful. These unjust proceedings only won him favor in the end, for on another occasion he was reported as preaching sedition to the people, and hence forbidden to preach. Sunday came and he ascended the pulpit as usual, read the Gospel, turned to the packed congregation, and said: "I cannot preach to-day, because I must practise obedience, but at Mass I will ask the Holy Ghost to tell you what I intended to say." Being arraigned before the ecclesiastical tribunal, he was interrogated: "What is your name?" "When and where were you born?" "What religion do you profess?" etc. Father Clement rose, bowed politely, and said: "Hier ist nicht gut sein" (It is not good to be here), and withdrew, much to the astonishment and discomfiture of the ecclesiastical court. The only one whom this dignified conduct thoroughly convinced of the entire innocence of Father Clement, and the absolute groundlessness of the charges preferred against him, was the venerable Archbishop Hohenwarth, who rose and said: "He acts like an apostle, shakes the dust off his feet, and—leaves," and therewith that matter was ended. These repeated failures, however, instead of opening the eyes of his enemies, only enraged them all the more, and they tried now through a high court-officer to obtain from the emperor an order of expulsion, but that effort also failed.

The emperor, having been informed of them, expressed to his confessor a wish to do something for this good priest who had evidently been wronged. On learning that Father Hofbauer had but one wish—namely, to be permitted to establish the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer in Austria—the emperor issued orders from Rome that Father Hofbauer be instructed to lay before him the rules of the order, how it could be established, etc., etc. Francis I. received Father Clement most graciously and promised to grant the permission, if, on examination, nothing objectiona-

ble could be discovered in the rules of the order. At last Father Clement's greatest desire was to be fulfilled. Such, however, was his humility that after the audience he said: "A great honor awaits me; now I would like to die." And that request was granted by Heaven to him who did not seek honor but shrank from it, who felt happy when he was reviled and glad when he suffered, whose whole life had been, as it were, hidden with God. He had predicted that he would die before the congregation would expand, but that then it would spread, because, as he said, "he could do much more for his brethren before God than while alive." On the eve of the day when the Redemptorists were to be established in Vienna, after a short illness accompanied by terrible suffering, which he bore with heroic fortitude and without a word of complaint, he expired. His death occurred on Wednesday, March 15, 1820, at noon. In the morning already the agony had set in, and those nearest and dearest were assembled round the bed of the patient sufferer, watching him breathlessly. The noon hour came and the Angelus bell rang in the church not far off, but none of those present seemed to hear it. Not so Blessed Clement; with a last effort he summoned his remaining strength, said in clear and audible tones "Do pray; the Angelus is being sounded," fell back, and left this earth to meet his reward above. As St. Alphonsus had died on a Wednesday during the Angelus bell, so also did Blessed Clement Hofbauer, deservedly called the second founder of the order. Eye-witnesses have declared that his funeral was the most touching, most solemn, and most numerously attended that had ever been seen in Vienna. Eight young men, some of whom belonged to the aristocracy, bore the coffin. The alumnus of the archiepiscopal seminary attended in a body, though no one knew by whom the order was given. The gala carriages of the nobility were there, and the poor in countless thousands.

Though the odor of sanctity perfumed his life, death brought out most clearly the greatness of Vienna's apostle. Less than fifty years after his demise, viz., on February 14, 1867, Pope Pius IX. issued the order for the introduction of the process of beatification, the first steps having already been taken in 1864; and though a decree of Innocent XI. requires that ten years elapse between the receipt of the acts of the "*processus ordinarius*" and the beginning of the apostolic process, this decree in the case of Blessed Clement Hofbauer was suspended by the Pope's own order. The general congregation of cardinals delivered its opinion on November 23, 1875, and after the lapse of the customary

six months, viz., on May 14, 1876, the papal decree of beatification was issued.

To talk about the inner life of this beloved servant of God is beyond my power. He was always too humble to talk about himself, but his every action reveals a character great and noble, a mind as comprehensive as his heart was full of charity, and above all there shines out the mighty virtue of faith, by means of which he fought as with an irresistible weapon.

A. DE GHEQUIER.

Vienna, Austria.

MADEMOISELLE ANGELIQUE.

AN ALMSHOUSE IDYL.

JAMES TOWNLEY had been in Paris and the rest of Europe so long that his friends began to look on him as a foreigner. When he came to New York the visit to his native city almost seemed a condescension, and the men at the club thought Townley a very cosmopolitan sort of fellow for being at ease and seeming to quietly lapse into the ways of the town with which he had been unfamiliar for years.

Soon after leaving college Townley went abroad, and he was so well content that he remained for five years knocking about the different Continental cities where there was most life. Townley Père supplied the sinews of war in the shape of checks, and Townley Junior enriched different tradesmen and hotel-keepers on the Continent with his good American money. He found it entertaining enough. He was a cheerful young man who did not require a rich and select diet of thought, provided incidents were sufficiently varied to make the round of daily life interesting. He had the great gift of finding content in the things which were attainable. Never did his mind spring soaringly into realms of rarefied thought, nor was his healthy heart given to sinking into harassing depths. He wrote an occasional letter to some of his friends who lived in New York, and was fond of consorting with New-Yorkers who went abroad.

When his father died a comfortable little lump of money went to the son. He continued to distribute it abroad, and showed no violent yearnings for a return to his native soil. So it was with a little surprise that Mr. George Ramsay, a Union

Club man, found this letter addressed to himself one fine May morning:

"PARIS, May, 18—.

"DEAR RAMSAY: How are you getting along? Haven't heard a word from you for three months. But if you didn't write for ten years I should be sure a letter would reach you at the Union Club. You are too fond of your old New York to leave it for any length of time, and, of course, so long as you stay there you will always think that the best part of life is that which you put in behind the club windows. Is it just as much fun as ever to look out on Fifth Avenue and see the world go by?

"I think you will have the doubtful pleasure of having me sit there with you pretty soon. I'm a little tired of knocking round over here. That is an awful admission, isn't it? When I tell you that I think of doing a little something over in America in the way of business you will be still more paralyzed. Of course I don't know anything about business, but nobody does until he learns, and I don't see why I may not learn. Anyhow, that is my scheme now. I seem to be working backward when I tell you next that I find that I have run through a good deal of money and want to recoup myself a bit. I am not in straitened circumstances, you understand, but I simply feel that I am spending money and that it is giving out. So I am coming over there to make some more.

"I have a funny thing to tell you. Don't let Bradley know, or he will think I am losing my senses. Perhaps I am. This is the thing, anyhow. Two months ago I went to a theatre where they were having a ballet. There was a dancer there that took great hold of me. There was such a sweet, winning dignity about her. You may laugh. I know it sounds absurd. After I left the theatre I dropped in at a neighboring *café*. It was a half-Bohemian place, but of the better sort. Several fellows were in the place, and at one table there was a party of four rather noisy men who had been drinking. Soon after I entered two girls came in and went to the only disengaged table, which was across from the one where the lively crowd was sitting. One of them was my interesting young *danseuse*. They sat down quietly and ordered a bottle of *vin ordinaire* and a *ragout* or something.

"When they were served they ate with a good appetite and evidently enjoyed their meal. The girl who had attracted my attention at the theatre was even more taking off the stage than she was on it. There was a frank, good-natured air, blended with a brisk kind of independence and a sweet suggestion of sympathy and tender feeling in her face. Her companion was one of the dancers or actresses at the theatre, I suppose, and they had dropped in after the play to have a bite.

"The two girls interested me. They seemed to be so good-natured, and somehow they gave me a very domestic feeling by the way they ate their supper. They were so modest, although cheerful and chattering away to each other. The meal seemed a recreation for them.

"The boobies at the other table began to busy themselves with the girls soon after they were seated, ogling them and making quite audible remarks about their appearance. The girls could not help noticing this and were somewhat annoyed by it. This interested me still more, because the ac-

tions and talk of the fellows, though free and easy, was the sort of thing that one supposes ballet-dancers and actresses to have no particular aversion to.

"Finally one of the quartette, a beastly Frenchman with crinkly moustache and a conceited smile, called the *garçon* and told him to serve the young women with a bottle of champagne. When the waiter brought it the elder of the girls, the one I had noticed in the theatre, told him to take it away, that they would get their own wine.

"This was still more interesting! A ballet-girl declining champagne from an admirer! The fellow got up from his table and coming over said in a killing way: 'Will not Mademoiselle Angelique do me the honor to drink wine with me?'

"'No. I do not wish for any wine, monsieur,' said the dancer.

"'Oh! but mademoiselle will not be so cruel. You will take one glass, at least, from my bottle, just to become acquainted. Come, now, that's a darling.'

"'Monsieur, I do not want your wine nor your company. If you will have the goddness to leave us alone it will be the best thing you can do.'

"'Ah! mademoiselle,' the fellow said, leaning over, 'how can I leave you alone when you are so pretty?'

"All this is rot and rubbish to tell you. But I wanted you to understand my part in the business. Mademoiselle's eyes flashed. She looked at the man straight and said indignantly, and with a natural dignity that should have driven him off:

"'You brute! have you nothing better to do than come and amuse yourself by worrying two girls? Go! Leave us! If not,' she added, noticing me and seeing my interested attention, 'I will beg this gentleman to protect us from your annoyances.'

"I felt pretty disgusted with the smirking, conceited ass of a fellow, for the girls had done absolutely nothing to provoke or encourage such attentions, but had behaved very properly and had been enjoying their modest repast thoroughly till he came to make it unpleasant for them. I hadn't the faintest wish to make myself a spectacle over a ballet-dancer, as you may imagine. But, no matter whether it sounds silly or not, I felt respect for the girl—a respect, mark you, that did not prevent my mouth from wanting to twist a little into a grin at the thought of my quixotically espousing the cause of a ballet-girl whom I didn't care a button for. But I did care a button for the something that shone through the girl with a luminous reflection of that human or divine element in man which always touches the quick of a decent fellow-creature.

"I stepped over and said, I think rather coolly: 'Monsieur will please to remember that mademoiselle is now under my protection.'

"Her first glance was at him to see how he took it. It was a curious look, there was such a sort of surprised impersonal curiosity in it. It seemed to say: 'There! what are you going to do now?'

"The Frenchman glowered at me angrily. Then he laughed as only that sort of a Frenchman can, and said brutally: 'Of course, mademoiselle belongs to the class which selects its protectors as they come. You are welcome to her.'

"I paid no attention to him. He bounced back to his table. I took a

seat at the table where the girls were. 'Since mademoiselle has done me the honor to make me her guardian, I may sit here and escort her home, may I not?' I said with half-mockery and half-respect.

"By Jove! Ramsay, what do you suppose she did? She was visibly affected; the moisture rushed to her eyes. Then she controlled herself and said to me calmly:

"'Monsieur, if honesty is a claim to a man's respect, you should show me respect. You have acted like a true man. Do not make me regret that I should have asked your assistance.'

"I felt only respect, as I answered with earnestness: 'Mademoiselle, pray believe me that I offer my services with the truest feeling. You have been enough worried by that brute. I do not wish to add a straw to your vexation. If you would prefer that I should not escort you home, I will not urge it. Though, I confess, I should feel better myself to know that I had at all contributed to your unmolested passage thither.'

"She smiled a bright, healthy smile. The real respect of my tone acted on her like a tonic. Ramsay, I know you are laughing there in the window of the Union Club, and thinking me an awful fool when you read this. But I cannot help it. The girl impressed me by her honest, unaffected way. I did go home with her, and she told me her story.

"Her mother was the only thing she had in the world. After her father died the poor farm where they lived had to be sold. They could not brook staying in the village as menials. So they came to Paris on the proceeds from the sale of their farm, and the young girl had to adopt the stage to support her mother, who was dying of a cancer or some of those horrible things which make life ghastly.

"Well, Ramsay, I made it a point to find out if the girl was playing me a bluff game. She wasn't. At the theatre they confirmed mademoiselle's report of her ways of doing, and sneered at her stupid stiffness. The other dancers hated her for her virtue. And I saw the sick mother in their lodgings, *au quatrième*, in an obscure Paris quarter.

"I took an interest in the girl. I believe I have said that once or twice before. She was continually developing traits that left me breathless. Such frankness, such knowledge of things, such a simple cleanness with such a practically loose life—for she was not finical in the least—this *ensemble* fascinated me. I have been quite devoted.

"I told her last week that I was going to go back to America. She heard me without any sign of emotion.

"'You have been very kind to me, monsieur. I thank you!'

"She held out her little hand. Ramsay, when I attempted to kiss her she shrunk back. 'No, monsieur, do not!' she said, with that confounded simplicity of her's. So I shook her hand again, and that is the last I shall ever see of Mademoiselle Angelique.

"You will see me in New York in a month. Keep your eye on the stock-ticker and let me know where I may invest a little money profitably. *Au plaisir*, Monsieur Jean. JAMES TOWNLEY."

Ramsay was quite content to have Townley come back to the club window and be a comfort to him by his sympathetic idleness. But Townley, really meant to do something, to go into

business, and got Ramsay to tell him of some of the men that knew most about it. In this way he was introduced to two or three fellows who were in banks and brokers' offices on Wall Street. They advised Townley and gave him "tips" on stocks. The tips did not always bring in large returns, and Townley began to think he was not going into business properly.

One day he came to the Union Club in the afternoon. Ramsay almost pressed his hand, he was so glad to see him. Ramsay also was mildly excited. He used to stretch back in his chair and look at the ceiling when he was excited.

"Old man, I've got the opening for you. All you've got to do is to put some money into it, and then a lot of money will come to you. Isn't that what you want?"

"Having the money come in to me is what I want; there is no doubt about that," said Townley. "What is the scheme?"

"Why, there is a Jew fellow who knows all about money and stocks and things, and he wants to start a financial paper. He will do everything. All you will have to do is to get half the money that comes in. It's sure to pay. The man has done it before and knows all about it. Of course, he needs an office and printing and things, and you would have to put in the money for that. But you will get it all back in a few months, and then you will have the rest pure gain."

Ramsay was quite out of breath with such a long speech.

"Well, there is no harm in seeing the fellow and having a talk with him. Can't you ask him to dinner here to-morrow?"

"Oh! my dear boy, I couldn't really ask him here, you know. We'll take him to Delmonico's. Wouldn't have anybody think I knew him for the world."

"Well, invite him to Delmonico's and introduce him to me, and then you can go, and I'll talk it over with him," said Townley.

The Jew proved to be of the pumice-stoned order, all the Semitic features being softened down. The nose was thin and aquiline, but did not droop very much at its extremity, and his eyes were black but not beady, and his complexion was an olive verging on sallowness, but was not greasy. And then he really knew a lot about how much everything was worth, and, still better, could tell like a prophet what it was going to be worth a month ahead, and how to make anything they took hold of get up right away and become suddenly precious.

He had suffered a reverse out in Rio, because somebody had lied to him and not paid money, so that he had to give up things

just as they were booming. But he could put some money into the scheme and would undertake the whole management, while Townley should have half the profits if he would supply the rest of the capital.

The sum he mentioned as necessary was about all Townley was worth. But it was a sure thing. In six months they would be getting rich on it. There were one or two papers in the field, but they did not meet the wants which this would supply.

It looked very feasible. Cohen talked calmly and with a quiet air of confidence and experience that moved Townley. Besides, there could not be a better proof of Cohen's assurance than his putting in all his own money. "So if it goes up, I go up too," he said laughingly to Townley.

So that middle-aged young man put up nearly his whole fortune, which was not so very great now. In three months Cohen called for more. Expenses were greater than he had expected. An office had been taken in Broad Street, handsomely fitted up, and various specious channels for the outflow of cash were presented by that worthy. But Townley had no more, and three weeks later Cohen told him in his calm way that they were running the paper at a loss and must stop unless they could get more money. They couldn't, and in a fortnight Cohen told him they must give it up.

"But my money?" said Townley.

"And mine?" said Cohen with the calm of philosophic resignation. "It was a beautiful scheme, and if you could only have put in five thousand dollars more it must have succeeded. If you can't, we will have to let the thing go and only have experience as a profit."

This was not exhilarating. There was a mean sense on Townley's part that the son of Israel had gulled him, but there was no proof. So he started in with a rich experience but no cash as the outcome of his business. He had hard work in getting anything to do. Partly because he didn't know how to do much of anything. The difficulty of acquiring money was brought home to him for the first time in his life. It fretted him dreadfully. He finally got a position on a newspaper at a low salary. It was all he could do.

Ramsay had refused to lend him anything with an unembarrassed alacrity which was another experience for Townley. He moved into a hall-room on Seventh Avenue, and dropped out of sight of his friends altogether. He had a rich uncle who had a son, but he was too proud to appeal to him, and he doubted his

success if he did ask for help. He was always a little behind his salary, for economy was an occult art to him. Yet he kept up a cheerful front and worked as faithfully as he knew how. But it was hard, and every day it got harder. He did not care to make new friends, and he would not see the old ones since he could not meet them without an inevitable drain on his slender purse.

One day he was crossing Fifth Avenue. A stage was passing up and behind it was a hansom. Coming down was a heavy victoria. The hansom cabman turned in just as Townley got between the stage and the victoria. The lady in the latter shrieked, and the next moment he was crushed between the wheels of her carriage and those of the hansom.

He fell to the ground in dreadful pain and with every nerve quivering. The lady had him placed in her carriage, and he improved the opportunity to faint. When he came to he was in St. Luke's Hospital suffering from sharp interior pains. He could not move without the greatest agony, and the doctor told him to lie as quietly as possible.

After he had suffered for a week, one day the lady who had been in the victoria rustled in. She inquired after his health. He told her he suffered but was improving. She remarked that it was all that horrid cabman's fault, and she had got his number, and he could hold him to account. She asked after his means and resources. Townley said he had none then. She said: "You must let me pay for this week in the hospital, my good man, and I am sure you will have no difficulty in getting to the Island as soon as you are well enough to be moved, and you can stay there till you get better."

Townley groaned. He told her civilly that she must pay nothing for him, that he could not permit it. What a curse it was to be stricken down like this! He had only two dollars in the world!

He got the nurse to write to his uncle and tell him the state of things very fully. His uncle replied promptly that he would pay his hospital expenses, and hoped he would have sense enough to keep from being run over again, for he could not undertake to support him for life.

Townley waited till he got well enough to walk, which was not for two weeks more. Then he wrote a letter to his uncle and, almost in the words of the Apostle Peter, bade his money be to him for his damnation. After that he crawled slowly down through the healthy, well-dressed crowds on Fifth Avenue and

made his way to a low brick building on the corner of Eleventh Street and Third Avenue.

It was the office of the Commission of Charities and Correction. The building was pretty well filled by women with babies and slouchy men. He had to take his turn in the line that filed by a window where a man, partially bald, sat asking questions and giving little slips of paper to the unfortunates who rehearsed their woes to him. A policeman with a sharp nose and a blunt manner stood at the opening, and hustled them along and prodded them to a prompt response to the questions.

"I have no money. I am incapacitated for work for the present, and have absolutely no one from whom I can seek assistance," said Townley in a hard voice, but with a feeling like death on him.

He had to answer several questions which the man put to him in a brusque, business sort of way, and with the manner of a man to whom charity is a profession and the exercise of it a livelihood.

Then he was directed to go to the pier at East Twenty-third Street and take a boat for the Almshouse on Blackwell's Island. As he came out of the door he stopped for a moment and uttered an involuntary groan. He dragged himself up to the pier, and, with his head swimming, got on the boat. His whole soul recoiled, and only his will drove him onward. It was fate. The exertion of the long walk had set his nerves tingling, and as he looked at the blue dancing water of the river he thought whether it were not nobler, more wise, and sweeter far to use the little strength he had to fling himself in and sink down into the cool depths. But his soul recoiled somehow from the thought of dealing with his own life so summarily.

The summer breeze played about his throbbing temples, but in his bitterness it seemed to him as if it did so because it must play even on the brows of the poor if it played at all, and the smooth, soothing sail was embittered when he remembered that he was being taken to the refuge the city afforded to its paupers. By a sudden turn in his fancy's movements he thought of Mademoiselle Angelique and her courage in bearing all the burdens of poverty. "She was more generous than Ramsay," he thought. Somehow the thought soothed him. She had been so bright and cheerful amid her toil and insult, and with that poor, cancer-cursed mother to support, to whom she brought home the harvest she gathered by her "many twinkling feet."

But the boat had arrived at the little pier on the island. A

dark stone building with small barred windows, a pile uninteresting and gloomy in its whole length, breadth, and thickness, faced him as he landed. Was that the place? Happily, it was not. That was the penitentiary, and Townley thought with galled feeling that human justice sent men to prison for their misdeeds and Heaven might be sending him to the Almshouse for his. His head was throbbing violently and his limbs shook with weakness as he landed, and oh! how his soul sickened at the trial! But it was only that or death, and self-inflicted death. The other he would have joyfully welcomed. He and the others who had come to share with him the municipal charity of New York were taken half a mile, it seemed to him, further up the Island. The Almshouse did not prove so very forbidding, but it was with as ense of satisfaction that he reflected he should not partake of its hospitality very long. There was such a sinking in his soul that he felt it would have its influence on his physical being.

A large man with a commonplace sort of face and bearing received him, and his name was entered in a book. Then he was told where to go, and he left the small room and returned to the sunshine—a pauper!

He walked languidly to a bench which was placed at one side of the grounds, and, sitting down on it, leaned back and watched the swiftly running stream. His thoughts were like wormwood. He could not work, and there was not a soul to whom he could apply for help! That is, he could not bring himself to apply to any one of those from whom any help could be hoped. He would die sooner than ask alms of his uncle again. Die? He would endure this, which was worse than death. And after all, what use was it? He would only run in debt, and stave off the evil hour a few weeks longer, perhaps. Why did not Providence arrange for such cases as his by letting death come to the soul spent, weary, and broken by the heat of the day?

It seemed so like a dream. If it had not actually occurred to him it would not have seemed a possibility to his mind. A few months ago independent and living for his pleasure! And now, reft of money and friends, a pauper in the Almshouse in New York.

He felt as if he were in a dream. His temples throbbed so, and the figures about him moved like phantoms of another world, and he could not realize who or what they were. They looked dejected and were silent, but still seemed to take an interest in things.

A woman, bare-headed and with keen black eyes deep-sunken

in her head, came up to him. She had a shawl around her shoulders. She spoke in a high, shrill voice to him, twitching at her shawl:

"You must excuse me. But I thought you would like to know that the political situation calls for me. They can't get along without me. It is my songs that can save the country. George Washington, the Father of the Country, loves my songs, and yet these stupid creatures laugh at them. Would you like to hear my campaign song?"

Poor Townley looked at her without answering. Did they have the insane in this place, too? The woman seemed hurt that he took no interest in her, and shaking her head, as if to say, "He doesn't know my worth either," hurried off. He sat looking at the water and hearing his head throb till it seemed as if there was machinery within his skull that was working at random. The green banks of the opposite shore were blending in a strange way with the water, and people seemed to be walking in it and he was whirling along somewhere.

. . . . . .

When he opened his eyes he saw several small beds in the room, covered with pale blue counterpanes, and the sun was coming in brightly at the window and falling on the wooden floor. He was in a bed himself near the window, and at a little table by his side, pouring something carefully into a tumbler, was—Mademoiselle Angelique!

She was quite preoccupied with what she was doing. When she had poured out the proper amount into the tumbler she added some water and a little sugar, stirred it up with a spoon, and set it on the table. Then she glanced around at Townley, and found a pair of blue eyes languidly fixed upon her.

She gave a start, but at once recovered herself.

"You must not talk or fret yourself, my friend. You have been ill, and are going to do nicely now. I am here to take care of you. Will you not take this medicine that the doctor left for you? and it will make you feel much better."

"Where am I?" said Townley, and his voice sounded so thin to him.

"There," said Mademoiselle Angelique, bringing him the tumbler with the medicine, "drink that and sleep a little, and then we will talk."

She raised his head from the pillow and held the glass to his lips. He slowly drank it, and thought the taste was not very nice. But how weak he felt, and so weary and light-headed!

"Now," said Mademoiselle Angelique, as she put the glass back upon the table, and coming to him again pressed her cool little hand for a moment on his forehead, "you will be nice and quiet, won't you? If you don't, then all the trouble of taking care of you will be made of no use. Go to sleep, will you?"

Townley nodded his head faintly, and she slipped away. He was too weak to do anything at trying to make out why she was here and where he was. So he turned over and was soon lost in slumber.

When he awoke again the sun was fainter in the room and the clouds were red and golden over behind the houses of the city. Mademoiselle Angelique was at his side. She was sewing at a blue-and-white-checked apron, and looked bright and contented. Perhaps the apron recalled to Townley where he was. He had seen them on some of the old women pottering about the place.

"Mademoiselle Angelique," he said in his faint voice.

"Well, Monsieur Townley?" she answered, letting her hands drop on her lap and looking at him with her good-natured, kindly eyes.

"Am I not in the Almshouse?

"Yes, monsieur. We are in the Almshouse," she answered with a smile. "But we won't be here very long. We will get out when we get well. What are a few days here? Nothing."

"I may never get well," said Townley sadly. "How came you here?" he continued after a moment's pause.

"Ah! monsieur, my poor mother died a month after you left Paris. I could not endure living there after she had gone to heaven. So when I received an offer for America I was glad to come here. But it was a little lonely," she went on, still with her cheerful intonations. "I was at your Niblo Garden. And then I fell sick and could not dance. My money went in paying for the doctor and medicine, and so I had to ask them to send me here. I was neat and healthy, so they got me to look after the sick. And one day you were brought here a week ago, out of your mind. I was very glad to have the pleasure of waiting on you, monsieur, for I have not forgotten your kindness to me in Paris. But you must not talk much now. I am your nurse and you must mind me, or they will say I do not know how to care for the sick." She smiled so cheerfully, and with a playful, caressing air.

"Mademoiselle, I am a ruined man. I have lost all my money, and then I got hurt in an accident and had to come here," said

Townley slowly and with a weary air. "It would be better if I were to die and end it all. But we cannot die when we want to."

"O monsieur! do not talk in that way. We will get strong. The Island is a fresh, pretty place, and the air is good. We will get strong and then leave here. Do not lose courage. You have made one more cheerful by being here, but we will get out soon. You must be very nice and take care of your poor health. All will go well now."

Mademoiselle nodded her head in the most hopeful, reassuring way, and began sewing again on her blue-checked apron. Townley felt a pang as he saw the cheeriness of her old self-sacrificing spirit.

After that they had many talks together. She would bring the papers and read them to Townley, and would talk to him in her brisk, cheery way. She was a great comfort to him.

"Mademoiselle," he said to her one day, "I was thinking to-day that I have only one friend in the world. Do you know who it is?"

"If monsieur has only one, then I surely know, because I know that I am and shall always be the sincere friend of monsieur."

"Yes. You are the one I meant. Why do you take such good care of me?"

"Because you are sick and must be looked after," said Mademoiselle Angelique simply. "I am only too glad to show any kindness to monsieur. Did you not help me in Paris?"

Townley found great support in his humble companion. There was something fine in his nature that roused him to a high pitch of regard for this young girl, who had been stricken harder than himself, he thought. She was in a strange land, and had always worked hard and faithfully and modestly. Then he was touched deeply by her sunny brightness. He was very weak and she was as unremitting and tender in her attention to him as if she had been his sister.

"Mademoiselle, if I get well and am able to go out from this wretched place, you must let me help you," he said to her.

"We will help each other when we get free. You must hurry and get better," she answered with a bright smile.

One morning she seated herself by his side and opened the daily paper to read to him. He could sit up now, but was still weak. She read the European news, and then the interesting portions of the rest of the paper. The scandal and the murders she omitted.

"They cannot do us any good," she said in regard to subjects of this kind. "I can pity poor girls on the stage if they go wrong. There is so much temptation. But these ladies who have homes and families, and forsake their husbands and little children—pah! I have no excuse for them."

She ran her eye down the paper, making remarks as she was doing so. Finally she exclaimed: "Oh! if that good fortune could only have come to you, monsieur!" Then she read the following news-item from the paper:

"BUFFALO, May, 18—.

"Mr. William P. Fowler, the well-known merchant of this city, died yesterday of rheumatism of the heart. The sad occurrence was made doubly afflicting by the death only three days ago of his son, a promising young man, in business with his father. It is thought that his son's death had a great deal to do with that of Mr. Fowler. The deceased had no family except his son George, and his large fortune of several hundred thousand dollars will go to relatives in New York."

"I hope they deserve their good fortune, don't you, monsieur?" asked Mademoiselle Angelique.

"Yes. Will you not let me have the paper. You need not read any more now. I am tired, mademoiselle."

That evening a well-known lawyer came to the Almshouse. He had been summoned by a note from Townley. They had a short conversation together. Then the lawyer went away, rubbing his nose.

Two or three days after Townley had a bad turn in his sickness. The doctor told Mademoiselle Angelique that this was a very dangerous thing, because he was too sick to stand another siege. The poor girl redoubled her care and affectionate interest. But there was no change for the better.

One day he awoke from a brief slumber, and opening his eyes saw Mademoiselle Angelique sitting with her back to him at work on the blue-checked apron. There was a strange movement to her pretty shoulders and back that puzzled him. The deft needle would shoot out and be put in again with quick regularity, but there was this tremulous little quiver to the back. It was explained to him a moment later, for mademoiselle took the coarse old apron and, burying her face in it, shook with low sobs. She was crying her poor heart out on the pauper's blue-checked apron!

She was very quiet about it, not wishing to disturb him, but there was a listless droop to the graceful figure and an abandon to her sorrow that showed she was yielding herself unreservedly to the luxury of weeping.

Suddenly she wheeled about to see if Townley was awake, and he had just time to close his eyes and assume the appearance of profound sleep. His hand, thin from his sickness and as white as a woman's, was lying on the coverlid near the edge of the bed. A moment later he felt a light, warm breath upon it, and then such a delicate, timid pressure of soft lips. Then he heard a long sigh.

He kept up his pretence of sleep for several moments. Then he made some restless movements like one whose slumber is being disturbed. He heard mademoiselle hurriedly trip out on tip-toe. He realized that she did not wish to let him see her swollen eyes.

Townley's lawyer came to see him a few days later, and, after he had talked for some time, Townley signed his name to a paper, and he went away after some very respectful adieus. Townley seemed much better after this visit.

"Mademoiselle, you must not let me die," he said to her when she came in. "I have changed my mind and do not want to die now."

"If monsieur could see himself he would not talk of dying," said Mademoiselle Angelique, looking at him with interest. "You are much better to-day. I am so much stronger myself that as soon as you are well enough not to need a nurse I am going to get some position, and then I can help you, monsieur, till you get perfectly strong and well so as to leave here."

"You mean that you will take your hard-earned money and spend it on me?" said Townley, with his eyes fixed on her strangely.

"Oh! it will be little things till you are well and can get around. Monsieur should have oranges and a little good wine when he is getting better."

"You are very good, and I thank you," said Townley simply.

The next day he was much better, and ate his food with relish, and wanted to sit up. Mademoiselle watched him as interestedly as a mother could have done. Her face brightened over the signs of his improvement, and she was as gay as a lark.

"Mademoiselle Angelique," said he, "I am going to get well very rapidly now. I feel it. Are you glad?"

"Need you ask that?" said the girl. "Am I not your nurse, and did I not tell you to get well?" She smiled joyously.

"As soon as I get well I am going to leave this vile place, and, mademoiselle, I hope to get married. I am going away to some European city, if I do, and live there."

"That is good, monsieur," she said brightly, though a shadow

as light as a breath of air had darted across her face for a moment.

"Are you glad I am going to get married?" said Townley, looking her straight in the eyes.

"Certainly I am glad," said she, though her lip gave a little twitch. "Anything that is going to make you happier pleases me."

"Do you not want to know the name of the girl I wish to marry?"

"If monsieur cares to tell me," she answered quietly.

"Her name is Angelique," said Townley.

"Angelique?" said mademoiselle. "It is a pretty name; I trust she will be a good wife to you."

"Angelique," continued the sick man slowly, "will you do something to please me?"

"Ah! monsieur, surely. Have I forgotten your goodness to me in Paris?"

"Then put your arms around my neck and kiss me."

The hot blood surged so into her cheeks, and such a look of pain crossed her face, that he almost relented.

"Do not ask me to do that, monsieur. You are jesting. It is not like you." She spoke calmly, though her bosom was heaving.

"But you kissed my hand the other day," said Townley. "Why did you do that when you will not kiss me now?"

"I did that because I feared you were going to die, and I—I felt sad at the thought of it," she answered, with her face aglow, but looking him steadily in the eyes with her calm firmness.

"Will you not kiss me when I tell you I love you?" said Townley.

"O hush! monsieur. Have you not just told me you love another and wish to marry her?" said she reproachfully.

"No, I did not say another. I said there was a young woman I wished to marry and that her name was Angelique. You are the one." And Townley reached his hands out and grasped hers tenderly.

"You love me!" said Mademoiselle Angelique. Her face seemed transformed in the sudden rosy glow of happiness that bathed it, and her beautiful form seemed to grow into firmer, more exquisite curves, as though some magic elixir had been sent coursing through her veins. She stood motionless, radiant in her new joy, looking at him with such an eager simplicity.

"Yes, my dear little friend, I love you," said Townley qui-

etly. He stretched forth his weak arms toward her with a pathetic tenderness in his eyes.

The girl burst into a flood of tears as she leaned forward and gently clasped his head in her hands. He folded his arms about her and held her close while his lips sealed the covenant of love on her sweet mouth. It was the keenest, most restful happiness to them both.

Then the girl raised herself, the tears glistening on her long lashes, and her lips parting in irrepressible smiles.

"Now you must get well in a hurry, and I shall work for you, and you shall have your oranges and your wine," she said playfully.

"Listen, and I will tell you what we shall do. Just as soon as I am well enough we will leave this horrible place. Then we will get married and sail for France. We will go to your old village, if you like, and stay there for a while, and then we will wander about, living only in bright, cheerful places."

"I do not care where I live so long as I live with you," said Angelique. "But we will do whatever you wish, dear, as soon as we get money enough."

"Isn't three or four hundred thousand dollars enough to start on?" said Townley roguishly.

"Yes. When we have that we will go at once," said Mademoiselle Angelique cheerfully.

"We have got that now. We are the richest paupers in this Almshouse," said he, smiling.

"What do you mean?" said the young girl curiously, as she picked up the blue-checked apron from the floor.

"I mean that you read me of my uncle's death a few weeks ago in the paper. This man named Fowler, who died in Buffalo, and whose son had died a few days before him, was my uncle, Angelique, and his large fortune has come to me. I have seen a lawyer, and everything has been settled. So get me well as soon as you can, and we will go away, giving orders for the paupers to have a grand dinner in honor of our wedding. We will get married, and will see if money and health and love cannot make us happy."

The girl had listened with such a grave, sweet smile, sitting with her hands clasped in his. But as he finished a soberer look came upon her, and with some hesitation she said, firmly and sorrowfully:

"Monsieur, are you sure that this is right? In Paris you were with the best people. Now that you are rich again, your

place is there. Do you think I shall never shame you as your wife?"

"Shame me? Yes, shame me that I am not good enough for you," said Townley, grasping her hands anew. "Friends! You are the only friend I have in the world! I would not have got this uncle's money could he have made a will. Are we not enough to each other to get along without any one else? Dear heart! you have the refinement that comes from a beautiful nature, the tact which is born of the most delicate goodness, the repose of a wonderful simplicity and modesty and dignity. Many a lady has not these, and one who has is a lady. I would not fear to have the proudest dame in the world meet you as my wife. Love will come to the aid of these sweet qualities in you. No; do not fear. I shall never be ashamed of you, Angelique." And he drew her willing head down till their lips met.

JOHN J. À BECKET, PH.D.

MADAME D'YOUVILLE.

"And the second commandment is like to this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

IN the autumn of 1737, some five-and-twenty years before the conquest of Canada by the English, a woman, young in years, whose earthly beauty was chastened by the marks of recent suffering borne with Christian fortitude, her slender figure clad in the sombre widow's costume of the day, and her whole demeanor suggestive of the profoundest interior recollection, threaded her way alone through the streets of the growing city of Ville-Marie,—Montreal. For nine successive days, regardless of the sudden and unpleasant changes which mark the Canadian autumn weather, and still less mindful of the vagaries of her own health and spirits, she moved with striking regularity through the same thoroughfares and to the same strange destination, which her biographer tells us was the grave of a dear and deeply mourned friend.

Those were stirring times for the French colonies; and in the agitation which the unsettled state of Europe and the uncertain condition of their own country created, men could think or speak of little else than the probable outcome of the crisis through which they were then passing, and the immediate effects it would produce upon their own private fortunes; even

the women and children took an unwonted interest in the events of the hour, and talked of the Spanish succession and the troubles in New England with as much zest and relish as their present descendants discuss the fashions and follies of a more peaceful period. Amid such intense preoccupation it is not to be wondered at that a sad-looking and solitary female should pass unnoticed and undisturbed by the motley crowd of loud-voiced loyalists and others who elbowed one another carelessly as they sauntered about the city. What fellowship had such a crowd with one lone woman? They were busy with their loyal speculations, planning and plotting for their country's welfare, and swearing eternal allegiance to the throne of France, or concerned with selfish schemes for private gain. And she—if they had thrown away a thought on her, they would have said she feasted upon her own petty personal griefs and selfishly nursed her own paltry sorrow rather than lend her affections and energies to the cause of the common good! Griefs and sorrows, indeed, she had without number.

Born in 1701 of a distinguished French family, in the village of Varennes, near the island of Montreal, she was early deprived of her father, and, being the eldest of a family of six, had to share the mental worry and distress into which her widowed mother was thrown by the unexpected loss of her husband, who left her in very straitened circumstances to provide for their destitute family. It is true that they were the possessors of extensive lands, but as these had not been tilled, and could not be made profitable without a vast outlay of money, they were practically more of an encumbrance than a benefit to their owners. M. de Lajemmerais, the father of this unfortunate family, had been, like most of the able-bodied men at the time, engaged in the Indian wars, which kept him away from his home and left him no time wherein to project or execute the least improvement on the lands which the government had given him. After his death, however, and upon the touching representation of his family's condition made to the Marquis of Vaudreuil, the then governor-general, by some influential friends, the widow was granted a pension which, though small and utterly insufficient to cover the most necessary expenses, was still of great assistance to her in her difficulties. Mademoiselle de Lajemmerais, the subject of our sketch, was also sent by some kind friends to the Ursulines at Quebec, where she received her early education and made her First Communion. When she returned to her mother's house it was to assume the greater part of the domestic responsibilities, and to give an ex-

ample of untiring patience and industry to her younger brothers and sisters. Those who knew Mademoiselle de Lajemmerais at this period of her life attribute to her all those qualities of body, of mind, and of heart which are universally conceded to be the elements of the most perfect success in the social world, and, with her advantages of birth and breeding, she was well fitted to adorn the most exclusive *salons* of the day.

Good women were not more plentiful then than they are now, and the divine economy which rules all things to its own purposes so moulded the tastes and inclinations of this favored child as to make one proposal of marriage out of many which were tendered to her more pleasing than the rest, and in 1722, just as she had attained her woman's estate, she was wedded to the envied suitor, M. François D'Youville. He was a remarkably handsome man, also of gentle birth, and her equal in every exterior advantage. But, for all these promising aspects, her marriage was a most unhappy one. She was soon weaned of the hollow vanities of the world—if, indeed, she had ever been deceived by them. Her biographer tells us that she was never for a moment wanting in the affectionate devotion and fidelity which should characterize a wife's attitude to her husband, and, though she was ill-repaid for this scrupulous fulfilment of her duty, nothing could make her alter her relations with the man she had promised to love.

Those who have written the life of Madame D'Youville seem to me to hurry over this chapter of her history with unpardonable haste. In my humble opinion she was no greater in after-years, when she had scaled the steep heights of asceticism and paved a way to heaven for countless numbers of her fellow-mortals, than she was in the unquiet atmosphere of her unhappy home. She tried with heroic courage to make a Nazareth of that home, to which pious design her ill-chosen husband refused his indispensable co-operation. The story of this great woman's untiring self-sacrifice as a wife, her religious adherence to the principles and practices of her faith, and her unswerving fidelity in the performance of duties made distasteful and humiliating by the brutal unresponsiveness of the very one whom she so lovingly and patiently served, should be told and retold, should be read and reread, until some portion of the great courage with which she was inspired shall have penetrated the wives and mothers of our day.

If Madame D'Youville was long afterwards so humble, so forbearing, so self-annihilating in the golden sunset of her years, it

was, likely enough, because she bore the trials of her married life, that scorching, blistering noonday of her existence, with such courage and patience. It was an unwooded and unwatered desert to her, where no grateful shade of reciprocated love broke the cheerless sameness of the dreary days, where flowers grew not, where birds sang not, where that mutual encouragement and undivided sympathy which make melody in wedded hearts the whole day long were totally unknown. Even allowing for exaggeration on the part of her biographers, it cannot be doubted that she bore this wear and tear of soul and body with a resignation which was all but Christ-like and an uncomplainingness which it is not too much to say was only truly womanly.

When the soul of this chosen disciple had been fire-tried, and she had turned of her own choice from the distractions which the world offers its votaries in lieu of holier consolations, to the exhaustless treasury of love from which thenceforth she was to draw the courage necessary for the accomplishment of her appointed work, the persecution which she had so nobly suffered ceased—with her husband's unexpected death. For eight years, an interminable period to those who "count time by heart-throbs," she had borne the bondage of her marriage-vows. Providence had blessed this otherwise accursed union with two lovely sons.

In the *Vie de Madame D'Youville* we learn that it was under the salutary and stimulating direction of M. Le Pappe de Lescöat, of the Order of St. Sulpice, that the precious seed of divine charity, which had been so roughly planted and harrowed in by adversity, began to bring forth a harvest. She soon commenced to visit the poor and the sick. Her presence diffused a soothing odor in the hovels of the poor and in the close air of their sick-rooms. She also busied herself about the prisons of the city of Montreal, speaking words of patience and stirring up despairing hearts to courage and hope.

M. de Lescöat, with the privilege of a holy soul, foresaw the great things which this woman's charity would work, and smoothed the rugged road through which she had to pass with wise and pious counsels, guiding her in all her undertakings with the light of his own saintly inspirations. But it was the will of God that she should weave her laurel crown unaided, and when her good director had given a steady impulse to her labors he was called away to a better world. Left thus to herself, Madame D'Youville might well have chosen to continue alone in the blessed apostolate upon which she had just entered

as a permanent rule of life for her single self. To go about a growing city and exercise the more important works of corporal and spiritual mercy, instead of following the perfectly legitimate pursuits which her worldly station offered, was an act of moral heroism as great as it is rare. She could have worked out in this way the certain salvation of her own soul, and contributed largely to the eternal welfare of many others. This is what the Lord reserves for many heroic souls. It is a beaten track. But Madame D'Youville had all the qualities fitting her to become a pioneer in the spiritual world and a foundress of a community devoted to the charities mentioned above. There were arid wastes in the very city in which she lived, and there were moral nomads in the crowded streets about her, too many by far for her unaided efforts to succor, but she hoped to gather companions about her who might, under her fostering care and guidance, make of the outcast a thrifty and even saintly people. A suspicion of this had taken possession of her mind, and it was by the intercession of her former friend and director, whom she revered, and justly, as a saint, that she hoped to discover whether such an undertaking would be pleasing to God and profitable to her neighbor. So she undertook that solemn novena which I mentioned in the opening sentences of this sketch, and chose the grave of her departed confessor as the shrine from which she offered her humble and sincere petitions.

The result was most gratifying to her devout soul and most beneficial to the country which has the honor to claim her as its own. Neither were her charitable designs formed any too soon. The sound of distant cannon filled the air already, and all the horrors of war were casting their hideous shadows over the land. And, furthermore, shameful abuses of power, widespread corruption of morals, and almost universal decay of religious sentiment, often the immediate precursors of war, had all been holding high carnival in the colonies for some time previous to 1760; and the poverty which prevailed among such classes as held menial offices under government was extreme, for those who filled the more responsible positions had few scruples about consigning to their own extravagant use what was intended to pay such underlings, and dealt out promises in the most prodigal profusion when gold and silver were wanting. The luxurious living of the military and other high officials was not without demoralizing effects, which were even harder to remedy than the results of their dishonesty. The troubles of the times, the prevalent vices of the people, and the sure prospect of war and its concomitant misfor

tunes, its maimed and wounded victims, appealed most touchingly to the charitable energies of Madame D'Youville.

It is not possible in a short sketch of this nature to dwell upon the trying and discouraging issues of this great woman's first attempts to organize a community whose lives should be devoted to the exercise of charity. It usually happens, by what seems an inexplicable paradox, that success in such undertakings is destined to come out of many failures; and Madame D'Youville's enterprise was no exception to the rule. Her perfect confidence in the ultimate triumph of so salutary a scheme was at length rewarded, and the men who had ridiculed her Christian ambition—for those were profane times and many hearts had been turned to stone—were finally won over to her, and were eager to see her and her handful of devoted followers, who had shared her many disheartenments, installed in the General Hospital of Montreal. This institution had been built and maintained by the charity of a few laymen, but its usefulness had been comparatively insignificant until it passed into the able hands of Madame D'Youville and the community of Gray Nuns which she founded. Her career as foundress of this most useful order is not unlike the lives of other saints—for, though she has not been raised by the church to the honors of canonization, no one can read the story of her great deeds and not feel satisfied that she enjoys in heaven the title which has not yet been given her on earth. Hence I shall not dwell on her private devotions, her gifts of prayer, her austerities, the many lights granted her by the Holy Spirit, further than to say that her life was redolent of those notes of sanctity which are denominated heroic. From the day that the General Hospital was entrusted to her care its fruitfulness of charity increased and multiplied visibly and wonderfully. Addition after addition was made to the original building according to the exigencies of the work, and its scope was extended. The portals of the edifice, which at first were open to aged and infirm men only, soon began to admit women also, then invalids of every kind, finally lunatics, persons afflicted with incurable diseases, foundlings, and orphans. That so many and such truly deserving cases could be received and accommodated in the one institution was due mainly to the economy and excellent management of the foundress, who, having sent her two sons abroad to be educated, could devote her whole time and attention to her works of mercy. The last class of unfortunates who found a refuge and a home with Madame D'Youville were those of her own sex who, weary of their lives of sin, sought her kindly protection and encouragement, and were not

denied it. It may be asked, How did she raise the necessary funds for all this? The two resources which enabled Madame D'Youville to persevere in her mission were industry and prayer, upon both of which she never failed to draw when assailed by difficulties of one kind or another; and it was no unusual experience for her to find her pockets, which she had emptied of their last farthing to feed the hungry or clothe the naked, mysteriously supplied with money when another pressing occasion demanded it.

When the long-threatened war broke out at length the holy foundress came to the rescue of the wounded with the same cheerful generosity with which she had given herself to kindred works of mercy. When the famine, the almost inevitable attendant of war, began to desolate the country, Madame D'Youville, although herself and her community suffered from it in no slight degree, exerted herself anew to bring what relief she could to those who were dying of want; and to this end she restricted herself and her community to the coarsest possible diet, and even of that they partook most sparingly. Meantime she had been forced into debt, and how she ever managed, in the face of her many and great discouragements, to discharge them is one of the mysteries of the Providence which enriches the poor in spirit. And how she extended from year to year the accommodations necessary for those who applied for admission to her institution, how she fed them and lodged them, and maintained throughout all a cheerful disposition, as though her task had only been an ordinary one, is something which is not easy to explain by natural reasons, especially when we consider that, when the war was over and Canada had passed under English rule, she suffered very great losses, among others the refusal of the French government to pay a just claim which she held against it for a large amount of money. It happened, too, that various kinds of work which her community had done for the public officials was withdrawn, and that several wealthy patrons upon whose generosity she had often relied had removed to France or elsewhere. But she was always courageous, ingenious in expedients, especially trustful of Divine Providence.

One of the rewards of her extraordinary charity was the long life which Madame D'Youville enjoyed and the happiness of seeing gathered about her a goodly number of zealous co-laborers in her glorious cause. Young women of high birth and princely fortunes joined her and became penetrated with her holy spirit, so that she was enabled to train and educate according to her own heart those whom she should leave behind her to propagate

the good work now fairly started. Her motherly solicitude for those who had rallied round her standard, the pious precepts and examples which she gave them during her long and useful life, are venerated traditions among her children to this day. Her death, which occurred in the seventieth year of her age and the thirty-fourth of her religious profession, filled the hearts of her devoted community with grief and cast a gloom over the entire city which had for so many years been the scene of her saintly labors. She had the unique consolation before dying of seeing her two sons elevated to the priesthood and all her temporal concerns disposed of to her entire satisfaction. When she died there were eighteen professed sisters in charge of the hospital, some of whom distinguished themselves later as superiors of the community, exhibiting in an uncommon degree many of the virtues and much of the wisdom which had characterized the administration of their saintly and illustrious foundress.

The prosperity of the General Hospital had steadily increased from the day it had been transferred by letters-patent of the King of France, dated 1753, to the care of Madame D'Youville and her little family of eleven co-operators. After her death her protection seemed as visibly present as before it, and those who had known and loved her in her lifetime and been the objects of her tender solicitude could hardly convince themselves that she had gone from them, or that death had separated her from them except in appearance, or that she was any way less concerned than before in the interests and holy ambitions which they had so long held in common.

Under the English government Madame D'Youville's community thrived even better than it had done under the old *régime*. Until 1840 the Gray Nuns restricted their labors to the city of Montreal, where the ever-increasing population added year by year to their self-imposed duties; but as their number had steadily increased they began, about the date mentioned, to colonize. A detachment of sisters, four in all, repaired to St. Hyacinthe, and there founded a branch institution which served precisely the same purpose as the mother-house. Four years later a similar detachment set out for the Red River of the North, and the following year, 1845, saw four more on their way to Bytown (Ottawa), while five others went to Quebec. According to statistics published in the *Minerve* the 22d of this month (November, 1888), the mother-house in Montreal has now no less than thirty-four establishments under its immediate control; these are managed by 406 professed nuns, 57 novices, and 15

postulants. The St. Hyacinthe branch, the first to leave the parent institution, with its succursal at Nicolet, owns twelve establishments, which contain 165 professed religious, 22 novices, and 14 postulants. The Ottawa branch, which has identified itself with the highest grades of useful and ornamental education, both in Canada and the United States, has control of thirty establishments, and comprises in all 278 professed sisters, 42 novices, and an equal number of postulants. Finally, the sisters of Quebec, including Rimouski, have erected twenty-four establishments and have 231 professed nuns, 18 novices, and 40 postulants. Altogether the number of professed Gray Nuns is about 1,080, of novices 141, and of postulants 88. They have 102 establishments, which extend over twenty-three dioceses in Canada and the United States, and contain no less than 1,500 aged and infirm persons and 3,000 orphans, and the children receiving instruction in their schools form a total of about 19,000. All this, together with a thousand-and-one charitable actions which are not recorded under any special head, constitute the entire sphere of labor of Madame D'Youville's successors. In the wilds of the far Northwest the Gray Nuns are valiant missionaries, sharing with the Oblate Fathers the hardships and glories of that terrible apostolate. They have penetrated even into those frozen regions where, amid untold difficulties, they labor faithfully and fruitfully, true disciples of the Master they have chosen to serve.

In 1897 this splendid community will celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation. Whoever chooses at that time to take a retrospective glance at the history of Canada cannot fail, in noting her extraordinary progress within the last two centuries, to give credit to the nobly unselfish efforts of this great body of heroic women.

We have had our own share of brave soldiers, of scholars, philosophers, poets, legislators, social reformers, and religious enthusiasts; we have even had—an unusual privilege for a country so young as ours—our martyrs; we have raised monuments to the memory of our distinguished patriots and others; but I should like to know where is the braver soldier, the more useful scholar, the more practical philosopher, the sweeter poet, the wiser legislator, the more successful social reformer, the sincerer enthusiast, the more patient martyr, or the more loyal patriot than these noble women, the children of the immortal Madame D'Youville? Time and talent and money have been generously, but often fruitlessly, expended since these quiet workers entered the Master's vineyard, by men who have loved their fellow-

creatures with a merely human love, and wished in that spirit to lessen their burdens of sorrow; but if their truly meritorious undertakings have often proved abortive, it is purely and simply because philanthropy rashly attempted what charity alone can achieve. If the condition of human society can ever be improved and its tone exalted, those only who make a religion of their brotherly love can bring about such a happy result. Those who love poor, sinful humanity well enough to sacrifice home and friends and every worldly prospect in life to devote themselves to the care of the hungry and the naked, the sick and the suffering, to bringing back the lost sheep to the fold and to the Shepherd, all in a spirit of the kindest solicitude and with the most merciful consideration for the weakness of our nature, are the best friends of civilization as well as of religion. To instruct the ignorant in those things which serve man's temporal interests without menacing his eternal welfare, to befriend the homeless and the outcast, to patrol the dark byways and hiding-places of vice, and snatch women and children from a fate worse by far than death, and to do it all for the pure love of their immortal souls, is the highest vocation known to sanctity. It was the vocation of Madame D'Youville and is that of her community.

K. MADELINE BARRY.

Ottawa, Canada.

"OMNIA AUTEM PROBATE; QUOD BONUM EST, TENETE."— 1 *Thess. v.* 21.

MASTER! all else for use, Thou for desire:
Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for Thee!
Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,
Impel Thou me.

Delight is menace, if Thou be not by;
Power a quicksand; fame a golden jeer.
Oh! yet on earth bid no true heart deny
Earth's boons are dear!

Keep me of these, though lover, server, friend,
Austere, alone, wed only to Thy call;
And first, while lord of all that life can lend,
Thy fool, Thy thrall.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL."

THE next morning, or rather the same morning early, I wrote to Mr. Guggins, letting him know of my father's death. The doctor had seen to all the immediate preparations for the funeral, and now I put on my hat to go to Father Weldon. No one was stirring when I let myself out the front door, and I was reminded of the mornings when I had crept out to go to Mass, fearful of disturbing any one. Never again could I disturb my poor father. And now I felt the consolation amidst sorrow a Catholic has, of praying for his dead. Lights were burning on our Mother's altar, and, as I knelt near it, I was glad to see that the priest beginning Mass was vested in black, and I recognized his voice as that of Father Weldon. When he turned for the "*Oremus*" I felt that he knew I was there, for he paused a moment as if at a loss what to do next. I was right in thinking so. Mass ended, he whispered to his server, who came out of the sanctuary to me, leaving the priest to go from the altar alone.

Ducking his head, the server whispered: "The father says you will come right away to the sacristy."

The message had been so quickly delivered and obeyed that Father Weldon was still in his alb when I entered the sacristy. I would have waited till he was unvested, but he came towards me holding out both his hands. "Paul," he said, "I did not want you to slip away from me again. Sit down there," pointing to a chair, "and when I have made my thanksgiving we shall have breakfast together, and you will tell me the meaning of your staying away from me all this time."

So glad was I to be with one who would understand my mingled joy and sadness that I did not let go his hands till I had said, "Father died at midnight; and before he died he let me baptize him."

The priest's voice trembled and his eyes were moist as he ejaculated: "Praise be to God!" Without another word he went on unvesting, and when he knelt on a fald-stool I knelt too; and I think that morning our thanksgivings were much alike.

"I cannot stay for breakfast," I said, as we left the sacristy.

"I will come later in the day to see you. What brings me this morning is to ask, Should not my father be buried as a Catholic?"

"Tell me how he came to let you baptize him," said the priest. In as few words as possible I not only told him that, but also how I had been sent for by my father. "You believe he meant it, don't you, Father Weldon?" I asked, meaning my father's wish for baptism.

"As I hope for heaven," said the priest solemnly, "I believe that your father died a true Catholic. Why, Paul," he continued, a tender smile lighting up his thin face, "every day the little orphans whom he benefited prayed for this; many Masses have been said for this intention. And have not you, too, prayed for it? Could his charity and ours be lost? Faith, Hope, and Charity; but the greatest of these is Charity. The Heart of Jesus burns with love; could it be deaf to us?" Heretofore he had spoken as one exalted out of himself. Now, slowly, he continued speaking as one who speaks of ordinary facts. "This conversion of your father does not surprise me. I believe that it has been coming on for a long time, much longer than he himself had any idea of. Sometimes, when a little seed is planted, we do not see it slowly sprouting forth, but suddenly the warm sun after winter brings it out. And so it was with your father; the light of another world brought to bloom, suddenly, the seed God's love had long ago put in his heart." It will matter very little to his soul, Paul, whether I am permitted to officiate at his funeral or not. You can propose it to your brother, and if he objects, do not make difficulty. All the same, I will say Mass for your father, and what more could I do if I conducted the funeral?"

I promised to do as he bade me; then hurried home, fearing I should be missed, perhaps be needed. Early as it was, and late as every one had gone to bed, I found the breakfast-table set and Bert waiting for me in the darkened parlor.

"Couldn't you stay away from the priests one day?" he asked when, in answer to his question as to where I had been, I told him I had been to Mass.

"I hardly thought you would be up so early," I answered mildly.

"Pshaw!" Bert ejaculated. "I suppose they're trying to make a priest out of you."

Letting this pass without remark, I said: "Tell me something about father, Bert; how was he taken sick?"

"I fancy it was you killed him," answered Bert; "he was never the same after you ran away."

"You know I had to go, Bert," was my answer.

"I know nothing of the kind," retorted Bert. "I know that you made a fool of yourself—not that I should find fault with you for that. When the priests find out there's no prospect of your having a cent to call your own see how they'll send you about your business."

"You wrong a body of men about whom you know nothing!" My temper was getting the better of me.

"Bother the priests!" exclaimed Bert. Heaving a sigh, he continued: "I couldn't wish father back; what was his life? He could scarcely see, and I never suited him as well as you did. Would you believe it, Paul, he often told me that you were worth a hundred of me?"

Then father had been sorry to lose me.

"Maybe I shouldn't say it," Bert went on confidentially, "but father was a trifle selfish—"

"Stop, Bert!" I interrupted, "you don't know what you're saying; you don't mean it."

He reddened and cried out: "It's enough to provoke a saint! You making all the mischief you could, keeping me out of college, making poor father unhappy, and now you must set yourself up as a model son and teach me how to speak of my father. You're a sneaking hypocrite, Paul Ringwood; that's what you are!"

The thought, and it alone, of God's great goodness to my dead father held my tongue. For fully five minutes I did not speak, and when I did it was with a yearning to my brother that I said: "Bert, we are twin brothers; do not let us quarrel—"

"Bother!" interrupted Bert. "I'm not angry with you. Let's see if breakfast is ready."

Breakfast was not ready. Nurse Barnes said that she was waiting for Mr. Mole, who had been telegraphed for and was expected by the next train. Our waiting did not bring Mr. Mole. And now that I come to think of it, I do not know why we should have expected Mr. Mole—an exceedingly well-to-do gentleman past his prime—to sacrifice his sleep in order to take breakfast with two youths, one of whom would be on his hands for some years to come. We all of us had such an exaggerated opinion of the importance of the Ringwood family that it quite put us out when he did not present himself the moment he was expected. Bert grumbled that, had father been alive, Mr. Mole would not have kept him waiting. I was anxious for his coming, for I meant to speak to him before I spoke to Bert concerning

the funeral. It was nigh noon when he arrived, decorously neat in white flannel, black cravatted, his face appropriately sorrowful.

"My dear young gentlemen, this is a sad meeting indeed," he said, taking a hand of each of us; adding a pious afterthought: "The golden bowl is broken, the silver cord is frayed"—or words to that effect.

He must have been a charming man to persons who like to be flattered. For everything that had been done he had a word of praise. At luncheon he won nurse's heart by his hearty commendation of her whipped cream, prepared by her own hands. There is this to be said of persons of Mr. Mole's disposition: they are a deal easier to get along with than are those who make a merit of saying exactly what they think. For some reason or other Bert had left me to keep Mr. Mole company, and I embraced the opportunity given me of letting him know my desire that father be buried with the rites of the church, and my reasons for so desiring.

As was quite natural, he expressed great surprise at my communication. "The most astounding thing I ever heard of!" he exclaimed. "You had witnesses to what you call your father's conversion?" putting the question sharply.

"No," I answered, "every one was asleep, and when I aroused my brother father was dying."

Striking at a troublesome fly with his handkerchief, Mr. Mole said: "All worthless in the eyes of the law."

"But," I said surprisedly, "it is not a question of law. I merely ask you to get my brother's assent to my father's being buried with Catholic rites."

"If you have any idea of contesting your father's will you had better put it out of your head," said the lawyer, speaking in his mildest tones.

Bewildered, for I did not understand what he was driving at, I asked: "Why should I wish to contest what my father thought right to do?"

"For several reasons. First and foremost, your father has, and he had a perfect right to do so, left all he possessed to your brother. You may be egged on to ask the law to rectify what some people may call an injustice. Be warned; the law won't do it. Had he been converted by the pope himself to your religion—which, by the way, is a very good one; personally I have nothing against it—the fact still remains, he died without expressing a wish that his will be altered; or, if he did, you have no witnesses to prove it," he added tentatively.

I was so innocent of the villany he supposed me capable of that even now I did not understand him. "Please speak plainly, Mr. Mole," I said; "I don't know what you mean."

Laughing good-humoredly, he asked, "Have you ever thought of being a lawyer? You would make a good one."

Not noticing his question, I said earnestly: "I wish you would tell me whether or not you will help me with my brother about the funeral; I would like to have it settled before he comes in."

"Look here," he said familiarly, "if you sign a paper resigning any claim you may imagine yourself to have to your father's estate because of what you call his conversion, a very doubtful thing at best, I myself will get a priest for the funeral."

Understanding him now, prudence was thrown to the winds and temper got the best of me. I refused to sign any paper of his preparing, and when I indignantly cast from me his accusation that I was making a tool of my father's conversion for the advancement of myself I fear my language implied that I thought Mr. Mole a blackguard.

He patiently heard me out, then said: "Don't think of being a lawyer; you are too hot-headed. For five minutes you have been abusing me, whilst I have been making up my mind to do all I can to aid you in having your father buried as you wish, even to getting the College of Cardinals here, if possible."

I felt too miserable and defiant to be at all amused by his coarse attempt at wit. Helping himself to a piece of cake, the lawyer ate it, then went to the window, where he shook out the crumbs from his handkerchief. A moment after I saw Bert coming through the garden towards the house.

Unnaturally sharp and suspicious, I asked: "Has my brother kept himself out of the way that you might talk to me as you have? Was that a signal for him to come back to the house?"

"I'll be frank with you," said the lawyer. "Your brother did think it best for me to sound you as to what your intentions are regarding your father's will."

It was bad enough for this man to think me mean and contemptible, but for my brother! It was unbearable.

Bert was in the room almost as soon as the lawyer had finished speaking. Going up to him, I said: "You have wronged me so much by what you have thought it possible for me to do that I do not know how to forgive you. How could you, Bert, how could you?"

"Naturally, it will be hard for you, Paul," he said shamefacedly. "I am sorry if I have offended you."

Hardening my heart, I would not look upon his apology as sufficient to palliate the guilt of his having thought so meanly of me.

"There is something you can do," said the lawyer to Bert, "to show your good-will towards your brother; he wishes your father to be buried as a Catholic—"

"But he wasn't one," interrupted Bert, much astonished.

It was the lawyer, not I, who told Bert of my father's conversion. "There can be no objection to a priest doing all that is necessary for the burial," he said, after he had given a garbled account of father's baptism.

"If you say so, Mr. Mole," said Bert, "I don't care. Go ahead, Paul; do as you think best."

With no desire to criticise my brother, this concession he made to my wishes, because of the manner in which it was made, strikes me as not being much of a concession at all. He was indifferent as to what was done with father dead; can indifference concede? Had he but taken some interest in the matter; had he not, he so young, been filled with the idea of possessing the goods father had left behind! In justice to our parents, if either my brother or I had a love for or pride in mere money, it was not taught us by them.

I sent word to Father Weldon, at the same time asking him to come to the house that afternoon if possible. Late in the afternoon Mr. Mole sent for me to the book-room. When I entered the room he did not stop the writing he was engaged in, but raised his hand to enjoin silence. I seated myself in an arm-chair, and when he had finished writing, after carefully wiping his pen, he turned to me and asked: "Have you sent for a priest? The funeral will take place to-morrow morning, you know."

I told him that I was expecting Father Weldon every moment.

"Very good!" he ejaculated, rubbing his hands cheerfully. "And now, how about your clothes; have you a suit to wear to-morrow?"

I had a suit at Mrs. Glass's, but had forgotten to send for it. Irritated that he should be the one to remind me, I said: "Did you send for me to ask that?"

"My dear young man, excuse the comparison, but there really is something of the porcupine's nature in you. I did not send for you to talk over your wardrobe, but now that you are

here I may as well say that your brother has put his at your disposal." Having ended his speech, the lawyer leaned back in his chair, beaming complacently on me.

"I am very much obliged to my brother," I answered curtly.

Mole laughed and said: "Not much love lost between you, eh?"

Blushing, I said: "You are mistaken if you think we are not attached to one another—what is it you want me for?" I interrupted myself to ask.

"You and your brother being minors, I have sent for some of your father's old friends to be present at the opening of the will. Unfortunately, I am placed in a very awkward position," he said, speaking slowly. "Your father has appointed me to take charge of the estate and to act as Elbert's guardian till he attains his majority. Were it not for the interest I take in Elbert, I would not, at my time of life, assume such a responsibility. Let me be candid. There is another reason for my so burdening myself. I have a family, and you, who are a man of the world, know how expensive a family is in these days of vain show." He paused to let "the man of the world" absorb his flattery, and "the man of the world" was well disposed to assent to whatever the flatterer said. "You know," the lawyer continued, "this will of your father's leaves you entirely in the cold. Your brother's college expenses are to be paid out of the estate; and, as he has besides a very handsome allowance, he may be willing to help you."

"No," I interrupted energetically, "I have work and very good wages; I need no one's assistance."

"A very laudable spirit," said Mole; "and, to tell the truth, I do not think Elbert will put it to the test; his habits are extravagant, and I fancy he will need all he can lay his hands on." After a short pause he continued: "Of course, you know that your mother has left you a sum of money which you cannot touch till you are twenty-one. By that time, with the accumulated interest, it will be a very tidy sum indeed."

I was saying that I knew all this when our conference was broken in upon by Nurse Barnes, who announced in a frightened way that there was a "Roman priest" down-stairs wanting to see Master Paul.

I got up from my chair to go to Father Weldon, but the lawyer stopped me to petition, "Would you object to having the father shown up here?"

I hesitated a moment, then sat down and asked nurse would

she please have Father Weldon shown to the book-room. Afterwards Father Weldon told me how much surprised he was by the warm welcome Mr. Mole gave him. They had met before, when the lawyer had not been so gracious to the priest. Mole spoke for some minutes of the pleasure it would give him to see the rites of the old faith performed over my father, speaking of father as he would have spoken of one known for his Catholicity. He somewhat contradicted this when in the course of conversation he told Father Weldon that, because of the offence I had given father, I had been left portionless.

"And now, Father Weldon," said the lawyer, when all the arrangements for the religious services at the burial had been made, "the tax, *honorarium*, or fee, what may it be?"

"There is nothing to pay," said the priest coldly, taking up his hat. The lawyer reddened. When Father Weldon was leaving it occurred to me that, as I had to go to the city for some decent clothing, I might as well go then, Father Weldon's way home being my way to the station.

"Now, Paul," said the priest, as we went down the drive under the shade of the elms, "you must tell me about yourself. Where have you been? What have you been doing? Why in the name of common sense have you kept yourself hidden from me? Did you not believe me to be your friend?"

"Father!" I cried dissentingly.

"This morning I purposely abstained from questioning you; we have a good half-hour before your train comes; now begin," he commanded gently, giving me an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

Though I was telling him all that had occurred since the day of my baptism, my mind would wander to things of long ago. How well I remembered the lane leading to the station, the path through the fields, the bridge across the Wingo. No wish had I for the past to return. Only the feeling came over me that I once had when looking at a photograph of myself when I was ten years old—a feeling of intense pity, pity not for myself, but for an abstraction. When I had finished my little story Father Weldon said severely: "Paul, your going away without seeing me was very wrong. You were afraid I would think that you came to beg me for help! I do not admire pride, and yours is the pride of one with little reason."

I knew he condemned me for my own good, and a little, perhaps, because I had not leaned on him for support; he felt hurt.

"You like the work you are doing?" he asked.

"I do not think that I am fitted for business," I faltered.

"You are not speaking frankly," he said in an abrupt way; "you should always give straightforward answers."

I looked up at him and smiled.

"Well," he interrogated, "have I said anything witty?"

"I thought that priests did not believe in straightforwardness," I said with mild malice.

"So *they* say," he responded, disposing of them by a snap of his thumb. "I suppose you don't like your work; is that it?"

"Mr. Guggins has been so kind to me that I am ashamed to say that I don't like the store; it seems so ungrateful of me," I answered.

"Very possibly ingratitude is mingled with your reasons for not liking your work," he said. I could not complain of any want of frankness in Father Weldon. "Have you thought of anything that you would like?"

We were standing on the platform before the station when he put this question, and the rails of the track were humming.

"Yes; but I don't know that I could do it," I answered musingly.

"What? shilly-shally! Yes, you can, to perfection," said the priest. "Out with it, Paul, the train is coming round the bend."

"I have often thought, if I am not too young, that I would like to teach."

The train was steaming up before the station as, pressing my hand, the priest said: "After to-morrow, Paul, we'll talk it over; we have the same thought. Courage!" he added in a half-whisper, "God is good."

Psywsh! and the train was off.

CHAPTER XX.

A FINAL FAREWELL TO HOME.

"Well, Walter Scott! a nice upset you give me an' Miss Blan' las' night!" exclaimed Mrs. Glass when she had let me into the house. It was only then that I remembered to reproach myself for not having sent her a message letting her know that I would be away.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Glass," I began, when she interrupted me to say: "I knows all about it, you poor thing! I hadn't no res' las' night, no more had Miss Blan', an' thes mornin' she writ

to your boss to know was you sick or what, en up he comes hisse'f, an' seen Miss Blan', an' tells her; an' I'm that sorry for you, Walter Scott"; and the good old soul began to whimper over me.

Whilst I packed my little valise Mrs. Glass cooked me some supper; and whilst I ate what she had prepared she was kind and sympathetic in her ways rather than in her words, for she spoke but little. I saw that there was something on her mind which she wished to tell me, and, more to relieve her than from curiosity, I accused her of concealing something from me.

"There be something, Walter Scott," she acknowledged, "but thes es no time fur sech things."

It was only after a little coaxing that she said: "Well, I may be wrong, an' agen I may be right, but to the bes' uv my knowledge uv critters' ways Miss Blan' an't agoin' to die Miss Blan' ef she lives thes year out."

"She will be Mrs. Guggins number two?" was my not refined interrogation.

"En lor she may, but en hes haht-strings she's number one, sure's you' bohn," said Mrs. Glass with decision.

I said, as indeed I was, that I was glad that after so long a separation Mr. Guggins and Miss Bland were to be made one.

When I took up my hat to go to the train Mrs. Glass again shed tears. "Afteh Luke kicked the bucket," she said euphuistically, "I never thought es I'd miss no one agen; but I've been thet lonesome sence you lef'!" And she paused, quite overcome.

Enjoying keenly the sensation of being missed, I said some words meant to be consolatory, and then started down the street. Before I had gone many paces I heard a light footstep tripping after me and a voice calling softly, "Mr. Scott!" It was Miss Bland, a handkerchief tied about her head, a small paper parcel in her hand.

"I wanted to tell you that I feel much for you," she said breathlessly; "I knew you were here, because Mrs. Glass had a fire in the range. I was just coming in when you left."

Thanking her, I apologized for having to leave her immediately, for it was quite time that I was at the station.

"I do not wish to detain you, Mr. Scott," she said, and hesitated.

I looked inquiringly at her, and she went on, at the same time offering me the paper parcel: "I did not know your father; it is a liberty, but here are a few flowers Mr. Guggins brought me; will you have them, Mr. Scott?"

There were many flowers on my father's coffin, but I found a place among them for Miss Bland's offering. In gaining my brother's and Mr. Mole's consent to my father's having a Christian burial I thought that all trouble concerning the funeral was at an end. But I reckoned without my host—the host of my father's kin. They had been in awe of father during his lifetime. Though his house was free to them, never by word or deed had he shown the least confidence in them. Frankly and fairly, I think his contempt for them was unbounded, save for our poor relations, and no one of these last came to his funeral.

Had Bert and I chosen to have our father buried with pagan rites I am convinced that our kinsfolk would have made not the slightest objection. The novelty might have caused them an agreeable fluttering. But with Catholic rites! I was the one attacked. I had imposed on Bert's good-nature; was I not afraid of turning my mother in her grave? I cared nothing for what they thought, if they had but left me in peace to pray for my father's soul. Had not Mr. Mole interfered I don't know what these people would have done in their unreasonable anger, the more unreasonable in that scarce one of them had a particle of even such religion as pertained to their several sects. In a speech remarkable for its brevity the lawyer told them that, as Elbert Ringwood's guardian, the sole trustee of his estate, he must insist on the arrangements already made for the funeral being carried out.

This speech did not satisfy any one, but it had the desired effect of silencing a meddlesome set of people. Some of them would not remain for the service, but, in spite of all defections, the church was well filled when the funeral Mass began.

Father was laid in the little God's-acre of our own, where my forefathers for generations rest, in a little plot of ground Father Weldon had blessed.

A lonesome house it was that Bert, Mr. Mole, and I returned to. I went up to the deserted book-room that I was never again to see. Lovingly I felt the backs of the books, as time and again father in his blindness had done. It was in the drowsy time, between two and three of a summer's afternoon, that Nurse Barnes found me seated in my old chair, the chair in which I had so often sat to read to father.

"Come to my room, Master Paul," she said; "you will get sick, all alone here."

So we went to nurse's room. How well I remember that

cloudless summer afternoon; we two seated at the open window, the soft breeze weaving the flickering shadows cast by the elms on the ground below; her kind face framed in a white cap-frill, her snowy hair folded back. She was going away from the old home, she said, as well as I. My father had done nobly by her, and besides, she had the savings of years. She would live with her niece, Mrs. Link, "and that'll be a change for me at my time of life." And the tears rolled down her cheeks. As we talked together she tried to induce me to take a part of what she said was a fortune for her. I was glad that she was so kind, glad she had offered it to me, although I could do nothing but refuse.

Sitting on a low stool at her feet, I laid my head, for I was weary, on her lap. And, big fellow as I was, nurse crooned over me the very ditties she most likely had sung to Bert and me when we were babies. The shadows were long, and in the west, behind the Gothic tracery of the elm-branches, gleamed a grand cathedral window, and the swallows were coming back to their chimney homes when I told nurse it was time for me to be getting back to the city.

"You will stay the night here; now do, Master Paul," she pleaded.

"I will," I promised, "if Bert wishes."

My brother offered no opposition to my going away. He would soon return to college, he said, and he supposed I would have to get back to work. I said something about coming back to spend the day on the following Sunday.

"If you have a mind to, all right," he said; "but I fancy you'll be bored, I'll have so much to attend to."

He whistled softly when I told him that there was something I would like him to give me. "It is a book, Tennyson's *Holy Grail*," I said, biting my lip hard. I wanted it because it was almost the last book I had read to father.

He appeared to think it odd that I should want it, but went himself to the book-room to fetch it. Then I bade him good-by. He was a handsome, curly-headed youth that day. When I saw him again he was a man, and how changed! After a very gloomy parting with nurse, I got my valise, and, late as it was, started out to see Father Weldon.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. LUKE XIII. 13.

Father Weldon was walking in the garden attached to the pastor's house, enjoying the long summer twilight. Seeing me coming, he advanced to meet me, saying: "I hardly expected you at this hour, Paul." I drew back a little, and he added: "But I am very glad to see you, for just at this moment I am free. What are you doing with your valise? Have you left your brother already?"

"I don't think my brother wants me at the house." Only to him could I have acknowledged this. He said nothing to it, only quickened his pace for a few moments.

"Now, Paul, what makes you want to be a teacher?" he asked abruptly and smiling kindly.

Hesitatingly I answered: "I'm sure I don't know, father."

"A very good reason indeed," he said with gentle irony.

"If I taught I'd have time to study; is that a good reason?" I asked, laughing uneasily.

"As good a reason as any that men generally have for embracing a state of life," he retorted.

If this was not encouraging, what he next said did much to hearten me. "I could get you a position that should suit you if you are called to be a teacher; one should have a calling to be one," he said.

"Try me!" I exclaimed. "I'll get along."

The priest smiled. "A few days ago," he said, "I received a letter from the rector of a college inquiring of me whether I knew of any one who could supply a vacancy made in a low class by the death of its teacher."

The thought of my teaching in a college overwhelmed me.

"Father!" I exclaimed, "I was never inside of a college in my life."

Then took place the following catechism, Father Weldon catechist:

"Can you read and write?"

"Yes."

"Construct an English sentence?"

(A slight hesitation, then decidedly): "Oh! yes."

"Practise patience?"

"A little." (Very hesitatingly said.)

"Know your fractions?"

"I have studied algebra." (The extent of my mathematical knowledge.)

(Severely): "Don't shilly-shally. Know your fractions?"

(Answer given with an inclination to pout): "Yes."

(Abruptly): "Which is the greater, a cent and a half or fifteen thousandths of a dollar?"

(Surprisedly): "They're the same."

"What part of speech is love?"

(Defined with an air of Now I have you!): "It depends upon what work it has to do. It may be a noun, verb, adjective, interjection."

"When can you be ready to start for Cecilsburg? There's no great hurry; you are not needed before the first of September."

"If I fail?" I said, drawing a long breath.

"Paul! Paul! cannot you keep to the point? Answer my question." Father Weldon said this with a twinkle in his eye that belied the frown on his brow.

"I will have to warn Mr. Guggins," I said thoughtfully.

"You won't answer my question, eh? Can you be ready by the last week in August?"

"Yes; that is—"

"Let it be yes; don't qualify it," interrupted the priest. "On the 25th of August I have to go to Cecilsburg; you can come along, and I'll introduce you to Father Lang. You will have a class to prepare for the college proper. What are you thinking about now?" he stopped to ask.

Reddening, I tried to put him off by saying carelessly, "Oh! nothing, father."

"And a very comprehensive subject nothing is. Come, out with it, Paul!" he commanded.

"To tell the truth, father," I said, and he smiled as I said it, "you were so slow about baptizing me, and in a matter of no importance, comparatively, you are so—so—peremptory."

"My child," he said seriously, "I was slow because it is so serious a thing admitting an outsider into Christ's fold. Still more serious is it when the outsider is a minor. Besides, Paul, our orphanage was deeply in debt to your father. When I thought of the poor little children and of how much suffering your conversion might bring upon them, I confess I hesitated what to do. You know, do you not, that on the day you were sent from home your father remitted the whole debt?"

I nodded my head, and he continued: "Is it surprising, then, that I am peremptory in helping you to congenial work?"

I was about to answer him when a bell rung, and Father Weldon insisted on my going in with him to supper.

"Paul," the priest said when I was leaving for the train, "here is a little volume I want you to keep and read often," slipping a little book into my hand. I thanked him and promised to do so, going away with his blessing warming my heart.

On the platform of the station, under a lamp, I opened the volume to see what it could be. It was a New Testament. Opening its pages carelessly, I read, without the words conveying any definite meaning to my mind: "And he laid his hands upon her, and immediately she was made straight and glorified God."

CHAPTER XXII.

I RETIRE FROM BUSINESS.

I told none of my plans for the future to Mrs. Glass, waiting till I had spoken to Mr. Guggins. She expressed a great deal of surprise when I spoke of returning to my work on the morrow. "Not but what it's p'r'aps the bes'; frettin' never did do no good, nohow," she said reflectively.

Ned Link gave me a warm welcome back to the store. "I can feel for you," he said; "I know from experience what it is to lose a father." Adding what quite destroyed the worth of his condolence: "It's just as well my father is dead; he most wore my mother out with trouble."

At noon he came for me as usual to go to dinner with him. But to-day I wished to see my employer, and so I told Ned. He left me, a disappointed look on his face, and I went to speak with Guggins.

Knocking at the office door, a thin, piping voice called out: "Come in!" When I had entered the same voice asked: "What you want?"

Looking down, I saw seated on the hearth-rug by the fireless grate one of the oddest little beings I have ever laid my eyes on. The little creature had its arms folded about its spindle legs, its chin resting on its knees. The head was so much too large for its wasted body that the thought struck me that the child, tired of carrying such a load, had taken its present posture to rest itself. A closer inspection revealed that the poor thing was woefully humpbacked, that it had beautifully shaped hands and feet.

As soon as I could recover from my surprise I said that I was looking for Mr. Guggins—a strong suspicion in my mind that it was his little boy. This suspicion was confirmed by what the child said next. "Pop's out. Take a chair," he commanded, rolling his eyes in the direction of an arm-chair.

I did so, and the child continued: "He's gone to get me a banana. Do you like bananas?"

I answered that I did, pretty well, while I stared at the misshapen creature, unable to take my eyes off him.

He was not at all disconcerted by my want of politeness. He was dressed in white flannel sailor shirt and blue knickerbockers. So neatly and prettily was he dressed that it is no wonder he thought I gazed from admiration.

"You like this shirt?" he asked, rubbing his chin against its bosom.

Of course I said that I did, when he informed me: "Ma didn't make it; my ma's dead." Adding in a comically doleful tone: "She didn't know you."

I could not help but wonder if he connected his mother's death with the fact that she did not know me.

"Ma," he continued, "was always nagging; pop, he never complained; but I tell you she tried my patience."

In dumb show I expressed some genuine astonishment.

"Pop," the child went on, "took me to see Miss Bland. Do you know her?"

I answered that I did, adding some words in her praise.

He summed up the worth of my praise by: "You're a friend of hers. I an't got anything against her. She slobbered over me, and pop, he cried. I guess she'll be my new ma. Some one's got to be; it's all sixes-and-sevens up at our house. She an't strong-minded, is she?"

I answered that to the best of my knowledge she was not.

"Guess we'll have breakfast regularly then," the child said meditatively. "Most times pop had to go to the cupboard and get a cup of milk himself. I'd have some too when it wasn't sour. When it's sour it makes me sick."

A strange picture presented itself to my mind's eye—a man of Guggins' known wealth breakfasting off of a cup of sour milk served by himself. "Why didn't he go to an eating-house?" I asked.

"You must be a silly!" exclaimed the boy. "How could he? Ma wouldn't let him when he tried to. She said he wasn't to waste her money. What's your name?" he asked abruptly.

"You ought to have introduced yourself. Mine's Walker. I'm named after Doctor Mary Walker. Ma said she's the greatest woman ever lived."

Apologizing for my want of breeding I introduced myself.

"Walter Scott? That's a pretty good name," said Walker Guggins with the air of a connoisseur in names. "Who gave you that name?"

I was about to say my sponsors in baptism when I recollected that it would be a lie, so told him truthfully that Mrs. Glass had.

"She might have called you Saul," said Walker. "There's a Saul Scott out at the Ridge stuffs birds and things. He stuffed our dog. Is he your father?"

I was disclaiming all kinship with the taxidermist when Guggins came in with a bunch of bananas in his hand. I rose from my chair, but he said: "Keep your seat, Scott; I want to see you. How do you like my clerk, Walker?" he asked, turning to the poor little deformity.

"Pretty well," said the child not very flatteringly. "Will you have a banana, Walter?" he asked, insisting on my taking one, afterwards offering them to his father. I fully expected to see him eat greedily of the fruit, for his eyes had been devouring them. Instead of doing so he carefully wrapped them in an old newspaper.

"I thought you wanted them, Walker," said his father reproachfully.

"I'm going to give them to Bob Sturt," said Walker.

Guggins stooped and unaffectedly kissed his child's forehead.

"Bob Sturt," he explained to me, a slight tremor in his voice, "is lame. He lives up an alley back of our house; he and Walker are great friends."

He seemed to have forgotten that he wanted me, for, after folding some loose papers on his desk, he asked: "You have something to tell me, Scott?"

I was nervous about telling him because, though I knew that I was useless in his warehouse, still it did seem ungrateful to want to leave him as soon as something else offered itself.

"I'll be no loss to you, Mr. Guggins," I said when I had finished my story. "I'm worthless in the department you were so kind as to promote me to."

"I believe you're right," he said candidly. "I'm not complaining of you, mind, but I've had an eye on you. You want to do your work well, Scott, but your heart an't in it. For a man

to be thorough he's just got to be set on what he's doing, and if it an't your nature to be set on business I'm not going to complain of you. I was thinking of something else for you, but it's no use talking now."

"Yes?" was all I could think of saying.

"Miss Bland," said Guggins, "and she's always correct in her opinions, tells me you are fond of books, and we thought that you might take Walker in hand."

As he seemed to expect me to say something I asked, glancing at Walker, who was all in a heap on the hearth-rug, sound asleep: "You wished me to teach your son, sir?"

"That's it. Walker's got no taste for study, though he's fond of reading. I don't want him pushed, neither. I thought you might take him on easily, but I expect Miss Bland will have to do it."

I impulsively told him that rather than disappoint him I would do as he had wished.

"No, no," he said, "you take what's been offered you; but I tell you what you might do. Give up the store now and do what you can for Walker, if it's only to keep him company, till you go to Cecilsburg. I'll see you're well paid for your trouble."

I told him that I would be very glad to do what I could for his son, but that besides his paying my board I could take nothing. All that he said to this was that he supposed that he knew his business better than I did.

It was then settled that for the rest of the day I was to go back to my lodging and on the morrow begin to teach Walker at Mr. Guggins' dwelling.

After leaving the office I hunted up Ned Link to tell him my news. "I don't know anything about your toney colleges," he said; adding dolefully: "Won't I miss you, Walt? You bet I will!"

So contrary are we by nature that when I went out of the warehouse, never to enter it again, I felt sad and sorry to leave it.

HAROLD DIJON.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE IRISH LEADER.

OUR day is essentially a day of one-man-influence, to coin an unwieldy word, in politics as well as in many other things, the civilized world being dominated by half-a-dozen great personalities as it has, perhaps, never been dominated before. In Germany the great chancellor stands and overlooks his empire and his world, and sees his enormous power affecting those outside its immediate influence, like circles of the sea that, once being disturbed, go widening, it may be, to the other side of the world. Mr. Gladstone, in England, has survived that other over-mastering personality of Lord Beaconsfield, which has not been replaced. It is magnificent how those born kings of men will shove aside with half-mock humility the merely conventional kings and queens and hold the power which should be theirs, while cap in hand they bow before the right divine of the convenient lay-figures which serve to fill that sentimental relic, a throne. Here in Ireland we too are in the hands of one man, and with no distraction of another to whom to pay even conventional reverence, and I think most of us are rather proud than otherwise of our one-man-rule and our one-man-allegiance.

Mr. Parnell, as a leader, has all the qualities which appeal to us. We Irish are no democrats. The great wave of democracy from your shores has only swept us and has not gathered us in. We cling to old faiths and old sentiments. The artistic side of us is susceptible, and loves birth and beauty, culture and charm, and the more if we ourselves are not endowed with all these things. It is a feeling as different as possible from mere vulgar worship of external advantages; the one possession which sways us not at all is the possession of wealth. So the Irish gentry have had many chances, but they were untaught and unteachable. All the other revolutionary movements we have had they could have led and controlled; indeed, stray recruits from their ranks did, in nearly every case, lead the forlorn hope of the people. And it has come to pass that this first democratic movement in Ireland has been led also by one from the ranks of the privileged classes. A self-made, self taught man

created the movement; he was wise enough then and generous enough to place the reins of it in other hands. In other ways Mr. Parnell impresses us as we would be impressed. He springs from no roystering gentlefolk like those in the last century, who drank and gambled, and barricaded their rickety castles against duns and bailiffs; who were adored by their tenantry and "hail, fellow, well met" with every one of them, grinding them withal often as unmercifully as their *roturier* successors, pocket-endowed, who sent them packing with the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act. The record of Mr. Parnell's ancestry is one of grave honors and integrity. His great-grandfather, Sir John Parnell, well styled "the incorruptible," chancellor of the exchequer in the last Irish Parliament, fought steadily against the Union, resigning the office he had held, with its honors and emoluments, for seventeen years. His son Henry, afterwards created Lord Congleton, stood by his side in the struggle, and later was one of the foremost advocates and champions of Catholic Emancipation, as indeed he was of all measures for protecting the weakness of the minority against the strength of numbers. In the width and thoroughness of his desire for reforms he might well be named a Radical; he advocated the abolition of the corn laws, the extension of the franchise, voting by ballot, and, curiously enough, the abolition of flogging in the army and navy, over which some fierce fights were to be fought at a time when his grand-nephew's party had as yet scarcely emerged from the obscurity of babyhood. O'Connell's letters have many allusions to him, breathing of trust and dependence. After holding many positions of honor in the government of the day—he was secretary for war in Lord Grey's administration of 1832, and paymaster of the forces in Lord Melbourne's administration—he was created first Baron Congleton in 1841. Henceforward the fortunes of the elder branch of the family belong to the dominant country. Mr. Parnell's father, Lord Congleton's nephew, was a man of whom little has been written. His time was a pause in the history of a family whose destiny it has been and is to make history. One only hears of him in his native county of Wicklow as just and generous beyond his class, as a squire who, in the bitter need of '48, had some such conception of the duties of his place as his English brethren, to their honor, usually have; in Ireland there exists no such kindly relation. For this his name is honored and beloved among the Wicklow peasantry. This good gentleman, Mr. John Henry Parnell, made the departure of

—while on a tour in America with his cousin, Lord Powerscourt —falling in love with and marrying an American lady, Miss Delia Stewart, daughter of Commodore Stewart of the American navy. It will be seen that many causes were at work in the making of this man. Mrs. Parnell brought into her family the American qualities—the rapidity, the thoroughness, the somewhat iconoclastic contempt for antiquities, the nervous force, all of which must have been in direct opposition to the more easy-going and conservative qualities of her husband. The boy, born in 1846, was the fourth son of the marriage and the second surviving. As opposing qualities were at work in his education, he was only six years old when he was packed off to his first school at Kirk Langley, in Derbyshire. It is a tradition of the Irish gentry that the sons must be English-educated, so that they shall be only Irish-localized after all, though such a motive could scarcely be present in the mind of Mr. Parnell's father. The almost inevitable ills did not result here. After Kirk Langley the boy passed into the hands of a private tutor at Chipping Norton, near Oxford, where he remained till he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of eighteen. But there were deeper causes at work to make him "kindly Irish of the Irish," despite his Saxon fostering. The waxen tablet of the child's mind had been scored with writing which was to deepen and widen as he grew to manhood. Wicklow County, in which Avondale, the home of his ancestors and his own inheritance, is situated, has more to endear it to Irishmen and women than its extraordinary beauty. It is a mountainous country, and its sons are fed with the air of freedom as only mountaineers are. A lovely country with gracious valleys and lakes to make the earth full of detached pieces of heaven, with woods green and golden, and mountains black and purple and azure and rosy gray; all of it lovely, down to the sea-marshes that the tide fills twice a day, coming in from the sea, lapping and encroaching on the land's barrier of thin sand. In this garden of Ireland strange scenes have been enacted; this has been the theatre of a drama which it quickens the blood to think of, for this was the main standpoint of the rebels of '98. Other counties bore their meed honorably, but here the fight raged most furiously and lasted longest. Did it not take Lake and his twenty thousand soldiers to quell it at last? The peasantry are full of reminiscences of that time; scarcely one you will meet, farmer or peasant—they are not many degrees removed—has not had an ancestor who

was hung or pitch-capped in those evil old days. In the peaceful valleys between the chains of hills—where, indeed, "quiet reigns," what between eviction and emigration and the other resources of legalized war—one shall see in the midst of a ploughed field an oblong mound covered with the greenest and velvetiest of grasses; a grave this will be, not of one but of scores, and held sacred with all an Irish peasant's reverence for the blessed dead. The future leader's childish ears heard many a grewsome story. The gate-keeper at Avondale had been "out" in "the rebellion." Mr. T. P. O'Connor tells us a horrible story, which Mr. Parnell remembers to have heard from this old man's lips: how a rebel was sentenced to be flogged to death at the end of a cart; how the interpretation put upon the sentence by Colonel Yeo, the officer commanding the troops, was that the flogging should be upon the man's stomach instead of his back; how he was so flogged from the mill to the old sentry-box in Rathdrum, the nearest town to Avondale, shrieking in his agony on the name of his tormentor till he died—all this, with more horror than I have dared to tell, the child heard. The story bit deep in his heart and his imagination.

Avondale, Mr. Parnell's home, lies inland, half a score of miles from the wash of the waves. It is a large, square, gray mansion, little ornate, and at present somewhat lonely and forgotten. The scenery in this particular part of Wicklow is soft and smiling. Rathdrum is a clean and dainty little town amid the most pleasant surroundings. The house, where many a pilgrim comes, stands on an ascent, with its woods behind it; it has a central hall like a baronial castle, and with drawing and bed rooms which are spacious and eyrie enough to merit the style of state apartments. In front its bay-windows look on the loveliest of valleys, green and velvety pastures sloping to a silver river; a little to the south is the Meeting of the Waters, the marriage of the Avonmore and the Avonbeg, which Moore commemorated in not unworthy verse.

Here, after he had left Cambridge, Mr. Parnell lived the life of a country gentleman for some quiet years, shooting, fishing, hunting, cricketing, holding the honorable positions of trust among his fellow-men, the magistracy, the shrievalty, and such like, which can seldom have been so fittingly bestowed. There was no sign at all of the upheaval which was to disturb those placid conditions. A congenial life enough, one thinks, remembering Mr. Parnell's taste for sport, his affection for animals, his prac-

tical and administrative mind, which would probably find as much to do and be done on the small stage of an average estate as on the stage of the world's history, where now he lives his hour.

The thing which came to stir the fountains of his being in those quiet years was the execution, in November, 1867, of Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien, "the Manchester martyrs," an event which awoke in more hearts than his this latent Irish feeling. We are told that this had a deep and abiding effect on the young man just returned from Cambridge, where no doubt he had had to endure the hearing of many insults to his mother-country, for in Fenian days men's hatreds reached a pitch which we have little conception of now. However, as yet he made no public departure to show the faith that was in him, though his mother—and he did not oppose her—crammed their roomy old town-house in Upper Temple Street, Dublin, from garret to basement with refugee Fenians. It was 1873, and he had travelled two years in America, when the Home-Rule League was founded with all manner of high hopes and high aspirations, which in a few years were to dwindle to do-nothingism. Mr. Parnell was among the first to join the League, and adhered to it while it crept on to its decadent days. He was one of those, like the late A. M. Sullivan, the late John Martin, Mr. Alfred Webb, and others, whose leaven did much to redeem the uselessness of the body. The leader at that time and for years after, Mr. Isaac Butt, was, as a leader, a veritable *roi fainéant*. An Irishman of the old type, handsome, lovable, brilliant, genial, a dashing spendthrift, a *bon camarade*, a gentleman down to the finger-tips, an optimist who never looked beyond the morrow—of all others the most unfit man to lead a revolution not to be made with rose-water. This revolution was not, however, on the horizon, or was there as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, when Mr. Parnell entered public affairs. This was a year after he had joined the Home-Rule League, when he was selected to fight Colonel Taylor for the representation of County Dublin. His first appearance on the platform I have often heard described by an onlooker. It was at a meeting of the electors in the Rotunda. The young candidate had been announced with all the fiery and ornate eloquence of which A. M. Sullivan was master. He had made an excellent impression by his election address, in which, with charming modesty for so young a man, he had recalled the memory of Sir John Parnell's services as a guarantee for his

own trustworthiness. The meeting was prepared to give him the most delighted of welcomes. He made his way to the platform, stood up slight and tall, and with that curious refinement of face and figure which belongs to him ; every one saw that he was overcome with nervousness. He looked from side to side with grave, brown eyes well-nigh clouded with shy terror, made one or two efforts to speak, and broke down miserably, and finally, despite all encouragement, relapsed into silence. He was defeated at this election, but was returned the following year for Meath on the death of John Martin.

I should need far more space than a magazine article if I were to strive to give in anything like detail the events of the eventful following years. There was the formation of the new party of action in the House of Commons, at first consisting only of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar, recruited later by Mr. O'Connor Power and Mr. O'Donnell. The tactics of the young party vexed as sorely the soul of the old leader, who was steadily and surely being elbowed aside, as did the war-words of the Young Irelanders the heart of O'Connell. While at home there were three years of bad harvests coming to precipitate the inevitable, in the House of Commons Parnell and his little following suffered obloquy and insolence and contempt, which must have galled sorely one proud heart; fought tooth and nail, with tenacity, with courage, with industry, with magnificent endurance. Then, with the worst of the bad harvests, with the people starving and hopeless and desperate enough to make good war material, came Michael Davitt out of prison, and the Land League was established. Mr. Parnell was chosen leader in Mr. Butt's place, the old man vacating only to die, and after this, for the Irish landlords, "the deluge." If you would read the story of the movement down to the present day get Mr. T. P. O'Connor's *Parnell Movement*, where it is all told with *verve*, with brilliancy, with sustained interest. My desire is but to give some idea of Mr. Parnell the man. Here is how Mr. William O'Brien describes him as he found him in his shooting-lodge among the Wicklow Mountains, an out-of-the-way place far from the haunts of men:

"Mr. Parnell was still on the hills with his gun and dogs when we arrived towards dusk, but he presently came in in his simple mountain dress, the plain cap—for which he used to reject all bright-tasselled smoking-caps in Kilmainham—on his head, a white silk handkerchief knotted round his throat, his strong boots reaching to his knee, his pale face bronzed and

tanned with exercise. . . . His manner was full of gentle simplicity as he dismissed his dogs and gave me that quietly affectionate and earnest welcome which speaks so eloquently.

"The place was a paradise of simple rest, and when I remarked, 'This is a change from London,' the reply, 'A change very much for the better,' came from his heart. Cincinnatus when he tended his cabbages had never a rougher home than the Irish tribune, or relished it more keenly. The room in which we were was a big, whitewashed, bare place. A small round table in the centre was covered with a white table-cloth, a turf fire leaped in the fireplace, a cupboard near at hand contained a few glasses and bottles; these, with an occasional chair, made the inventory of furniture in the uncurtained, uncarpeted chamber. A bedroom, just as simply provided, for himself, and one for a stray visitor, made up the suite. Yet the place was delightfully comfortable when the shutters were closed and the candles lighted, the fire stirred, and the simple, hearty meal set out on the snowy table-cloth. What with the mountain air and the seeming impossibility of obtaining hospitable fare in such a solitude, the contrast between this cozy, firelit circle and the eyrie mountains outside, now gloomy with night, our supper was one of the most enjoyable I have ever tasted. Mr. Parnell's charm as a host is the sense of socialism, so to speak, or comradeship in the enjoyment of common property, with which he inspires his guests. The common impression of him, that he is rather practical than romantic, is in a sense true. The book on the window-shelf is a treatise on trigonometry; on its open leaves there is a sheet of note-paper on which he has been drawing diagrams; he has to interrupt our chat to confer with an engineer about some works at Avondale which are to relieve his turbine from winter floods, and to the smallest detail he is able himself to direct the operation. But you should see him in his beloved Wicklow to know how utterly they misread him who fail to see that his inmost thoughts are tinged with a deep and romantic enthusiasm. He is never tired of talking of the rebellion in Wicklow, of its scenes and personages, of Holt and Michael Dwyer. Aughavanna, where we were, was the focus of the great struggle. A neighboring farm-house (Martin Byrne's) was the scene of Holt's most hairbreadth escape, as told in his memoirs. Behind the hills whereon Mr. Parnell has his grouse-shooting extend, range beyond range, the mountains over Glenmalure and the Glen of Imaal, where Michael Dwyer for years led the soldiers an ignominious dance. All these things the Irish leader chats of in his mountain barrack, sitting opposite his turf fire. . . . Another thing that one could not fail to note was the simple, undemonstrative sympathy existing between him and his mountain neighbors. They are all 'Paddy,' 'Tom,' and 'Mary'—no tinge of slavishness on the one side or of patronage on the other. . . . He spoke with special interest, knowledge, and sympathy of the agricultural laborers, winding up with: 'I am a bit of a socialist in this matter. I don't think we at all appreciate the importance of labor.'"

I have to apologize for the unwarrantable length of this extract, which I give as affording a valuable glimpse of the personality of a man the veil of whose inner life is seldom lifted.

Another testimony which shows us Mr. Parnell in a lovable, if slightly eccentric, light is that story of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's, telling how the leader calmly stood up, amid the deliberations of his party on some important occasion, and retired to feed his dog, whose dinner he had for the time forgotten. His affection for animals is great, and I have heard that he suffered keenly when the mutilation and killing of animals in Ireland was laid at the door of his organization. As a matter of fact, such outrages were very much fewer and less atrocious than was represented; nothing so bad, for instance, as the record of an English week, and the perpetrators of such outrages should be, from the very nature of things, beyond human control and human sympathy. Another quality of the leader's, and one which is perhaps the secret of his undisputed leadership, is his tolerance. A schismatic of his party must be very obstinate before he is excommunicated. Mr. Parnell will examine his views or his difficulties; will do his utmost to meet them or to combat them; will, in fact, do all things except quarrel with his lieutenant, unless that lieutenant choose to willingly separate from him. He is a religious man while making little parade of it; it is a conviction, perhaps, of a divine mission which has enabled him to surmount dangers and difficulties till he has placed his cause and his party in their present hopeful position. He has received popular adulation which might make many a great man *tête montée*, and has remained grave, simple, sincere, quiet almost to coldness though the fires may burn within. I have seen him at some of his greatest moments—in that wonderful triumphal procession of his on an October Sunday in 1881, when

> "The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
> The church-spires flamed, such flags they had."

An ominous quotation, did you say? yet scarcely ominous for this patriot, though in Dublin streets Henry Grattan—dear and venerable name!—was stoned by the populace. One of the secrets of Mr. Parnell's power over this people is, I think, his unlikeness to them, one of the expressions of which is a quietness and aloofness which might even be taken for indifference if it were not so much greater a quality. An incident like the Kilmainham Treaty, so called, which, however wise and expedient, was scarcely "understanded of the people," would have probably laid low a leader more of the people and more intimate with them; but

the excitable Celt is simply silenced in face of a strong leader who wraps himself round with invisibility and seems scarcely to heed whether the mob be battering at his gates or be waiting to crown him. I saw him also at the banquet where the people's rich and generous tribute, £40,000, was presented to him, when, save for some betraying color, he was as impassive as the Sphinx. Now and again, at rare intervals, his passionate feeling breaks bounds, as once in the House of Commons in the old days, when he had been stung and goaded to no common degree. He turned pale, with that white heat of pallor which makes the Irish leader's anger a sight to be remembered. "I care nothing," he said, "for the opinion of this House and this people, but the country and the people I do care for trust me and believe in me." I do not profess to give the words literally; but I do not remember any other public profession of affection for the people he leads. He never feeds the Celtic love of approbation by word or deed. Curiously, as Mr. William O'Brien says, the practical and romantic are enwrought in him, but the dreamer and the man of action come into no conflict; rather does the one work out the dreams of the other and make them real. In lesser things than the making of a nation is he a man of affairs. At his beautiful home of Avondale one shall hear, through the singing of birds and the rippling of water, those sounds of man's industry which here under wide skies seem but to fill a pause in the music of nature. There is the whirring of a saw-mill and the sound of the stone-hammer from quarries where they are delving out stone paving-setts for the Dublin streets. Looking at the man, one must give him credit for that strain of imaginative dreaminess without which your man of action may be an iconoclast after all. He is the most distinguished man I have ever seen in looks; his build slender and tall, his clear features, his grave and searching eyes, his light brown hair and beard, fine and silky, such as goes always with a refined nature—all have an ineffaceable stamp of distinction. I think I never felt this more than when looking at a large photograph of some public ceremony, where his head stood out almost startlingly distinct and distinguished amid the faces of lesser men—a prince, one would have said, or some such thing, only that man's princes are seldom enough nature's princes. Here is a man, however, who looks his sovereignty. And when he speaks the charm is not broken. It is beyond all things an educated voice; clear, incisive, with just that delicate slowness of intonation which tells that a man comes from a leisured race.

His public speaking has grown to be admirable, a very fitness of speech in what it says and leaves unsaid. Undoubtedly a great man, and to us happily as great a deliverer as Moses was to God's people in Egypt.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Clondalkin, Co. Dublin.

THE VISION OF BEATRICE.

A TRANSLATION, IN THE ORIGINAL TERZA RIMA, FROM THE 31ST CANTO OF DANTE'S "PURGATORIO."

WHILE fed my soul upon the nourishment,
Desire for which still lives, not unenhanced,
Yet satiate; joy and wonder in them blent,
The other three angelic maids advanced
With mien that evidenced their high degree.
Approaching, these to their own carol danced
In graceful circles, filled with heaven-born glee.
Thus sang they: "Turn, O Beatrice! thy face
Divine toward him, thy faithful one, who thee
To view hath journeyed many a toilsome pace;
To our united supplication lend
Thine ear, that he may, in this hallowed place,
His hungering gaze, unaw'd and lingering, bend
Upon thy Second Beauty, which a veil
Now hides from him, who cannot comprehend."
Divine effulgence! Who, with cheek all pale
From dwelling in Pierian shades, or stained
Howe'er his genius in that spring, would fail
Not in the bold endeavor, though heart-strained,
In words to limn thee as thou seemedst to be
When, 'neath the ringing heavens, with beams unwaned,
Thou didst reveal thy loveliness to me?

SAMUEL BYRNE.

St. Paul, Minn.

HOW THE BLIND SEE.

As we pass a busy street-corner a timid man, with outstretched hand or rusty tin cup, modestly appeals to us to "help the blind." A few blocks further on we meet another who, the more surely to attract our attention, has lifted upon his shoulder a trembling dog whose smothered whine tells of his longing for a firmer foothold. Just opposite a third sightless man is vigorously scratching three rasping fiddle-strings or pulling and squeezing painful squeaks and groans out of a wheezy concertina. The musician and the sad-faced man with the dog are mute. On their breast, however, hangs a painted cry to "Help the Blind." The help these poor men seek is that of a cent or a nickel. If we do not always give them one or the other it is either because we have become used to the appeal or because we have doubts as to the actual blindness of him who so deferentially asks our alms, or because our sympathies are so large that a small coin would not adequately express them.

The street appeal for help might lead one to think that the blind are necessarily helpless. Yet they are not. This or that blind man may be ill, or burdened with years and an empty pocket, and thus need charitable aid; or he may be untrained, without any trade, and then indeed dependent on society. Should this be the case society must bear the blame, for the blind man, if he have no other radical infirmity, can earn his own living. He has intelligence, four senses at least, the command of his limbs, and ambition. Give him the chance and he will show you that he was not created solely to be a beggar, and that he values as much as you do independence gained by intelligent labor. His powers are greater than you give him credit for. The help he wants is a fitting education, and that society owes him and itself.

It is more than likely that the poor fellows we just passed were brought up in the old fashion; for only recently have civilized communities come to look upon the blind as fitted for better things than butts or beggars. How the ancients dealt with them we do not know; but where men with eyes were not counted as of great price, it is probable that eyeless men were killed with a weapon more material than kindness. Though the law of charity insured them a livelihood in Christian times, there is no record of any systematic attempt to serve the blind until, in the year 1260, Saint Louis established the Hospital of the *Quinze Vingts*,

or Three Hundred, in Paris. There he housed that number, not of blind Crusaders, as you will read in the books, but of poor blind Parisians, giving them a chapel and providing for their religious instruction; and that they might be above want if they would, he gave them the sole right of gathering alms at the doors of the larger churches. The good king's example was quickly followed in other countries, and many were the confraternities of the blind founded through public or private charity. As so often happens when a new way to do good is discovered, too many rushed in to "help the blind." The confraternities grew fat, fought with each other for bequests and perquisites, and in time drew upon themselves ill-will and neglect. Where there were no confraternities the blind had to beg or play the fool. They chased pigs or were innocently led into stick-fights with other blind men who were as innocent as themselves, or were marched about in ridiculous processions—all for the amusement of the tender-hearted townsman or the simple, joyous rustic. Only late in the last century was any serious thought given to their unfortunate condition, or any intelligent effort made to deal with them as though they were intelligent beings.

Why were the blind so long neglected? Doubtless on account of a widespread notion that the eye played a more important part in our education than it does in fact. Ask a number of your acquaintances whether, if they were forced to choose, they would be made blind or deaf-mutes. The majority will declare that they value their sight more than hearing or speech; and yet Louis Vidal, the blind sculptor, claims that all a man's eyes are good for is to keep him from running into a wheelbarrow. A moment's reflection will convince us that the greater part of our knowledge comes to us by hearing and touch, not by vision. Our experience of form is an experience of touch rather than of sight. To the child neither outline nor shadow convey a definite idea of real form. He learns to distinguish round from square and hollow from solid by touch; and with the aid of the same sense the blind man gains a definite idea of form and therefore of mass. The eye is of little use in measuring distance or height. If it were the Great American Showman would be compelled to cut off at least one foot from the Russian giant and the performer on the trapeze would wholly take away our breath.

Sight helps to limit the other senses. We are so busy seeing what we can see without studied effort that we neither taste nor smell nor feel as we might if we were blind. The blind man having no sights to distract him cultivates to a high degree the

senses he has; and circumstances aid him by compelling him to train himself in many ways that to us seem useless because we have eyes. Many of our actions are quite independent of our sight. They are purely mechanical, automatic in a sense. Such are walking, running, climbing, eating. There is no reason why the blind man should not perform any of these actions with as much freedom and certainty as we do. Indeed, if you enter an asylum you will see the blind children racing along the halls and running up and down stairs at a speed not surpassed by a youngster with the best of eyes. The famous English politician, Fawcett, postmaster-general under Mr. Gladstone, was blind. Still he rode horseback. Nor is he the only blind man who enjoyed a canter. Campbell, an American, a blind man who devoted himself to the instruction of the blind, not only made a habit of riding but did what few seeing men care to do—walked up Mont Blanc, where no doubt he saw as much as some far-sighted men who have made the same journey. If a blind man knows a room he will find not only the door but the knob with little if any hesitation. He can tell you the green from the red chair; he has felt the stuffs and the chair-backs. The blind woman cannot see the needle's eye, but she can thread a needle as quickly as you can—with her tongue and lips. She can knit the finest lace; the intricacy of the pattern will not trouble her.

Every one can understand that a blind man's hearing will be acute. As a guide his ears serve him quite as much as his stick. His trained ear detects and analyzes every sound, however faint. Hence it is that he so delights in music. No one wholly enjoys a great work, be it a Mass, or symphony, or concerto, or an aria, with his eyes open—unless Nature put cotton in his ears. Not only does the blind man appreciate the beauties and refinements of sound, but he readily learns the science and art of music. The want of eyes does not lessen the æsthetic faculty. He is as sensitive to the beauty of words, ideas, imagery as of sounds. By himself he cannot enjoy a painting or an engraving or a photograph, but he may delight his soul to the full with things carved, or sculptured, or modelled, or stamped—a binding, a coin, a vase, a statue, a gem, or vessel, or panel. Blind Nicholas Saunderson not only admired and collected Grecian coins, but he was so expert that he could feel a false coin from a true. If all the collectors who have eyes were as expert, failures would be more frequent in the coin business. Giovanni Gonelli—the blind man of Gambassi—who died in 1775, not only appreciated sculptured things, but was himself a

sculptor. He was studying his art when, at the age of twenty, he lost his sight. Loving beautiful form he tried to realize it, though he could no longer see it. A marble statue of Cosmo I. came in his way. He admired it, and feeling it carefully, patiently, he made a copy of it in plaster. Ferdinand of Tuscany was so pleased with the work that he sent Gonelli to Rome to continue his studies. There he made a famous plaster statue of Urban VIII., and gained a reputation by his successful portrait busts. He also modelled many good terra-cottas. If any fortunate pilgrim to Florence, as he leaves the Pitti Palace or the Uffizi, will turn into the Via Porta Santa Maria, just opposite the Ponte Vecchio, a few steps will bring him to the church of San Stefano. There he may see four statues by the blind man of Gambassi.

In our own day we have a blind sculptor who has made a reputation—Louis Vidal, the man who spoke so slightingly of the eyes we value so much. Vidal was born at Nimes, in 1831. He studied under the famous Barye and under Rouillard. In 1861 he took a medal of the third class. He is a sculptor of animals, and the variety of his work shows that he has studied well without eyes. One of his works, a panther in bronze, is at the Orleans Museum. The Museum of Nimes owns another bronze, a bull. A gazelle that he modelled in wax belongs to Baroness Rothschild. Looking over the list of works you will see the wide range of his studies—a lion, a tiger, a stag, an English horse, English cob, African gazelle, a Java tiger, cow and calf, and dogs and goats. Should we ever have a blind sculptor—and let us hope we may—if he be a man of quick sensibility, it will not be safe to let him feel our great works of art. Imagine him as he fondled the Brunelleschi dome of our Walter Scott in the Park, or the noble draperies of our William H. Seward, or the twice-martyred Abraham Lincoln, or that loveliest, dearest, *pas-seul* "Angel of Bethesda"! Let us pray that our blind sculptor be not a passionate man—unless he carry a sledge-hammer with him!

The beginnings of all things are misty, uncertain. The story is that Valentin Hauy, a Frenchman, was the first man to undertake the systematic education of the blind. And yet it is certain that there were educated blind men long before Hauy. Peter Pontanus, a Fleming famed in his day, lost his eyesight at three years of age. He made himself a learned man, by what methods I cannot say. His own country was not big enough for him; so he went to Paris in 1500 and there opened a school

and taught the belles-lettres. He published works on poetry, grammar, and rhetoric. How did he learn to read and write? Then there was Gian Paolo Lomazzo, the Milanese painter and poet, philosopher, astrologer, and mathematician. He became blind at the age of thirty-three. When he died in 1592 he was fifty-four years old. It was a dozen years after his misfortune that he published the *Treatise on Painting*. Two years before his death the *Idea of the Temple of Painting* appeared. Lomazzo's works are of value to-day, and are helpful to the history of art and the study of the practice of the masters. How did Lomazzo continue his studies after he had lost his sight? To pass over many other educated blind persons, there was Mademoiselle Paradis, a Viennese woman and a contemporary of Hauy. She was an accomplished musician who read music by a system of notation devised by herself. In geography she was especially well versed. A blind man taught her—Weissenburg, a German, who first conceived the idea of making maps in relief. Who taught Weissenburg what he knew?

Here we are back again to Valentin Hauy! Valentin was the brother of the more famous Abbé René Just Hauy, the founder of the science of crystallography. It was in 1771 that the Abbé de l'Epée made up his mind to devote his life and fortune to the education of the deaf and dumb. Valentin Hauy became interested in De l'Epée's work. One night he went into a Parisian *café chantant*, and there he found the crowd amusing itself by guying a troupe of blind singers who had been gathered in from the highway, in order that their rough voices and odd grimaces might make them ridiculous. Hauy's heart was touched. In pain he left the house, and then and there he resolved that he would help the blind. He was acquainted with Mademoiselle Paradis, who lived in Paris at the time. She read music, you remember. How did she manage it? By an arrangement of pins in the form of letters. Did this suggest anything to Hauy? No one knows. All we know is that he set to work, thought out a method of instruction, and then sought a subject to practise on. By profession a teacher of languages, Hauy had experience as well as good will. At one of the Paris churches he had noticed a blind beggar of more than ordinary wits. This boy, named Lesueur, he took home with him, and the new system had its first test. It was a success.

What a happy day that was, not only for Hauy and little Lesueur, but for all the unborn blind! The day is not far back —just one hundred and four years ago. Hauy gained patrons

and opened the "Institution for Blind Youth," which still exists. Within a few years he had a trained band of singers and musicians. Twice Louis XVI. listened to the blind chorus and orchestra at Versailles and the Tuileries. Then came the days of Liberty and Equality and Fraternity, and the guillotine, and, worse than all, *assignats*. The state had assumed the guardianship of the institute; but the blind boys and girls fared none the better. *Assignats* make better fuel than food. The institute closed, and poor Hauy was as homeless as his pupils. He went to St. Petersburg, and there founded a similar institute in 1806, and later on he helped to found still another at Berlin. In 1817, broken in health and almost destitute, he returned to France, where he died in 1822. Hauy's good work had immediate results. In 1791 an institute was established in Liverpool. In point of time this one ranks second to the Paris house. To trace the history of the various foundations would not help our purpose. All that we need to know is that there are to-day in every country of Europe, and in America, asylums where the blind are taught, and taught well.

The first requisite of a method for teaching the blind by way of books is, of course, an alphabet, or, rather, a type. As the blind man sees with his fingers, you must give him a type that he can feel. This was plain to Hauy, so he set about printing books with raised letters. He used the type known as script. If you will look at this word *Script*, which is printed in "script," and then picture it to yourself in relief, you will see that Hauy's pupils had no easy time learning their alphabet. And how about the musicians? For he also invented a system of raised musical notation. Imagine yourself trying to feel all the ins and outs of a page of a primer, or a spelling-book, or a catechism, or even a good novel—printed in raised script! However difficult it was to learn by means of Hauy's type, the blind did learn in that way, and indeed many learn to-day by methods quite as primitive. Up to 1830 there was no great advance in the methods of printing. Some books were printed in ROMAN CAPITALS. The letters being larger than Hauy's presented more surface to the finger, but the curves were bothersome, and it took a deal of time to travel over a word. In 1834, Gall, of Edinburgh, made a serviceable change in the form of the Roman capitals, replacing the curves by angular lines. A German, whose name escapes me, but who was long connected with the Philadelphia institution, adopted a system of capitals and small letters in combination. Lucas and Frere in England in-

troduced an alphabet made up of Roman letters and a kind of shorthand. In Germany they adopted and still use Roman capitals, formed not of lines but of small dots. A book printed in any of these raised types is agreeable to look at—much more agreeable than our black-and-white page—but any one can see that a blind man's learning will be rather limited as long as he is dependent on such expensive and voluminous works. A few lines of this page of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, printed in raised Roman capitals, would fill the page; and this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD printed in blind-man's type would be as thick as a volume of an encyclopædia. If these clumsy and costly types are still in use in England, Germany, Italy, and America, it is only because it is hard to change whatever has been once fixed.

As it was a Frenchman who made the first type for the blind, so it was a Frenchman who made the first blind-man's type. Louis Braille was born in 1809. His father was a harness-maker, and Louis began to help him when only three years old. In his tenth year he injured his eye with an awl and became blind. He was sent to the Paris Institute, where he studied music and became a skilful performer on the piano, cello, and organ. In 1827, after having held the place of organist in several Paris churches, he became a professor in the house where he had been a pupil. There he taught until 1852, when he died. We would not be blind—but a man may do more good without eyes than with them. Braille at the harness-maker's bench could never have done what the blind Braille did. He saw the defects of the alphabets in use, and set about devising a new one. He succeeded. Then he applied his new method to the system of musical notation; and, last of all, he perfected a system of writing. Before Braille a blind man might learn to read, but he could not easily correspond with his friends, or take notes, or compose. A friend, Foucault, improved Braille's system, and together they perfected what is known as the Braille-Foucault system. How did Braille go to work? He cut clear of our types, and made a new written language whose signs were raised dots. By varying combinations of six dots he expressed all the sounds represented by our alphabet. Every letter had an equal space. The letters followed each other from left to right, as ours do. But the dots which represented a letter were arranged in longitudinal spaces of uniform length. At most there were two columns of dots to a letter, and yet the blind man had to go slow. He could not be sure of a letter until he had felt over a whole

space, up and down, for there might or might not be a dot at the bottom of the column.

Braille's dotted language was far ahead of the scripts, Roman capitals, and other types in use. It was not perfect, but it was a great help to the blind. They learned to read in less time than by the old methods. And as the new alphabet was more compact, and more easily printed, books for the blind grew in number and diminished in size. The saving was at least one-third. Having aided the blind man in reading, Braille now taught him to write. Here is a sheet of paper. On it he puts a brass plate, cut up into regular spaces. With a point made of bone or metal or wood he presses on the paper, indenting each space with the dots which represent this or that letter. He works from right to left. When his correspondent receives the letter he reads it from the reverse side. There the dots are all raised, and he feels out the letters from left to right. Braille's method was adopted in France, but notwithstanding its evident advantages it made little progress elsewhere.

During the last sixty years Americans have shown great interest in the education of the blind. To-day we lead the world in attending to their instruction. New York has not been behind-hand ever since Dr. Akerly first took up the work in 1831. To a New-Yorker, Mr. William B. Wait, Superintendent of the New York Institution for the Blind, we owe a new system of printing, writing, and musical notation, which corrects the defects of Braille's system and still further simplifies the education of the blind. Mr. Wait's language, like Braille's, is a language of raised dots. Braille's dots were arranged in longitudinal spaces; Mr. Wait's are combined in horizontal spaces. In Braille's language there were as many as six dots to a sign. In Mr. Wait's five is the limit for the small letters, and among the capitals there are only three signs of six dots—H, X, and Z. Mr. Wait's system is in every way simpler than Braille's. The signs are more compact; the distinction between the capital and small letters is simple—the addition of a single dot—and the reader can feel all the dots of a letter simultaneously. Many teachers maintained and still hold that the blind person can only receive by touch a single impression at a time. Just as if some one should claim that we saw but one letter at a time. Mr. Wait's experience taught him that the blind man can mentally combine a number of distinct impressions into a whole instantaneously. His alphabet has determined this fact.

But Mr. Wait's system is especially simple by reason of an

ingenious adaptation of his alphabet to certain well-known peculiarities of our language. You have seen a printer's "case." Some of the boxes are filled with types; in others they are comparatively few. If you will look over the case you will find that the printer has more "e" and "t" types than any other. Why so? He has found by experience that these are the two letters he is oftenest called upon to "set up." After e and t come a, i, n, o, and s; then c, d, f, l, m, p, r, u, v, w, and y; then b, g, j, k, and q, and, last of all, h, x, and z. To the letters most frequently met with I shall give the simplest sign, said Mr. Wait, and so "e" and "t" are each represented by one dot, the batch beginning with "a" by two dots; the next batch by three dots, the next by four, and the last by five. You see how much the blind man has gained. Mr. Wait's method of writing is like Braille's. He uses a wire point and brass tablet; but the divisions are spaced horizontally to suit Mr. Wait's alphabet. The blind man may punctuate if he will. Mr. Wait has supplied him with signs. In 1872, with the assistance of Miss Babcock, a teacher of the blind, Mr. Wait brought out a simple, practical system of tangible musical notation. It is a thoughtful, thorough, ingenious piece of work. Take a look at it. You will be interested whether you are a musician or not. Thanks to Mr. Wait, the blind man may to-day study harmony and the science of music with much less labor than of old.

A child born blind should be educated in a special manner from birth. And so a child blinded at an early age should at once be put under the care of teachers skilled in training the blind. Experience shows that the bodily constitution of those born blind is relatively weak. Hence from the first moment of life they should be cared for, not as if they saw, but with intelligent consideration for their bodily weakness, their blindness, and their special mental and moral character. They are, in a sense, beings different from us. Their disposition, tendencies, traits of mind are necessarily qualified by the fact of their having only four senses. This special organization and character should be recognized promptly; otherwise the blind child is unfairly treated. It is pleasing to watch the child with eyes as he struggles to learn something of the world around him. But this pleasure is small compared with that to be gained from an experience of blind children who are *feeling* their way into life. Here are the youngsters. They have a lump of modelling clay before them, and, alongside, a number of children's toys—but carefully made toys—a chair, a table, a cooking-stove, a coal-scuttle, a vase, a

pitcher, a basin, a rabbit, a turtle, a crab. Watch the faces of the children as they feel the forms of this or that toy! They have it! See them transfer their impression to the clay! When they have done with the table or the pitcher or the rabbit the counterfeit would be quite as good as you could make.

Observe the two little girls who are modelling a stove. Their models are equally advanced. They are feeling the grate. Each has a finger running over the bars and down into the spaces. Their fingers meet, cross each other, race to the last bar, return; the face of the younger brightens with a smile of satisfaction, enjoyment; she sees it all, and something is won—something new. "Oh! isn't it perfectly lovely!" she exclaims to her little neighbor. Now she is pressing and shaping the clay, hastily, that she may prove to herself that she has learned a good many new facts. Go in among the big boys and girls; they will astonish you. They read fluently, and spell test words, and show no want of clearness of mind in defining. When you enter the arithmetic or the geography or the physics room you see how defective our education is, not only in the matter of touch and hearing, but, above all, in that of memory. A blind man's memory must be trained highly, and unquestionably it can be more variously and easily trained than ours. He has not to remember things seen. The blind man's powers of concentration and analysis are also greater than ours.

Have you ever heard a class of blind boys and girls stand an examination in mental arithmetic? They would make a bank book-keeper ashamed of himself. There have been blind men who made a name as mathematicians. There was that Nicholas Saunderson, the very one who was such a good judge of coins. He was born in 1682 and died at the age of fifty-seven. When a year old he took the smallpox, and came out of it blind. How he was educated I have been unable to learn, but in his twenty-ninth year he had so far distinguished himself as to be chosen to succeed Whiston as professor of mathematics at Cambridge. In 1728 the university conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. He was a close friend of Halley and of the great Newton. He published a *Method of Fluxions*, and left unpublished many valuable papers connected with his studies, as well as an unfinished scheme of a language for the blind. But, to come nearer home, we have a distinguished mathematician, a blind man, living and working among us. Mr. Louis B. Carll, of Columbia College, published several years ago a *Calculus of Variations* that has been made a text-book at Harvard as well as at Columbia. John

B. Herreshoff, the Bristol boat-builder, may not be as great a mathematician as Saunderson. Our fast steam-yachts prove, however, that Herreshoff can calculate nicely, and that his finger-tips are fairly sensitive. He has not seen, with his eyes, since he was fifteen.

Before strangers with eyes the blind, generally, are not themselves. This is especially true of the women. Unknown to the company you study a room-full. They are natural, unrestrained; but let your presence be known, and all freedom is gone. The blind cannot see each other, and, therefore, can be unreserved in each other's presence. But they are sensible that you can see each one of them. Therefore, each one's pride or vanity shows itself at once. They shift their limbs and expressions. The women nervously feel the folds of their dresses, the breast-pin, the watch-chain. They move the feet to the right, to the left, in, out; something may be amiss. When you study the facial expression of the blind it becomes evident to you how much our looks depend on our sight. Without the looking-glass there would be fewer "sweet smiles," "speaking faces," "pretty laughs." As the blind boy or girl have no way of telling themselves what combination of muscles best suits their profile and contour, they trust wholly to their nerves to record their feelings—and their nerves cheat them.

We are still struggling to find out the best method of educating ourselves. It is certain that many of the pedagogues who have foisted systems upon us worked with their eyes shut. Perhaps it was our misfortune that they were not wholly blind! To a blind man we may owe our deliverance from the monstrous thing called "primary education." However this be, the blind are not neglecting the blind. A Frenchman, Maurice de la Siseranne, who became blind at the age of nine, has done much to help his fellows. The son of an artist and a man of means, he enjoyed rare advantages, and he has used them well. The greater part of his life has been devoted to a scientific study of the blind and to their improvement. He has enlarged their literature, formed a circulating library for them, and amended the Braille alphabet. Recently we have word of a book in which he is to give his experience and his suggestions. When we are finally educated out of the Zola novel we may read more books that will help ourselves and interest us in the well-being of those less fortunate than we are.

Here we have had so many things to do—building churches, orphan asylums, hospitals, and schools—that some one had to

wait uncomplainingly. Our blind did the waiting. I have called attention to the peculiarities of the blind man's moral nature. For him there is a need of a religious training suited to this nature. What does for us may do for him; but he should have a training better suited to himself. He is entitled to that; we owe it to him or to God. When we have done everything else, some generous men or women will give the money for a Catholic Blind Asylum. Nowadays the blind man who is not a musician or a tuner makes baskets or brooms or ropes, or turns wood. He will do better things if *we* put our wits with his in a serious effort to "help the blind." Our Catholic asylum will be a success from the start. Think of its patron! St. Louis, the first to show loving care for the blind. Of course he was a king; but, then, remember he was a saint, and all the saints are true democrats.

John A. Mooney.

CHURCH MUSIC AND CECILIAN MUSIC COMPARED.

The October (1888) Catholic World contains an article from the pen of the Most Reverend F. Janssens, Archbishop of New Orleans, entitled "Church Music: Its Origin and Different Forms." If I venture to make a few remarks on some points of this article, and to speak at some length on the so-called Cecilian music, I am prompted by no other motive than by a high appreciation of genuine ecclesiastical music, and by the fear of misinterpretations which might be, and I may add have been, made to the above article.

After having given a brief sketch of the early history of church music and its most prominent form, the Gregorian chant, the author winds up with the following words:

"Gregorian chant thus belongs to the infant days of musical art; we admire it for its simplicity and a certain solemnity, which the flavor of antiquity has imparted to it. Some of its compositions, especially the Requiem Mass and some of the hymns, many of which date from a far later period than St. Gregory—the thirteenth and fourteenth century—are truly grand, impressive, and majestic; but the greatest portion of the Gregorian chant lacks harmony and melody."

Is it only the "flavor of antiquity" which imparts solemnity to the Gregorian chant? or is it not rather its intrinsic worth and beauty? The learned Dom Pothier says in his book on Gregorian chant: "These melodies are so far beyond compari-

son that the ancient Christians did not hesitate to look upon them as the work of divine inspiration, and there can, indeed, be no doubt that they interpret the sacred words better than the best compositions of modern musical art. For they express most accurately the thoughts and sentiments of the church, and elicit more profound, more solemn, and holier emotions in the soul of man. Though, on account of their forms, which for centuries have ever remained the same, they may appear rather strange at first sight, yet for him who has learned to appreciate and understand them they will soon be a source of joys of a superior order." These testimonies could be multiplied to any extent by referring to the most distinguished musicians of all times (cfr. *Magister Choralis*, translated and enlarged by Bishop Donnelly, p. 14).

It is true "the Gregorian chant belongs to the infant days of musical art," and the rapid progress of this art, which marks especially the last three centuries, is certainly to be acknowledged. But has musical art ever invented more beautiful, more solemn, and more devout melodies to replace the Gregorian chant in the divine service? Never. While the church, therefore, does not dispute the progress of musical art, nor exclude its influence from her divine worship, she nevertheless gives her own peerless chant the preference; and she does so, not only on account of its traditional sanction, but because she finds nothing in modern music, with all its remarkable development, to compare with her own. Many admirable works of sculpture and painting belong to the infant days of these arts, and yet they have always been and still are the patterns of our modern artists. In a like manner the strains of Gregorian melody will ever remain the pattern of our modern composers of sacred music; and those who do not study this pattern will go astray and will compose music which, from an artistic point of view, may be called masterpieces of musical art, but are utterly unfit for use in the church. Moreover, let it not be forgotten that the composition of melodies suitable for the divine service requires not only the knowledge of art, but above all a pious heart, a heart that is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the church and her sacred liturgy.

"But the greatest portion of Gregorian chant lacks harmony and melody." Lacks harmony? Of course it does; and not only the greatest portion of Gregorian chant, but every note of it lacks harmony, because it has been conceived without harmony—as pure melody. I presume that it is meant

by these words that Gregorian chant is incapable of being harmonized for the sake of organ accompaniment. Moreover, the so-called *faux-bourdon* compositions of modern and ancient musicians show that the Gregorian or *Cantus firmus* admits of an harmonious arrangement. The church, however, seems to regard the organ accompaniment of the Gregorian as a superfluous accessory, or even as an impediment to her chant, since, according to the latest (1886) edition of the *Cæremonial Episcoporum*, it is forbidden to accompany the celebrating priest. But no musician of note has ever maintained that the greatest portion of Gregorian chant is without melody. Out of the numerous testimonies of musical experts I quote only the words of the Cistercian writer, Maurice Vogt:

"These fixed, measured, emphatic, sublime, true, chaste, free-breathing, beautiful, and truly holy *melodies* have been composed by holy men. This song eschews the court of the prince, and never enters the concert hall or music saloon; it ventures within the Holy of Holies and abides there. No one has ever sought to drive it out of the church of God, unless he did not belong to the church of God. This music has ever commanded honor and esteem, because, like a queen, she sets up her throne in the temples of the Most High, and with a clear voice makes herself heard when the preacher is silent in the Sanctuary" (*Magister Choralis*, pp. 18 and 19).

Melody consists of two constituent parts—modulation and rhythm. Modulation is the proper arrangement of successive tones; rhythm, their proper measure and accentuation. The former may be called the body; the latter the life-giving soul of the Gregorian chant. Now, if the performer of the chant cares about nothing else than to strike the notes correctly, he takes away the very soul of the chant, and presents its corpse to his wearied hearers. Here lies the source of all prejudices against the sublime music of the church. No wonder, therefore, that it is abandoned by the majority of our choirs, and replaced by worldly and operatic airs, by sentimental and frothy pieces of music, which our lady-singers are wont to call "awful nice and sweet." It is but too true, as the archbishop says: "Gregorian chant was sung in cloister and monastery, but it was not much relished by the people in the parochial churches." Oh! who has taught our people to prefer poisoned candy to good and substantial food? And who will undertake the difficult task to remove the poison and make them relish again the healthy food of the Gregorian? Let every one answer the first question as best he can; the answer to the second is: The St. Cecilia Society has undertaken the task, and, with the help of God, and aided by the

blessings of the head of the church and the support of the bishops, it has produced, and will continue to produce, satisfactory results. The Gregorian chant stands foremost on the programme of the St. Cecilia Society ; and *speaking of Cecilian music, we mean, in the first place, the Gregorian chant*, the music of the church *par excellence.*

Passing from the Gregorian chant to figured music, Archbishop Janssens remarks :

"It is said that the Council of Trent intended to pass some severe canons against the music then in vogue, but just at that time Palestrina composed his church music, which, though entirely unlike the Gregorian, was received with such favor as to prevent a strict legislation on the part of the council."

History tells us that some prelates of the Council of Trent were in favor of having all figured music banished from the church, and expressed their opinion on the matter in a preliminary discussion. Others, however, among whom was Pope Pius IV. himself, voted against too strict measures. The consequence was that in the twenty-second session the following moderate decree was passed : "Let all music which, either in the organ parts or in the vocal, contains anything lascivious or impure be banished from the churches, in order that the house of God may appear and be truly called a house of prayer." One question, however, remained to be answered, viz., What was to be understood by the term "lascivious music"? The twenty-fourth session of the council was to give the final decision on this point. Meanwhile, the delegate of Emperor Ferdinand I. of Germany, who had received intelligence of what was to be proposed to the council, made his report to the emperor, and received the following answer : "I should wish very much that the so-called figured music be not excluded, since it often elicits pious sentiments" (*Optavit, ne cantio quam figuralem appellant, excluderetur, cum sæpe sensum pietatis excitet.* Pallavicini, *Hist. Conc. Trid.*, iii. p. 249). Thereupon the council passed no further decrees on music, but insisted that provincial synods, which were to convene every three years, should attend to the proper manner of singing at divine service. (*Cetera, quæ ad debitum in divinis officiis regimen spectant, deque congrua in his canendi seu modulandi ratione . . . synodus provincialis pro cuiusque provinciæ utilitate et moribus, certam cuique formulam præscribet.* Sess. XXIV., cap. 12). How promptly this injunction of the Council of Trent was carried out we learn from the acts and decrees of the various councils contained in the *Collectio Lacensis.*

Only after the Council of Trent had adjourned in 1563 was Palestrina drawn into the matter. In a "Motuproprio" of August 2, 1564, beginning with the words "*Alias nonnullas constitutiones*," Pope Pius IV. appointed eight cardinals to attend to the enforcement of the decrees of the council. Two of these, Cardinals Vitellozo Vitelli and Charles Borromeo, were appointed a special committee on church music. Besides, eight distinguished singers of the papal choir were summoned to the meetings of the cardinals. In a short time the following points were established: first, that Masses composed after popular airs were not to be tolerated; secondly, that the inserting of unauthorized words in the sacred text should be forbidden; and thirdly, that only motets with authentic words should be permitted. The fourth point, which had reference to the intelligibility of the sacred text, caused somewhat greater difficulties. It was during their discussions on this point that mention was made of Palestrina, who by his "Improperia" and the so-called Hexachord Mass had become famous among musicians. Charles Borromeo summoned the great master of musical art before him, spoke to him of the honorable task with which the committee had entrusted him, and requested him very urgently "to use all his efforts, lest the pope and cardinals withdraw their protection from figured music." Thus a pope and an emperor, a saint and a musician of great genius, co-operated to give figured music a permanent place in the house of God. We can easily imagine that Palestrina, who was not only a man of genius but also a man of prayer, took the greatest pains to compose masterpieces of musical art and music worthy of the house of God, and thus justify the confidence which Cardinal Charles Borromeo had placed in him. Asking for light from above in the prayer *Domine, illumina oculos meos!* (O Lord, illumine my eyes!), he wrote three Masses, one of which has become especially famous as the "Missa Papæ Marcelli." The success was decisive; the committee of cardinals declared "that they could not find a cause to make a change in church music; that the singers, however, should always be cautious to select similar music for the divine service as that which they had just heard." In these words the authorized committee *sanctioned and recommended that style of music*, which indeed was not invented but perfected by Palestrina, and for this reason may be rightly termed the Palestrina style.

Furthermore, the music of Palestrina is said to be "entirely unlike the Gregorian," while it is acknowledged by competent authorities that the Gregorian is the foundation of Palestrina's

music. And how could it be otherwise? It was Palestrina who, upon the injunction of Pope Gregory XIII., commenced the vast work of the revision of the *Directorium Chori* according to the oldest and best codices of the *Vaticana.* How could Palestrina compose otherwise than in the spirit of the Gregorian, in the study of which he was engaged all his life? It is true Palestrina's music is unlike the Gregorian inasmuch as the rhythm is that of figured music, but the spirit and the melody are either the same or analogous. The words of the Cistercian Maurice Vogt, whom I quoted above, in reference to plain chant are almost verbally repeated by the historian Ambros in reference to the Palestrina style: "It is no music for the concert hall or the musical academy; . . . it is music for the church, for divine service, for the ecclesiastical year with its feasts and seasons, with its days of sorrow, consolation, joy, solemnity, thanksgiving, and adoration" (Ambros, iv. 58).

And what does the St. Cecilia Society think of this style of music? All its distinguished critics consider it second only to the Gregorian chant. From the very foundation of this society the music of Palestrina and contemporaneous composers has been duly appreciated, and its use by their exertions much more widely extended than at any previous period, not excepting the times of Palestrina himself. All Cecilian composers of distinction have made the works of the old masters their favorite study before they ventured to publish their own compositions for divine service. At every general convention of the St. Cecilia Society the names of Palestrina and composers of his school or spirit have appeared on the programme. Their works have been performed with so much taste and accuracy as to charm all hearers and make them fully appreciate this style of music. At nine general conventions the American St. Cecilia Society performed seventy-six pieces composed by twenty-five different representatives of the Palestrina style. And nowadays a piece or a Mass of Palestrina is looked upon as the very ideal by a Cecilian church choir; to sing Palestrina's music well means the same as to have attained the highest degree of perfection in figured church music. To achieve this is again the work of the St. Cecilia Society. If, then, the Palestrina style received its name from the fact that Palestrina perfected it, and not because he introduced it into the church, why should not the St. Cecilia Society be entitled to call Palestrina's music Cecilian music? There is scarcely any doubt that but for the unceasing endeavors of the St. Cecilia Society the very names of Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, Vittoria, Anerio,

Croce, Handl, Hassler, Suriano, Casciolini, and many other old masters would be known only to the curious student of church music.

Speaking of Cecilian music in particular, the archbishop says:

"The same council (*i. e.*, the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore) refused to entertain a motion made by a few bishops, to give the council's recommendation to the so-called Cecilian music. Neither the Council of Trent nor the Council of Baltimore, approved by Rome, desired to enforce, not even to recommend, any particular kind of figured music; they only specified what kind of music should not be tolerated in the churches."

In regard to the refusal of the Council of Baltimore to give its recommendation to the Cecilian music, I beg to ask whether it was proposed to recommend Cecilian *music* or the American St. Cecilia *Society?* For Cecilian *music* has virtually, though not nominally, been recommended in unmistakable terms. But it is said that the approval of the *society* was refused on account of an article on "Obedience to the Pope" which was published in the *Echo*, a musical monthly edited by the president of the American St. Cecilia Society. The language used in this article was rather plain, and perhaps offensive, too, if a layman had written or dictated it. But it seemed and still seems to be an unknown fact that a bishop wrote the article, and that, consequently, the editor of the *Echo* could not very well refuse to publish it even if he had wished. Be this, however, as it may, Cecilian *music* has been virtually recommended by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. For the council recommended Gregorian chant, and this is Cecilian music in the first place, as I have shown above. Secondly, the council indirectly recommended the Palestrina style, because it complies with all requirements of ecclesiastical music contained in the decrees of the council; and Palestrina's music is Cecilian music. Thirdly, the council recommended the music of the Cecilian catalogue, because all that is contained in this catalogue has been thoroughly examined by competent musicians and pronounced to be in accordance with all ecclesiastical regulations, and to contain nothing profane or sensuous, nothing that might suggest worldly pleasures or draw the attention of the faithful away from the divine service, nothing that could be regarded as incompatible with the dignity of the house of God and the august sacrifice of the Mass. And this music of the Cecilian catalogue, be it composed by members of the St. Cecilia Society or not, is Cecilian music in the strict sense of the word.

A few remarks on the Cecilian catalogue of music will not be

out of place here. There exists in the St. Cecilia Society a committee of referees, who are appointed to examine all the music of modern composers who wish their compositions to be placed on the catalogue of the society. The conditions on which a piece of music is admitted are such as to keep out of the catalogue everything that does not fulfil the requirements of the church (cfr. *Thalhofer's Liturgy*, p. 537). Again, the competency of the men who belong to this committee has been tested by their own works. Now, I ask, is it not more reasonable that those who cannot depend upon their own judgment in selecting suitable music for the church should be guided by competent musicians and experts in liturgy, rather than be left to select at random? "Therefore," says the Provincial Council of Milwaukee, "we wish that a commission be appointed to draw up a catalogue of sacred music" (*Conc. Milw.*, p. 47). Similar decrees have been passed by several other councils (cfr. *Coll. Lac.*, v. p. 359). The measures taken by a few bishops of our country confirm our hope that decrees like the above-mentioned will not remain a dead-letter. The St. Cecilia Society has long ago appointed such a commission, and its work is exceedingly beneficial in all countries where the society has spread.

To give a brief résumé of what we have said about ecclesiastical music, the term *Cecilian music* is to be defined as follows: it comprises all those forms of music which are in accordance with the principles of the St. Cecilia Society, and as the said principles of the St. Cecilia Society are an exact copy of the laws and regulations of the church regarding ecclesiastical music, we are justified in saying that *ecclesiastical music and Cecilian music are entirely equivalent terms.*

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

Orthodox, by Dorothea Gerard (New York: Appleton & Co.), is the story of how Rudolph von Ortenegg, the friend and comrade of the supposed narrator, Lieutenant Zultowski, of the Austrian army, "fell into the hands of the Jews, and the experience he gained therefrom." Besides Rudolph and Zultowski there are but three figures which occupy prominent positions on the narrow stage: Surchen, the worldly-wise, free-thinking, emancipated little Jewess of twelve years; her beautiful sister Salome, who is "orthodox" only through fear and superstition; and their father, Berisch Marmorstein, dealer in bones and skins, and strong with the full strength of a fanaticism based on undoubting faith. Rudolph, the only child of a father too much engrossed in tracing his family pedigree to pay any serious attention to his son, has spent all his boyhood and early youth in a sort of mediæval fortress somewhere in the depths of a pine forest, having no associates save an old servant who gave him riding lessons, and some pious monks living in a Dominican monastery on the other side of the forest, who taught him to read and to pray. It is the abbot who one day wakes the Count von Ortenegg from his dreams with the news that his only son is "showing symptoms of a monastic vocation," and who coincides with the dismayed father in the belief that the young fellow should be sent out of the woods and "shown the world." A commission in a crack regiment is forthwith obtained for him, and he repairs to its headquarters at Goratyn, a large Polish country town with a great deal of agreeable society in the neighborhood. Here he becomes intimate with Zultowski, who says of him:

"'We knew about Ortenegg's monkish propensities, and I think we were all half prepared to receive him with civil derision, and to be very funny indeed on the subject of cowls and hairshirts. But when he appeared he was so different from what we expected, and so supremely unconscious of our little jokes, that their brilliant points recoiled in a somewhat flattened state and unaccountably fell to the ground. We all agreed that he was ridiculous, and his notions of life simply laughable; yet all the time we were rather proud of him, if only as a curious specimen of an aborigine. He was by far the most serious-looking young man I had ever seen. There was something stern and silent, like his own pine forests, and something forcible and vigorous about him, like the mountain torrents of his home. By degrees I took him under my protection and attempted to

remodel his views of life, but it was not long before I discovered that the task I had undertaken was about as hopeful as might have been the endeavor to pull up oak-trees with my hands and to plant ornamental shrubs in their stead. His innocence was something appalling; it was as bad as that of a school-girl. He was ignorant of the simplest rules of social intercourse; he would not talk unless he had something to say, he would not laugh unless he was amused, nor say thank you unless he felt grateful, nor admire a thing unless he found it pretty. It was pitiable! Of common practical sense he was completely deficient; in fact, I soon discovered that upon most subjects under the sun he was a raving idealist.'"

The subject on which the friends differed soonest and most radically was that of the Jews in Poland. Ortenegg took up the cause of the despised race at once, and carried his convictions even to the point of flatly contradicting his captain across the supper-table on the strength of them. "What makes you espouse the cause of the filthy Hebrew?" Zultowski asks in despair. "Are you an Israelite in disguise?"

"'No,' said Ortenegg, 'I knew nothing about Jews, and cared less, until I came here.'

"'And since you came here their extreme cleanliness and honesty have won your affection?'

"'Since I came here their extreme wretchedness and misery have awakened my pity. I don't want to stand by and see anything trampled on—or, at least, I want to know the reason why it is trampled on; and I can't get any. When I ask, 'Why do you abuse them? Why do you cuff and beat them?' you say, 'Because they are Jews.' As though 'Jews' and 'scum' and 'dust' were just different words for one identical thing.'"

Zultowski attempts to show him that in Poland such is really the case—that the Jew gets no mercy because he shows none; because he has two consciences, one for his fellow-Jew and another for the hated Christian; because, at least when he is orthodox, there rages in his veins a fanatical hatred of the baptized which amounts to a disease. He is not even satisfied with hating the Christian; he hates his own species for not hating him enough.

"The so-called 'rational' Jew of modern times is a horror to the orthodox bigot simply because he is not anti-Christian enough, because it sometimes occurs to him that what would be black dishonesty toward a fellow-Hebrew can scarcely be spotless integrity when practised toward a Christian."

All this, and more, Zultowski reiterates in vain. Rudolph is incapable of believing that any man can be honestly convinced that dishonesty, so it be practised on principle, is

"more pleasing to the Almighty than the sacrifice of a dozen fat oxen." For himself, he is "always on the side of the under dog." He will treat Jews precisely as he treats Christians. "And they will treat you as *they* treat Christians—exactly," retorts Zultowski. "Well, may you never know better."

The story of his "getting to know better" is briefly but powerfully told. Though the writer is a woman, Zultowski goes through his narrative in a curt, concise, military fashion, giving essentials only, but those in a way which suggests precisely what is necessary to the imagination, while conveying the sense of reserved strength and fuller knowledge. Through the cunning of little Surchen, whom he has befriended at a pinch, Rudolph is shown Salome, whose beauty is the cause why her father keeps her carefully secluded until he is ready to give her in marriage. Rudolph has seen three women in his life; one was lame and deaf; one looked like a turkey-cock, and beat her grandchildren; one was young but fat, and squinted into the bargain. Salome, who has no wish to see him, who avoids him with pertinacity, who never answers a word he addresses to her, nevertheless subjugates him at once. But it is not until he has fought a duel to avenge an insult offered her that she softens far enough to listen to him. When she does he endeavors to convert her. "I know," says Zultowski of their frequent meetings, "by the remarks which Ortenegg dropped, that religion was actually the chief subject of their conversation, and therefrom I concluded that he still honestly believed his interest in the beautiful Jewess to be no more than a mystic interest in her soul." Hence, when Rudolph one day proposes to his friend to accompany him to Salome's father, of whom he means to ask consent to her baptism as a preliminary to their marriage, Zultowski is aghast. "You," he shrieks—

"'you, the Count von Ortenegg, the only son of your father, the last of your line, propose to offer yourself as a husband to the daughter of a Jewish dealer in bones, the sister of a Jewish tailor? You, who have the world before you? Ortenegg, say that it is not true—say something. Don't look at me so! Don't smile—don't sigh! What does it mean? You are driving me out of my senses with terror!'

"It means that I cannot do otherwise. It means that it is stronger than I am. Yes, all you say is true. I have the world before me, and I am going to do without the world; I have got a hundred ancestors at my back, and I am going to bring on their race what they would have feared more than extinction; I have got an old father, and I am going to break his heart. Do you think these are joyful thoughts? Do you think it is so very much easier for me than for any other man to ruin himself, even if only in the

eyes of society? Do you think that if I had been able to tear that woman out of my heart I would not have done so? What do you suppose this last week has been to me? Look at my face.'

"I looked as he told me and stepped back, shocked by the revelation. It was not only that he had lost more flesh than I should have thought possible in so short a space; but there was a heavy shadow beneath his eyes, and cruel lines ploughed about his mouth, which but a few weeks back had been as unmarked as that of a boy. . . . 'I will have nothing to do with it!' I cried. 'Why did you ever come here? Anything would have been better than this. I wish, oh! I wish that you had become a priest!'

"'Perhaps it would have been better,' said Ortenegg rather sadly; 'but I shall never be a priest now. I want you to understand me, Zultowski. I know that what I am going to do is rather a terrible thing, and I only do it because the other course seems so much more terrible. I love this woman, I have gained her love, and I cannot do without her.'

"'Ortenegg,' I broke silence at last, I don't know on what impulse, 'you have cheated the world of a very fine spectacle by not being born a villain. If you did not happen to be a good man, the devil himself would not have been your match.'"

The Jew bone-dealer rejects Ortenegg's proposition, at first with incredulous horror; then, when he sees reason to believe that Salome has actually been willing to renounce her religion, he frightens her into submission. Seeing no other way, and prompted by little Surchen, who thinks it too stupid to lose such a bargain of a brother-in-law, Rudolph runs away with Salome, and takes her to a Franciscan convent, where the nuns are to instruct her for baptism. There, on a day, Berisch, her father, Rudolph, and Zultowski find themselves together. The old man is apparently sick unto death. He acknowledges himself beaten, he is willing to relinquish his daughter, he consents to her baptism and her marriage, but, for heaven's mercy, let him take her back with him that she may be married from her father's house and save both herself and the count the shame of this elopement. The plea touches the sore spot in Rudolph's upright, candid nature. He has loathed the expedient to which he has resorted, and though warned in a dream, and also by a note from Surchen, and spite of the dumb despair in the eyes of Salome, whose fear of her father half paralyzes her, he yields her on the Jew's oath to deal fairly by them. He never sees her again, for in a day or two Salome is married to Lämmle Blauweiss, dealer in old clothes. When he recovers from the sickness which mercifully strikes him down, Rudolph says one day to his friend:

"'I have been puzzling my head and I cannot come to any conclusion. Is it that Berisch Marmorstein is a very bad man, or is it only that he is a very good Jew?' 'He is Orthodox,' answered Zultowski. 'That is the only key I can give you to the puzzle.'"

What became of Rudolph? He threw up his commission, and a year later entered upon his novitiate in the Dominican monastery.

Without any aid from incident, and with very little pretence to style—even that little being of a sort to make one wish there had been none—Miss Parthenia Antoinette Hague has produced a very readable and entertaining account of life in Southern Alabama during the civil war, which she calls *A Blockaded Family* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The author, a Georgia girl, taught a school on a plantation near Eufaula throughout the conflict, and she recounts with an almost Defoe-like simplicity the straits to which our Southern brethren—we here use that word as preachers usually do when addressing a packed congregation during the first week of a mission—were reduced, and the expedients to which they resorted to escape them. Her book leaves much the same kind of impression as would the imaginary adventures of a houseful of women wrecked on a desert island, but still anxious to keep up not merely the decencies of life, but the little luxuries of personal adornment and pleasant home surroundings. How to supply sufficient food and necessary clothing was the first question to be answered by a community which had hitherto relied chiefly on cotton as a means of exchange, and now found no market for that staple. Naturally, they set about planting cereals and vegetables, and met with great success. It was only when the new crops ripened, and needed that further care for which few or no facilities existed, that trouble set in. One woman whose husband and sons were in the army, and who had managed to raise a fair supply of wheat for home consumption, flailed it by sitting down within striking distance of a barrel which she whacked with one sheaf after another, the grains falling on her quilts and coverlets, which had been arranged to catch them. That done, she spread her sheets on the ground and poured the wheat upon them in a steady stream, the wind fanning it for her. Another, left at home with five small children to care for, contrived little wooden mauls for those who had strength enough to wield them, and then, laying her sheaves in a great trough used ordinarily for salting pork, and arming herself with a heavy stick, she and the babies beat out the grain. But these and such as these were mere necessary labors, and though Miss Hague gives them their due share of space, she is most entertaining when she begins to dilate upon the innumerable contrivances which she and others had recourse to in the effort to make becoming

clothes out of home-spun, home-woven, and home-dyed wool and cotton; how to make new hoop-skirts from old ones, hair-oil from rose-leaves and lard, dress-buttons from thread, wood, and home-made pasteboard, and ornamental fans, "difficult to single out as not imported," from the wing-feathers of geese and pea-fowls. Thirty dollars Miss Hague says she was offered for one such fan as soon as it was completed. Confederate dollars we take it, though, through patriotism or forgetfulness, she omits to say so. Later on she supplies a measure of the value of that medium of exchange which is rather comic. "A brother-in-law of mine," she says, "who became bare as to pants, and had no way of getting any in his then distressed state," cut his army blanket in two with his penknife. Then, sharpening a stick, he poked holes through each edge at convenient distances, and manufactured one leg of his "pants" at a time by passing ravellings through these holes, and tying them together. Then he fastened them round his waist with a string, and wore them until he met an extravagantly well-supplied comrade who had not merely one good pair on, made in the usual commonplace way, but another half-worn one under his arm. "These my brother-in-law bought of him for four hundred dollars," and they did him service on the farm for some time after the war was over. One of her own brothers had an even more expensive pair as times went, for being reduced to such a pass that he could "scarcely make a decent appearance on the road, much less appear in his own settlement," a fellow-soldier gave him a long-hoarded silver dime, which was exchanged without difficulty for a presentable pair at the next farm-house. The war being then just about over, a bushel-basket full of Confederate scrip would have been a small inducement in comparison.

Aröer (New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.) is the story of a vocation, not merely to the faith, but to the religious life. It is by the author of *Uriel* and *Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir*. It is admirable in tone and tendency, as well as agreeably written and thoughtful. The characters, too, especially that of the heroine, are sketched in with fine and delicate touches. To a certain class of readers we should recommend it as sure to be interesting and suggestive. Still, it belongs emphatically to that class of reading which is covered by the remark: "For those who like this kind of thing, this is exactly the kind of thing they like." The book is a true book, but true to that nature which has its term in the supernatural, and which appeals, therefore, to a sixth sense which is lacking to the rank and file of novel-readers.

Like Norbertine in this story, before her ears were opened to understand the voice that had been whispering to them all her life, they do not know that "there are other romances besides those of the world, and that the history of every religious vocation is a romance more thrilling and more beautiful than any love-story that ever was written; why should I be afraid to say it? It *is* a love-story—the wooing of the soul from all eternity to the highest of all imaginable loves."

T. Y. Crowell & Co. (New York) publish a new and authorized translation from the unabridged Russian manuscript of Count Tolstoï's *What to Do*, a garbled version of which was issued last year. It is more curious than profitable considered as a dissertation on existing social evils and a suggested panacea for their cure. That it is full of true things goes without saying, since no one with eyes to see and a heart to feel can behold the miseries of the poor, thrown up against the gilded background afforded by the ostentatious luxuries of the rich, without beginning to pour forth a burden of "woes" like those of a minor prophet, if he open his lips at all. The earlier portion of the book, in which the author relates his experience among the poor of Moscow, beginning in 1881, is full of interest. He tells of his first surprise at finding that "to beg in the name of Christ," in the streets of that city, was a punishable offence; then of his interviews with different beggars, and his ill-success in getting some of them to accept work when it was offered; then of the easy way in which his friends laughed off the matter when he tried to bring home to them the state of things which his personal researches in the poorer quarters of the city brought to light; finally of the incessant clamor which his conscience kept up concerning his own duty in the matter, and the result to which he finally arrived in consequence of obeying it. While on his way to this result it became necessary for him to investigate the causes of the poverty and oppression for which he believes himself to be the first to have discovered a remedy; the first, that is to say, since our Lord Jesus Christ, whom he believes to have laid down a doctrine on the subject identical with his own, but misinterpreted by His accredited followers until his own new recognition of it. These causes are money—not the love of money, but money itself; cities, governments, church-Christianity, "positive science," and "art for art's sake." The object of every one of these things he asserts to be the freeing of certain classes of men from manual labor by forcing others to do it for them. He finds the church, the state, the scientists, and the

artists all evil and pernicious, though in different degrees, the two latter seeming to him the worst because they boldly claim to be their own end; they grasp knowingly, in the avowed character of freebooters, common goods, to which their predecessors preferred claims whose justice has been sometimes universally, and at all periods widely, acknowledged. He says:

"Every justification of one man's consumption of the labor of others while producing none himself . . . always consists in these two assertions: First, we take the labor of the masses because we are a peculiar people, called by God to govern them and to teach them divine truths; secondly, those who compose the masses cannot be judges of the measure of labor which we take from them for the good we do them, because, as it has been said by the Pharisees, 'This multitude which knoweth not the law are accursed' (John vii. 49). . . . The justification of our time, notwithstanding all apparent originality, in fact consists of the same fundamental assertion: First, we are a peculiar people, we are an educated people, we further progress and civilization, and by this fact we procure for the masses a great advantage; secondly, the uneducated crowd does not understand that advantage we procure for them, and therefore cannot be judges of it."

Now, he goes on, there was some reason, or at least plausibility, in the claims of emperors and popes, for if they themselves, and the people with them, believed in their divine calling, they could plainly show how and why they ought to control labor. But as for positive science and art, like the cataloguing of different species of insects, for example, or the painting of nude women, who recognizes the utility of such labors save the men who pursue them solely for their own pleasure? The priest, the statesman, has at least an answer to give to him who inquires the reason for his existence,

"but the men of science and art do not consider it necessary to shelter themselves under a pretence of usefulness. They assert that their activity is the most necessary for all men, and that without it all mankind would go to ruin. They assert that it is so, notwithstanding the fact that nobody except themselves either understands or acknowledges their activity, and notwithstanding the fact that, according to their own definition, true science and true art should not have a utilitarian aim."

Elsewhere he says that men have from the beginning been in search of the true secret of life, and have made slow advances all the time, in spite of the various deceits which have thrown themselves across their path, insisting that there was no need of struggle and that the inequalities of condition were a part of the very law of life.

"There existed the awful old deceits of the church; with dreadful struggle, and little by little, men got rid of them; but scarcely had they done so

when in place of the old deceit arose a new one—a state and philosophical one. Men freed themselves out of these, too. And now a new deceit, a still worse one, springs up in their place—the scientific one. This new deceit is exactly such as the old ones were; its essence consists in the substitution for reason and conscience of something external; *and this external thing is observation*, as in theology it was revelation.

There is some very acute thinking in the critical portion of this book; it has a curious naïveté and sincerity. One recalls the dialogues of Plato as akin to it in manner, with Diogenes, perhaps, for chief interlocutor. One feels that Tolstoï despises observation too much, that he has not extended his own very far beyond the rim of the tub to which he invites those who inquire, *What Must We Do* to escape from the morass whose slime we also feel and see? To us even your tub seems sinking in it. You tell us that in manual labor, pursued by all men, lies the sole hope of salvation; that we must abolish money, abandon cities, resist no evil, even the evil of rebellion and wilful ignorance in our own children, and that when we all do this—which, obviously, we never shall all do—the great problem of the ages will be solved. Meantime, for those of us who are so uneasy under the present burden of the time that we are ready to follow any prophet who can promise sensible alleviation for our private share of it, what is to be the result for us when we have given away one of our two coats, when we have emptied our own slops, when we have dug our own potatoes and made our own boots? The question is a natural one, since if it is by an extension of our personality that we learn compassion, it is by that also that we intrench ourselves in selfishness. What will it profit me to aid my brother, especially when I must sorely inconvenience myself to do so?

Well, answers the Russian seer, if you are rich who ask, you will have better health, you will be kinder, you will have an easier conscience, and, when a good many of you have followed my example, the rest will gradually fall into rank, and so we shall escape that dreadful danger of a social rising and anarchy which now menaces on all sides. Is that all? goes on the inquirer, presuming him not to have gone away sorrowful, like the rich young man in the Gospel who put the same question to Him whom Tolstoï calls his Master, but to be ready to say with St. Peter: "Behold, we have left all things and have followed Thee. What shall we have therefor?" Shall we possess life everlasting? No, answers Tolstoï, this life is all. If the Master seems to promise that, he must have been misrepresented. The

kingdom of heaven is, as He said, within you. Come and help clean the sewers, so that your brethren shall not have to do all your dirty work for you, and you will find it. Your hands will be harder and filthier, but your back will be stronger and your heart lighter. Now, that in little is the sum of what Count Tolstoï has learned and teaches, and one does not hopefully anticipate a throng of rich young men, or lazy old ones, to sell all and follow him to the practice of it.

Mr. Healy Thompson, to whose untiring pen English-speaking Catholics already owe so much, has indefinitely increased their obligations by his latest and most important work, *The Life and Glories of St. Joseph* (London: Burns & Oates. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York). It is constructed, as he says in his preface, with materials gathered from various quarters, but principally from a recent dissertation by Canon Vitali, published at Rome in 1883. The first ten chapters of the volume are almost literally translated from the pages of Vitali, and great use has been made of them throughout. Mr. Thompson also draws from P. Joséf Moreno's Spanish treatise on the *Virtues and Privileges of St. Joseph,* issued at Seville in 1788, besides availing himself of the visions and revelations of St. Bridget and other contemplatives. His work, nevertheless, remains distinctively his own, having a certain indescribable character of solidity, fulness, lucidity, and unction which we have learned to expect in all that comes from his hand. He treats the theology of his subject at length, and it forms, without question, the most interesting and suggestive portion of a work in which nothing is unsuggestive or unfruitful. The chapters entitled "Joseph included in the order of the Hypostatic Union," "His Marriage decreed in Heaven," "The Betrothal," and "The Paternity of Joseph" are especially worthy of study. So are those on "The Subjection of Jesus," "Joseph's Interior Life of Prayer and Contemplation," and the two which immediately follow them.

The devotion to St. Joseph is one of those which, while they can be shown to have existed in the church from the first, have come more and more prominently forward during the last five hundred years. In our own century it has taken a surprising development, and one which has the peculiarity of seeming to owe most of its strength to the sentiment of the general body of the faithful. For three centuries the tide of popular devotion to him has been mounting, and it does not yet seem to have reached its height. When Gerson preached before the Council of Constance

on the prerogatives of St. Joseph his feast was only locally and partially observed. Sixty-seven years later, in 1481, Sixtus IV. appointed it to be kept by the whole church; in 1621 it was made a feast of obligation. Pius IX., urged by the entire episcopate, who in their turn had been petitioned on all sides by the Catholic laity of the world, declared him Patron of the Universal Church in 1870, having eight years earlier set the example of publicly invoking him before the Apostles Sts. Peter and Paul. At present his cultus exceeds that paid to any saint, excepting our Lady. It is a devotion whose roots go deep, striking into the very mysteries of the Incarnation and the Hypostatic Union. It is double-sided, natural and mystical at once, and in both aspects dear and fruitful to the adorers of the Word made Man. That it should attain its complete development in this age, which is more and more recognized as that of the peculiar ministration of the Holy Spirit, is significant and Providential. The earthly type of the Eternal Father, "whom no man hath beheld at any time"; the most hidden and interior of the saints and the great patron of hidden souls; the virgin spouse of Mary, dearer to her, as she herself declared to the Venerable Olier, than anything in heaven or earth except her Son, has waited long, is still waiting, for the complete manifestation of his glory, because the fulness of time for him has not yet come. "What remains for us to do," asks Canon Vitali, "that Joseph, our most powerful patron, should interpose for us, for our families, for the Catholic Church, for the entire world? One thing for us, and one for our holy mother the church. We, by true love to Jesus, by sincere devotion to Mary, by the practice of Christian virtues, by filial tenderness and frequent exercises of piety toward St. Joseph, must render ourselves worthy of his special protection. . . . Then our holy mother the church will certainly be neither reluctant nor slow to declare that Joseph is in dignity and glory superior, next to Mary, to all the angels and saints, thus placing Joseph in his true position, always and immediately close to his spouse, without any exception, in the public prayers, sacred rites, and most holy Sacrifice." Already, in the prayers ordered by the present Pope to be said after each Mass, this juxtaposition, this precedence to the apostles, has publicly taken place, as doubtless it had long done privately in many quarters.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A CHAIN OF CONVERSIONS.

I must preface my remarks by saying that, as most of those who are described herein are still living, fictitious names of persons and places will be substituted for the real ones; with this exception every word is true.

We were a happy little party of young men and boys who used to meet on Friday evenings at No. 69 Prince Street, in the city of A——. At No. 69 was the boarding and day school of the Ritualistic parish of (I shall say) St. Alban's. The head-master, whom I shall call Mr. Mountain, was a layman who wished to found an order of teaching-brothers like those in the Catholic Church. He met with little or no encouragement, however, and it is just as well that he did not, because otherwise he might never have had the time to consider, as he has since done, his duty of submitting to the Church of Christ.

The boys of the school were about twenty, all told. A number were English-born like Mr. Mountain, and several of them were his wards. Two or three clergymen besides myself—I was an Episcopal minister—were always considered as belonging to the little coterie who gathered there once a week to eat apple-dumplings, play games, and enjoy an hour or two of interesting conversation. Our chat was often about the Catholic Church and her claims, and I am sure that at that time each one of us was in the best of faith in holding our errors, and had the truth been presented then very likely would have been too much blinded to have recognized it. It is of the conversions which have followed among us since that time that I propose to write.

My own was the first. Owing to certain difficulties it was decided to close the school, and Mr. Mountain and his wards, with a number of other boys, went to the West and began ranch-life. I was thus deprived of their congenial and pleasant companionship and thrown on myself far more than I had been before, and, owing to the prayers and Masses which were being constantly said for me, I received the great grace to become a Catholic about six months after our school was closed. I say nothing of the details of my own conversion, as it was the ordinary dreary road through Ritualism which has lately been well described in this department of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

There was a poor Irishwoman who used to come to the school every week to scrub, and I have since learned that she, seeing our feeble efforts to be Catholics, devoted herself to praying for our conversion. There were many others of the same class—the poor, servants, laboring men, and others who were acquainted with us; these faithful children of God, of whom such a multitude are members of the Catholic Church, were greatly interested in our struggles toward the light, and offered up many prayers for us. The poor old scrub-woman is since dead, but, in the words of one who knew her, "No doubt she is rejoicing in heaven with the angels of God at the conversion of those for whom she prayed so much on earth."

A few weeks after I had been received into the Catholic Church I had the happiness of visiting the Threshold of the Apostles, in company with one of the young men from the school. He was the second convert. He received the grace in this way: One evening we were discussing religion, and I remember that he

was very bitter against the Pope and Infallibility. "How," said he, "can a man *of himself* teach me all truth?"

"He cannot," I replied, "but in this case the Holy Father is promised the assistance of the Holy Spirit, and speaks not of himself, but of the Spirit of God, who speaks by him."

"I don't believe it," he answered, "and it is because he has claimed such a blasphemous power that God has punished the Bishop of Rome by allowing the Italians to possess the city."

Seeing that there was no use of any further words on the subject, I said: "Very well, let us end our discussion right here. I believe, and you do not. You are going to see him whom you have abused to-night in his own city, a captive in his palace. I hope you will not have so bad an opinion of him when you return after to-morrow's ceremony."

The next morning, after rising early and donning the customary dress-suit required, my friend went away shortly after breakfast. I heard Mass as usual and prayed to the blessed Mother of God for the conversion of him who was so bitter against the church. It was the festival of the Coronation of the Holy Father, celebrated in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.

At lunch those of our boarders who had been at the function were enthusiastic in their admiration. All were agreed that they had been wonderfully impressed. "But what was the cause of this great impression? What made it all so grand?"

"Oh! it was the peacock fans," cried one. "No, it was the way in which the Pope was carried in his chair," said another. "I think the music had more to do with it than anything else," remarked a third. And a fourth was of the opinion "that it must be the way they dress the Pope with the tiara and vestments."

It was quite amusing, and at the same time not a little disgusting, to listen to these absurd reasons for the great impression which had been produced on these sightseers. But happening to look at the face of my young friend, I saw that he shared my feelings in no small degree. I was surprised. We had agreed to go and visit the catacomb of St. Domatilla in the afternoon. So we provided a good supply of candles and, taking a carriage, started off. "Well, what impressed *you* the most this morning?" I asked, imitating the flippant tone of those people who had been discussing the subject.

"Please don't!" he answered. "I believe that Leo XIII. is the Vicar of Christ." He then went on to tell me that after the Mass, when the Pope was being carried out, the procession stopped for a moment, and that the Holy Father, being close to him as he knelt, had looked down into his face and blessed him. "Yes, he blessed *me*; he looked into my eyes and blessed *me!*"

Oh! how proud he was of that blessing. A few months after, having been duly instructed, he was received. This was convert number two from our circle of school friends. Number three was destined to be the head-master himself, Mr. Mountain.

About six months before I became a Catholic, as already related, the school was closed, and Mr. Mountain and several of the older boys moved to one of the States in the far West to engage in ranching. There, after about three years, Mr. Mountain at last made up his mind to do as we had done, and late in the fall of the year he rode on horseback over eighty miles to be received. When he arrived the priest of the station had gone, leaving word that he was to be away for a month, and the poor man journeyed back again to wait till the winter was

over. Then he went to the capital of the State, and there made the act which he had been waiting to make so long.

Among the number who used to meet at "69" was a young man of twenty, who went West about a year after Mr. Mountain and lived a short distance from him, and whom I will call Harry. Meantime, the friend of my travels in Europe joined Mr. Mountain at his ranch. Harry was one of the liveliest and best-natured of all the boys, full of life, wit, and at the same time possessing the rare quality in persons of his temperament of not giving offence by his antics. The same fall he was stricken down with fever, and it came to the time when he was called to leave this earth. My friend of the Roman experience was by, and to him Harry said: "I want to be a Catholic, as you are; I want to become a Roman Catholic now that I am dying." And so the waters of baptism flowed over his soul, and he went to join the band of intercessors in heaven. He is number four.

The fifth one was the "little boy" of the school, and one who was considered almost too frail for this world. But years work wonders with children, both in body and soul. He lived with Mr. Mountain, and now rides his horse with the best of them and does his day's work with the stoutest. But, better still, he has written me that he could not rest until he had come to us. And so last June he, as the crown of a long and tedious journey, received baptism.

These three—our old head-master, my Roman convert, and "the little boy"—now live together, and, although miles from any priest and without the opportunity of frequenting the Sacraments, yet they are faithfully trying to sanctify themselves.

Our prayers have reached around the world, and we have no doubt but that they had their part in obtaining the conversion of one who, though not of our little band, yet was indirectly connected with us, and whose conversion has set the tongues of many of his sect to wagging.

So I have tried to show how Almighty God answers prayer. Our humble Catholic friends begged our conversion of God and we were converted. We have persevered, not only in the faith, but in praying for the conversion of the other members of our little circle, and we have won glorious victories. The work is not yet done; it still goes on, and I hope some day to be able to chronicle the conversion of all of our school and many of the friends and relations of the boys.

And now, Deo gratias! I beg the prayers of all who may read this sketch for those of our friends of "69" who are yet in darkness, that their good fortune may be to soon come to the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

SACERDOS.

THE EDUCATION OF THE SOUTHERN NEGROES.

The census of 1870 counted 4,880,009 negroes in the United States. The census of 1880 made their numbers at 6,580,793. At that ratio of increase, the colored people in this country at the present time must be about 7,750,000. More than six-sevenths of these millions live in the sixteen States of Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, and in the District of Columbia. The forthcoming report of the United States Commissioner of Education, which is for the year 1886–87, estimates that there is a school population among this multitude of colored inhabitants of 2,200,000.

What are those States doing for the education of these children?

They have provided about 19,000 public schools—primary and grammar—in which about 1,110,000 boys and girls are trained in the three R's during an average period of four months in the year. Besides, they support a number of high schools and normal schools. But, as these institutions are conducted by Protestants for Protestants, under Protestant auspices, they may be numbered and classed with the denominational schools.

What, then, are Protestants, as such, doing for the education of these children? They are managing 34 normal schools, in which there are 281 teachers and 6,207 students; 46 institutions for secondary instruction, in which there are 270 teachers and 9,854 students; 18 universities and colleges, in which there are 206 teachers and 4,846 students; 23 schools of theology, in which there are 100 teachers and 1,260 students; 4 schools of law, in which there are 16 teachers and 100 students; 3 schools of medicine, 1 school of pharmacy, and 1 school of dentistry, in which there are 22 teachers and 208 students. The most active workers for the negroes of the South are the Methodists and the Baptists. The Presbyterians come next, and the Episcopalians and the Congregationalists follow; but all the sects contribute to the Protestant propaganda among the colored people, and even such small denominations as the Campbellites (Christians) and the Quakers (Friends) have schools of their own for them.

The Protestant schools for higher education are beginning to exert a mighty influence on the colored people of the South. They are constantly moulding 13,000 young men and women, and every year they send out a small army of teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, musicians, leaders in politics, etc., etc. These instructed negroes leaven the mass of their race, and stamp on their neighbors the impression that has been made on them. They serve to elevate their kin and to spread among their companions a desire for education, and the places left vacant by them in these institutions are forthwith taken.

The intelligent, industrious, and progressive negroes in the South appreciate the work that Protestants are doing for their uplifting. They are grateful to their friends, and eager to avail themselves of the opportunities of instruction open to them. As Dr. Robert A. Reynolds, who received his medical education at Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., said in his graduating oration last June:

"In the rapid and wonderful development of higher schools of learning among the colored people, the success already attained is unrivalled in the history of any race. Through the liberality of Northern friends and philanthropists, school after school has been founded all over this broad Southland, and we venture to say that our race, at the end of twenty years, is in the possession of better educational advantages, in almost every department of sound learning and scientific knowledge, than the early settlers of this country enjoyed at the close of two centuries of earnest toil and persistent efforts in the cause of higher education."

And, truly, these Protestant institutions are well equipped for the work before them. Take, for instance, Biddle University, at Charlotte, North Carolina, which I visited a few days ago. It has a beautiful site, on an elevated plateau overlooking the town. It owns fifty acres. It has a magnificent college building, which cost $40,000, and other structures—dormitories for the students and residences for the professors—which, with the land, make its real estate worth about $75,000. It is supported by the Presbyterian Board of Missions for Freedmen, with headquarters at Pittsburgh. It has a faculty of 10 professors, 9 of whom are white men and 6 of whom are ministers. Its president, Rev. W. F. Johnson, D.D., was for a number of years a missionary in India. It has a theo-

logical, a collegiate—classical and scientific—a preparatory, an elementary English, and an industrial department. The course of instruction in Biddle's theological department is outlined in its prospectus as follows:

Junior year: Hebrew—Grammar, Genesis; Theology—Hodge's Outlines; Greek Exegesis—Pauline Epistles; and Sacred History. Middle year: Hebrew Grammar—Psalms; Systematic Theology—Hodge's; Greek Exegesis—Pauline Epistles; Church History; Homiletics—Broadus. Senior year: Pastoral Theology; Greek Exegesis—Pauline Epistles; Hebrew Exegesis—Isaias; Church Government, Presbyterian Law—Hodge. Weekly exercises in sermonizing are begun in the Junior year, and continue throughout the course.

The curriculum in the collegiate department may be inferred from this summary of the studies: Classical course—Freshman year: Latin—Virgil, Grammar, Prose Composition; Greek—Anabasis, Grammar; Geometry; Outlines of History; Book-keeping. Sophomore year: Latin—Horace, Tacitus' *Germania;* Greek—Homer, *Memorabilia;* Geometry; Natural Science—Physics, Botany. Junior year: Natural Science—Physical Geography, Astronomy; Greek—Plato, *Prometheus Vinctus*, New Testament; Mathematics—Plane Trigonometry, Spherical Trigonometry, Surveying; English Classics. Senior year: Mental Philosophy—Haven's; Logic—McCosh's; Evidences of Christianity; Science and Religion; Moral Philosophy—Alexander's; English Literature; Political Economy; Civil Government; Zoölogy; Chemistry. There is also a scientific course of four years, which gives the student an excellent general education with the exception of the Greek and Latin classics.

In the industrial department the young men are trained in various handicrafts—printing, carpentry, mechanical drawing, etc., etc. All the boarders are required to work at manual labor at least one hour a day, "in order to preserve health, keep the buildings in order, and improve and beautify the grounds." There is no charge for tuition. The boarders pay eight dollars a month for subsistence. The day-scholars pay four dollars and fifty cents a year for incidentals. Not only is education given free, but candidates for the ministry and other young men of promise also receive aid towards their support while making their studies during the eight months which constitute the scholastic year. Last year Biddle had 179 students—12 in the theological, 46 in the collegiate, 52 in the preparatory, and 69 in the elementary English department. Of its graduates 21 have become preachers, 22 teachers, 1 a missionary in Africa, and 6, having completed the collegiate course, are studying for the ministry.

The two other colleges for colored students in North Carolina—Shaw University (Baptist), at Raleigh, and Livingstone College (African Methodist Episcopal), at Salisbury—both admit to their classes young women as well as young men, and the girls, many of whom expect to become teachers, are taught dressmaking, cooking, and other domestic arts, as well as the usual literary branches of study.

Through its one hundred and thirty academies, normal schools, and colleges in the South Protestantism is getting a firm hold on the negroes. It is religious error that has opened the fountains of intelligence to the blacks, and, by instructing its youth, hopes to control the future of the race.

Now let us ask what are Catholics doing for the education of these children?

In the sixteen States and District of Columbia under consideration we have, as a set-off to the 51 Protestant colleges, universities, and schools of theology, 1 seminary, not, alas! for the training of colored teachers and priests, yet for the

education of missionaries who shall swear to minister exclusively to the negroes as their fathers and servants; opposed to the 80 high schools and normal schools supported by Protestants, we have 1 academy for colored girls; and side by side with their 19,000 primary schools, we have about 90 parochial schools scattered over the South, and varying in numbers of pupils from 30 to the 400 who attend St. Francis Xavier's School, Baltimore. In two or three of the Northern States—Kansas, for example—we have a few parochial schools, and, besides the institutions mentioned, we have four orphan asylums for colored children.

Wisely the fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore ordered that a collection should be taken up annually in all the churches under their jurisdiction for the benefit, partly, of the negroes in the United States, for unless the Catholic Church labors for their conversion in the days of their spiritual, mental, and material destitution, how can it hope to save them when they are given over to heresy by conviction, by lapse of time, and by ties of gratitude?

L. W. Reilly.

A PROTESTANT MISSIONARY PROBLEM.

In the October (1888) number of The Catholic World I quoted the testimony of Sir Willian Hunter, a zealous Protestant, as to the superiority of Catholic over Protestant missions, and now I propose to give the observations of Canon Taylor, a prominent Church-of-England divine. Writing in the *Fortnightly Review* of last October, he says:

"I believe our (Protestant) methods are not only unsuccessful but altogether wrong. We must return to those methods which were crowned with such marvellous triumphs in the centuries which saw the conversion of the Roman Empire and of the Northern nations. The modern method is to hire a class of professional missionaries—a mercenary army, which, like other mercenary armies, may be admirably disciplined and may earn its pay, but will never do the work of the real soldiers of the cross. The hireling may be an excellent hireling, but for all that he is only a hireling. If the work is to be done we must have men influenced with the apostolic spirit, the spirit of St. Paul, of St. Columba, of St. Columbanus, and of St. Xavier. These men brought whole nations to Christ, and such men only, if such men can be found, will reap the harvest of the heathen world. They must serve, not for pay, but solely for the love of God. They must give up all European comforts and European society, and cast their lot with the natives, and live as the natives live, counting their lives for naught and striving to make converts, not by the help of Paley's *Evidences*, etc. . . . The best preachers are not our words, but our lives; and our deaths, if need be, are better preachers still. We must hold up the spectacle of devoted lives to enable the people to understand the first elements of the Christian faith.

"General Gordon, in one of his last letters, has told us the same hard truth. Writing from Khartoum, he says in his trenchant style: 'There is not the least doubt that there is an immense virgin field for *an apostle* in these countries among the black tribes. But where will you find an apostle? A man must give up everything, understand—*everything, everything!* No half or three-quarter measure will do. He must be dead to the world, have no ties of any sort, and long for death when it may please God to take him. There are few, very few such. And yet what a field!' And General Gordon, a zealous Puritan Protestant if there ever was one, found none but the Roman Catholics who came up to his ideal of the absolute self-devotion of the apostolic missionary. In China he found the Protestant missionaries with comfortable salaries of £300 a year preferring to stay on the coast, where English comforts and English society could be had, while the Roman priests left Europe never to return, living in the interior with the natives, as the natives lived, without wife, or child, or salary, or comforts, or society. Hence these priests succeed as they deserve to succeed, while the professional Protestant missionary fails. True missionary work is necessarily heroic work, and heroic work can only be done by heroes. Men not cast in the heroic mould are only costly cumbrances."

When I was quite a small boy and still a Protestant I chanced to hear a Congregationalist lay-preacher discoursing from the pulpit on the life and mission of Francis Xavier. I was actually spell-bound by it. The service of Jesus Christ from that hour became in my mind invested with a beauty and glory that was irresistible.

We ought to be attracted rather than repelled by a lofty ideal; for what stronger argument could there be for the divinity of a religion than to find that it requires such a type of vocation for its missionaries as Mr. Taylor would have? "The servant is not greater than his master," and if the Son of God was what the church declares him to have been, his missionaries must be something like him.*

The failure of such missionaries as Canon Taylor describes is well established, easily understood, and General Gordon's pious offence at it is not to be wondered at.

Dr. Taylor speaks again on this subject in an article in the *Fortnightly* for last November, treating among other questions that of the celibacy of missionaries:

"The missionaries of the Church Missionary Society (Church of England) as a rule marry young; they are offered salaries, pensions, and provision for their wives and children. . . . Whether missionaries should be celibates or married men is a difficult question, and there is much that may be said on either side. In favor of matrimony it is urged—

"1. That a woman's influence is needful for teaching girls. It is replied that this influence can be as well or better exercised through sisterhoods.

"2. That missionaries feel lonely and want society. It is replied that brotherhoods of men living in community are much more effective than isolated missionaries.

"3. That scandals are prevented. It is replied that the serious lapses from morality which we have lately had to deplore have not occurred among celibates, but among married missionaries and widowers. . . . Doubtless the celibacy of the Roman Catholic missionaries affords an explanation of the small cost at which their missions are conducted, and probably also of their comparative success. All the great apostolic missionaries—the pioneers of missionary enterprise—were celibates. St. Columba, St. Columbanus, St. Aidan, St. Chad, St. Gall, St. Paulinus, St. Boniface, St. Methodius, and St. Francis Xavier were celibates. The greatest of them all, St. Paul, gives a sufficient reason for his own practice: 'He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong unto the Lord, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married careth for the things that are of this world, how he may please his wife.'"

It is all very well for Canon Taylor to point out the advantages of voluntary poverty and chastity in the missionary, but it is quite another thing to get it put into general practice. It runs counter to the whole Protestant system of religion. The few among Protestants who advocate and practice these virtues which the writer so extols are only viewed by the mass of their brethren as "Romanizers." Celibacy among Protestant missionaries will not work, as a rule. If the missionaries as a class have got to give up wife and salary to get the heathen into

* It is said that the heroic Gordon, so feelingly referred to by Canon Taylor, loved in his last days often to repeat the following lines from Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*:

"JESU, MARIA!—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow;
(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more."

heaven, then the heathen must die without the hope of heaven; that is the long and short of the whole question. We sincerely wish that instead of clinging to a system of religion which from its very beginning has lowered the sublime standard of Christian excellence in the ministry to nothing but the ordinary rule of those who must serve Christ encumbered with worldly ties these would-be zealous apostles to the heathen could behold the divine life and unity of the Catholic Church. The Universities Mission, a society which in the spirit of the Oxford High-Church movement has been of late years conducting missions according to the rules of chastity and purity as practised by Catholic missionaries, is brought forward by Canon Taylor as an example of Protestant success, and I do not question the truth of his statements regarding it; at the same time the great obstacle which it has to encounter is the lack of unity with the Catholic Church, together with its isolation from the vast majority of its own communion on account of fundamental differences in doctrine and practice. The adoption of its principles and methods by other Protestants would involve the renunciation of what was the main-spring of the Reformation, and, even if this were done, the great essential of unity would be wanting, a deficiency equivalent to that of an artery severed from the heart.

Rival churches and rival missionary societies are a great hindrance to the spread of the Gospel. This is universally admitted by those who have studied and weighed the question. If all the time, energy, and money which are sacrificed by the competing sects were only applied by a united body of Christians for one object, how different would be the results! If the Kingdom of God on earth were a house divided against itself, its defeat would be certain. Now, while to some this may appear to be the case, the divine unity of the church has been unquestionably proved, as it could be in no more practical way, by the continued rise of new sects and their constant warfare against her. This opposition will continue, in all probability, while the world lasts; but we know that unity can never be destroyed, nor the true Gospel ever fail to be preached throughout the whole world.

H. H. Wyman.

Reading Circles.

From widely separated cities and towns of the United States have come letters approving the formation of Catholic Reading Circles. One young lady has gone to work in a most practical way by visiting the public libraries in the vicinity of her home to make inquiries as to the number of Catholic books accessible. In many places there is a library revenue from the public funds, and those in charge are quite willing to allow due recognition to the claims of Catholics when urged with propriety and vigor.

"Milwaukee, Wis.

"I visited the State Historical Library, and found about three dozen works by Catholic writers, possibly more, but at any rate a small proportion; nearly all showed evidences of use. Are not such people desirable to reach? If Catholics would occasionally recommend Catholic works, their influence would be far-reaching. J. E. P."

"Ursuline Convent, St. Martin's, Brown Co., Ohio.

"In the December issue of The World I note with great pleasure your appeal to the Catholic public to form a Reading Circle. It would undoubtedly be the means of untold good, and I beg to offer you our humble coöperation among our pupils of to-day and of past years in any way that may be suggested.

"Assuring you of our earnest prayers for your success in bringing about this good work,

"Sister M. Ursula, Superior."

We esteem very highly this generous offer of assistance from St. Martin's Academy. It has many illustrious names among its graduates. To show the need of having our educational institutions engage in the work under consideration, we may quote the practical and suggestive advice which Provost Wenham, the honorary secretary of St. Anselm's Society, gives in a recent letter on "Current Literature and its Dangers," addressed to the superiors of our principal colleges and schools. He thinks, and very justly too, that the only safeguard for Catholic youth of both sexes and all classes, who on leaving school are almost inevitably exposed to the danger of pernicious books, consists in their having been previously trained, with a special view to this temptation, to take care of themselves. Homes are the best means through which a judicious taste in literature can be excited and encouraged; but schools also can do a great deal towards this object if they possess a good general library of sound works, and teachers able and anxious to direct their young, impressionable pupils in the courses best adapted to their different necessities in life. St. Anselm's Society, through Provost Wenham's pen, asks for the coöperation and assistance of the leading schools in combating the present danger, and of suggestions as to the most efficacious means of doing so. The entire letter argues powerfully though indirectly that "every Catholic is bound to do what can be done to make literature beneficent, and to use the development of education to religious and moral ends."

"Buffalo, N. Y.

"We have been wondering, my friends and I, whether, as it seems to embody one of her pet schemes, the article on Reading Circles in The Catholic World was not from the gifted pen of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who is well known and well loved in Buffalo. It seems to me that with energetic and talented women at its head, and surely we Catholics possess plenty such in every American city, a Catholic society on the same level ought to more than fill the place of such bigoted institutions as the 'Chautauqua Summer School' and the Boston 'Society for the Encouragement of Home Studies.' M. L. S."

"Alexandria, La.

"Reading Circle: With great pleasure I saw a notice in the December number of Catholic World of a proposed Reading Circle for the benefit of those wishing to improve themselves. It would fill a want I have felt deeply for several years. Thinking my experience might be an encouragement to the movement, I will trespass on your time and give some facts regarding my life which will show how much good might be done by a work of this kind if well managed and conducted with economic views, so as to meet the wants of the rich and poor. By the death of a daughter educated in a Canadian convent, my mother, myself, and three children were led by the grace of God to know the *truth* and become members of the one fold and sheep of the one *true Shepherd*. Since then all the family save two have been admitted into the true church. At the time of our conversion myself and daughter were readers in the Chautauqua Circle. We found, though a most excellent plan, it would not do for Catholics, as all historical matter was so conducted as to leave out everything Catholic possible, and the rest so obscure that the dark side alone of their place in the world could be known, save by those sufficiently well read to detect their errors, and they of course had very little use for the guidance of the circles. I am anxious to become a member, and think there are quite a number here who would join at once. I suppose those at a distance, like ourselves, would have to form branch circles, subject to the direction of the central body. M. J. W."

"Detroit, Mich.

"It is easy to conceive of the immense amount of good that might be effected by the proposed 'Reading Circles.'

"Even in my limited experience I have often been asked questions concerning the selection of books to read or to purchase which would be answered by the proposed 'guide lists.' Many persons are induced by canvassers to buy books that are of no use, perhaps even of in-

jury if read, who would be glad to pay the same amount for good books if they only had the means of ascertaining their character.

"The main consideration in carrying out the plan seems to me to obtain the right person or persons to manage the circles and decide on the books. An impartial and bold course is requisite, as well as a competent judge of historical, scientific, and literary merit. H. F. B."

"Niles, Mich.

"I have so often wondered at the indifference of Catholics for their own literature. Among a good deal that may be of indifferent merit there is certainly a large amount of a very superior quality. H. H. T."

"Hartford, Conn.

"I have had many opportunities to join Reading Circles, but have always refrained from doing so because I disliked, for personal reasons, the social element of many, and because others were connected with churches of various denominations.

"Catholic literature is expensive and beyond the reach of many of our people. I am a member of the —— Library Association, but am unable to get any current Catholic literature or obtain any Catholic magazine in the library's reading room. Such obstacles as these would be overcome by the Catholic publishers allowing a liberal discount on their books, as other publishers allow to the Chautauqua and to the Teachers' National Reading Circle. I sincerely trust that the plan proposed by The Catholic World will succeed, and I know God will bless those who are instrumental in furnishing advice and assistance to those in want of the same. I shall be very happy to become a member if my slender means will allow it. M. F. C."

"Bozeman, Montana Territory.

"Seeing a notice of a plan to further the reading of good Catholic literature I wish to know what that plan is. The article I refer to spoke as if the idea was for the benefit of young women, but I do not see why such a plan would not be of benefit to me. W. J. W."

This young man in Montana will get all the information about Reading Circles if he reads The Catholic World regularly, and he is quite welcome to utilize it for his own benefit. At present the chief object is to gather suggestions in regard to the needs of young ladies who are anxious for their own self-improvement. Each one interested in this inquiry should send at least a short note—*written only on one side of the paper*—to the office of The Catholic World. Just now it is desirable to know how many can be relied on to become active members. There are many places yet to be heard from, especially the cities and towns where parochial libraries have been established. Much good can be done by persistent efforts to secure a larger supply of Catholic books in public libraries. Some reliable statistics on this point will show what recognition is given to the works of Catholic writers.

We announce with pleasure that a very competent person has agreed to perform gratuitously the duties of corresponding secretary for the Reading Circles. It has been decided, also, that every one desiring to be enrolled as a member should send ten cents in postage-stamps to assist in defraying the expense of printing and circulating the first list of books to be recommended, which is now being prepared. Correspondents are requested to name books of fiction by Catholic American writers; give a short synopsis of each book, and by whom it was published. Write only on one side of the paper.

Reading Circles.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NUN OF KENMARE. An Autobiography. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

This book is an autobiographical scold at Catholic prelates in England, Ireland, and America because they would not believe that its writer had a genuine vocation to found a religious community. Now, it is very hard to ask either prelate, priest, or layman to believe that a person is gifted with the graces of a founder on that person's mere claim of them, backed by some formal words of commendation from the Holy See. Meantime it is preposterous for her to say that she is injured by the refusal of a bishop to give her place in his diocese. Foundress or no foundress, she must win her way by merit and not by lofty pretensions alone. It is also preposterous for her to resign her office of foundress by printing in the daily papers a letter to Leo XIII. giving up the mission he (as she claims) allowed her to assume, and which the perversity and general bad conduct of his bishops, as she alleges, prevented her from carrying out. We think the effect of it all will be that she will establish herself, not as a foundress in the Catholic Church, but as a garrulous old person in a brief scolding match with the Catholic press. She seems a very self-conscious and headstrong character, who had apparently done much good in Ireland during the last famine and let the world know of it after the manner of those who get their reward in this world; in her autobiography are printed many pages of newspaper puffs of the Nun of Kenmare.

She is an Englishwoman, her name in the world being Cusack, and she was received into the church in 1858, having been a member of an Anglican sisterhood. She entered a convent of Poor Clares at Kenmare, in the west of Ireland, and during her twenty-one years of residence there wrote several books, most of them useful though none of them of conspicuous merit. In 1881 she left that convent, having, as she claims, received her dispensation, and some time afterwards began to pose as a foundress. In several places she was received by the bishops with a welcome which did not anywhere compare in heartiness with their farewell. Zeal, energy, enterprise, and kindred virtues she doubtless had in some degree, or she could not have had the favor even for a limited time of the men whose names she is able to produce in commendation of one or other of her works of charity and religion. Nor is it necessary to say that there is no truth whatever in the complaints she makes, for she has not been privileged to deal with angels, but with men and women. She has met the human side of the church, and has not been able to show it an angelic side of her own nature. But she leaves you to infer that she was always right and the ecclesiastical authorities always wrong. She is all wrought up with a burning sense of wrong because she has failed in discriminating between the Catholic religion and the Catholic official. But the upshot of her career as a foundress, as told in this book, is that she came to grief with everybody; and the discreet reader will be likely to conclude that everybody came to grief with her. Whatever may be

the pros and cons of any particular difference between her and the prelates whom she accuses, this much is certain—she is about as unlike that unique character in religious history known as the foundress as possibly can be.

Perhaps this book will do harm. There are some pretty hot paragraphs of abuse of bishops in it, and some despicable attacks on the whole body of the Catholic clergy. These last are, we more than suspect, made up of the slanderous whispers of drunken priests and other clerical vagabonds, who, having been degraded and expelled from their dioceses, purchased her favor or fed her envy by their scandalous gossip. So we may expect that some use will be made of the book by the enemies of the Catholic religion, and that its author will figure for her brief remainder of life as an escaped nun of the more genteel class. But the book is rambling and disconnected, not very interesting, and evidently the outcome of a long campaign of hard pounding with Catholic church dignitaries.

After reading this autobiography we feel rather more than doubtful whether or not the Nun of Kenmare ever had a soundly established intellectual conviction of Catholic truth. Like others who have had difficulties with their ecclesiastical superiors, and have appealed from them to the *profanum vulgus*, whether from the public rostrum or in the secular press, she seems never to have gained a true notion of the right of the church to pass laws and to appoint officers to execute them, a right which is divine and supreme, and to be obeyed and respected accordingly, a right which is the best safeguard of Christian liberty. Her entering the Puseyite convent, then the Catholic Church, afterwards the Poor Clares' convent, then opening her own convent at Knock, and finally her "founding an order," are all only specimens of the "many plans" which occupied her distracted and turbulent career, and which are spoken of by one of the American prelates whom she soundly berates for advising her to go home to her old convent.

The following passage, we deeply regret to say, indicates a falling away from the faith: "When I first was received into the Roman Catholic Church I was taught, as all Catholics were taught then, that the church was infallible; that when the Apostles said, 'It seems good to the Holy Ghost and to us,' they spoke collectively, as the church did then. . . . What a change from this dogma to the present teaching of the same church! No longer do you hear, 'It seems good to the Holy Ghost and to us,' but the cry is, 'It seems good to the Holy Ghost and to *me*.' The voice of the church is practically lost in the voice of a single man" (p. 17).

There are other passages not a few which give not unreasonable ground for suspicion of apostasy.

FROM WORLD TO CLOISTER; or, My Novitiate. By Bernard. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Several books have been written describing the mode of life of religious orders, some (like that of Steinmetz) in a hostile spirit, others of so sentimental a character as to repel the more sensible reader. The present work

is by far the best of the kind which we have read. Its author when he entered the novitiate was a man of mature years, one well acquainted with the world, interested in all those subjects for which men of education care—literature, art, politics. He entered after full deliberation, knowing what he was about; he was no soured or disappointed man (in fact, he had been fairly successful), but he had weighed the things of the world in the balance of the sanctuary. He did not look upon the monastery as a spiritual refuge or hospital, but as a place which offered to him the opportunity of making to God the most complete sacrifice of which man is capable.

The life in the novitiate is consequently described by one who is able to sympathize with those who have been brought up under nineteenth-century influences, and who in addition has no small literary skill. The style is so clear and simple that the reader will never be able to forget this picture of a life which is being passed in the very heart of London.

The following extract (perhaps somewhat too long) will give an idea of the character and spirit of the work:

"On Thursday nights we had nocturnal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and this was one of the most enjoyable customs of the community. . . . The hours of watch were allotted to the religious, . . . each taking his turn. . . . We novices seldom entered the church, which was open to the congregation, and then perhaps only on Sunday for some procession. What a contrast between such an occasion and this midnight watch! Then the building was closely crowded by a fashionable, idle, highly dressed congregation, brought thither mainly by the luscious music, the pretty pageantry, or mere curiosity to see the monks. The air was heavy with perfume, the ear filled with the sweet sound of the chanted litany or the grand tones of the organ in the *Salve Regina*. As we paced slowly round we had on such days to stand a running fire of curious, sometimes impertinent, and mostly unsympathizing gazers, or to listen to whispered sneers from Protestants who, having paid their entrance, thought themselves justified in criticising as at a theatre. Now all was still and hushed; I was the sole occupant of the holy place, and I was kneeling before its Lord and Master, in whose honor it had been built. Gazing at the Blessed Sacrament enthroned on high, with heart uplifted in prayer, the moments flew swiftly by. Occasionally the silence was broken by the rattle of a hansom cab conveying some belated reveller home, or a lumbering market-garden van would roll slowly by. Once I remember the air seemed to grow thick with eager cries of 'Fire!' and the fire-engine galloped by with a noise like thunder; then all was still again until the shouts of a drunken man or the grim rebukes of the police again disturbed the watcher. But all this was momentary, and over and above all shone the Blessed Sacrament on high. Think of the contrast: But a few yards beyond lay great London, in the full tide of pleasure, folly, dissipation, and vice; theatres, music-halls open, balls and routs in progress, its streets frequented by the gay, the profligate, and the rogue seeking his prey. It was a temple of pleasure where sacrifice was being offered to the god of this world, and in which might be seen nearly all that was lovely, or costly, or rare, or luxurious, or mean, or base; while here religion had erected a throne for her God, before whom bent one simple monk, praying for his own sins and those of the thousands who never pray for themselves. The moments sped swiftly by. By degrees the calm beauty of the scene would steal into my soul, the awful Presence be more fully realized, so as to leave no room for doubts and fears and difficulties. Why could it not go on for ever? It seemed so hard to think that in a few minutes life's burden must be taken up afresh, the rugged side of Thabor descended, and the struggle with the realities of life once more commenced as before. And yet not quite as before; for if it be that 'no man approaches a fire without carrying away some heat,' so may I hope that the remembrance of that midnight vigil would recur again and again through the week, bringing thoughts of peace and encouragement to persevere to the end. But at length the clock would strike the hour and I would depart to thread the dim corridors and summon the next watcher."

In our opinion this work will serve a higher end than merely to gratify

curiosity. There is much well-weighed advice on the vocation to the religious life, and on the spirit by which those who enter upon that life must be animated. Perhaps the requirements of the author are somewhat severe, more severe than theologians of great authority would justify. Every one, however, may profit by his advice, and although some of his remarks may be thought to be in bad taste, on the whole we think that the effect of the work will be to increase the esteem and reverence for the old orders which is due to them for their great services in the past.

NOUVEAU MANUEL DE CHANTS LITURGIQUES traduits en notation moderne, avec rhythme précis suivis de 39 motets en musique pour saluts etc., à l'usage des Eglises, des communantés religieuses, des colléges et des écoles. Par l'Abbé C. Bourduas, Ptre., Maître de Chapelle à la Cathédrale de Montreal. Montreal: Eusèbe Senécal et Fils.

Some few months ago Father Young, in an article contributed by him to this magazine, made a definite offer to introduce congregational singing in any church desiring it. He then very properly argued that the first efforts should be directed toward establishing the singing of English hymns by the people. At the same time he gave an assurance that they could soon be so far instructed as to take an active part in singing all that is now generally sung by our church choirs at Mass and even at Vespers. The hope of redeeming such a promise would practically depend, of course, upon there being a manual at hand in which all those portions of the liturgy would be set in simple, easy notation. Such a work, the result of no small labor, did not to our knowledge exist, and he was about beginning the preparation of one when the present little volume came under notice, just issued at Montreal, and which in many respects fulfils all the requirements of such a manual of liturgical song as our people need, at least as beginners.

The reverend editor has followed the notation of the edition of the Roman Gradual and Antiphonarium, so called, "of Montreal," copied in great part from ancient and reputable French editions. It has been used solely in the Paulist church of this city since Gregorian chant was first introduced there eighteen years ago. Take it all in all, we are acquainted with no edition more satisfactory for present use, although, like many other modern editions, it is lacking in much that is beautiful and artistic through the abbreviation and alteration of phrases; suffering from them, though not to an equal degree as other modern editions. It can be said to be as good as any in use. When we shall have exercised ourselves in it for a generation, and begotten a better race of vocal artists, we may then hope to study and execute the magnificent chant of the Benedictines, edited by the greatest chant savant now living, Dom Pothier, O.S.B., as found in their Graduale recently issued in superb style by the house of Desclée, Lefebvre et Cie., Tournay, Belgium. Any one wishing to examine that work should also peruse *Les Melodies Gregoriennes*, by Dom Pothier, expressly composed as explanatory of the chant, its origin, rhythm, etc., etc.

The chant in the present little volume has been translated into modern notation with the invariable use of the G clef on a staff of five lines. Like all such attempts that have hitherto come under our notice, it fails, in our judgment, to convey equally well with the old Gregorian notation that

which is chiefly sought in such a translation, viz.: a better idea of the true rhythm of the chant melody. It will serve those who are already acquainted with the proper movement, and we suppose the author counted upon this general knowledge among the people of Canada, for whose use the Manual has been especially prepared; but if this translation were placed before one as yet wholly ignorant of chant, such a singer or player would make sorry work of these charming, flowing melodies, since he would be naturally led to observe the comparative length of the notes as used in modern music.

The author recognizes this difficulty in his excellent and instructive preface when he says, apropos of the rhythm of syllabic chants:

"It is extremely important to introduce into one's singing of chant all those varied shades of expression without which one will never succeed in giving its true character to the musical rhythm, which demands not only a correspondence between the musical rhythm and the rhythm of the sentence in general, but also the rhythm of each particular word. Plain chant in its syllabic melodies should be a truly solemn declamation of the text. This is why the figures of the notes can hardly be of any other service than to designate the intonation, the rhythm being furnished by the language."

In the use of this Manual, therefore, care must be taken to avoid anything like counting time or a strict observance of the comparative length of the minim, the crotchet, dotted crotchet, and quaver as will be found printed.

The book contains a full set of Gregorian Masses, all the psalms and hymns for Vespers and Compline, various prayers for daily private devotion, at Mass, the Way of the Cross, etc. Thirty-nine excellent motets are also given for use at Benediction and special occasions, chiefly harmonized, as we are glad to see, for four equal voices. Being so set they will be very useful for both colleges and convents, where, for lack of such arrangements, and not unfrequently for lack of sufficient musical education, one hears now and then musical morceaux of this character sung by equal voices which are arranged for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, producing the most shocking effects.

If an edition of this useful church-chant manual could be prepared with the text in English it would, of course, be more likely to meet with a general sale in the United States and England. There will be a demand for such a work before many years. A forthcoming volume of accompaniments for the use of organists is announced as in press.

PEARLS OF A YEAR. Stories from *The Xavier*. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

The students of St. Francis Xavier's College have published a collection of short stories titled *Pearls of a Year*, taken from the last year's numbers of their college monthly, *The Xavier*. This little handful of pearls that they have gathered and strung together has made a very pretty necklace of jewels and is a chain of silvery gems. It consists of thirty-one stories in seven different departments of literature. Each distinct composition is unique in itself, each bead of pearl has its own peculiar veins of color. The first group contains six beautifully written biographical stories, four in prose and two in poetry; the second of ten well-told stories of

adventure; seven interesting literary essays, two snatches of secular poetry; three beautiful scriptural poems, and these are three jewels of gold. There are two devotional compositions in poetry, and, lastly, an art essay headed "Our Lady in Art."

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1889. With Calendars calculated for different Parallels of Latitude and adapted for use throughout the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

The twenty-first year of its publication is the witness of the usefulness and popularity of this *Annual*. A comparison of its first issues with the one now before us makes it clear, besides, that with its years it has steadily increased in general excellence; new and important features have been added, and in the illustrations alone it has generally kept pace with the present demand for work of a high order of merit. We say generally, for in the present *Annual*, though it contains in its illustrations some work of rare ability, notably so in the portrait of General Sheridan, some of the cuts are decidedly below the average in fidelity and good workmanship. The American engraver is without a superior, in the opinion of many he is without a peer, and such portraits as those of Archbishop Alemany and the Countess of Desmond, such cuts as those descriptive of the Grande Chartreuse, are far from being creditable specimens of his art.

Still these defects are more than counterbalanced by the number of *good* engravings, and by the excellence and variety of the reading-matter. There is a well-written and well-condensed account of the Pope's jubilee, embellished with a fine, full-page portrait of Leo XIII. Mr. Maurice Egan has placed an Irish legend within a setting of his pleasing verse, and there are brief but interesting sketches of the Cathedral of Burgos, the Grande Chartreuse, the Leaning Towers of Bologna, Moyne Abbey, and the Church of St. Mark at Venice.

But the special excellence of the *Annual* and the feature that has contributed most to its popularity is found in the number of its biographical sketches of prominent Catholics, lay as well as clerical, and those of our own day as well as of the past. The *Annual* for 1889 has in this respect maintained its past reputation for the terseness and clearness that have been characteristic of these sketches. They include the lives of such churchmen as Archbishops Alemany, Lynch, Lamy, and Plunket, of Las Casas, of Thomas à Kempis, of Cardinal Lavigerie and his work for the abolition of the African slave-trade; of such prominent laymen as the late John R. G. Hassard, of General Sheridan, Ferdinand Gagnon, and many others. In this one feature alone the *Annual* is worth more than its price.

THE TRAINING OF THE TWELVE; or, Passages out of the Gospels Exhibiting the Twelve Disciples of Jesus under Discipline for the Apostleship. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D., Professor of Apologetics and New Testament Exegesis, Free-Church College, Glasgow. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The Apostles are here dressed up in Presbyterian clothes, cut and made in the real Knox fashion; but the men are made to fit the dress, not the

dress to fit the men. Together with these clothes they also have wives, with the exception of St. Paul, who is allowed to remain unmarried for the consolation, we suppose, of Presbyterian bachelors. Fasting gets the usual cold welcome of antique Protestantism, ritual observances are described as a putrid carcass breeding "spiritual pestilence"; nevertheless, the importance of Sabbath sanctification is duly set forth. Good works are styled "counterfeit coins which will not pass current in the kingdom of heaven." All the labors of the ascetic to save his soul will turn out to be so much rubbish to be burned up, and if he be saved at all it will be "so as by fire." This is the first instance that we have found of a Presbyterian who taught the doctrine of purgatory.

In commenting upon the words, "Thou art Peter," etc., and "I will give to thee the keys," etc., the author exclaims: "What a gigantic system of spiritual despotism and blasphemous assumption has been built on these two sentences concerning the rock and the keys! How nearly by their aid has the kingdom of God been turned into a kingdom of Satan!" In fact, if the plain meaning of these words be not the real meaning, then is Scripture of better use to professors of exegesis than to honest seekers after truth.

THE NEW SAINTS OF 1888: St. John Berchmans, S.J.; St. Peter Claver, S.J.; St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, S.J., and the Seven Founders of the Servites. By Rev. Francis Goldie, S.J.; Rev. Father Scola, S.J., etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE BLESSED ONES OF 1888: B. Clement Maria Hofbauer, C.SS.R.; B. Louis Grignon de Montfort; B. Egidius Mary of St. Joseph, and B. Josephine Mary of St. Agnes, O.S.A. Translated from the German of Rev. Hermann Koneberg, O.S.B., by Eliza A. Donnelly. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

These are short sketches of blessed souls whose lives have added a special glory to our Lord Jesus Christ, and their recent elevation to the altars of the church is a marvellous proof of her never-failing sanctity. These little volumes are well printed and tastefully bound.

CONQUESTS OF OUR HOLY FAITH; or, Testimonies of Distinguished Converts. By James J. Treacy. New York and Cincinnati: Frederick Pustet & Co.

This book is a compilation of choice pieces from the writings of distinguished converts to the Catholic faith. Mr. Treacy has made, it seems to us, a good selection of topics, and has left few of the better known converts unrepresented. The volume is useful in more ways than one. Many of the selections might be learned by heart—few of them are lengthy—by students of English style, and some would furnish excellent matter for elocutionary exercises. The editor's previous compilations are of similar use: *Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens, Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity.* But we think their chief value to consist in this: from such selections one gets those very aspects of Catholic truth which attract men from without; one discovers the combinations of colors and of form which first cause the earnest seeker to say, How beautiful is the Catholic Church! If we would lead honest men to

the truth we must acquire a facility of putting ourselves in their place. We must understand both their weaknesses and their virtues; and these Testimonies are of assistance in doing so.

READINGS WITH THE SAINTS. Compiled from their writings for the use of Priests, Religious, and Christians in the world. By a Priest of the Diocese of Clifton. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The author of this little volume has grouped together many extracts from the writings of the saints, presenting to the public a beautiful bouquet of the choicest flowers from the garden of the Lord. They are pleasing to the eyes and their perfume is exquisite. Knowledge has been displayed in the culling and skill and taste in the arranging of this nosegay, and it will be a source of joy to him into whose hands it comes.

EUCHARISTIC GEMS. A Thought about the Most Blessed Sacrament for every day in the year. Compiled from the works of the Saints and other devout writers on this great mystery. By Rev. L. C. Coelenbier, O.S.F., chaplain to the Franciscan Convent, Taunton. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

Several compilations of a somewhat similar character to the one here mentioned have been published recently, but we venture the opinion that none of them can serve as practical a purpose as this. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is, we need not say, a characteristic of solid and enlightened piety. There are many—many of the laity too, thank God!—who, next to the Sacraments, owe much of their strength in temptation, their consolation in affliction, their peace, their courage in the strife of this mortal life, to their daily visit to our Lord in the Tabernacle. For many who are in the habit of making this daily visit a book of some kind is a necessity to stimulate appropriate thoughts and affections, and hence there are several approved manuals for this purpose. This little volume of *Eucharistic Gems* is of such a character, and is therefore of much practical utility to those who are in earnest in their efforts to live a life of union with God. There is a different thought for each day in the year, taken from the writings of the Saints, and though often brief, none the less full of spiritual nourishment. The book is tastefully bound and printed.

THE PACIFIC COAST ALMANAC FOR 1889. San Francisco: Diepenbrock Bros. & Doeing.

We have seen this almanac for the first time to-day, though this is the second year of its publication. The publishers show much commendable enterprise and good taste in its arrangement and general appearance. There are several of these Catholic annuals published in different parts of the country, but this impresses us as being one of the best. There is much variety in its pages; the illustrations are nearly all in mono-tint and are very well done, the biographies are well selected, though for the most part their interest is local, and the literary matter in general shows good judgment in its selection. It is a matter of regret that the proof-sheets were not read with a little more care.

In the home these annuals are very useful as reference books for information

on subjects of interest to Catholics. They have well-arranged calendars, they provide a reliable record of contemporary history, and they add something of local interest to the reading matter of the family circle.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE OSCOTIAN. A Literary Gazette of St. Mary's College, Oscott. The Jubilee of 1888. London : Burns & Oates ; New York : The Catholic Publication Society Co.

ST. PATRICK : His Life, His Labors, His Heroic Virtues, and the Fruits of His Labors. By Very Rev. Dean Kinane, P.P., V.G., Cashel. With a Preface by His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly. First edition. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son ; New York : The Catholic Publication Society Co.

SERMONS AT MASS. By the Rev. Patrick O'Keefe, C.C., Borisoleigh, Archdiocese of Cashel, author of *Moral Discourses*. Third edition. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son ; New York : The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE RIVAL CLAIMS OF CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM. By Very Rev. Thomas Kelly, P.P., Castlecomer. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son ; New York : The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE SACRED HEART ALMANAC FOR 1889. Philadelphia : The Office of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

THE LIFE OF RAPHAEL. By Herman Grimm. Translated, with the Author's sanction, by Sarah Holland Adams, translator of Grimm's *Goethe and Literature*, Meyer's *The Monk's Wedding*, etc. Boston : Cupples & Hurd.

THE IDEA OF GOD. By Paul Carus, Ph.D. A Paper read before the Society for Ethical Culture at Chicago, 1888. Chicago : The Open Court Publishing Co.

FACETTES OF LOVE : FROM BROWNING. Being the Introductory Address at the Opening of the Browning Society of the New Century Club of Philadelphia, November 12, 1888. By Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society. Philadelphia : Wm. F. Fell & Co.

FIAT LUX ! ! ! Sullo Stato Materiale e Morale-Religioso d'Italiani Sbarcatè a New York in Questi Ultimi Anni. Cause e Rimedi. New York.

AALESUND TO TETUAN. A Journey. By Charles R. Corning. Boston : Cupples & Hurd.

LIFE OF ST. JEROME. By Mrs. Charles Martin. London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York : The Catholic Publication Society Co.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA. A Speech by Cardinal Lavigerie. Made at the Meeting held in London July 31, 1888, presided over by Lord Granville, former Minister of English Foreign Affairs. Boston : Cashman, Keating & Co.

CATHOLIC WORSHIP. The Sacraments, Ceremonies, and Festivals of the Church explained in Questions and Answers. By Rev. O. Gisler. Translated from the German by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL D. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago : Benziger Bros.

MANUAL OF CONFIRMATION. Containing Instructions and Devotions for Confirmation Classes. In two parts. By P. J. Schmitt, Rector. New York : Joseph Schaefer.

MISSIONS D'AFRIQUE (d'Alger) SOUS LA PROTECTION DE NOTRE DAME D'AFRIQUE. Bulletins Mai-Novembre, 1888. Paris : A la Procuré des Missions d'Afrique.

THE WORLD OF CANT. New York : J. S. Ogilvie.

POEMS : RELIGIOUS AND MISCELLANEOUS. By William J. McClure, Rector at Barrytown, N. Y. New York : J. W. Pratt & Son.

FIRST STEPS IN READING. In four parts. Part I. By Martha A. Pease. Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co.

GUIDE TO ROME. Translated from the Trastevere Dialect. By Joseph A. Ely. Rochester, N. Y.: H. D. Bryan.

THE POEMS OF EMMA LAZARUS. In two vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MOODY MOMENTS. Poems. By Edward Doyle. New York: Ketcham & Doyle.

MISCELLANIES. By Henry Edward Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. Vol. III. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE TEACHING AND INFLUENCE OF ST. AUGUSTINE. An Essay with particular reference to recent misrepresentations. By James Field Spalding, Rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass. New York: James Pott & Co.

LAYS OF SOUTH SLIGO: A Few Wild Flowers of National Poetry. By John O'Dowd ("Adonis," "Sligo Suspect"). Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

CORRESPONDENCE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, THE LIBERATOR. Edited, with notices of his life and times, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A., Author of *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Bishop Doyle*, etc. In two volumes, with portrait. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE LIFE OF FATHER LOUIS DELLA VAGNA, CAPUCHIN FRIAR, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Toronto, 1836–1857. A Paper read before the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, February 29, 1888. By H. F. McIntosh. With an introduction by Rt. Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Bishop of London, Ont. Toronto: Office of the *Catholic Weekly Review*.

THE COMING SLAVERY, THE SINS OF LEGISLATORS, AND THE GREAT POLITICAL SUPERSTITION. By Herbert Spencer. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Co.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH. By Rev. A. D. Mayo. Bureau of Education, Circular No. 5, 1888. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA. By Herbert B. Adams, Ph.D., Associate Professor of History in the Johns-Hopkins University. With authorized sketches of Hampden-Sidney, Randolph-Macon, Emory-Henry, Roanoke and Richmond Colleges, Washington and Lee University, and Virginia Military Institute. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

THE

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MORAL THEOLOGY AND MONOPOLIES.

A MONOPOLY, or what is in substance the same thing, a Trust, is defined to be the sole right or power vested in one, or in a few, of selling any given object. It is either legal or private, according as the right is, for reasonable cause, granted by public authority; or is gained by the private endeavor of one individual, or by the joint operation of a few. In monarchical governments this right is conferred as a privilege upon certain parties by the royal authority for the public good, or for the purpose of collecting a lawful tribute from merchants. We are not asserting that such privileges have been always judiciously bestowed by princes, or that, when given, they were never abused. We are merely stating the point of view from which right legislation did not condemn, but approved them; to wit, their creation was *propter bonum publicum*—by reason of the public good.

In free and democratic America, as no such power of conferring privileges is vested in any individual, monopolies have been brought about by combinations of individuals, who, uniting great administrative abilities with large capital, have purchased for themselves the sole and exclusive power of selling certain articles of merchandise. Hence, whether deriving from royal concession or owing their origin to private wealth, enterprise, and shrewdness, all monopolies or trusts essentially agree in this, that they constitute a power residing solely with one man, or one small body of men, of selling any given article. Let us suppose "monopoly" to go better with "monarchy" and "trust" to comport more decently with the government of a free, sovereign, and independent people. But, before proceeding further, be it mentioned that a "corner" may be made either upon rare and valua-

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ble articles of luxury, or upon the common necessaries of life. Desirous of being practical, we confine our remarks strictly to the latter. Considered in the abstract, there is nothing wrong in American citizens by industry, energy, and tact winning for themselves the sole and exclusive sale of any article, be it even one of the necessaries of life. But the vital question yet remains: Within what limits must individuals or corporations so circumstanced fix the price of their merchandise, in order not to offend either the precept of justice or that of charity?

To that class of minds which makes the letter of the statute book the measure of right, and which esteems no man a thief who, by whatever means not technically illegal, amasses wealth, my attempt to discover limitations to the prices demanded by monopolists may seem both astounding and absurd. But if there be such a thing as a just or an unjust price, which no one denies, it must be definable by some criterion; and, if applicable to individuals, we see no reason why it should not be equally applied to monopolies, legal or private. Men may be as much responsible for injustice perpetrated by combinations of which they are members as for what they do as single individuals. So far as personal responsibility is concerned, the proposition that corporations are soulless, is no less an absurdity than that Jay Gould or any other individual is soulless. If Texas train-robbers form "trusts" to seize upon the United States mail, it does not shield them individually from the rigorous punishment of the law. Each one is personally responsible for the whole guilt chargeable to their united and corporative rascality and bound to at least a *pro rata* restitution. We see no plausible reason why any exemption from this rule should be extended to moneyed monopolists, whensoever they go beyond the limits of commutative justice.

Nor can the exorbitant prices extorted by "trusts" be justified upon the plea of what is called the law of supply and demand. For it is evident that that principle presupposes the interaction of another factor, namely, honest competition. This factor eliminated, the whole problem is falsely stated. But it is the essential nature of monopolies to suppress this essential factor. No monopoly can be formed till competition be crushed out. *Corruptio unius, generatio alterius*—the death of one is the life of the other. The plea, therefore, is groundless, and hence the same criterion must regulate the price of objects for corporations as for individuals. What that criterion is we shall see after producing the following conditions laid down by St.

Liguori as essential to the moral integrity of monopolies. I cite him as standing at the head of modern moral theologians:

"Dico I. Monopolium legale licitum est, modo cum justo pretio fiat. Ratio est, quia ob justam boni publici causam Princeps illud ceu privilegium, vel ad tributum a mercatoribus exigendum, concedere potest.

"Dico II. Monopolium privatum illicitum est in sequentibus casibus:

"1°. Si mercator impediat fraude vel mendacio ne aliæ merces advertantur, ut ipse merces suas carius vendat cum communi detrimento.

"2°. Si unus vel pauci merces omnes emant ut deinde illas carius vendant" (S. Lig. n. 815).—Apud Gury, *De Monopolio.*

"I say first: Legal monopoly is licit, provided the price be just. The reason is because a prince may for just cause of public good cede it either as a privilege or for the purpose of exacting tribute from merchants.

"I say secondly: Private monopoly is illicit in the following cases:

"1st. If a merchant impede by fraud or by falsehood the importation of other merchandise for the purpose of selling his own too high, to the common detriment.

"2d. If one or a few (merchants) buy up all merchandise, in order afterwards to sell it at too high a price."

Three conditions are therefore absolutely necessary to the establishment of a just monopoly. First, it should not be detrimental to the common good; second, it should not be brought about by fraud or by falsehood; third, the price should not be too high. We believe these conditions are sufficiently plain, reasonable, and just. It is the intention of government to promote the common good; whatever, therefore, defeats this end is an enemy to society, and *ipso facto* calls for governmental correction. No honest man will contend that in the formation of a monopoly either fraud or deceit is admissible; since in no cause, howsoever good, does the end justify iniquitous means. We must enter into a somewhat more lengthy exposition of the third requirement. What is a just or an unjust price? Be it remembered that we are not treating of the rarer articles of luxury, but of such objects of trade as belong to the necessaries of life, and of whose value, therefore, a correct judgment is to be found among the great mass of the people. We say, then, that the price of an article is either legal or natural; legal, where it is determined by law; natural, where it corresponds to that value which the common estimation of the people places upon it. So far as we are aware there are no legal prices in the United States. The current estimation in which the people hold any given thing determines its natural price. This varies with varying circumstances. When the supply is scarcest and the demand greatest, we have the highest price; *vice versa*, or when the supply is

greatest and the demand least, we have the lowest price; while the value which rises or falls between these two extremes is denominated medium price. Let us now put a case. A few capitalists form a monopoly and make a "corner" upon flour. They have the exclusive sale of the whole of that article in the entire country. They agree not to sell flour but for the highest price: meaning by highest price not that which the "corner" begets, but that which existed before the formation of the monopoly. Do such capitalists sin against justice? St. Liguori holds, as a more probable opinion, that they do not. Because to sin against justice the price must be unjust. But it is admitted that the price, though the highest, is just. No injustice is therefore done, and, as a further consequence, such capitalists are under no obligation of restitution. But in answer to the question, Do they sin against charity? the holy doctor replies in the affirmative:

"Quia, licet charitate non obligeris ad vendendum infra summum pretium, videris tamen obligari ad non dissuadendum aliis, ne minori pretio vendant. Ita licet charitate non tenearis ad eleemosynam tali pauperi erogandam, prohiberis tamen alios dissuadere, si qui eam largiri volunt" (S. Lig. ibid.)

"Because, even though you are not bound by charity to sell below the highest price, none the less it seems that you are bound not to dissuade others from selling at a lower price. Just as, though you are not bound to give alms to such and such a pauper, you are, however, forbidden to dissuade others from so doing if there be any who are willing to bestow it."

This applies to the monopolists in the above case, because they mutually dissuade each other from selling their goods at more reduced figures, all having agreed to sell only for the highest.

In the solution of the above, or a similar case, St. Liguori cites another opinion of theologians who hold that said monopolists do sin against justice. He calls this opinion *probabilis—i.e.*, based upon solid grounds. But we have stood for liberty, and given them the benefit of the most liberal view of casuistry. It is a monopoly brought about by no fraudulent or deceitful means; the prices fixed are not above the highest market rates, its principles are exempt from the onus of restitution; notwithstanding all which, we yet find them charged with sinning against the precept of charity, and that by one of the profoundest and most liberal doctors of the church. Every Catholic knows what that means. It means that he can purchase damnation to his soul as readily by sins against charity as by sins against justice, and that

though he be freed from the duty of restitution to man, before God he shall answer to that other precept: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

We are now in a position to steal a glance at the so-called "trusts" or monopolies in the United States. That they universally sin against charity is the least that can be said against them, and, for such as accept the maxim of soulless corporations, no doubt the least thing taken into consideration. Men often countenance under the shadow of a corporation what they would repudiate as individuals. That they are injurious to the community at large, are detrimental to the common good, we have seen triumphantly asserted by many, and successfully denied by none. When the people have appealed for remedy to the general government, the advocates of trusts would make believe that monopolies are merely private enterprises, and, as a consequence, national legislation against them would be an infringement of personal rights. But evils which affect the common weal are no less public evils because they proceed from private individuals. It is by their effects, not by their origin, that they must stand or fall. A streamlet bursts forth in Minnesota, but the Mississippi swells into national importance long before reaching the Gulf of Mexico. The proper object for government legislation is all that domain of commerce between citizens of States which concerns the whole country, whatever be its source. Nor do we understand how monopolists dare minimize themselves into individuals, it being an established fact that they wield a power to which not only States, but, as in the case of the whiskey trust, the national government has been forced to submit; and they control treasures that would enrich an empire. More than half the wealth of the United States is under monopolistic control.

If we now inquire by what means these combinations, trusts, corporations, or, to call them by a more generic name, monopolies, are brought to a solid footing, we cannot exculpate them from either fraud or deceit. When they cannot suck minor competitors into the same vortex of iniquity as themselves, they do not hesitate to undersell them by an enormous depression of price, for the sole purpose of crushing out honest competition. Thus the business, the fortunes, the prospects of many are wholly destroyed, to make way for their own unparalleled extortions. Where men seem utterly regardless or ignorant of the precepts of morality; where the doctrine that might constitutes right is carried to the bitter end; where no law of conscience,

but only selfishness and avarice stand between the rich, who are few, and the poor, who are many: to us it is impossible to perceive how clear-headed and honest writers doubt whether government should interfere. The plea of private right is a false pretext. No man has a private right to inflict public injury. Whenever they clash, private good must yield to public good.

That our *de facto* monopolists levy unjust prices the most casual observer cannot but know. Once masters of the situation, they consider themselves bound by no commercial law independent of themselves. As a consequence, the people at large cannot procure absolute necessaries of life but by paying twice the amount of the highest price existing before the "corner." Fortunate, too, may they esteem themselves if they are robbed to no greater extent. Let us illustrate. During the present season the whole South has been wrought up to a high pitch of indignation against the so-called "Jute-Bagging Trust." A brief notice of this may serve to disclose the boldness of enterprise, the extent of power, and the far-reaching effects of similar conspiracies. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

We presume it is well known by all classes of readers that the entire cotton crop of the South is pressed into bales of from four to five hundred pounds each, and, being so pressed, is wrapped in what is called jute bagging. The raw material of this stuff comes from India, and is manufactured in this country. Fifty million yards are said to be the amount required each year for the entire cotton crop of five or six million bales. This supply of bagging is manufactured by some six or seven industries in the North, and before the formation of the trust was sold at the live-and-let-live prices of from seven to ten cents per yard. Thus seven was the lowest and ten the highest just price established by honest competition. With ingenuity to discover the means, and money to aid their enterprise, a few capitalists formed a combination and actually or virtually purchased every one of the jute-bagging manufactories and all the raw material. Having gained complete control of the fifty million yards of jute bagging, till then considered absolutely necessary for the sale of cotton, they raised the price of this necessary article from seven to ten cents per yard to the exorbitant sum of about fifteen cents, or nearly fifty per cent. above the highest pre-existing value. If successful, this scheme means an unjustifiable tax of about two-and-a-half million dollars by private individuals upon the entire South, equal in area to almost one-half of the Union. Compared with the immense profits resulting from other combinations,

whose name is legion, this amount sinks into insignificance. The entire horizon of commerce is clouded by these gigantic frauds. There are your Standard Oil Company, your Whiskey Ring, your Western Union Telegraph Company, your "corners" on flour, on sugar, on coffee, and on whatever else offers a hope of stupendous gain. Brought about by fraudulent and deceptive means, rising above the control of local or State laws, spreading beyond the interest of a few, obstructing the common good of the whole country, they have ceased to be matters of individual right. They have risen to the importance of national evils and should be met by national legislation.

C. A. OLIVER.

Scranton, Miss.

THE NEGROES AND THE INDIANS.

"THE empire of the Catholic Church is a continual conquest." This saying of Cardinal Newman is exemplified in the growth of the church in this country. Year by year she has had to enlarge her tents in order to make room for the ever-increasing number of her children. Churches, schools, institutions for every work of mercy are flourishing on all sides. And in order to accomplish all this the clergy and people alike have developed a generosity and enterprise worthy of the cause. But slight attention, in consequence, seems to have been paid to such works of zeal as were not in some sense local; such, for instance, as the propagation of the faith among heathen nations, and especially the conversion of the people of our own land which differ from us in race—the Indians and the negroes.

Now, however, the church of America seems to be entering on a new era—an apostolic era. She is wakening up to the millions of souls at our very doors whose imploring voices call, "Pass over and help us." In enacting decrees relative to the propagation of the faith among the Indians and negroes of the United States the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council display a determination to do much more for those so sadly neglected peoples than has hitherto been attempted. In regard to the negroes, the council exhorts the bishops of the South to found churches and schools for them, and to seek for missionary priests inflamed with zeal for souls to labor in that untilled portion of the Master's vineyard. Directors of seminaries are urged to foster vocations to the negro missions. Religious communities who

glory in their call to break the Bread of Life to famishing souls are exhorted to cheerfully second the bishops in carrying on this apostolic work. Lastly comes the decree that in all the dioceses of the country on the first Sunday of Lent, yearly, a collection shall be taken up, the proceeds to be devoted to the missions among the negroes and Indians. A commission composed of the Archbishop of Baltimore and two other bishops receives this money and distributes it to the hierarchy, to be used for the objects intended ; the distribution being made at a meeting of the commission held in July of each year. The bishops present statements setting forth the number of negroes and Indians in their respective dioceses, how many are Catholics, how many churches and schools are used by them, what are the hopes of future success, etc. Thus accurate knowledge is obtained of the present state of the church's work among our unevangelized races. This article aims at giving a correct summary of this information, together with pertinent reflections.

The first collection—after deducting the money sent, as provided by the council, to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith—amounted to $74,558 30.* A large sum? By no means: a very small one; less than a cent each from our 8,000,000 Catholics. A large fund to work upon? Certainly not; for it could only allow a trifle over a cent for each of the 7,000,000 negroes, to say nothing of the claims of the Indians. More dioceses asked help for the Indians than for the blacks, and as there is more missionary work actually in progress among the former, they therefore received more help. Small as the sum was, it proved a God-send to the poor bishops who have to depend upon it for churches, schools, etc., for both races.

Taking up the colored work first, we find over ninety Catholic schools for colored children now flourishing in the eighteen dioceses of the South, many of which were built and many more are supported, at least partially, by this fund. In the schools teachers belonging to communities are chiefly Sisters of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Benedict, Sisters of Mercy and of Charity, Sisters of St. Joseph and of the Sacred Heart, and the two colored sisterhoods, viz.: the Oblates, of Baltimore, and the Sisters of the Holy Family, at New Orleans. No Catholic brotherhood has charge of a colored school. God bless them! those noble-

* The total amount received for the Colored and Indian Missions from the collection of 1888 is $74,558 30. Since January 1, 1888, $2,408 77 have been received to be put to the credit of the collection of 1887, making the total amount for that year $81,889 01. Thus the first year's collection was much greater than the second year's.

hearted women who devote their lives to the care and training of the little ones of Christ whose parents, for the most part brought up without any notion of home and its sacred meaning, are unfit to mould the immortal beings entrusted to them. Would that these heroic souls would find many and generous emulators among their country women! And there is little doubt that the apostolic spirit, already beginning to stir the hearts of our young men, is all aglow among the Christian maidens of the land.

Quite a number of the schools are conducted by lay teachers whose zeal is great and praiseworthy; they are chiefly in places where sisters cannot be had. The sisterhoods meet with great success in colored school work. These gentle souls seem to have learned perfectly how to reach the hearts of the little ones and how to please their parents. Writing of this influence, Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, says: "Parents and children, though they are almost all non-Catholics, are devoted to the sisters." His schools—as, in fact, all the colored schools, whatever the faith of the children's parents may be—are to all intents and purposes Catholic; for Catholic text-books are used, the catechism is taught, and daily prayers are said. In confirmation of this the following extract from the Bishop of Galveston's letter is given: "We feel gratified at the success of our schools, and we are certain that a great good is to be done by this work. The poor colored people are grateful for the interest taken in them. The sisters engaged in teaching have cheerfully given their services gratis."

Father Chassé, chancellor of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, in his statement to the commission says: "There are one hundred and sixty thousand negroes in this diocese, nearly all baptized Catholics. But for various reasons, especially for want of early religious instruction, the majority of them are lost to the church. What we need most here is the establishing of Catholic schools to counterbalance the evil effects of the free public schools. Some progress has already been made in that line, and had we the means to push on the good work, each parish could have a free parochial school for the colored children. Could this be done, we certainly would have an immense number of children, born of Catholic parents and baptized Catholics, who now attend the free public schools and later on join the Methodists or Baptists. Race prejudice, although decreasing and disappearing, still exists, especially in country parishes. . . . The poverty of the great majority of our white Catholics

makes it quite impossible for the pastors to have free colored schools. And yet without such schools these children will in all probability be lost to the church."

Ever since the war the various Protestant denominations have been exceedingly active, not only in Louisiana but all over the South, in missionary work among the blacks, while we Catholics, drawing our cloaks around us like the Scribe and the Levite in the parable, silently passed on, leaving the half-dead Ethiopian to his —must it be said ?—kind-hearted Samaritan. As a result of these non-Catholic efforts, fully one hundred high-schools alone, supported by Northern Protestants, flourish in different parts of the South. Some of them, too, are enormous in point of numbers, *v.g.*, the Claflin University of South Carolina, built by and named after a Mr. Claflin of Boston, had during the scholastic year 1886–1887 965 scholars, a number exceeding by about 50 the aggregate attendance at the three Catholic colleges of New York—Fordham, Manhattan, and St. Francis Xavier. Two Protestants of Connecticut, John B. Slater and Daniel Hand, have given a million each as a fund for the normal and industrial training of colored boys, and to-day (Dec. 19) the papers announce a gift of one thousand acres of land in the State of Kentucky to Wilberforce Colored University, Oberlin, Ohio. Is it not high time for us to emulate this example by, at the very least, contributing generously to the annual Lenten collection, which is intended to furnish the sinews of war in this struggle for souls to the impoverished and sparsely-settled dioceses of the South?

We must remember that outside of Maryland, Kentucky, and New Orleans over ninety per cent. of the negroes do not belong and never have belonged to the Catholic Church. Among them the work is truly apostolic. Hence, to bring them into the true fold are the bishops erecting churches, starting schools, and looking out for missionaries. Of the 650,000 negroes in Virginia about 500 are Catholics; that is, out of every 1,300 negroes but one is a Catholic. At present six Catholic schools are at work in the Diocese of Richmond, of which nearly all the scholars are not only children of non-Catholic parents, but are for the most part not even baptized.

In 1887 the Sisters of Charity opened a colored school in Petersburg with an attendance of sixty, *all* non-Catholic and unbaptized children. They were soon preparing a number of them for baptism. The Richmond school has been in existence for the last four years, and it has been so fruitful in converts that St. Joseph's colored congregation has grown steadily in membership

until it is now an assured success. Quite a notable proof of this is the consoling fact that on the second Sunday of last Advent sixteen adults were baptized in this church. In his application for help Bishop Keane writes as follows: "The allowance so kindly given us last year has been expended in supporting priest and sisters in Richmond, commencing the erection of our industrial and normal school-house, in supporting the school at Keswick, and also the school at Petersburg. We would need more than we can dare hope for in order to accomplish the work that ought to be done this year in Norfolk, in Charlottesville, in Union Mills, and in Gordonsville, besides carrying on the work already in existence. We cannot, therefore, hope to carry all to completion, but we will begin and go as far as we can—that is, as far as kind Providence and his agents will supply us with means to go."

In the same strain write all the bishops of the South. They are fully sensible of the responsibility of providing the means of salvation for those millions of freedmen to whom the Catholic Church is verily a sealed book. But, like the children of Israel, they find it hard to make bricks without straw. If this important work is not done, the whole Catholic body in America shall bear the blame, inasmuch as we neglected to supply them with the means to carry on their projects of zeal. The bishops, moreover, agree that to effect lasting results it is necessary to begin with the children and train them up in Catholic schools. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. If the children are well grounded in the knowledge of Catholic faith, they can be relied on to persevere. As for adult converts, they cannot be expected in any great numbers, nor can they generally be so confidently depended on to persevere, as it is difficult to properly instruct and ground them in the faith.

The children, with innocent hearts and minds yet fresh and free from erroneous notions, are the best material for the formation of converts. There are more than a million colored children in the Southern States who never darken the door of any schoolroom, for the simple reason that there are no schools within their reach. The parents, as a rule, are anxious to get some schooling for the children; nor would they hesitate to send them to Catholic schools if there were any in the vicinity, even though they felt certain that the children would thereby become Catholics. The colored people generally have much less prejudice and human respect than the whites, and as they are naturally a religious people, they instinctively feel that their children will be all the better for attending a Catholic school. A large share of the funds

placed at the disposal of the Southern bishops by the commission goes towards the founding of schools. But the number must necessarily depend on the amount of money they receive, and so far this has been too limited to accomplish much. We notice among the works proposed by the bishops for this year some twenty-five new schools.

The number of Catholic colored churches does not exceed twenty in the whole United States, and they form a circle around the outskirts of the old slave States, the churches in Richmond, Va., and Lexington, Ky., being the only two in the heart of the South. There are, however, many congregations in the South composed mostly of colored Catholics. Eight of the twenty churches are in the charge of the Josephite Fathers, who bind themselves by vow to work exclusively for the negroes. The Benedictine Fathers have several colored missions under their care. Bishop Becker writes as follows to the secretary of the commission: "The Benedictines have done nearly all the work for the colored here for some years past. They own the Islands of Hope and Skidaway by *deed in trust* for the purpose of educating the negro youth. The order spent, through the late venerable Arch-abbot Wimmer, $10,000 on the place. They kept two, and at times three, priests there, and the same number of brothers. The Jesuit Fathers are also laboring for the colored both in Macon and in Augusta, where they get no remuneration for their services. We have now a colored orphanage which is growing, alas! too rapidly. The Sisters of St. Francis in Augusta have about twenty-five girls in their care, and we are doing what we can in Washington, Atlanta, Brunswick, Savannah, and elsewhere for the colored folks. I am most willing and anxious to aid the poor colored folks with all my might and main. We must try to build one, or even two, more churches for them in Savannah. With every desire to have zealous clergy engage in this work, and with a wide field of action (800,000 colored people) and every favor for intrepid missionaries, I remain, yours, etc."

Bishop Haid, O.S.B., the recently consecrated Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina, in writing to the commission for funds to enable him to spread the faith among the 540,000 colored people of his vicariate, says: "Up to the present but little could be accomplished, yet we have a neat brick church and school near the abbey, and Father Moore also has a school for colored children in Wilmington. We must endeavor to get schools at Charlotte and other places where we can best reach the colored people. Every effort will be made to spread the faith among them, and,

aided by God and your generosity, we hope much good may be done."

Father Gross, V.G. of North Carolina, a true missionary of the apostolic type, writes thus to the commission: "These poor people are at the very door of the great Catholic dioceses of the United States. Perhaps it is because they are so near that they have attracted so little attention. Now, at least, it is time for us to begin to do something for them. We have no time to lose. The Northern preachers are fairly gobbling them up. I have watched the plans of the Protestants. They start a school with a religious mission attached, and they succeed in this way in securing the colored people. Fine talk will not help the cause. Money and hard work are needed to carry on the missionary work."

These words need no comment. Bishop O'Sullivan, of Mobile, in his report to the commission deplores his want of priests to work for the negroes of his diocese. "Owing to the want of means and scarcity of priests willing to work for the colored people, the hopes for success in the immediate future are not encouraging. But if we can establish schools it will be a step in advance, and we may then hope for good results when the Lord sends us missionaries."

There are 650,000 colored in the diocese of Mobile; 2,500 of them are Catholics, and the rest have hardly any religion at all. What an immense harvest of souls all ready for the reapers! Shall we in the North fold our arms and expect the clergy of the South to do this work? But there are not even priests enough to attend to the Catholics of the South. Bishop O'Sullivan declares that the colored Catholics, 2,500 in number, along the Gulf of Mobile are losing the faith because he has no priest to send to them. This scarcity of priests is felt everywhere in the South; therefore, if the negroes are to be evangelized at all it must be done immediately.

Apostles are needed entirely devoted to the work—men not afraid to live in the huts, eat at the tables of the negroes, and make themselves all things to them for Christ's sake. A stupid race prejudice, as strong among Catholics as Protestants, must be faced and lived down. The apostles of Christ have no caste to lose and nothing to fear socially in their work, for the Catholics of the South will appreciate their heroic generosity.

Says Archbishop Janssens: "Our priests everywhere in the Southern States are devoted to their duty, and willing also to work for the colored people as well as for the whites. But the

work for the one and for the other is quite different, and it is almost impossible, a few cases excepted, as far as my experience goes, to do much good for the salvation of the negro whilst engaged in the ministry for the whites. Again, most all the Southern dioceses stand greatly in need of priests to keep up the work that has already been established and needs to be continued; consequently, it is next to impossible to obtain priests willing and possessing the necessary requisites to devote themselves to this peculiar work."

In the State of Florida there are 1,200 Catholics among a negro population of 150,000. For his work Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, asks of the commission aid to build a church in his cathedral city and another in Jacksonville. Quite a number of colored schools flourish in this diocese, and are regarded there, as elsewhere, as the main reliance for permanent success.

The Bishop of Nashville has over 400,000 negroes in his diocese, comprising the State of Tennessee, of whom but *thirty* are Catholics. He thus writes to the commission: "I expect to enlarge the school in Memphis and to open a new one in Nashville, also to procure suitable locations for churches and schools in both cities. . . . Our only hope lies in the education of the youth. The beginning in Memphis has been very promising. That school, as well as the one we purpose opening in Nashville, will, I trust, at no distant day form the nucleus around which colored congregations will gradually grow up and be firmly established."

The Bishop of Covington gives an interesting account of the progress of the good work in his diocese. He is at present erecting a substantial brick building in Lexington, Ky., to serve the twofold purpose of church and school for the colored people. And for all this he has to depend on the allotment he gets from the commission, whilst he hopes that St. Joseph's Seminary for the Colored Missions, Baltimore, may ere long be able to send him missionaries.

God grant that this seminary, so long talked of and now at last established, may meet the hopes and expectations of the Southern bishops! Many regard it as the one thing needed for the evangelization of the colored race. Thus writes the Bishop of Wheeling: "It is safe to predict that this seminary, sanctioned, fostered, and blessed by the American hierarchy, and generously sustained by the alms and prayers of the pious faithful, will prove to be the commencement of a systematic effort for the conversion of our colored brethren and, under the providence

of God, the most effectual means of bringing thousands of that race to the knowledge of our holy church and to a share in the priceless treasures of redemption."

At all events, the humble beginning of St. Joseph's Seminary is the most essential step yet taken towards securing a large and steadily increasing body of "priests who will consecrate their thoughts, their lives, and themselves wholly and entirely to the services of the colored people" (II. Conc. Balt.)

The signs of the times are truly encouraging. They point to a great and steady cultivation of the immense mission-field of the South, in which as yet but few furrows have been turned up by Catholic ploughshares. One's heart is stirred by emotions of mingled pity and love when looking at the vast colored population, in considering that not more than one-half of the 7,000,000 negroes ever received the waters of regeneration in any form of baptism. Four millions of them belong to no church, profess no creed. Although living amid Christians, they are as alien from Christianity as the dyed bodies nature gave them are from those of their white fellow-countrymen. In many cases Voudooism and kindred superstitions make up the sum and substance of their worship. And, moreover, they dwell in the South—the stronghold of Protestantism—where the Catholics, outside the large cities, may be compared, in the words of the prophet, to the few grapes left on the vines after the vintage. If, then, the colored people, naturally religious though they be, become not Christians, it is we Catholics of the North who shall be held responsible for their loss. Men and means are needed; apostles far more than money—apostolic men and women.

If we now turn from the negro of the South to the Indians of the West and Southwest, we find the same consoling evidences of the church's efforts in behalf of Christianity and civilization. From the discovery of this continent the church has ever manifested great zeal for the salvation of the Indians, and the records of her Indian missions form the most glorious pages of her history in America. But never before has she had so many laborers in the field as in our own day. Many of the teaching orders of women have now charge of the schools of the various missions, thus laying the foundations of permanent Christian communities. Here, even more than elsewhere, the school is the nursery of the church; the latter cannot prosper without the former.

From the reports of the bishops we gather that there are

81,690 Catholic Indians in the United States,* who have ninety-five churches for their exclusive use, and seventy-five priests working exclusively, or nearly so, for their spiritual welfare. During the year 1887 there were 2,481 baptisms, of which number 433 were adults. The greatest number found in any one diocese are 40,000 Catholic Indians in the Vicariate of Brownsville, Texas. Extremely poor and unable to support churches and schools, the spiritual condition of those Indians of the Southwest, as set forth in the appeal to the commission for funds, is truly pitiable.

The following is from the report of Father Juvanceau, the superintendent of Catholic schools in New Mexico:

"The work of Christianizing the Indians can be accomplished only through the medium of education; to this point Archbishop Salpointe has given special attention. Eleven schools are now in operation among the Indians. We have in this archdiocese about 35,000 Indians; 12,000 belong to so-called civilized tribes, whilst the other 23,000 are almost entirely wild and ignorant. Up to the present time it has been materially impossible to do anything for these Indians, although we are well aware that they would be willing to receive missionaries among them. The number of priests is entirely inadequate to the work, and the diocesan resources are so limited that no serious good can be accomplished. Whilst his grace the archbishop is striving generously with his small means to keep up schools among the Indians, he has to contend against the efforts of the Protestant sects who are trying to plant, with no less energy, the seeds of error in our pueblos. We ask for help to carry out our plans of education among our red brethren. . . . The report of the presbytery held in Santa Fé in December, 1886, stated that a demand for $100,000 had been made to the Board of (Protestant) Home Missions, to be expended in New Mexico."

Mutatis mutandis the above might be truthfully reported of many other dioceses as well as of Santa Fé. Everywhere the bishops express the same solicitude for the Indians and deplore their want of resources to carry on the work of evangelization.

Bishop Brondel, of Montana, states that in his diocese there are 10,000 Indians, of whom 4,000 are Catholics, who are cared for by

* The late Mrs. General Sherman, in her article, "Catholic Missions" (CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1884), gives the number of Catholic Indians as 106,000, Protestant Indians 15,000; and the total Indian population of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, as 259,244. Estimated Indian population of Alaska, 50,000.

eleven sons of St. Ignatius. The bishop writes: "My plans for the future must depend greatly on the amount of funds that are forthcoming. What was received last year from the commission was but a drop in the bucket to assist in the superhuman efforts to establish new Indian missions. All the Indians will become Catholic with God's grace, if we have men and means to carry on the work."

Of the 18,000 Indians in Washington Territory 6,000 are members of the church, for whom ten priests labor, mostly Jesuits, having fifteen churches. The zealous bishop of that place writes as follows: "It would not be hard to convert many of the Indians who are yet infidels or Protestants if we had more priests, and with them means. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the commission will help us to Christianize and educate the Indians of our diocese."

Dakota, with its Indian population of 30,000, has proved to be a most fruitful missionary field under the fostering care of Bishop Marty. There are seventeen priests, twelve churches, and twenty-six schools for 4,100 Catholic Indians. The bishop says: "All will become Catholics if we can reach and teach them. Of those who shall be lost we must admit: *sanguis eorum super nos.*"

The Vicar-Apostolic of Idaho has 1,345 Catholic Indians out of a total population of 4,325. "The greatest difficulty," he says, "is to obtain zealous priests and pecuniary means; but I hope with the assistance of God and the help of generous Catholics to provide missions for every tribe in my jurisdiction in the next few years." We might multiply quotations did space permit. But these will suffice to give some conception of what is being done, and to show how much more could be accomplished if Catholics would take greater interest in the missions.

But the Indians are dying out, people say, and there is no sense in spending money on them. We answer that although some few tribes are gradually disappearing, still the total Indian population does not decrease. As a matter of fact, the Indians are on the increase, and are bound to go on increasing if the United States government continues to pursue its present policy with them. They are, on the whole, fairly treated, and the general government affords the different religious denominations of the country ample encouragement and aid whenever and wherever they begin to work for the welfare of "the nation's wards." True, the peace policy inaugurated by President

Grant in 1870 was unjust and unfair to the Catholic missions. But it is now practically dead, and so Catholic missionaries are no longer restricted in their zealous labors. They may build schools wherever they wish, and, once the school is up, the government steps in and pays a regular quota for the education of every child in attendance. This amount goes a good way towards the support of the Catholic Indian schools.

Are, then, the Indians and their descendants for countless generations to come to possess the priceless treasure of Catholic faith? The answer rests with ourselves. If by our alms and our prayers we come to the rescue of those devoted missionaries who give their lives for the salvation of the poor Indian, innumerable souls will be saved which without our co-operation will inevitably be lost. It is not unusual to hear hard things said against the Catholicity of Italy and France. But these two nations keep the apostolic fire brightly burning; so much so that we have been assured that in one year one hundred students left for the foreign missions from a single French preparatory seminary, while to-day four thousand Italians are in the vanguard of the Lord's army among the heathens of Asia and Africa.

The following anecdote, related by the Bishop of Salford at a public meeting on behalf of his college, illustrates this point:

"Last year [1886] I passed through Holland on my way to Rome, and I heard that a little missionary college had just been established on the borders of Holland, of which a German priest was the head. I went to see his humble establishment—humble indeed it was—and I spoke with him upon its origin. I said: 'Well, you are a man of spirit; for while you Germans are being persecuted at home, you are establishing a college for foreign missions.' 'Yes,' he said to me, 'this thought occurred to me: it occurred to me that perhaps one of the reasons why we Catholics of Germany are now going through so terrible a persecution is that hitherto we have done nothing for the heathen. We have administered to our own wants, and we have forgotten those abroad who had none to minister to them; and,' he added, 'I think that one of the best ways of obtaining the grace of God upon Germany, and of removing persecution, and of consolidating the Catholic Church in our midst, is to perform a great act of faith and to establish here, where we can, on the borders of Holland, a German foreign missionary college. We shall show thus, even in the midst of sufferings and persecution, that we

really love our Lord and desire to propagate his name to the farthest bounds of the world.' I asked him, 'Have you dared to expound this theory in going about Germany as you have done?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I have spoken of it openly everywhere, and people seemed to think there was a great deal of truth in it.' "Well," continued the bishop, "this conversation again suggested to me that motives of self-interest as well as of gratitude should urge us also to do all that we can to spread the faith. . . ."

Useless regrets avail nothing; the negroes are among us and of us; so, also, are the Indians. Our duties in their regard have been told us in no uncertain sound by the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council, who have shouldered this work of evangelization, making it their own. They became responsible in ordering the collection, the reasons for which they thus give: "We have done this through a deep sense of duty, and we trust that our noble-hearted people will not regard it as a burden imposed on them, but as an opportunity presented to them of co-operating in a work which must be specially dear to the heart of our Lord. The divine commission to the church stands for ever: Go, teach all nations: preach the Gospel to every creature; and every one who desires the salvation of souls should yearn for its fulfilment, and consider it a privilege to take part in its realization. The more we appreciate the gift of faith the more must we long to have it imparted to others. The missionary spirit is one of the glories of the church and one of the chief characteristics of Christian zeal."

We have an unbounded confidence in our Catholic people, who know too well the worth of the true faith to be careless in offering it to others. Nor will this collection injure local works. Listen to Cardinal Manning:

"I think I hardly need to answer the reckless or selfish objection which is often made that we must look at home, and that if we send our alms abroad there will not be the means of doing the work of the church at home. I think if we are to be dwarfed and stunted and chilled by such worldly arguments as these the earth under our feet will be barren and the heaven will be stayed that it give no dew. I am confident that in the works of our Master and in the tillage of his kingdom the more spiritual husbandry there is, and the more ploughs there are going to turn up the furrows of the field, the more pledge and promise we have not only of an abundant harvest, but of an abundant blessing; and that if we give freely, He will not be outdone in gener

osity, and that by giving our utmost we shall lack nothing. . . It is because we have need of men and means at home that I am convinced we ought to send both men and means abroad. In exact proportion as we freely give what we have freely received will our works at home prosper and the zeal and number of our priests be multiplied."

In the welfare of the negro race the Holy Father has manifested a marked interest, especially by his letter on slavery on the occasion of the emancipation in Brazil, and by sending $60,000 to Cardinal Lavigerie to help in putting down the Arabian slave-trade. To encourage the faithful of the United States, he has granted a plenary indulgence, to be gained on the day the collection is made for the negroes and Indians by all who comply with the usual conditions of receiving the sacraments, and also pray for the propagation of the faith and the intentions of His Holiness.

LENT.

'TWAS Lent. A sad soul in a desert land was wandering lone;
While sad, at intervals, across the sand came wail and moan.
"Sweet Christ, too much—I faint—is Lent!"
The scorching wind rang out its discontent.
Till, lo, a voice from heav'n: "Canst suffer not with Me?
Then come. Who suffered sore releases thee."

'Tis Lent. We, pilgrims in a desert land, know grief and fear,
Thou pitying Christ. Oh, through the burning sand draw Thou a-near!
Give us of strength to keep the fast:
Thy voice from heav'n vouchsafe to us at last
When sight us fails: "The feast is ready. See!
Belovèd, well hast thou kept Lent with Me."

LUCY AGNES HAYES.

Boston, Mass.

THE ANTISEMITIC MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

THE Antisemitic movement, though hardly ten years old under that name, has thrown a mass of publications on the market among the authors of which we encounter the learned Catholic priest, the professor of theology, the lawyer, the atheist, men of all creeds and of no creeds, and hence also a correspondingly great disparity of opinions as to the intrinsic merits of the whole question. Mr. August Trefort, the late Minister of Education in Hungary, condemns, for instance, the movement not merely as unchristian and uncatholic, but as anti-social and communistic. He says, with a great deal of force, "An appetite after Jewish property will necessarily be followed by an appetite after the property of the Catholic bishop and the Catholic count." Dr. E. Dühring, an exceedingly learned scientist, though an avowed atheist, asserts that "the Jewish question would exist even if all the Jews turned their back upon their own religion and embraced one of the prevailing creeds, or if religion were abolished altogether." This much, however, is quite certain, that the large majority of writers take great pains to emphasize the non-religious character of the agitation. The word "Antisemitic," in point of fact, has been chosen by the leaders of the movement for the express purpose of indicating the absence of the religious element as one of the causes of its existence. When we bear in mind that the Jews are the only representatives of the Semitic race in Europe, it is, of course, at once apparent that Antisemitic means anti-Jewish and nothing else. It seems to us, however, that the studied effort to eliminate altogether the religious element from the discussion, and to represent the movement either as purely social, or purely political, or purely economic, leads to much confusion of ideas. It is quite true that nothing even faintly resembling a religious persecution forms part of the issue, but it is equally true that the Jewish faith, in its effect upon society, morality, and political economy, furnishes the one and only key to any real understanding of the whole difficulty. On that ground, and on that ground alone, can it be truthfully said that sooner or later the Antisemitic question is bound to become an international question.

After these few preliminary remarks we will now proceed to look at some facts and figures. The total number of Jews, according to the most reliable statistics, does not exceed six or

seven millions. The bulletin of the Geographical Society of June, 1885, gives the following distribution: Europe, 5,407,600; Asia, 245,000; Africa, 413,000; America, 300,000; Australia, etc., 12,000—total, 6,377,600. It appears, therefore, that the actual number of Jews scattered among the 328,000,000 of Europe's population forms a very small percentage of the inhabitants of that continent. And the distribution of the Jews in Europe, according to more recent statistics, assigns to Russia 2,798,000; Austro-Hungary, 1,644,000; Germany, 562,000; Roumania, 400,000; European Turkey, 70,000; Netherlands, 82,500; France, 49,500; England, 46,000; Italy, 35,400; all other countries, 26,300 —total, 5,713,700.

These figures confront us with really startling facts. In the first place, no more than about six hundred thousand Jews live among forty-one millions in the German Empire, and yet a strong Antisemitic movement exists there, where they form, indeed, a numerically insignificant fraction of the whole population. In the second place, in Germany, the strongest and, in point of education and culture, perhaps the most advanced commonwealth of Europe, the movement has gained more strength than anywhere else. In Austria the case as regards the absolute percentage of Jews is less startling, for we notice a million and a half leavening the thirty-nine millions of its peoples. Still, while they are even there a decided minority, the movement lacks neither intensity nor force, and if there is any justification for it at all it would at all events be less surprising in Austria than in Germany, for the following reason.

The Jews of Russia, numbering nearly three millions, live almost exclusively in the southeastern European provinces of the great Slav despotism, contiguous to the frontier of Austro-Hungary. Since the Russian government has taken measures to prevent this centralization and to distribute them in more equal proportions over the vast dominions of the czar; since, moreover, they are restricted, under Russian rule, in their choice of a calling in life; and last, but not least, since only five per cent. of their children are admitted into the higher schools, which percentage applies also to the children of baptized Jews for several generations, they find themselves, as it were, pushed across the frontier and thus threaten a considerable increase in the contingent of Jews in Austria. This danger, and it is an imminent danger, renders the Antisemitic problem in Austria at once more serious and less incomprehensible than elsewhere. In Galicia (Austrian Poland) the Jews even now form one-ninth of the

population of the province, viz., over 450,000 in five millions; in Lemberg and Krakau, the two largest cities, over thirty per cent. In Hungary, where a hundred and fifty years ago hardly any Jews were found, they began to swarm in as soon as the edict of toleration was issued in 1782. In 1785 over 75,000 were already counted, and at present over 600,000 are credited to Hungary and the dependencies of the Hungarian crown. The rest of Austria contains about one-half a million.

With these figures before us it would seem as if the outright numerical preponderance of other nationalities would suffice to render the need of any anti-Jewish movement almost absurd. Anthropological and biotic considerations will, however, offer evidence of a character which bids us form a very different opinion.

The Jews and the Gipsies have often been compared as the two races which furnish in anthropology the most interesting objects. The purity of race, the sameness of feature, of form, of structure, of character, appears traceable much longer in them than in any other known race. The Jew of to-day is the Jew of a thousand, of two thousand years ago; he is the identical Jew that left the first historical record of the race behind. So, too, with the Gipsy. But apart from this continuity of race, from the tenacity of inherited custom and an aversion to learn agricultural pursuits, there is nothing common between the Jew and the Gipsy. The former knows how to accommodate himself to surroundings and circumstances; the latter remains in proud, stolid self-consciousness, ever the same. The Jew, active, seeks gain everywhere and in everything, and strives with untiring energy and at every sacrifice after wealth; the Gipsy, lazy and inert, gives no thought to the to-morrow. The Jew endeavors to acquire civic rights and to found hearth and home; the Gipsy remains hopelessly nomadic. The Jew learns with facility the language of the country he lives in, the Gipsy preserves his Romance language; the Jew hopes for a universal reign, the Gipsy knows that no future awaits him.

Biotically the Jew is likewise a unique phenomenon. Climates which to Arian races would be destructive do not seem to affect him. The Jews acclimatize better than any other nation, and, where prosperous, they propagate more rapidly and show greater longevity, irrespective of climate, than Arian nations. At the same time they thrive best where they are comparatively few; for in Russian Poland and Galicia, where they are most numerous and hence compelled to live among themselves, the Jew lives in filth, in squalor, and in poverty. Trading among

themselves evidently does not pay; like parasites, they need others, not of their faith, to prosper on.

But there is one trait of character in the Jewish race which is historic and undeniable, and which, more than any other factor, explains the Antisemitic movement. The Hebrews, the chosen people of old, possessed even in pre-Christian times an ineradicable propensity to worship Mammon. The selling of the birthright was a bargain, and they have bargained ever since. The Mosaic law and the prophets bear witness to this trait of character. And when in the fulness of time the God-Man came upon earth to convert the Jew into a Christian, what does history tell us? He walked among them doing good; he was explicit in his teaching that God and Mammon were two masters whom no one could serve at the same time; he bade them seek the kingdom of heaven first—and what was the result? They who were taught by the divine lips of our Saviour not only rejected Christianity as a nation, but they crucified its Founder and cried: His blood be upon us and upon our children. That curse has followed them ever since. The history of the Jews from the beginning of our era is the literal fulfilment of the punishment that overtook them then and there in verification of the prophecies. The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus was followed by the dispersion of the Jews. They ceased to exist as a nation with a home. They became homeless wanderers all over the globe; ever since they are the ubiquitous and perpetual living witnesses of the truth of Christianity. Doomed to be strangers whithersoever they should go, they are still strangers wherever they are found now. Popular phraseology has stigmatized the homeless nation as the "wandering Jew." The Jew of to-day is still the carnal Jew who looks for a temporal Messiah to raise his people to the summit of human greatness and reward his followers with earthly goods. Unable to form a nation in a political sense, the Jews form now everywhere a nation within a nation, with a more clearly defined object in view, better organized, and more compact than any Arian race. All nations by an intuition have but one way of naming Jews. They may be born in England, in Germany, in France, in the United States, or anywhere else; we never hear or read about Jewish Englishmen, Jewish Germans, Jewish French, Jewish Americans, but only of English Jews, German Jews, French Jews, American Jews. Thus the common sense of all nations has known how to describe a phenomenon that discloses to us a means of understanding what the Antisemitic movement means.

Nor is this all. Let it not be forgotten that a money-consideration induced Judas Iscariot to betray our Lord; for if the accusations of the world against the Jews during nineteen centuries had to be expressed in one word, no better condensation could be made than "money." Money! money! money! is the reverberating echo of every century. As a people they were never given to agricultural pursuits. The petty money-lender, the usurer, the pawnbroker—they are, not only proverbially but in reality, mostly Jews. Any occupation which implies bodily labor or promises no return strictly in money they shrink from with a sort of instinctive aversion. In sculpture, in painting, in art Jews are rarely found, and hardly ever attain to prominence; and when it comes to the art of war, since Christendom began history has forgotten to record the great general who was a Jew. "*Sint ut sunt aut non sint*" applies to them with singular appropriateness. Nor have they been able, in a moral sense, to rise above the level at which they were in Roman times. If the great Roman historian Tacitus calls them "*projectissima ad libidinem gens*," he expresses with classic brevity merely wherein the most prominent vice of the modern rich Jew consists. And if he says, "*Apud ipsos fides obstinata, misericordia in promptu, sed adversus omnes alios hostile odium*" (Among themselves they maintain strict fidelity and a ready generosity, but towards all others a fierce hatred), he characterizes their clannish holding together, their unscrupulousness in the acquisition of wealth, their propensity to consider the faults and weaknesses of non-Jews as legitimate pasture-ground. Historians now explain the persecutions of the Christians in the early centuries by pointing out how easy it was in those days to ascribe the crimes of the Jews to Christians, because Christianity originated in Judea. Be that as it may, many of the so-called religious persecutions of mediæval times are at any rate reducible to a rough sort of self-defence against the nefarious practices by which the Jews, even as a suppressed social element, knew nevertheless how to make themselves hated.

Hungary of the present day offers an example well worth the earnest consideration of the civilized world. The village-innkeeper is invariably a Jew. In him the poor peasant finds a man who generously gives him credit, who caters to his passion for intoxicating drink, who in lieu of money is satisfied with a portion of the harvest of his fields—a man who, as the debt increases, takes only a mortgage on land and property. He looks upon the Jew as a benefactor. But some day he awakes to discover that he has not only become the slave of a destructive vice, but that he is

bankrupt and his family ruined, and that the land he once owned has become, at fifty per cent. of its value, the undisputed legal property of his quondam benefactor. Nor is the peasant the only one who falls a prey to the insinuating arts of the Jew. Many noblemen could tell sad tales. That the Jews have accomplished the ruin of Poland is a historical fact. They own the noble's land, the castle, the silver, the plate, the furniture in it, and if the owner still lives there he does so only on sufferance. The life-blood of the nation that gave them shelter and food being sucked out, the Polish Jew is reduced to thrive upon the Polish Jew—not a lucrative business, judging from the condition in which he is encountered there. Appearances indicate that the fate of Poland awaits Hungary. Already do the commerce and trade of this rich country lie in the hands of Jews to a very large extent, while the press is nearly altogether in their hands.

This picture, which is by no means overdrawn, explains to us why it was that the murder of the girl Esther at Tisza-Eszlar in Hungary in 1882, and the subsequent sensational trial, revived the false accusation of ritual murder which had been framed in previous centuries against the Jews and led to violent outbreaks, such as the burnt ruins of Duna-Szerdahély, the revolts in Krakau, the troubles among the students in Gratz and in various parts of the monarchy.

The official statistics of crime in Prussia throw upon this subject a strange light. Between 1870–1878, 6,430 cases of perjury were tried by jury before the Prussian courts. Considering the percentage of Jews in the population, the proportionate figure would have been 85; but instead of 85, 219 of the accused were Jews. For falsification of documents 6,378 cases were tried; 82 should have been the percentage of Jews, while their actual number amounted to 289. Fraudulent bankruptcy furnishes the most significant item: of 1,129 cases, 268 concerned Jews, as against 15, which should have been their proportion. In crimes which require a certain amount of courage Jews rarely appear on the docket. It is permissible, therefore, to draw the inference that the criminality of the Jews extends principally over such offences the perpetration of which requires cunning, perversion of truth, and calculating unscrupulousness, where the possibility of escaping the law is not excluded, but depends on the degree of ingenuity of the transgressor. The acquisition of money and the acquisition of power go hand-in-hand. The Jews, therefore, possessed themselves at once of that most powerful instrument for directing public opinion, the "Press." The Austrian press goes under the

name of "Rabbiner presse," because all important papers are owned or controlled by Jews and devoted to the promotion of the interests of the Jewish race. The German and the French press are almost in the same position. The late Sir Moses Montefiore is credited with the utterance, "Until all newspapers of the world are in our hands, our reign remains a phantom of the brain." It is a handful of Jews that shapes public opinion in Europe and directs it into channels suitable to their own purpose. The revolutions of 1848, the divorce between religion and education, and the elimination of religion from the school, the rise of Socialism in its various forms—all this has not taken place without the active stirring-up of public feeling, without the systematic misrepresentation of the truth, without the persistent and able advocacy of false doctrines by means of a press in the hands of Jews. The Jews are the allies of the Freemasons; their ulterior objects are the same. For this reason has Catholicity been singled out by the Jews as the most implacable enemy of "progress," just as Freemasonry also wages against that stronghold of truth an uncompromising war.

The opinion is not unfrequently entertained that the attitude of the Church of Rome towards the Jews must be blamed for the transmission of the peculiar characteristics and propensities of Jews, and that the prohibition of marriage between Jew and Christian preserved the nationality of the Jews. But this is not the case. Granting that the action of the church has lessened the mingling of Jews with other nations, the principal and only cause of the purity of the Jewish race consists in the religious aversion of the Jew to seek a wife outside of his own race. Judaism is essentially exclusive, for, even where no barriers are erected between Jew and non-Jew, the statistical evidence shows in an overwhelming manner that the Jew does not amalgamate with other nations.

What the Jews consider their own mission is no secret. When Crémieux, the grand-master of the French Freemasons, formed in 1860 the "Alliance Israélite," the circular sent out on that occasion contained the following passages: "The Alliance is neither French, nor Swiss, nor German, but Jewish and universal"; "Our nationality is the religion of our fathers"; "We live in foreign lands and cannot take interest in the changing fortunes of these lands"; "Catholicity, our enemy of centuries, succumbs struck on the head" (*frappé à la tête*); "The day is not far distant when the riches of the earth will belong exclusively to the Jews." These are the objects of the organization called into life for "beneficial purposes." The organ of the

Jews in Vienna, *Die Neuzeit*, in its issue of September, 1883, contains the following:

"We, the professors of Judaism, who on account of our experience and our history, on account of our trials and sufferings, are far in advance of all other peoples in ethics, we have to educate them, that at least a part of the Christians may be lifted up to the moral plane on which the Jews have for a long time already been."

There is no uncertain sound in these words.

From what has been said so far it is self-evident that the Jewish question, culminating in the Antisemitic movement, offers very grave problems, socially, politically, and economically. No nation, no government can stand idle and see the wealth of the people gradually but surely concentrating itself in the hands of a race hopelessly alien, and they cannot allow the ruling power to be used for furthering the advantages of a foreign element; they cannot tolerate this foreign element to become master, and those who gave to it food and shelter to become slaves. Yet if the Jews are dangerous corrosive elements of civilized society, they are so because of their religion, as we stated in the beginning.

When Schopenhauer (in *Parerga*, §133) says:

"It is an error to consider the Jews as a religious sect, but when, to favor this error, an expression borrowed from the Christian Church is applied, viz., 'the Jewish Confession,' it becomes an expression not only totally incorrect but calculated to mislead. Jewish nation is correct. Their religion is the tie that binds them together, the *point de ralliement*, the battle-cry, the sign of recognition,"

he really asserts what we contend for, and agrees practically with H. Naudh, who observes (in *Die Juden und der deutsche Staat*):

"The state dare not ignore the moral code of a foreign, peculiar religion. Their religion is a direct declaration of war against all other nations and is peculiar to the race. To be a Jew means to put one's own advantage against the whole world in a hostile manner, to recognize no moral law towards others, except the gain of Israel. If the German state, therefore, is the personification of the German nation, then the Jews living in Germany are as little part of the German state as the tapeworm of the patient in whom he lives. They are German-speaking Jews, but they are not Jewish Germans."

Here the religious element appears positively asserted as the one cause that necessarily alienates the Jew from all other nationalities. In that sense is also to be understood the following passage from Ernst Freiherr v. d. Brüggen's work, *Russland und die Juden:*

"Towards the Christian, the Christian society, and the Christian state

there exists no moral obligation for the Jew. A Jew who has stolen is hardly less esteemed on that account by his own, except he is caught and loses the gain. Honor is weighed against gold; he who has money has esteem, nobody asks after his honor. In its position and influence the Israelitic people display the character of an aristocracy of birth that does not rest upon ownership of land and privileges, but upon movable capital (money) and intelligence (more correctly, smartness and unscrupulousness). The spirit of union among this aristocracy is immense, their energy in protecting the common interests of the race worthy of admiration. The Jewish question is, therefore, not one of religious toleration. Whoever holds that opinion is either ignorant or uses toleration as a pretext. It is not faith but civilization that separates us from the Jews. The Jewish question is a question of civilization (*eine Culturfrage*)."

If the absence of morality in Jews towards non-Jews, and their union against all other nations, render them dangerous, then, we take it, the faith inculcating these principles is the kernel of the question. Now, Judaism rests in our days upon the Talmud, whose compilation was made early in our era, about 350. It divides itself into two parts, the "Mishna," containing the Mosaic tradition, and the "Gemara," containing the explanation and interpretation of the former. Comparatively little has been known about the Talmud until modern research dived into the mysterious depths of this code. The "Schulchan aruch," an extract from the Talmud, is better known and more accessible to the student. It is, of course, impossible to do more than faintly outline this moral code. The concurrent testimony of all who have investigated this subject, even Dr. Kopp (a lawyer of no mean ability, who in the famous lawsuit of Dr. Rohling, a Catholic priest, against Dr. Bloch, a rabbi, acted as counsel of the latter), justifies the assertion that the ideas of moral and immoral, right and wrong, in the Christian sense are altogether wanting. What is unlawful towards a Jew is not unlawful towards the Gajim (non-Jews). If some fervent Antisemitics have been carried away by their zeal to torture the only passage in the Talmud that possibly could be taken as a formal approval of ritual murder into such a meaning, they have hardly advanced their cause, for the theory of bloody rites among the Jews appears pretty well exploded. But that the Jewish creed of to-day presents us with a code of superlative and exclusive egoism, having in view the attainment of universal sway by means of grasping the wealth of all nations in the firm grip of this race, no one can deny. Dr. Adolf Wahrmund states very concisely, "The Jews consider themselves the representatives of humanity *par excellence*," and the same opinion is reiterated in many different

forms by the ablest writers on both sides. It is, after all, but the old story, *naturam si expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.* As long as the Jew remains Jew in his heart, in his conviction, in his aspirations, the formal change of religion effects no real change.

The facts with which our times have to deal bear out all that we have said. Whether we look at Wall Street in New York, or the "Bourse" in Paris, the "Börsen" in Berlin, Vienna, and elsewhere, we observe everywhere the typical faces of the Jews among those who raise and inflate values and tighten or loosen the money markets of the world. The aggregate money power of the Jews all over the world is something incredible. In all the leading banking institutes of the world Jews hold the reins. The power of the Rothschilds, the Bleichroeders, and a host of others is so great that modern governments are practically dependent upon them in their foreign policy. Such a state of affairs is quite serious, and it promises to become more so. The United States also offers a lesson worth studying in this respect. In 1832 12,000 Jews are enumerated, in 1870 78,000, and in 1877 "the Board of Delegates of American Israelites" reports their number as 300,000, of whom 50,000 live in New York. In 1844 New York possessed four synagogues: in 1873 the number had grown to forty-four. When Longfellow, commenting upon the inscriptions on the tombstones in a Jewish cemetery of Rhode Island, wrote,

> "The very names recorded here are strange,
> Of foreign accent and of different climes:
> Alvarez and Riviera interchange
> With Abraham and Jacob of old times,"

he was probably not aware how much he said in these words of the ubiquitousness and continuity of the Jew. The tone of a press acknowledged to be in the hands of the Jews offers, of course, no light upon this subject. But the fact that in the parliaments of Germany and of Austro-Hungary Antisemitic parties are forming indicates that the masses, as such, have taken hold of the movement. Their dumb sense of suffering from something from which the government ought to protect them begins to take shape and form. In some districts an Antisemitic credo is exacted from the candidate before he can obtain a single vote. As yet the power of the Jews in both parliaments, where they furnish the most skilful leaders and advocate apparently only the cause of the masses, is unshaken. But their efforts to deceive the credulous meet no longer with the same success. Leagued, as the Jewish cause is, to that of the Freemasons, the govern-

ments are confronted by a task so great and so delicate that its difficulty cannot be overrated.

Were the Jews surrounded on all sides by people whose lives practically demonstrated the elevating, purifying, and sanctifying influences of genuine Christian virtue and genuine Christian faith, their conversion would offer little difficulty. But in the modern so-called Christian state it is difficult to see how any legislation can be enacted against the Jews as Jews. For on what basis can it stand? Will you persecute the Jews because they know how to trade on the weaknesses and faults of those not of their faith? Because they are rich and getting still richer? Because they know how to acquire and to hold power? It is plain how difficult a question is here offered for settlement. Again, the Jews have not been free until this century. That love for fellow-man which Christ so much enjoined upon his followers has not been for centuries extended to them. Almost the only protectors they found in the middle ages were the popes, who offered them an asylum and shelter until the storm blew over. Besides, there are Jews who in uprightness of character, in integrity, in charity and purity of life offer examples worthy of imitation to many so-called Christians. They acquire knowledge, and many a Jew is in point of culture and learning above his Christian fellow-man. Many Jews are aware of and deeply deplore the failings of their own nation, and, though Jews by feature and descent, are in no sense Jews any longer. All this complicates the problem. Nor is it surprising that the Jews are the main supporters of Freemasonry; the social outcast reached naturally out for an institution where he was not treated as such, and where he found, or, at all events, hoped to find, that social equality for which he struggled in vain for centuries. As far, then, as the Jews are Freemasons they are necessarily, in any state where they are, a living menace to society, to state, to government, as they are to the human race itself. But where they are simply Jews, inoffensive citizens of another creed, offensive only because of their national inability to live otherwise than as parasites, there in a *truly* Christian state an Antisemitic movement appears in the light of an anomaly. For a Christian government conscious of its duty to do in a social way what God's church has been, is doing, and will continue to do in a spiritual way, namely, to "gather all into one fold," should not find that task fraught with insuperable difficulties.

A. DE GHEQUIER.

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WANTED: SENSATIONAL PREACHING.

"WHY Protestant pews are tenantless is a question very often asked nowadays. The answer is that the preacher fails to amuse or interest. He fails to do that which caterers to the public amusement contrive to do—to 'draw'; and then he makes up his mind that the world is going to the devil because it will not come around to hear him. . . . As a rule, the modern Protestant pulpit discourse, when it is not shockingly irreverent, is nothing if it be not a tastefully prepared essay on the most sensational topic of the hour. The more extravagant the subject, the larger the crowd. The sale of the pews is regulated by the sensationalism of the preacher."

Every word true. In fact, every word of the whole splendid article, "Creeds, Old and New," in a popular magazine for August, 1888—whence I make these quotations—is true, besides being instinct with life and suggestiveness. But as to sensationalism, there are of course sensations and—sensations; and I contend that not all "extravagance," "topics of the hour," "sensations," and efforts to "draw" are to be deprecated.

Many of our Saviour's discourses were on topics of the hour; and his sermons were accompanied by events that produced a great sensation. When he fed the five thousand by miraculously multiplying the few small loaves and fishes he caused a greater sensation than any of us have ever witnessed. And when he sat a guest at the table of the Pharisee, and the penitent woman came in and cast herself weeping at his feet, to wash them with her tears and wipe them with her hair—wasn't that a sensation? And when he went into the house of Jairus and said to the dead girl, "Maiden, arise!" and she arose—must not that have produced a sensation? Picture a great funeral taking place in one of our large cities; picture a missionary priest meeting the procession and telling the pall-bearers to stop—quite likely that would produce a sensation such as we don't often have nowadays. And suppose the priest, approaching the bier and looking upon the dead, should say in thrilling tones, "Young man, arise!" and the young man should arise—isn't it probable a sensation would ensue?

Now, since our Divine Teacher deigned to follow up his instructions by occurrences wonderfully sensational, why may we not wish modern preachers to do likewise? If there is anything

which this nineteenth century abhors (and in this respect we do not much differ from other centuries), it is tameness and sameness. Deliver us from the bore and the "chestnut," the trite saying and the worn-out platitude. Freshness is what we ask; and, of all institutions, that which has the least excuse for lack of freshness is the true religion.

Whenever our Lord spoke it was to say something that had never been said before. Whenever he preached, his hearers heard wondrous news that no man had ever heard before. No wonder the whole nation ran after him, as the envious and spiteful Scribe deplored. No wonder that the two apostles in afterthought recognized him because, "Were not our hearts burning within us while he spoke to us in the way?" Ah! human nature is pretty much the same now as it was then. The nation runs after what is new and strange. It is rare that we ever see in a life-time even one such marvel as our Lord's contemporaries were witnessing daily. What an amazing event were we to attend a wedding where, all unexpectedly, the water should be turned into wine! What an unexampled astonishment were we to see a man, dead and buried for three days, come forth alive from the tomb! How speechless our surprise were we to see such events as the miraculous draught of fishes, the walking on the waves, the curing of the leprous, the blind, the paralytic, the possessed! Could we ever stop talking about such things? Wouldn't each one of them cause a tremendous sensation?

Well, nowadays as then there are opportunities for seeing the wonderful in our religion. Nowadays no more than then is there reason for making religion a humdrum affair, commonplace and wearisome. It is a painful and unnecessary fact that often the Sunday sermon is less interesting than the Sunday paper. These newspapers teem with suggestive items and thrilling incidents, and where a preacher makes use of them to bring his text home to us, he is sure to have a wide-awake and attentive audience.

Our writer says, "The more extravagant the subject, the larger the crowd." Well, yes, of course; and why not? It is impossible to be too extravagant in religion. The extravagance, the sensation, may be wrong in kind but not in degree. Now, since it is a part of human nature to enjoy the extravagant, the wonderful, the surprising, why should we not expect to find that enjoyment within the universal province of religion? within the world-wide kingdom of God upon earth? The preacher who

fails to show that religion is the most extravagant (in the higher meaning of the word), most wonderful, most surprising of all topics, whether new or old, fails, fails utterly in his mission. What more extravagant than for a man to say that he will give his flesh to be eaten and his blood to be drunk by the people? What more extravagant than for a priest to say that he would destroy the temple and in three days rebuild it? What more extravagant than for a missionary to say that he had come upon earth, not to bring peace but a sword? What more sensational than for a learned divine to plait him some whips and, with undisguised wrath, whip all misbehavers out of church?

In our own times there are the wonders of Lourdes, Knock, La Salette; the marvels of Louise Lateau, M. Dupont, the Curé d'Ars, Dom Bosco, Father Drumgoole; the soul-stirring heroisms of Fathers Damien and Conrady; the disgraceful outrages daily occurring in France, Italy, Ireland, Russia, China, India; the extraordinary calumnies, injustices, ignorance, and ferocious hatred of the Protestant press; the proud and wonderful facts concerning the growth of Catholicity in the United States; the touching life of our present captive but glorious Pontiff. Oh! what a poor memory, what a dull appreciation, what a weak capacity for narrative must he have who, with all this wealth of facts, fails to have new, live, and interesting topics of the day for his Sunday sermon.

We are all familiar, *ad nauseam*, with the old pictures and old jokes about the preaching parson and the blissfully nodding congregation. But it's nothing to laugh about. It is a scene not confined to Protestant assemblies. And of all the sins which the Gospel preacher can commit, I think the putting his congregation to sleep is one of the worst. It is like an abominable lie. It deceives, grossly deceives people into believing that religion is invented chiefly to make folks miserable, or put them to sleep in church.

I once heard a suggestive dialogue between a delicate girl and an older friend. "Now," said the latter, "if you wish to become healthy, follow my advice, and every morning take a pleasant stroll before breakfast." "Oh! yes," replied the other cheerily, "I'm trying that now, and it has done me good already. I go to seven o'clock Mass, and it's a walk of about twelve blocks in all." "Oh, no, no!" frowned her adviser, "that is not what I meant. That'll never do. You go to church, you kneel down, you begin to think about your sins, you get melancholy—and your walk does you no good." Unfortunately, I cannot now

recall the rest of the conversation, nor whether the girl tried (a herculean task, by the way) to disabuse her friend of that false impression; but enough is given to illustrate the too popular belief that religion is intended only to remind us of our sins and "make us melancholy."

A great factor which might make for or against this deception is the Catholic press. As a rule, our Catholic papers are (thank Heaven!) bright, cheering, and readable. But there are some that still think it a duty to be dull and doleful. Week after week, column after column, their kindly disposed and long-suffering subscribers are treated to such effusions as this:

"A NIGHT THOUGHT.

"Memory is all we can call our own. Cherished memories of dead days, how holily sacred! To-night a sadness steals o'er me; a desire is eating my brain. Alas! the future to me, a burning cloud, a wandering comet, a dark and rolling surf.

"Time, swift Time, wail! Time ancient, still in thy prime. The waste of life must flow, and I am passing away, without a friend, or hope, or cheer. Passing away, no brotherly hand to guide me across the chilling stream. Oh! for one drop to cool my scorching brain, a kindness to soothe the pain. Here, so far from my childhood's home; thence, for long, no word has come. Fame and learning mock; I'm weary of the glitter and show, and "Columbia again," the wail that haunts the ocean main."

Suppose (a supposition inadmissible except for argument) that some intelligent worldling should read this extract, what would he naturally think? "Why," says he to himself, "what *is* the difference between religion and whiskey, after all? Whiskey leads to 'snakes,' I know, but religion leads to this sort of thing. I believe I'd just as lief choose the 'snakes.'" And who can blame him? In the secular papers he finds gayety and good humor, whereas the "wails," the "dead days," the "scorching brains," etc., of the Catholic paper must suggest to him some *delirium tremens* ideas.

Fortunately, however, such Catholic papers are rare, and daily growing rarer. We have cause to be proud of almost all our Catholic papers. Not on them rests any blame of disaffection to religion.

With regard to the unfortunate Protestant minister who fails to "draw" our writer is correct. That minister is a total failure. But is not the Catholic priest "who fails to draw" also a total failure? Isn't it his duty to draw? What sort of a fisherman is he who fails to draw? And what is a priest if he be not a fisherman "fishing for men," as our Lord commanded? Of what use is

he—at any rate as a minister of the Word—if he preaches to empty benches? Why, a preacher's first necessity is to "draw." Yes, certainly, to *draw*. None understand this better than the Anglican ministers. They are a suave and honeyed set. They cultivate a soothing voice, an amiable aspect, a persuasive manner, and gentle speech. Were it not for their delicious amiability, why, the Anglican Church would not flourish another year. They are, to be sure, mere imitations of the truth, and, as the chromo is usually more highly colored than the genuine article, their suavity is perhaps rather excessive. Nevertheless, it all goes to show how necessary is the "draw" system. The Anglican pastor has a tremendous war to wage. He fights between two fires. Most of his congregation hate everything Catholic, while his "historic church" hates everything Protestant; and very adroit must he be to succeed between these two. He could not succeed at all but for his "sweetness" and his power to "draw."

Yes, and if sweetness is so powerful to draw, harshness is equally powerful to repel. One unnecessarily harsh word from a religious person in authority often does more harm than fifty fine sermons can do good. The devotee whose face says, "Stand aside, I am holier than thou"; the daily Mass-goer who has such a temper that she can never keep a servant; the catechism teacher who doesn't know how to smile; the saintly director whose confessional is deserted because penitents are so afraid he'll "fire" them; the frequent communicant who is so snappish that her very friends enjoy her absence; the religious teachers whose pupils learn to hate the school term; the pious man who is a bear to his own children—these are they who effectually don't "draw," and don't try to draw, and never will draw, souls to Christ or to his church.

There seems a need of some means to draw men into an active and hearty co-operation with religious movements. Why is it that the laity show such apathy towards questions that have far more intrinsic interest than politics have? Recently the newspapers reported the incident of a young lady's lecture before a Protestant literary association of Chicago. In the *Ave Maria's* notice of it the lecturer is called a "stanch and enthusiastic Catholic." Those words produced something of a qualm in my mind. "Stanch and enthusiastic"—yes, that is doubtless true. There is many a stanch and enthusiastic Catholic among our American women of note. But how about our men? Thank Heaven! the number of practical Catholic men is not small. But

also the number of "stanch and enthusiastic" Catholic men is far from large. We have galore of stanch and enthusiastic Democrats, galore of stanch and enthusiastic Republicans, and even quite enough of stanch and enthusiastic Mugwumps. But where do we find enthusiasm for religion?

During successful missions the men come to the fore quite manfully; also at Easter, and sometimes at Christmas. But it is not much of an exaggeration to say that usually the great body of the faithful seems made up of women. Who is it that line the Communion rail Sunday after Sunday? Women, not men. Who is it that crowd the confessionals Saturday after Saturday? Women, not men. Who is it that go, with steadfast courage and patient endurance, to sit out the musical fatigues of High Mass? Women, not men. Who is it that at evening services, daily Mass, processions, and almost all public ceremonies, make up the crowd? Women, not men.

A satisfactory solution of this problem is devoutly wished. To say that it is merely because women are always better than men is hardly adequate. Given equal opportunities, and the average man is as good as the average woman. A nearer approach to the true explanation lies, perhaps, in the fact—as suggested by "Layman" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of April, 1888—that the laity have no voice or part in ecclesiastical functions. That "woman's voice must not be heard in the church" may be no barrier to her devout interest therein. But with men it is different. God made man dominant and woman subject. Naturally, man likes to govern, and, naturally, takes no interest in that in which he has no voice. Throughout the world the supineness of Catholic laymen is noteworthy. Sincere and steadfast though their faith may be, it is not active. Look at France, Italy, Austria; how little they show of activity, of aggressiveness, even of defensiveness. And right here in our new France—our Louisiana—in this supposed-to-be Catholic city of New Orleans, see how a handful of Protestants comes in and saddles upon us the Godless public school. See how tamely the Catholic people submit to it, some sending their children to receive a non-Catholic education, others paying a double school-tax without protest.

See how persistently Catholics support Protestant literature. How artlessly they thus build up their enemies' forts! How thankfully they accept and pay for papers, magazines, pictorials, etc., which revile their church! The Protestant who subscribes for a Catholic periodical is hard to find. But where would non-

Catholic weeklies and monthlies be without their large Catholic patronage. Look at the fine library of our Tulane University—an institution supported partly by endowment and partly by taxation. Its shelves are well stocked with admirable works upon the "Errors of Popery," the "Abominations of Rome," etc., and never a book of defence by a Catholic. And in this our city does not stand alone. How account for this seemingly unaccountable apathy among us?

This is the age of democracy; and perhaps it is through democratic ways and means that the church shall henceforth rule over us. Perhaps every man is to be given, in some measure, a voice in church functions, and even in some departments of church polity; a right, not only to listen but to talk back, to question, to discuss, to suggest. Better live agitation than dead apathy. Better warm partisanship, rousing debate, than the dull, cold indifference too generally shown by Catholic men.

St. Paul's words are: "Let women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted them to speak, but to be subject. . . . But if they would learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home." Thus the embargo on the tongue is evidently not for the husbands. On the contrary, the husband is the one who is to enlighten his inquiring spouse. And how can he enlighten her if he himself have no more privilege in the church than his spouse has? If in St. Paul's day husbands did instruct their wives, the order of things is reversed in our day. For many are the pious and intelligent wives who instruct their husbands; but where are the pious and intelligent husbands capable of instructing their wives? Might not the case be different were husbands (and prospective husbands) encouraged to do more than "keep silence, speak not, and be subject" in the churches? encouraged to do more than merely listen, as their wives are permitted to do?

It is widely believed that religious home-instruction is woman's peculiar duty. The idea of man's undertaking it seems ridiculous. That shows how far we've gone wrong in this matter. Everything moral is supposed to depend on "woman's influence," and it is the subject of much written "gush." "Woman's Influence," "Woman's Mission," etc., are the great themes for sentimental moralists.

On Sundays I sometimes observe the beaus and belles on their way to church. Arrived there, the beau lifts his hat and bows, smiling radiantly. The belle responds, smiling rather faintly. Then she goes into the church and he goes—elsewhere. "Ah!" say I to myself, "behold the influence of woman, the

mighty influence of woman! It leads man *to* the church—door. Oh! potent woman, there is an influence around the corner which, in spite of you and of the Sunday law, leads man *from* the church door and *into* the bar-room door."

Not that woman has no influence: such a statement were absurd. But her influence is weak against that mighty triple alliance, "the world, the flesh, and the devil" (the taste for whiskey and beer being largely classed under "the flesh"). Only one influence can successfully cope with those three, and that is the influence of the Catholic Church. He who feels not that influence is a prey to the world, the flesh, and the devil, and woman's influence can avail him little. The "devout female sex"—yes, the phrase is stereotyped now. But if woman's influence be what it is claimed, how comes it that she, being so devout, lets man remain so indevout? She has had a fair chance and has done her part, I think, and still "the devout male sex" has not yet become stereotyped to any great extent.

If *all* mothers and wives were what they should be, perhaps men would become the devout male sex. Yet it is not pleasant to think of a man's attending church only because his good wife asks him, or his fond mother coaxes him, or his dear sister persuades him. No, I like to think of every man's going there of his own free will. Any other kind of church-going isn't likely to last long. Woman's influence over man may be great, but man's influence over himself ought to be greater. It is the part of effeminate literature to unduly exalt woman's power. Wifehood and motherhood—what hallowed names they be! How they have been wreathed into poetry and breathed into song, painted, dramatized, etc. But we don't poetize much about fatherhood, and as for husbandhood, why—that doesn't euphonize at all. I sympathize with the little song which pleads:

> "Oh! sing me a song of my father,
> And tell me the reason, I pray,
> That you always sing songs about mother
> And a word of dear father ne'er say."

Maternity, indeed, is high, but paternity is higher. Woman may help to save man, but his salvation does not, should not depend upon her. Alas, poor woman! How comes it, if her power be so great, that she has grown dissatisfied? How comes it that she is trying to push herself into new spheres? trying to rival the lawyer, the tradesman, the drummer, the book agent, the salesman? trying to sit beside man even in the councils of

the nation? No stronger refutation of "woman's great influence" than the complaints made by woman suffragists themselves.

Therefore it should not be thought nor taught that woman's piety will necessitate man's. No; God's method of saving man doesn't seem to be through woman's influence. The man who enters heaven will get there by an act of his own will. And the man who enters religion effectually must do so by an act of his own will—not because of some one else's will. Opposed to this idea I may be told of those wonderful women, the Teresas, Catherines, Monicas, whose influence has lived through ages. I acknowledge it, but contend their greatness was not because they were women, but because they were saints. If the world's upward progress is always to depend on the virtue of wives and mothers only, and not on that of husbands and fathers also, that progress will continue to be rather slow. "If there be a good mother, all will be well," say the effeminate writers, thus making the mother responsible for everything. But the sentiment is false, fair sounding though it be and hallowed by age. The father's responsibility is equal if not greater. After all, what is woman's influence against whiskey, or gambling, or club life, or hoodlumism, or politics, or war, or scepticism, or labor strikes?

No; religion alone can save man from himself, can shield him from his enemies. The good wife can work marvels; yes, truly. But the good husband can work greater. It may be said that woman is more religious than man because she is naturally better than he. The truth is, she is better because more religious. Hence, man also, in order to become better, must become more religious. That is the only way. The church must lay hold of him; and not indirectly through woman's influence, however good that may be, but directly through his own will. And the great question is, How is this to be brought about? How is the church to make men assemble in her interests as densely as they do for baseball or politics or trade conventions? "Layman" says it will be through a return to liturgical observances, congregational singing, church music, church prayers, and, above all, church conferences between and among the clergy and the laity.

A great difficulty here looms up, an almost insurmountable obstacle, viz.: the paucity of priests. Overworked as they already are, what time have they to start new movements? What time even to study oratory or to cultivate eloquence? What time to read up on questions of the day and get abreast of the

age? And the priests of the future are likely to be no less overworked. Our zealous pastor once said, using, as he often does, very quaint illustration: "Do you expect to have good priests? Do you think God is going to send you good priests as he sends down the rain from heaven? Then you are mistaken. Priests don't come down upon, they arise from, the people. Priests are to the people what cream is to milk. If the milk is rich, there will be rich cream. If the milk is poor, there will be no cream. And, just the same, if the people are good, they produce good priests. If the people are bad, they produce no priests or bad ones." I go a step further and say, If all the womenfolk be good, and even very good, but the men-folk indifferent, the outlook for priests is very poor. The need for more priests is urgent. But there is another need which goes before, and must first be supplied—the need of devout and instructed men. Vocations for the priesthood are not likely to come out of a community which consists chiefly of the "devout female sex."

Sometimes in church, when listening to a good sermon and hearing the priest say "my brethren," and "beloved brethren," and "dear brethren," I, noting the crowd around me, say inwardly: "Ah, no, good father, say not 'beloved brethren'; say, rather, 'beloved sisteren.'" Now I want to ask, Must this state of things last always? Is it God's design that the faithful be "mostly women"? Can it be his purpose to thus perpetuate the church, designedly deprived of masculinity, in order thereby to show how he can "confound the strong by the weak, and the wise things of this world by the foolish"? Perhaps so. And we must humbly bow to his decree. But it is no sin to hope that such is not his decree; to hope that a better time is coming for the men, when their torpid spirituality will be revived by means of congregational singing, liturgical praying, and new old ways of church conferences—a better time which will make numerous "stanch and enthusiastic" Catholics among men as well as among women, and will employ all sanctioned means to "draw" and to make religion a "topic of the day," and even thereby to create "a sensation."

May we not, in fact, long for a sensation of this kind? May we not wish that the rulers of the church would put a stop to the fancy choir with its wearisome solos, amorous duets, superfluous *Amens*, and other long-drawn-out reiterations, and for ever forbid that lullaby of a *Veni* with which the choir tries to soothe us to sleep before the sermon? May we not hope and pray that the rare spectacle of crowds of men attending to their religious

duties will cease to be rare among us? Were not the Crusades a sensation in their day? also the conversion of Constantine and his army? the re-union of the Eastern Churches with Rome? the defeat of the Turks at Lepanto? Who of us would not exult at similar sensations in our day? For example, at the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, or the healing of the Greek schism, or the freedom of Catholic Ireland, or the repentance of heretical England, or justice to Poland, or a great influx of enlightened Jews? Tremendous sensations, all or any of them. But the faithful at large now take so little interest in church history, either present or past, that these wondrous events are not likely soon to happen.

How to arouse that interest, how to make all Catholic men believe that religion consists not in inward holiness alone, but in outward zeal also, is the end towards which, as one small factor in many great movements, this mildly sensational article is contributed.

M. T. ELDER.

New Orleans, La.

MORN AND NIGHT.

SOME morn: my ear will catch the note
Of first-come stranger bird
Fluttering its way to nesting,
With little hints from here and there
Closing in its faith
Of Spring; and, resting high
Above the bare despair of verdure,
Its song I'll hear.

Some night: across the desert of my doubt,
O'er troubled thoughts, like wind-vexed sands,
A star will shine;
Its flame of living light
Will fire the sands to glowing white,
Nor burn the feet that press them;
On the illumined path I'll find the way,
My being breathing brightness.

ANNIE COX STEPHENS.

THE TRUE SITE OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

WITHIN the last fifty years a number of books, pamphlets, and magazine articles have appeared in which the sites of the holy places in Jerusalem are represented as unauthentic and fictitious. It is asserted that these holy places have been invented by lying priests for the sole purpose of making money out of the faithful. Especially has the place of the sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ been an object of every sort of attack by unbelievers and Protestants. A cyclorama has been lately on exhibition in the city of New York which has for its subject the crucifixion of our Divine Redeemer. The position of the cross, however, is not correct; and as an article in a recent number of the *Century Magazine* undertakes to defend *this* fictitious site, I have thought well to say a few words in aid of the truth on this question.

Dr. Edward S. Robinson was, I believe, the first to doubt the authenticity of the holy places as fixed by immemorial tradition. Then followed a Mr. Howe and a Mr. Thompson, and, lastly, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, with a whole host of others, from Dean Stanley down to the obscure person who "explains" the cyclorama alluded to above.

Mr. Charles S. Robinson has the hardihood to assert "that nobody has ever answered the arguments of such scholars as Dr. Edward Robinson and Dr. William M. Thomson." Now, these words show either mendicity of intellect or mendacity of intention. Either this gentleman imagines that all the literature on this subject is in English, and is ignorant of the works in other languages, or else he knowingly suppresses this fact, which, to say the least, is not right.

I have before me as I write *Les Saints Lieux*, by Mgr. Mislin, in three large octavo volumes; M. Poujoulat, in two volumes; Rev. P. de Rivière, in one volume; and I can lay my hands on half a dozen others, each of whom has triumphantly refuted "the arguments which have never been answered."

The method of argument of our adversaries has been so well described in a little gem of a work called *The Lectures of a Certain Professor* that I cannot forbear quoting the passage:

"If you are engaged in an argument (a very profitless engagement, by the way), and if you are anxious (as most people are) for victory rather than the truth, you should proceed thus: Let me suppose you have in your favor

some isolated fact (these can be found on any side of any question). Make this your minor premise; then take a general proposition and wrap up your conclusion in it, and make it your major. You say you can't prove your general proposition? Of course you can't. But you can do what will serve your purpose equally well; you can preface it thus: 'Every one who is not a born idiot knows,' or 'It is admitted by all who have studied the subject minutely,' or 'The profoundest philosophers agree,' or some such humbug, and in nine cases out of ten no one will dispute it. Some will feel a personal interest in proving that they are not idiots, and others will be anxious to pretend that they are quite *au courant* with the philosophers. None of them will have sufficient time to analyze a big generality, and if any sensible person amongst them make an attempt to do so, why, he will appear dull and stupid, and the argument will be miles away on other grounds before he overtakes it; and if he does come up with it, you can put him down loftily by remarking: 'That was settled half an hour ago to the satisfaction of everybody'; and 'everybody' (the fools) will say you are right, and your opponent and common sense will be nowhere."

All things must be subjected to the searching light of modern criticism, says the sceptic. But of what value is that criticism which begins its search with a prejudiced mind, determined to find what it likes and pass by as not found, and not to be found, what it dislikes? Those who have attacked the authenticity of the Holy Sepulchre have proceeded in this manner. They have set to work to disprove the value of the testimony of those who for eighteen hundred years have witnessed to the truth of the location. They tell us the reasons; listen to them: "The superstitious reverence paid to the places," "The imposture of the holy fire on Holy Saturday," "The grave of Adam," "The tawdry hangings and altar shrines"—such are the principal reasons for seeking elsewhere for the holy places. These reasons are born of passion and prejudice, of envy and jealousy, and hatred of the Catholic religion. Can a man in such a frame of mind be expected to examine any subject fairly? We accuse all those who attack this subject of one or the other of these motives.

Their test of the value of a witness is the length of his clothing. Let the poor man be a priest, a monk, and at once he is set down for an ignoramus, a liar, an inventor of all sorts of ingenious devices to make money out of the people by fraud. In other words, if he wear a cassock it is merely "monkish tradition"; but if he be celebrating Mass, then it is "disgusting and degrading monkish superstition."

So, having denied that the site of the Holy Sepulchre is authentic, and having found one to suit themselves, brand-new, they ask us to prove that their site is the false one, when *they* are bound to prove that theirs is the true one. So far not a shadow

of evidence is there to show their Calvary to be true. It is all the merest conjecture. "The place looks like a skull"; therefore it follows that all the world has been mistaken until these nineteenth-century American and English wiseacres came to correct the error. What a pity Mr. Robinson and Mr. Oliphant and the rest were not on hand when St. Helena came to Jerusalem.

Mr. Howe, in his "orderly argument," has six points which he says must be maintained. *First*—The place was outside the walls (Hebrews xiii. 12; St. Matt. xxvii. 31–32; St. Mark xv. 21; St. John xix. 16–17). This, of course, is true. *Second*—It was nigh to the city. Of course it was. Why adduce this point? *Third*—It was popularly known as the place of a skull, Golgotha or Kranion. Quite true. *Fourth*—It was obviously nigh to one of the leading thoroughfares. This is not proven from the texts adduced. *Fifth*—The spot was conspicuous. *Sixth*—It was near sepulchres and gardens. But the alleged text says simply there was a *new* sepulchre in the garden. Now, every one of these points is and has been maintained by Catholic writers. With all these points agrees the present and true site of the sepulchre of our Lord. And in the light of the discoveries of ancient walls of Ezechias and Jonathan within the past four or five years, which exclude the Church of the Holy Sepulchre from the city enclosure, I do not see that Mr. Howe's six points have any value for his argument.

And now what is the testimony of the monks and priests which is so carelessly cast aside as unworthy of credence? We must go back to the time of St. Helena, who cleared away all the profane idols and heathen temples which desecrated and defaced this place. We find St. Macarius pointing out the traditional site. Now, he was the bishop in direct line from St. James, and therefore it is certain that he had a sound tradition of the place and a true one. For if there was anything which Easterns of that time held precious it was the places and things which had witnessed with mute but certain evidence the persons whom they concerned. A spot called back a sure and certain transaction; and when we consider that these people had no other means of keeping the record except as they read it in places and told it in traditional story, we are compelled to acknowledge that such evidence is good. Can we, then, for a moment suppose that to the bishops of Jerusalem for two hundred and fifty years the site of Calvary was unknown and forgotten? It would be absurd to think it. These are the facts quoted from Mgr. Mislin's great work:

"We have seen that after the death of Jesus Christ St. James the Less was made Bishop of Jerusalem. When the time came to flee, as announced by Jesus Christ (St. Matt. xxiv. 16), the Christians, under the charge of their Bishop Simeon, called the Brother of the Lord by St. Matthew, betook themselves beyond Jordan to wait until the anger of God had passed, and returned after the departure of Titus to take possession of the ruins of Jerusalem and the tomb of the Saviour. They were the guardians of the holy places during the times of persecution; and the fact which proves that the post was dangerous, but not on that account abandoned, is that during the lapse of thirty years—that is, after the death of St. Simeon to the reign of Hadrian—there were thirteen bishops of Jerusalem, all of whom were converts from Judaism. Again, we find fourteen bishops mentioned in the history of Eusebius until the time of St. Narcissus, about A.D. 195. To assert that these bishops, who dwelt uninterruptedly in the Holy City, and that the faithful under their care lost the memory of Calvary, is not only to show that one does not understand their religious sentiment, but also to ignore evidence."

Are we, then, to suppose that Eusebius, St. Cyril, St. Helena, St. Macarius, and all the rest were deceived? And were they deceived in the miracles which attested the authenticity of this holy place? Must we not, in justice to the intellect and learning of the people of that day, admit that they were quite as capable of detecting fraud and imposture as we of the present day? Is Plymouth Rock a fraud, a deceit of some of the inhabitants of that old Puritan town, because to-day it is sixty feet above high-water mark and not at the edge of the sea, as it was in 1622?

Again, if this site was a fraud, as Mr. Robinson would have us think, how is it that the heretics of the same age say nothing about it? They are silent; and had it been as these modern critics say, we may be sure they would have spoken.

We assert also that the site was marked by a pagan temple to Venus, and there is a coin lately described by Mr. G. Williams which demonstrates the fact, as well as the testimony of contemporary writers who assert the same.

Again, perhaps our enlightened critics will tell us how St. Macarius managed to deceive the whole world. How is it that no one suspected his veracity? We can account for it only by the fact that there was no deceit practised at all. If St. Macarius had been a deceiver, Eusebius of Cæsarea would have soon found him out, for, as is well known, he was not on the most friendly terms with him.

This is the method of argument. Mr. Robinson has taken an isolated fact; it is that a certain rock near Jerusalem looks like a skull. Then he has asserted the general proposition that the

ancient site of Calvary is fictitious because it does not answer certain conditions, fixed more or less arbitrarily by himself and those of his mind. And then on these wholly insufficient premises he expects sensible people to draw a senseless conclusion. He cannot prove his general proposition, and indeed he does not consider it worth while to prove it, as he prefaces it with the assertion, "Everybody who is not superstitious knows." For he is well aware that this will cause most people to accept it, as they will not wish to be classed among the superstitious. And then when any one comes along with an analysis of his general proposition and proves it false in each and every particular, all he has to say is, "Everybody admits what you deny; it has been settled long ago." And the multitude, who have a limited capacity to digest even a magazine article, will revolt at the sight of a book in several volumes to demolish their champion; and so untruth will flourish for a time, and learning, research, and truth will have to stand back.

Now let us turn to the "brisk rehearsal" of Mr. Howe's argument. Of the new site Mr. C. S. Robinson says: "No one will ever have to make crooked pictures and distort circumvallations in order with such a site to meet this text: 'Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate.'" We know perfectly well that the true site of the Holy Sepulchre was without the walls at the time our Lord was crucified, and that twelve years later it was enclosed within new ones. Mr. Robinson's remark about "distorting circumvallations," etc., reflects on the Jews who built the wall after the crucifixion, not on any one else. The place was nigh to the city. The real site was far nearer than the fictitious new one of Mr. Howe and Mr. Robinson.

And how can they assert that this "skull shape" must have remained so for centuries? Why, if it were so well known, did it lose its name to be renamed by a couple of dilettante explorers? Again they say, "It may have been called by the name 'skull.'" So it may not. And as a matter of hard fact, it was not, is not, and will not be by Christians and scholars generally. If this place had been as strikingly like a skull as the "Profile" in the White Mountains is like a man's face, it is strange indeed that no one noticed it before. They admit, these explorers, that there is no evidence that this place *ever* bore such a name. But some place did. Sunday-school scholars are taught by their teachers in popular commentaries to give two reasons for calling the place Golgotha, because it was shaped like a skull, or be-

cause there were skulls there. Then they assert that both these things are true of the new site. But it has not been proved that this new site was skull-shaped in those days. Two thousand years make strange changes in the earth and its conformations; and it remains for them, Mr. Howe and Mr. Robinson, to prove that this place is just the same now as then.

"The passers-by, etc." But what does this prove for our adversaries. Nothing; because the true site of Calvary is just outside the ancient Gate of Judgment by the highway. And the true site could not have been any less conspicuous than the false one which Mr. Howe and those of his way of thinking maintain. The gardens in the vicinity of the Holy Sepulchre were still in existence when St. Cyril of Alexandria was living.

There is one particular thing about the sepulchre of our Lord which, though it may not directly prove that this spot is Calvary, yet it may be added as a confirmation of all the incontestable proofs which have never yet been refuted. This is the rent rock. Mr. Maundrell, an English gentleman who was a Unitarian, became a Catholic by the study of it. "For," said he, "I have long studied the physical sciences, and I feel certain that the fissures in this rock cannot be possibly traced to any natural causes. An ordinary earthquake might have broken up the rock, it is true, but the cracks would have been made in a different sense. They would have followed the lay of the various veins or strata, and have been largest in those places where the strata were narrowest or weakest. This is how we always find the breaks in such rocks as have been displaced and broken by means of earthquakes. But here it is far otherwise. The rock is transversely divided. The opening cuts straight through in a most strange and inexplicable way. It seems therefore to me to be a clear proof of some supernatural and miraculous intervention; for which reason I thank God for having led me hither to contemplate this monument of his wondrous power—a monument which can leave no doubt of the divinity of Jesus Christ" (Mgr. Gaume).

Now, why was the place called "The Skull," as Mr. Robinson calls it? The rabbinical traditions tell us that here was the grave of Adam, and that after the flood the sons of Noe divided Adam's bones and that Sem buried here the head of Adam. This is the reason assigned, and this tradition, whether founded on reality or delusion, has been handed down from the times of the Jews and certainly cannot be called an invention of *Christian* priests. Tertullian, Origen, St. Basil, St. Epiphanius, St. Atha-

nasius, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, Theophylact, Euthymius Zigabenus, Rabbi Moses Ben Cephas, St. Germanus, and many others, all speak of it as an authentic tradition in their day. And though St. Jerome once discredits it, he does later withdraw his positive opinion on the subject. And, lastly, we find several of the converts whom he had instructed writing of the same tradition and expressing their belief in it, which they would not have been likely to do had St. Jerome not come to believe in it also. Here, then, is a great array of authorities for the truth of this strange and ancient reason for calling this place the "Place of the Skull."

Again, it is certain that on this spot Abraham was thought to have offered up his son Isaac, the type of Him who in after times should offer himself to his Father on the same spot for the sins of the whole world. St. Augustine, in his *City of God*, book xvi. ch. 33, says: "Jerome the priest writes that he has learnt from the ancients of the Jews that it is beyond doubt that Isaac was sacrificed on the same spot where Adam was buried and where Christ was crucified."

You may search from end to end of the statements of our sceptics and not find one single proof worthy the name adduced for any of their assertions. They speak of "the absurd site," but they never condescend to tell us why it is so. They deny that the city walls were ever inside the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, yet they never undertake to prove this. What is the reason? Why do they not attempt some adequate proof of their assertions? Perhaps it is because such an attempt means the proving that some of the most venerated personages of Christian history were impostors and others after them were little better. It means the discrediting of all the sources whence we derive the history of the three hundred years after Christ. Meantime, the most learned and respectable Protestant and Catholic investigators, who have been on the ground and have studied the question, have acknowledged, some willingly and some perhaps unwillingly, that the unbroken tradition of the Christian Church of Jerusalem is true.

And until each particle of evidence is taken up separately and disproved this tradition shall stand. But there is no likelihood whatever of these men going into this question scientifically. They have hearing enough without it. When such a ridiculously stupid article as the one in the November number of the *Century* is taken and printed what need for any defence?

The authors are well aware that on such recondite subjects the vast majority of their readers have no knowledge, and so they say what they please, hoping that no one will be the wiser. And if any one who does know anything on the other side of the question shall venture to say a word, then they will quietly ignore him.

The whole thing in their eyes amounts only to this: "The tradition which asserts these places to be what they are is untenable, for those who hold it are superstitious and credulous, and so were all who have handed it down. Besides, it is so encrusted with fictitious miracles that we are compelled to deny it, because miracles do not happen."

Facts, history, documents, tradition both oral and written, and monuments attest the authenticity of the place; and if we doubt these things we must lay ourselves open to suspicions of a sceptical state of mind and one both illogical and irreligious.

It cannot be denied, then, that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands on the very spot where Christ was crucified.

A. M. CLARK.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WALKER GUGGINS.

MRS. GLASS was made very unhappy by the news that I was soon to leave Philiopolis. "I a'mos' wish you'd never come here, Walter Scott," she said; "I was use' to bein' by m'self, an' now I hev t' begin all over!" It made no difference to the good-hearted woman that I was not in a talkative mood. She talked straight on, only she spoke more than was usual of her dead, her husband and her son. How many, many stories had the poor widow to tell me of them!

The work of instructing Walker Guggins caused me no uneasiness. There was something so like, yet unlike, in the childhood of the deformed boy and my own boyhood that I felt drawn to him in a manner that to Miss Bland was quite unaccountable. Walker had certainly told me the truth about his father's house. It sadly needed some one to look after it. Expensively furnished, its furniture was going to ruin. The first thought I had on entering the room into which a pert maid admitted me was, how much the windows needed washing. "You'd best keep from them curtains, young man," the maid advised when I went to a window for fresh air. It was sound advice, as I presently learned from the experience I had of these three things: a disagreeable smell, an itching sensation, and the sight of an insect whose name is not for ears polite.

When Walker came to me his first greeting was to call me out of the room. "We won't stay there," he said decidedly; "that's the Downtrodden's meeting-room; when meeting was long they used to sleep there."

"What kind of a family are the Downtroddens?" I asked.

"They an't a family," Walker enlightened me, "they're only women; they just pitch into the men. The Downtroddens wanted to have meetings here after ma died. They sent an old woman in curls to pop. She was awful sweet on him till pop said they couldn't meet here no more. Then you ought to heard her! She went out on the pavement and lectured. She said pop had killed ma. Pop had to send her out five dollars; then she went away. Is your Mrs. Glass a Downtrodden?"

I answered that indeed she was not. Walker said that was a good thing, and I agreed with him altogether. As we went up a broad staircase to the second story, Walker said hospitably: "Pop says you're to eat here. Will you have something to eat now?"

Having had my breakfast but an hour before, I thanked Walker and said I believed not.

"When you want anything just say so. We don't have regular meals here. When pop and me want dinner cook goes to the eating-house round the corner to fetch some. Cook says it's economical that way; better cooked, too. I guess she an't a very good cook." I could not help thinking that a high degree of culinary excellence was not needed in Mr. Guggins' kitchen if the cook had no cooking to do. This thought was kept to myself.

We had now entered a large room having a bedstead in one corner, and an abundance of easy-chairs placed hap-hazard, together with a collection of books on a low table.

"This is my room," Walker informed me. "It's a good room for me, for when I knock against things I can't hurt myself. When I knock my hump it makes it sore."

In a pitifully serious way he put his hand behind him and softly patted the disfiguring hump. When I came to examine the furniture more closely I understood what he meant by its being a good room for him. The chairs were all of bent-wood carefully padded with cushions of down.

"What are you going to teach me first?" Walker demanded when we were seated.

"I hardly know. Perhaps we had better begin by your telling me what you have studied," I suggested.

"I never studied anything but reading," answered Walker; "I'd like to learn maps."

"Geography?" I said. "Why are you so anxious to learn geography?"

"Did you ever read *Gulliver's Travels?*" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" I returned, surprised that he had read them.

"I want to study maps to find the places he went to. I'll get pop to take me there some day," said Walker.

When I had somewhat recovered from the astonishment into which he had thrown me I exclaimed: "There are no such places, Walker."

He looked at me incredulously. "I guess you don't know," he said.

In as simple a way as I knew how I explained to the child the meaning of Gulliver. A useless waste of breath. The inimitable air of truth in the dean's greatest writing had too completely deceived him for any words of mine to shake his faith. He sighed and was lost in thought, whilst I pondered what next to say. About to propose geography for its own sake, the words were stopped on my lips by Walker asking energetically, "Do you know anything about dogs?"

Answering him in the affirmative, he said: "Please tell me something about them. We've got a stuffed one; he was a very good dog before he had to be stuffed. Some people would be nicer stuffed. They didn't stuff ma. I don't believe they know how in this country. I saw a stuffed man at the museum. He didn't look as nice as our dog. The man at the show said he'd kept right well for over three thousand years. Sometimes the men at shows don't tell the truth. I think that man did, for the stuffed man was brown and all dried up. He said it was a mummy."

I entered into a little history of mummies, to which he listened very patiently. When I had finished he said: "Now will you please tell me about a dog?"

Not deeply read in dog-lore, I told him about the famous dog of Montargis, about the still more famous dogs of St. Bernard. The last interested him deeply. When I had ended he said thoughtfully: "If dogs go to heaven, they'll go. Ours went. He bit Miss Glowser. She's the woman pop gave five dollars to. I guess it was right to bite her. Ma beat him, but pop gave him chicken when ma wasn't looking."

We talked on a while longer, and then the pert maid who had admitted me announced dinner, which Walker and I took together. A very good dinner it was, and after it was eaten, it being late, I left my friend Walker, promising to return on the morrow.

On my way home I met Miss Bland carrying a bundle of what appeared to be dry-goods. She seemed to be very glad to see me, expressing much pleasure when I told her I was just returning from a visit to Walker Guggins. I offered to carry her bundle, but she hesitated before handing it to me.

"I know I can trust you, Mr. Scott," she said sentimentally. "No one knows it but Mrs. Glass, and she will keep it secret. Mr. Scott, Mr. Guggins and I are to be united in the fall." Adding apologetically: "I trust you won't think us precipitate; the poor little boy needs a mother's care."

I assured Miss Bland that I thought the step she and Mr. Guggins were about to take was the right one. "No one who knows the circumstances can think otherwise," I said decidedly.

"I told Mr. Guggins you would approve," said Miss Bland, "and he said—these are his very words, Mr. Scott—'Of course he'll approve. Hasn't he acted like a Solomon all through, Martha? Just see how he did up that business of my sending you that basket.' I have that basket yet, Mr. Scott." And Miss Bland simpered at some pleasant thought that she had in her mind.

It astonished me very much to hear that my opinion had been thought of, but I was yet to learn how much Mr. Guggins did think of me.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I LEAVE PHILIOPOLIS.

In less than a fortnight after I had begun to give Walker his desultory lessons, taught in an original way, it was announced to me that Mr. Guggins was going to live at a hotel and that Walker was to stay at Miss Bland's house, where in future my lessons were to be given. The very valid reason given for this separation of Mr. Guggins from his home and child was the cleansing and repairing his house had to undergo.

Never was a house-cleaning more needed. From Walker's frequent recurrence to events that had taken place in the lifetime of the late Mrs. Guggins I judged that lady to have been what some people would call a "psychological mystery." Walker affirmed that his mother had been strong-minded, and certainly her house was dirty enough for me to believe it. And yet she was a woman who had done a great deal of sewing. This anomaly puzzled Walker very much. "Ma used to say," he told me, "that she was working her fingers to the bone. For what did she sew, then? You ought to have heard her lecture. She just ramped up and down, and the more she hollered the more them women clapped and knocked umbrellas. It used to make pop sick. When I'm a man I'm going to have a man's rights meeting. Won't that make the women just raging? Ma said sewing's slave's work, and she sewed all the same." And Walker lapsed into silence, seeking, perhaps, an answer to his own query. From my after experience in teaching I know that

Walker was apt to learn whatever touched his imagination. In arithmetic I doubt if he ever progressed beyond the first four rules.

Miss Bland, who now was always with some bit of mysterious sewing, was pleased to bring her work into the room where I held my perfunctory class. Holding Guggins' intellect in high esteem, I think one of her reasons for being present at Walker's lessons was that she herself might learn something, or at least furbish up what knowledge she already possessed. If she had any such idea I am sorry for her disappointment. Sometimes Mr. Guggins came to take tea with Miss Bland. I was always invited to these tea-drinkings, and always attended when I discovered that they would have considered themselves slighted had I stayed away.

So the days passed and were as dreams, till at last the time came when I was to bid farewell to Philiopolis for ever. It caused me no pang whatsoever to go away from the city's dreary monotony, sorry as I was to leave the few friends I had. On the 24th of August Mrs. Glass gave a dinner in my honor, the guests Mrs. Link, Ned Link, Nurse Barnes, Miss Bland, Mr. Guggins, and Walker.

Although Mrs. Glass was the giver of what Miss Bland called the banquet, Guggins sent a brace of birds, a ham, and the wine; Nurse Barnes, a great cake; and Miss Bland, fruits and vegetables. All day there was a trotting back and forth to the bake-house at the corner, and many of the neighbors were bitten by envy at the sight of the good things going into the house of Glass. One maiden lady across the way talked loudly from a second-story window to a neighbor about the extravagance of some folks, winding up with a lecture on household economy. Before nightfall a rumor had spread that there was to be a wedding at our house. When Mrs. Link arrived a chorus of children cheered her loudly as the bride. But when Miss Bland, well known in the neighborhood, came, in all the glory of a gray silk gown, Mr. Guggins escorting her, the fickle chorus cheered her likewise.

Barring the fact that I felt a little gloomy at the thought of the morrow's parting, and that these good-hearted friends were truly sorry to lose me, the entertainment in my honor passed off right merrily. Nurse Barnes, it is true, put us out for a little while. Mr. Guggins had proposed my health in a speech in which he expressed his confidence that I would be an honor to the Jesuits, whom, his dictionary informed him, were a body of

learned men, likewise cunning and crafty. Getting entangled in his speech, Nurse Barnes, who was listening intently, began to whimper and cry out that her Master Paul was in the graps (grasp?) of the Inquisition, and why didn't the government put a stop to such carryings-on? Fortunately, the mention of the Inquisition reminded Mrs. Glass of Fort McHenry, and she gave us in fine style the story of how she had been lodged in jail. Her story set us all a-laughing, and the maligned Jesuits were forgotten. After dinner I made Miss Bland happy by asking her to give us "Cumnor Hall," which, after a little pressing, she did most tragically. Walker was frightened by it, and made not a little suspicious of Miss Bland.

"I guess she's a Downtrodden," he whispered to me; "that's the way they ramp."

I whispered the assurance to him that no Downtrodden would care for Miss Bland's way of ramping. When he had said "Honest!" and I had repeated "Honest" after him, he was made more comfortable, saying he guessed that I knew.

About eleven o'clock our little party broke up. There was no final parting save with Guggins and Ned Link. The women all said that they would be at the station to see me off. On the doorstep, as Guggins grasped my hand in farewell, he whispered in my ear that if I ever needed cash to let him know, and that I was to say nothing about the parcel Walker would hand me on the morrow. When I began to thank him, he suddenly discovered that there was no moon, and hurried Miss Bland off under the pretence that it was threatening rain, though never was there a more beautiful night.

Ned Link's parting, for a young American, was very original. He made me feel very foolish by putting an arm about my neck and kissing my cheek. He had a good heart, Ned Link; never a warmer one, and all the success he has had in life he deserves.

On the following morning the breakfast of Mrs. Glass and myself was a very lugubrious meal.

"I declar' to goodness, I takes no more boarders!" exclaimed Mrs. Glass as she poured out my coffee. "This yere partin' es too much fur an old woman. Did I put sugar en thet coughy, child?"

I nodded that she had, and choked myself in a vain endeavor to swallow my emotions and my fried ham.

"Now I'm goin' fur to put on my duds; ef you wants more coughy the's plenty en th' pot." And Mrs. Glass hurried out of the room to hide from me that she was crying.

It had been arranged that Father Weldon was to meet me at the station, and in my ignorance I did not know how he would take it meeting so many females come to see me off—perverse females, so far as a priest was concerned.

In a wonderfully short space of time Father Weldon made friends of these good women; joked with Mrs. Glass, was attentive to a rhapsody of Miss Bland's, listened to a vapid utterance of Mrs. Link concerning a painted panel in the waiting-room, and, strangest of all, won Nurse Barnes' heart by the genuine interest he showed in me, so unworthy of a thought of his.

Walker had given me the package—a roll of money—Guggins had spoken of, and was now watching Father Weldon very earnestly. Drawing a long breath, he assured me in a whisper that the priest was a pretty good man. "I don't know any other priest," he went on to say; "I guess he's the only one Miss Bland ever saw, too. She was afraid to speak to him; she an't now. Ma wouldn't have been afraid. She wasn't afraid of anything. I wish he'd have known ma. I don't know; ma scared the minister; she might have scared him. He's thin, and I guess he an't strong. What'd he done, do you think, Walter, if ma had hit him with a parasol like she did the minister?"

I replied, as gravely as I could, that I rather thought Father Weldon would have had her put in the lock-up.

"Do you?" interrogated Walker, eying me earnestly.

"Indeed I do," I said decidedly.

Then Walker very seriously shook hands with Father Weldon, and told him his "pop" would be very glad to make his acquaintance, and Miss Bland exhibited much maidenly confusion as she begged to be permitted to say that any friend of Mr. Ringwood's, but particularly Father Weldon, would be welcome at Mr. Guggins' mansion.

"She's Mr. Guggins' intended," Mrs. Glass explained to the priest in a very audible whisper.

Ding! ding! ding! twelve o'clock! "All aboard for Cecilsburg!" shouted and echoed; a rolling of belated trucks, a hurrying of many feet, and we start to board our train. A final shaking of hands all round, the dong, dong of a monotonous bell, and, as I gazed through blurred eyes on my friends, the train steamed out of the station.

"Now, Paul," said Father Weldon, "I have my office to say; have you anything to read?"

"No," I answered, "but I'll think."

He smiled, and think I did. Not with a brave heart, for I was seriously asking myself, "Am I fit to be a teacher?"

CHAPTER XXV.

MANRESA PLACE.

"It will not do to suppose that the interest of a memoir depends on its writer having been concerned in great affairs."

Were it not for a belief in this saying, many chapters back this autobiography would have been given up in disgust. It has been difficult in the foregoing chapters not to add when what had to be told was dull and commonplace, to use decided colors when the picture called for but neutral tints. And will not the temptation be reversed when the one picture is reached where scarlet hues should predominate?

Manresa College, where I was to spend many years, is part of the block called Manresa Place, on Cecil Street, one of the principal streets of what Englishmen say is the most English of American towns, Cecilsburg. I take this to be a euphemistic way of putting it that Cecilsburg is rather slow. All the same, it is the most delightful of provincial towns. The college is a five-story brick building of no particular architecture, having a portico upheld by Ionic columns. It adjoins a church, the beautiful interior of which scarcely condones its ugly exterior.

Father Weldon and myself were admitted to the parlor by a lay-brother, who left us to call Father Lang, which he did by ringing a bell. Each of the fathers had his signal, one bell, two bells, and so on. The more bells a father had, the less important was his office. Father Lang had one bell. There were three parlors, separated one from the other by glass partitions, and again from a corridor by other partitions of glass. The only wall was the one on the street, and it had large windows, so that the parlors looked like a conservatory denuded of its flowers.

Father Weldon was saying something to this effect when a tall, slender, and handsome priest entered the room, and I was introduced to Father Lang. Though he showed himself very genial, taking me to luncheon, afterwards to my room, doing many little kindnesses besides, he did not succeed in putting me at my ease. My conscience twitted me with being an impostor. What right had I to set up for a teacher? A dullard, at best a sciolist. Not that I called myself the last. I doubt if the word was then in my vocabulary. Several times I was on the point of acknowledging to Father Lang my incapability, but the thought that it was best to give myself a trial caused me to hold my tongue. This may be said, that there is no reason to believe

that my boys have cause for sorrow that my teaching powers were given a trial.

What teacher is there who does not remember his first day in class? The awe with which he sees before him the lads he is to mould. No two alike, save in the one thing to do as little work as possible; all pretty much of a mind to annoy the poor pedagogue, always provided that the pedagogue be fool enough to let himself be annoyed. If the lads could but see the teacher's heart in his mouth, and the rascals sometimes do! When they do, then that teacher, if he knows what is best for himself, had better fold his tents and seek other battle-fields. On the one before him he will be ignominiously routed.

With a feeling like that of sea-sickness I took my stand before my Solomons in embryo. Exteriorly passive, I was afraid of my own voice, which is stentorian. Fortunately, long years of self-repression had made of me an arrant hypocrite, and I was able to hide my heart.

How the day dragged! How the boys watched my every movement! How very still they were! No one troubled me. When the day had ended I could have canonized those boys. Since then there has been no recurrence of this disposition to canonize.

Sitting in my room I pondered over the nigh miraculous fact to me, that I was a disciplinarian. Looking up, my eyes caught my face in the glass. The crease between my eyebrows was very visible. "That's it!" I exclaimed to myself; "the boys could not brave that frown." Whether I was right or wrong in my conjecture I do not know; but from that day to this a boy has never caused me fear.

In time I got to like my work. Teaching never became a pastime for me. It always remained work, hard, ungrateful work, though not more ungrateful than other works are, it seems to me. We are not prone to look for gratitude in men; why look for it in the boy? If boys were grateful, then would gratitude be the commonest of all virtues, for the old saw says, "As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined." One most excellent quality boys have is that they readily understand that your urgency for them to work is for their good.

Should any young teacher read this autobiography, let me humbly recommend him never to use the rod more than once a year, and then but on one individual. In all my years of teaching it has been used by me twice. Never punish if it can be avoided. Many teachers give lines to learn, lines to write.

Give them very seldom, and never to commit to memory. Learning lines is but a method of making boys hate the great authors. Always keep a boy after class till the work he has neglected is finished. Let him understand that this is not punishment, for it is not. A man is hired to work on Monday. He fails to do his work. Is he punished if he is obliged to do it on Tuesday? No! Believe in your heart that your boys are souls of honor and yet capable of any iniquity. Let your boys believe that you think them angels, never forgetting yourself that there are two kinds of angels. Never watch; see everything. Seldom praise; never scold. Chide sometimes. Show displeasure rather by silence than by words.

Five years passed by like a dream. It was a pleasant, peaceful time, nothing to roughen the smooth path I was treading. In a time so blank of events as almost to be forgotten one man stands out clear and distinct. He is a priest. A truer friend than he has been to me man never found. There are vain, self-sufficient men who call him hard and rigorous! Hard and rigorous? Yes, to himself. But to others mild and gentle as the spring-tide sun after storms. He is tall, my father, not bent though aged, and white his hair; the kindliest smile ever on lips that never a harsh word troubles. A frame worn and wasted from fasting; for, his own obligation finished, he begins anew, that for others he may do atoning works. O Father Clare! when for us two this little breathing space is over may my cleansed self be with you, to join with you in the anthems that never cease before God's white throne!

From time to time I had letters from Mrs. Guggins, giving me news of my friends in Philiopolis. Twice during vacation I had paid them a visit, and once during the Christmas holidays I acted as "best man" at Ned Link's wedding. The only happier persons than myself at the wedding were the groom and pretty Mattie Smith, whom he married. The last thing I have to recall of those five years is of a letter from Ned, telling me with most proper and ill-concealed pride that he was the father of a little boy whom he and Mattie have called Paul.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ADDITIONAL WAGES.

The school year was but eight days old; there were twenty-four lads before me to be my study, and my mind wandered as I

dictated for a spelling exercise the following lucid sentence: "Wilson met but three sound and healthy specimens of columbine in Louisiana."

Tick, tock went the old clock in the corridor as the first boy to finish repeated the dictation. Slowly he read: "Wilson ate but three thousand healthy specimens of crocodile in Louisiana." And then this lad of rampant imagination gazed about him, in cherubic innocence as to the cause of the laughter he had given birth to.

My hand was raised to signal silence, unnecessarily. There was of itself a sudden hush, and then some one cried: "Mr. Ringwood, Hethering's fainted." Hethering was a sickly-looking boy who had come to class but the day before.

Telling the boys to stand aside, I raised him in my arms and carried him into the corridor where there was a current of air, one of the boys running to fetch water, another to my room for a flask of bay rum. When I had bathed Hethering's forehead with the bay rum he opened his eyes and, gazing vacantly before him, called faintly, "Mamma!"

It is an enigma why a school-boy can never hear a mate call on his mother without a smile. And now a relieved smile rippled over the faces of the lads grouped against the wall.

"You don't know me, Hethering?" I said, bending over the white face resting on my arm.

He looked up at me and, smiling patiently, said: "You're my teacher. I'm not very well; hadn't I better go home?"

No doubt he had; so I sent for the vice-president, who, with a brother, took Hethering home in the college hack.

About three weeks after this event Father Lang called me to his room. He was a busy man, not given to wasting words, so straightway began to speak of what I had been summoned to hear.

"You remember little Hethering?" he asked abruptly as I took the chair to which he motioned me.

The sick boy had altogether passed from my mind; it was only on hearing his name that I recollected the scene in class.

"I hope he is better," I answered.

Father Lang drew a long breath. "He will never be better," he said. "His mother cannot believe that, poor soul! She wishes the boy's studies to go on."

He paused and, striving to interpret his thoughts, I said: "You wish me to be very easy with him in regard to his exercises and lessons?"

"He will not return to class," said Father Lang. "What I wish—or, rather, his mother wishes it—is that you go to him every day for an hour, say from five to six. On Thursdays"—Thursdays were holidays with us—"you can go earlier. It will pay you very well. I'd prefer your going to any one else I could recommend, one of 'Ours' being out of the question." By "Ours" Father Lang meant one of his order. I was not averse to an addition to my wages, but a feeling arose within me that it would be better for me not to accept the charge. Seeing me hesitate, Father Lang mentioned the wages I would receive, stating a sum sufficiently large to startle me. At the same time my vanity was hurt because he seemed to think that the question of money was causing my hesitation.

"I was not thinking of the money," I said shortly.

"If you were not, young man," said Father Lang decidedly, "let me tell you that you should have been."

This was common sense, and had the effect on me of a sudden dash into cold water.

"Why do you hesitate?" asked the priest.

"Just so," I made answer.

"Humph!" he ejaculated. Then in a confidential tone: "It is this, Ringwood: tutor this boy and you not only do Mrs. Hethering a favor, but myself as well. It will do you good, the walk to and fro; you shut yourself up too much."

My mind was made up. I told Father Lang that I would take charge of Harry Hethering's studies, that my additional wages would be welcome to me, for I needed many books I could ill afford to buy. As I was prejudiced in favor of reading from books of my very own, for one in my circumstances the sum I yearly spent on divers publications was not small. It is true that I had what now amounted to ten thousand dollars in government securities. But this sum, left me by my mother, I would not touch, principal or interest.

"I do not think you will regret this step," said Father Lang. "And now," he continued, "perhaps I had better tell you something of these Hetherings; you know nothing about them?"

I gave my head a negative shake, and he went on: "As you will most likely find it out, I'd better warn you that whilst Mrs. Hethering has a charming character, her husband is—well, not so charming. You look annoyed. You will have nothing to do with him, and in all probability you will not meet his wife half a dozen times in a year."

As I was to have no dealings with the man, I was not particu-

larly interested in what Father Lang was saying. Seeing me inattentive, the priest threw out his hand, palm upward, and, with a little shrug of his shoulders, said: "You may hear much of what I have to tell you from others, but I want you to know the truth."

"Mrs. Hethering, is she an elderly person?" I asked.

"She is not old," Father Lang returned absently. Then, speaking his thought aloud, "Who could have believed Tom Hethering would turn out so—?"

The father lapsed into silence for so long a time that at last I rose to leave the room, when he motioned me to keep my seat. "I have not told you about the Hetherings," he said. "Mrs. Hethering was not seventeen when she married Hethering. He is a Protestant—rather, he has no religion whatsoever—and as Ethel—she was Ethel Pyne—was indifferent to him, Father Clare did all he could to prevent the marriage. If Ethel was indifferent, her parents were not. The Pynes are a Virginia family, and the war had left them poor. They came to Cecilsburg to live, how and on what is known only to themselves. To make a long story short, they quarrelled with Father Clare and then had little difficulty in bringing about Ethel's marriage. She did not dislike Tom Hethering; indeed, she rather liked him, and then he was to do such noble things for her father. To be just to him, he did do noble things for Pyne—bought up the mortgages on his plantation and gave him a round sum to start on. Before the first year of their wedded life Hethering had tired of his wife. That year the boy you are to teach was born prematurely. In a fit of half-tipsy passion Tom Hethering had frightened the mother, and the child was born, a sickly baby, the mother scarcely living. Little by little it leaked out till it became a common scandal that I would not be justified in repeating but that I wish you to know the truth. His friends say Ethel is not a patient wife. She is; patient, too, under moral wrongs that make her endurance heroic."

Father Lang spoke in low, even tones unconcernedly, as one might say, "'Tis pleasant weather"; but when he had finished he turned his face away, and his hands trembled as he put some books in order on his desk.

My interest had grown, and I now felt for Mrs. Hethering that negative sort of pity one feels when the story is told of the distresses of people in far-away lands.

"When am I to give the first lesson?" I asked after a moment.

"To-morrow," he said thoughtfully. Rising, he took my hand in his. "Do all you can for the little boy, Ringwood; he is his mother's only earthly comfort."

This time the priest spoke with emotion; and earnestly I promised to do my utmost.

That afternoon I took occasion to let Father Clare know of my new work. When I had told him he placed his hands on my shoulders and gazed long on my face, so long and earnestly that I smiled uneasily when he removed his hands and sighing said: "You are very young, very young."

"But, father," I cried indignantly, "if I was old enough five years ago to teach a class, surely I am now competent to teach one sick boy!"

Taking my hand in both of his, he said, his voice trembling: "God bless you, my child, God keep you!"

For the first time in my life Father Clare annoyed me. I could see no reason why he took my news so solemnly.

"You are displeased, Paul?" he said tentatively. He always addressed me by my Christian name.

Reddening, I blurted out something about my always having had success with my classes.

"Who questions that, Paul?" he said. "There is a wisdom you have not yet; it may come; it does not always bring happiness with it."

What that wisdom was I would have asked him, but something in his face forbade me.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PAUL RINGWOOD IS ACCUSED OF A WISH TO BE ANALYTICAL.

Never was anything begun with a worse will than this teaching of Harry Hethering. In homely phrase, my ways were "set." Dinner over at four in the afternoon, my custom was to indulge in a book and a smoke. Now the smoke would have to be hurried, the book put aside altogether. It was sloppy weather, a drizzling rain was falling, and it was just such a day as a bookworm loves between four walls. In a bad humor I put on a light overcoat, got out my umbrella, and went down to the portico to wait for a car. The Hetherings lived out on Charles Street, and the car would take me by their door.

The dwelling into which I waited for admittance was of brown stone, spacious, very modern with its plate-glass windows

and absence of shutters. A solid, ugly building, eloquently stating the fact that it was built of dollars.

"Is you the poffessor who am to teach Master Harry?" asked in a confidential tone the man-servant who admitted me into a wide hall.

Firing up, I retorted that I was not a professor, sulkily adding that I had come to teach "Master Harry."

"Excuse me, sah," said the black, offering to help me off with my overcoat. "You's expected, sah; please walk right in here, sah, and take a cha'r."

Somewhat mollified, I followed him to a small parlor opening out of a large one and into a conservatory. Opening one of the top blinds a fraction of an inch, the negro left me to let Mrs. Hethering know, he said.

In the bad humor I was in it seemed to me that I was kept a long time waiting. Meditating on my imaginary misery, I was roused by the rustle of a dress across the tiled hallway, and suddenly arose to my feet as a woman entered the room—a woman whom I took to be a girl, so youthful was her white face. Her pale yellow hair was simply drawn back, lying in a thick coil low on a shapely neck. She wore some sort of a gown of grayish stuff, plain and without a bit of color to relieve her whole colorless self.

Extending her hand, she touched mine with the tips of her fingers, my face flushing as she did so.

"You are exceedingly welcome"—referring to my card in her hand—"Mr. Ringwood, if you can but help my poor Harry," she said in an even, trained voice. I could not control the start I gave when she announced herself as Harry Hethering's mother, the mother herself was so like a child.

Then she told me that she did not wish her son pushed in his studies; she only desired him not to lose what he already had. Proposing to take me to Harry's sitting-room, I bowed ungracefully, and it was not until we were in the boy's presence that I remembered I had not spoken a word to his mother.

When my acquaintance with Harry had been rather awkwardly renewed his mother said: "Robert, the servant who opened the door for you, has been told to show you in future to Harry's room. Should you need anything, simply ring the bell."

Not waiting for me to speak, she sank on her knees beside Harry's invalid-chair, and, putting her arms about him, whispered in his ear some mother's tenderness. Then rising, she bowed coldly to me and left the room.

I had not said a word to her; my surprise was too great. A novice in women, I could not attempt an analysis of my feelings. She was so surprisingly childish in face, so womanly and self-possessed in all she said and did. It is an old similitude, that of the girl the bud, the mother the full-blown flower. Well, when she knelt beside the boy I had seen the bud bloom into the flower.

"Harry," I said foolishly, as I took a chair beside him, "was that your mother?"

For answer Harry burst into a ringing laugh. There was a hurried step in the passageway, and Mrs. Hethering came hastily into the room, her face pale and frightened. When she looked on laughing Harry her face flushed and she faltered: "I thought there was something amiss with my boy."

Harry had not remarked his mother's alarm and, still laughing, he cried: "What do you think, mother?"

"That my son appears to be very happy," she said, smiling and smoothing back his hair.

"Mr. Ringwood wants to know if you are my mother!" the boy exclaimed in his thin, clear voice.

She drew herself up coldly and, without noticing me, said: "That's right, Harry, be just as jolly as you can," and again left me alone with the boy.

"You should not have told your mother that," I said indignantly, angry at the boy's thoughtlessness, angry at what I called inwardly Mrs. Hethering's satanic pride. "What must she think of me!" I ejaculated, not to Harry but to myself.

He gazed thoughtfully at me and said: "I don't believe mother thinks of you at all."

The way in which this was said would have been insolence from an older person; coming from him it could but be set down to childish frankness, a well-deserved blow to my vanity so fairly slapped in the face.

The lesson—if what we went over could be called a lesson—was badly given. A nervous feeling that Mrs. Hethering was hovering about the passageway clogged my speech. This feeling received confirmation when, on leaving Harry, I saw the tail of a gray gown whisked behind the partly closed door of a room near his.

On the whole it had been a very unpleasant afternoon. Though I had no clearly defined views of the mistress of the house I was leaving, one thing was plain to me—I did not and could not like her. She had treated me with something akin

to contempt, yet I kept on thinking of her, though such thinking annoyed me, and though I made large generalizations derogatory to women in order to put her out of my mind.

The following afternoon, as I was leaving the college to go to Harry, a coupé drove up, and a lady whom I recognized to be Mrs. Hethering let herself out, hurriedly passing me on the college steps. I raised my hat, and she bowed distantly. Her face had a troubled look on it, and involuntarily I turned to gaze after her, but one of the columns supporting the portico hid her from view.

Harry was very glad to see me and very proud of the little task he had prepared. There was something so lovable about the boy that I could not wonder at his mother's fondness for him, a fondness that amounted to a passion.

It was not long before the position of tutor and pupil was changed to that of brother and brother. I began to take as much interest in the state of Harry's health as in the progress he made in his studies. I never saw his mother, and Harry, not from lack of love and pride in her, I felt sure, never mentioned her name. When the winter came on his health visibly improved, and the boy was getting much stronger. I remarked to him that his mother must be very glad of it.

"Mother is very glad—" he began, and then stopped.

Had his mother forbidden him to speak of her to me? Unreasonably irritated, it was on the tip of my tongue to ask him, but, fortunately for the preservation of my puerile dignity, my tongue was held.

One Thursday in December Father Clare came to my room.

"Do you know what I have come for, Paul?" he asked after he had been warmly welcomed.

No, I had no idea, I told him.

"I have come to say good-by," he said.

"Good-by?" I faltered.

"Yes, I am going away this afternoon."

"But you will come back soon?"

He smiled as he said: "Well, six or eight months is not a long time. Yes, I shall come back soon."

It was a long time to me, however. "Whom will I go to when I'm in trouble?" I asked despairingly.

"What are your serious troubles, Paul?" he asked with gentle irony.

As my troubles were but trifling annoyances, I had nothing

to say to this. He was going to give retreats and missions, he told me. As my lamentations continued, he softly rebuked me, saying with truth that I could not expect him to give up his work for the sake of a young man who at least in years had passed the age of reason, leaving it in doubt whether I had attained reason.

After a while I said abruptly: "There is something I have been wanting to say to you for a long time, but have been ashamed to."

"Don't say it, Paul, if you are ashamed to," he returned, laughing at me.

"If I were a woman," I said with contempt, "that would make me tell you. It just happens, though, that I do want to tell you. I think that Mrs. Hethering has forbidden Harry to speak to me of her."

Father Clare was not laughing now. "What makes you think so?" he asked.

I gave him my reasons, and they appeared to me to be very good ones. When they were told I said: "I have never seen her but once since the first day I went to her house. One day I saw her going into the college; she seemed to be in trouble," I added parenthetically.

"Can you think of no reason why Mrs. Hethering does not see you?" he asked.

"No, I cannot," I answered, beginning to sulk. Father Clare seemed to be putting me off.

"Then neither can I," he said.

I lightly struck the table with the back of my hand.

"I am not satisfactory, eh, Paul?" he asked.

My answer was candid if not polite. "No, you're not, father."

"Let me put a question," said the priest kindly. "Do you go to give lessons to Mrs. Hethering or to her son?"

"To Harry, of course; but—"

"Stop a moment, Paul," Father Clare interrupted. "Be so good as to tell me why Mrs. Hethering should see you."

"There is no reason; but why forbid Harry to speak of her?"

"I don't know that she has," he said.

"You think so."

"Paul! Paul!" exclaimed Father Clare, "must I give you an analysis of Mrs. Hethering's motives? She is a free agent, free to act as she pleases. If ever you take it into your head, Paul,

to write a novel, do not let it be an analytical one. You will make a failure of it."

"I doubt my ability to write any kind of a novel," I said moodily.

"Don't be cast down about it," he said, smiling; "novels are not wanting."

Again I struck the table with my hand.

"If I were not going away, Paul, I might afford to be angry with you. You must have me analyze Mrs. Hethering's motives for not being talked about to so sublime a personage as Mr. Paul Ringwood." He had been smiling, now he spoke very gravely.

"You know that the relations existing between Mrs. Hethering and her husband are not happy; cannot you imagine her fearing that her son would innocently speak of unhappy scenes between his father and mother? The day you speak of having seen her come here, apparently in trouble, there had been one of those unhappy scenes. Are you ashamed of yourself, Paul?"

"Yes, father," I answered, humble enough now.

We were silent for a moment, and then the silence was broken by the college bell calling the community to the mid-day examen.

"This was to have been good-by, Paul," said Father Clare, rising from his chair, "but suppose you come with me to the station?"

I was very glad to, and later in the day, as we stood on the platform at the station, Father Clare said, holding my hand in farewell: "I have been thinking of what you said of Mrs. Hethering. Do not seek reasons for what she does. She is the unhappiest of women, and it would not make her less unhappy if she knew her son's tutor was inquiring into her actions. This is meant kindly, Paul."

I was sure of that; and as the train took away my friend I was perfectly willing to renounce all interest in Mrs. Hethering.

HAROLD DIJON.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PALESTRINA MYTH.

IN the great church of St. Peter in Rome there is a tomb upon which one reads the simple, unique, and most worthy inscription, "PRINCEPS MUSICÆ." It is the resting-place of the world-renowned Palestrina. There is not a history of music that fails to give some account of him. Any oration or essay of which music is the theme would be considered as incomplete without some laudatory allusion being made to this master of the divine art. It matters not that the historian, orator, or essayist has probably never heard any of his compositions, nor could give the least intelligent criticism of either the matter or style of his works; he will discourse you by the page or by the hour upon the unequalled genius and inimitable harmonies of this truly great artist.

It may appear cynical on my part to say it, but I have been forced in the course of my limited experience to remark that it is seldom one hears such unqualified praise bestowed upon an author, especially by those who evidently know little or nothing of his writings, that a grave suspicion does not arise as to the motive prompting such over-generous eloquence; to say nothing of a doubt presenting itself whether all the facts alleged in corroboration of their judgment be indeed so far beyond all criticism or question as those panegyrists appear to be just a little too anxious to make out.

At any rate I must confess that the presence of such a suspicion and doubt in my own mind has led me to scrutinize the truth of certain commonly cited facts concerning Palestrina, which I could not fail to observe were invariably brought forward and appealed to in favor of a theory about the ecclesiastical sanction and approval of what passes for church music today among certain historical and musical essayists; a theory otherwise sadly lacking, as I have always thought, any solid artistic or moral argument to sustain it. It was plain that in almost every instance it needed but little penetration to perceive that the writer or speaker had a brief in hand, and found the well-known historical assertions a thousand times repeated and quoted in every language concerning Palestrina and his works to be most serviceable evidence in making out his case or in justification of his course of action. The case to be made good,

or the course of action to be justified, as set forth in their brief, is simply this: the use of music in church during the divine offices other than the immemorially authorized liturgical chant is both proper and desirable. Preferring it as being more agreeable to his own taste he uses it, and determines to encourage its use in the church of which he is pastor, or it may be the organist. He has occasion to express his preference publicly and argues in its favor. Palestrina was a writer of church music, the prince of all church musicians. All the world accords him this honor, Rome has written it upon his tomb, and listens in the persons of her pontiffs and prelates to the singing of his wonderful harmonies. He innocently supposes that the church music of which Palestrina was the composer is identical with what we now call church music, and he conveys the like impression to the minds of his hearers. Now follows the recital of the litany of assumed historical facts, the sum and substance of which I may give as follows:

This way. 1. On account of acknowledged prevailing and scandalous abuses arising from the use of figured music in churches the Council of Trent had passed, as some say, or was about to pass, as say others, a decree banishing all music of this character from the divine offices. But, at the request of Pope Marcellus II., Palestrina composed the monumental musical mass known ever since as the "Missa Papæ Marcelli"; after hearing which on Easter Sunday A.D. 1555, as more than one writer tells us, the pope and the fathers of the council were so captivated that they withdrew their opposition; and either refused to pass the condemnatory decree, or they annulled it. So that, thanks to Palestrina—*Vivat in æternum!*—the cause of modern concerted music was saved; and not having been condemned or forbidden by the Council of Trent may, therefore, be sung in churches *ad libitum*, at least of any bishop.

Or, put it this way. 2. As the progress of all art, and especially of the art of music, has been ever dependent upon the patronage of the Catholic Church; and as the Council of Trent threatened the extinction, or great retardation of the progress, of modern music by an adverse decree against its use in churches, Palestrina was raised up by Divine Providence (pious thought begotten of its father the wish!) just in the nick of time to save such a disaster; and the council,* convinced by hearing his

* Dr. Burney, a celebrated English writer and authority on musical matters, writes "The Pope and Conclave"! which would be like one saying: "the husband, his widow, and their orphan children."

music, if it did not officially approve of such music in churches, it at least tacitly agreed that it was suitable, and so has deserved the gratitude of all musicians and lovers of music to the end of time for not refusing to sanction its use. No, not that precisely, since sanctioning its use was not on the bill, but for abstaining from teetotally excluding it, which was on the bill.

Who is there that has perused any treatise or history of music, or listened to any discourse apropos of the subject, to whom the above is not almost as familiar as the Gospel, and of whose truth he is not almost equally certain? Whenever there have been some pretty strong arguments adduced to show the inadequacy for its purpose or the liability to dangerous excesses and irreligious abuse of which modern as well as ancient concert music has been justly charged, who has not witnessed the casting of this old reliable "church-music" sheet-anchor; and, if not comforted thereby, has not at least felt the anchor *draw*, nullifying all his efforts to row in a contrary direction towards the haven of a reform quite as much to be desired as it appears difficult to reach to-day as in the time of the Council of Trent?

Again and again this legendary, mythical story of Palestrina (as I shall presently prove it to be) has been brought out and confidently relied upon to bolster up the otherwise weak and often silly pleas of personal taste, and betimes the pitiable and unworthy *argumentum ad crumenam*, in support of the use of so-called church music, side by side with numerous pastorals, instructions, and circular letters to their clergy issued by the bishops long before the Council of Trent, and continuing to appear year after year in every Christian land to the present hour, inveighing against abuses arising out of use of it, counselling and urging reforms, accompanied not infrequently with threats of censure unless the decree which was, in fact, passed by the Council of Trent was better observed, viz.: "*Ab ecclesiis vero musicas eas, ubi sive organo, sive cantu lascivum aut impurum aliquid miscetur, . . . (ordinarii locorum) arceant, ut domus Dei vere domus orationis esse videatur ac dici possit*"—(Let the bishops take care to exclude from the churches all musical compositions, whether for organ or for voice, in which anything lascivious or impure is mingled, so that the House of God may both truly appear and be called the House of Prayer). Most of these ecclesiastical admonitions advert to, and make loud lamentation over, the neglect of the solemn divine offices of the church by the people—a neglect directly traceable to the persistent use of

modern music at Mass and Vespers—music which by its very nature, as most eminent musicians contend, is sensually suggestive, and is also in almost every instance unintelligible to the mass of people, both in musical form and in the words, and therefore unconsciously harmful and openly wearisome and distasteful to them. I do not hesitate to add that if the people were really competent to understand the music, and could hear the words distinctly as sung in many of our modern churches, High Mass and Vespers would soon be performances by priest and choir without audience.

I have proclaimed the "Palestrina story," as we have read it in histories of music, and heard it again and again in essays, orations, and sermons, to be a myth. Let me open my budget of proof with preliminary assertions, that the case may be plainly before us.

1st. Pope Marcellus II. never had the intention to reform abuses in church music, neither in the council, nor by instruction of the council, nor of his own motion. He never heard the "Missa Papæ Marcelli" nor the other masses by Palestrina so much praised, and therefore he was not affected by them one way or the other. There was no session of the council at all held during the pontificate of Pope Marcellus. The whole story, in so far as it regards that pope, is false. A few facts will clearly substantiate the foregoing statements.

The Council of Trent was opened under Pope Paul III., December, 1545, who was succeeded at his death, November 10, 1549, by Pope Julius III. After holding sixteen sessions the council adjourned in 1552, and did not reassemble for ten years. During these first sessions Marcello Cervino (the future Pope Marcellus II.), a priest and cardinal, was a member of the Committee on Reform, but the subject of music was not brought up either in commission or in the council. Some allusion to it would certainly be found in the records if it had been. If this priest had been so anxious about reform of church music, as many authors assert, he certainly would have had it put down as one of the articles. About this period Palestrina was one of the singers in the pope's chapel in Rome, one of the last on the list, and there is no evidence that he ever was in Trent. That Pope Marcellus never heard any of the celebrated Palestrina masses, either as priest or pope, will be shown further on.

Julius III. died in 1555, three years after the adjournment of the council, and the priest, Marcello Cervino, was elected pope April 9, 1555, the Tuesday of Holy Week. On Wednes-

day he was consecrated bishop and crowned pope, and attended all the solemn and exhausting services which followed, not omitting one, as the pontifical chapel-masters, Giovanni Firmano and Luigi Branca, testify in their daily journal of events, and say, "Ut in hebdomada sancta et proximis diebus sanctis ipse possit suum officium in servitio Dei exercere." The fatigue consequent upon his personal attendance at all the ceremonies overcame him, and he fell ill on the 20th of April, and died ten days after, having reigned only twenty-one days. Aside from other positive proof to be brought forward, it must be evident that the story of the great anxiety of Pope Marcellus to reform church music, of his being persuaded by Palestrina to suspend his judgment until he could compose a mass in good style, of Palestrina's actually writing such a mass, which he would have to do, with rehearsal, between Wednesday of Holy Week and Easter Sunday, and of the fathers of the council, no longer at Trent (taking, probably, a limited express, vestibuled train from all the different parts of the world to come to St. Peter's on Easter Sunday), listening to it—all this jumble of impossibilities proves, I say, this part of the Palestrina story to be a myth, the occurrences related being evidently impossible.

2d. If Pope Marcellus did not hear the celebrated mass named after him, neither did the fathers of the council, either during the sixteen sessions between 1545 and 1552 nor during the remaining sessions between 1562 and its close, December 4, 1563. It is not probable that the fathers of the council, except the few living in or near Rome, ever heard of Palestrina, who was dismissed from the office of pontifical chapel singer under the successor of Pope Marcellus, Paul IV., because he broke the rule by getting married, and does not reappear in history again until the pontificate of Pius IV., under whom the council reassembled. He was then appointed chapel-master of the Liberian basilica, and never had any further position in the Vatican.

The only point in the oft-repeated story of the Council of Trent and Palestrina which appears to be true is that many of the bishops were tired of, disgusted, and scandalized at the abominable fancy concerts which, sometimes under the most profane titles and often with sacred and love songs mixed together, were paraded in the divine offices of the church, just as many other bishops to-day complain of a similar state of things. They certainly thought of making some reforming decrees, and after discussion of the subject in commission the

decree *Ab ecclesiis*, already cited, was approved on the 14th of September, 1562.

It must not be forgotten, also (although this is carefully overlooked by the Palestrina story-tellers), that on the 23d of September another decree was passed requiring the bishops to see that Gregorian chant should be taught in seminaries. The late glorious Pontiff Pius IX. carried this out to the letter when he required the chant to be taught in the Seminario Pio to the exclusion of all other kind of music: "Cantus Gregorianus, omni alio rejecto, tradetur" (Tit. 5 de Studiorum ratione).

The same transmitters of myths have also carefully suppressed the fact that if the fathers of the Council of Trent finally agreed to refrain from positively inhibiting all other music but chant, it was plainly not the result of their better judgment as to what was unquestionably the best in all respects, nor because they were influenced by hearing masses by Palestrina (not yet written), but was in a great measure due to the pressure brought upon them by the Emperor Ferdinand, who, like all kings and potentates, appears to have relieved the tedium of attendance at Mass and other divine offices by the enjoyment of splendid concerts of music given during these solemn functions. When his ambassadors reported the danger that the prohibitory decree might be passed, he hastily wrote a letter, of date 23d August, 1563, begging the fathers to "consider that as figured music, even though it may be judged harmful by some, was, in his opinion, very often useful to excite devotion in many persons, and would they therefore be pleased to not interdict it."

In those days kings and emperors had a finger in the church pie to a degree not now deemed credible. If dear old Josh Billings were alive he would probably say something both wise and witty on the depth of the impression a king's finger can make on the dough, when he makes up his mind to help the church cook make the church pie.

It was one of the many deplorable instances where the civil power has interfered to hamper the free expression of ecclesiastical authority and right in matters where the church is and ought to be supreme.

It was, then, the gentle (?) solicitations of an emperor, and not the force of the majestic and religious harmonies of masses not yet composed by Palestrina, that had so much influence with the fathers of the Council of Trent towards inducing them to abstain from condemning all concert music outright as unfit for use in church.

Now we can go on more intelligently with the history of facts concerning the events which led to the composition of the "Missa Papæ Marcelli" and others by Palestrina.

It seems that in the twenty-third session, held 11th November, 1563, in the chapter xii., *De reformatione*, the fathers summed up their regulations about the due and proper order to be observed in church offices: "*Cætera quæ ad debitum in divinis officiis regimen spectant, deque congrua in his canendi seu modulandi ratione . . . synodus provincialis pro cujusvis provinciæ utilitate et moribus, certam cuique formulam præscribet. Interea vero episcopus non minus quam cum duobus canonicis quorum unus ab episcopo, alter a capitulo eligatur in iis, quæ expedire videbuntur, poterit providere.*"

The council was determined that some action should be taken at once by the bishops, and trusted that the provincial synods would duly regulate matters. One more session was held, and the great, immortal Council of Trent adjourned, Pius IV. being then on the pontifical throne.

This pontiff was exceedingly fond of music, and used to take the singers of his chapel with him into the country to sing before him at and after meals. Whether he was one of those persons who are disposed to regulate the "cætera quæ ad debitum in divinis officiis regimen spectant, deque congrua in his canendi seu modulandi ratione" according to the personal preferences which come under the guidance of what they are pleased to call "taste," cannot probably be known, though from what has just been said it is not unlikely, and one writer says that his musical preferences had to be taken into account; yet we must give him credit for making no delay in carrying out the decree of the 11th of November cited above.

In the beginning of 1564 the pope appointed a congregation (*i. e.*, a committee) of eight cardinals, among whom were numbered the celebrated Michele Ghislieri (afterwards St. Pius V.), the pope's own nephew, Charles Borromeo (afterwards the renowned saintly Archbishop of Milan), and Cardinal Vitellozzi, a skilled musical amateur, and confided to this committee the charge of regulating the matter of church music in Rome, where it seems things were in a pretty bad state. Cardinal Vitellozzi, being the musician, was made president of the commission, and he and Charles Borromeo were deputed to conduct the preliminary examinations. All were of one opinion—that the music then in vogue was unfit and disgraceful. If music was to be allowed at all new music must be written.

Vitellozzi and Borromeo applied to the chorus of the pontifical chapel for a sub-commission of eight musical experts, to whom the project of suitable musical compositions might be submitted. The names of these musicians, as given in the manuscript journal of Hoyeda for the year 1565, were: Antonio Calasanzio, Federico Lazisi, Giovanni Ludovico Vescovi, Vincente Vicomerato, Giovanni Antonio Merlo, Francisco de Torres, Francisco Soto, and Christiano Hanneyder.

The name of Palestrina does not appear, since the experts were all chosen from the papal chapel, and Palestrina was now maestro of the Liberian basilica.

The following conditions were laid before the musical subcommittee regulating the character of the new sacred musical compositions, if such could be composed. It was forbidden: 1st. To sing different words at the same time, whether in motets or masses. 2d. To introduce profane or lascivious melodies, or imitations of such. 3d. To employ any words not taken from the liturgy.

By the first of these conditions it was understood that hearing distinctly what was sung was the chief point to be gained. The cardinals evidently made a capital point of this, for they brought the committee of musicians before them and examined them on this head. The musicians replied that they did not think it possible, except in short motets; but to write musical compositions for the Gloria and Credo in which the words could be distinctly heard was not possible because of the fugues and imitations requisite to be introduced; which musical figures constituted precisely the distinctive character of harmonized music. To deprive it of these resources would be to destroy the music itself.

Now, it happened that Cardinal Borromeo was the arch-priest of the Liberian basilica, where Palestrina was maestro, and Vitellozzi was also his personal friend. Both were well acquainted with his compositions, consisting of various motets, antiphons, and masses. They cited his "Improperia" for Good Friday and the quartets of his mass, "*Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la,*" as being instances of musical religious compositions in which the words could be heard. But the Vatican musicians stuck to their opinion, and the cardinals were then induced to call in Palestrina and confide the work to him. He accepted the task, betook himself to prayer as well as to musical work, and by April of the succeeding year, 1565, a year and four months after the council had closed at Trent, he had composed three masses to be exhibited

on trial before the commission. Hoyeda, the pontifical secretary, in his MS. thus writes: "Saturday, April 28. To-day, by order of his eminence the Cardinal Vitellozzi, we were assembled in the palace of his eminence to attend the singing of certain masses, and judge if we could hear the words distinctly as their eminences desire."

The last one of these three masses sung was the now renowned "Missa Papæ Marcelli," but not then so named, nor indeed until long after, when King Philip II. of Spain, who, having constructed at Madrid a magnificent chapel royal, and wishing to provide for it not only splendid and costly vestments, but also rare and exquisite music, such as might be worthy for kings to hear and enjoy at Mass, music which should be dedicated first of all to his own majesty of course, and afterwards to the Majesty of God, suppliantly besought, after the manner of royal beseechings, the great artist Palestrina to write some masses for the special use of his grand chapel, and among which he would like to have a certain mass, meaning the one not yet named so far as he knew, but which all agreed was the champion mass of the day. But Palestrina was too loyal an Italian to put the name of a foreigner, though a king, upon his *chef d'œuvre*, and although he wrote and dedicated other masses to the king, and enclosed a copy of the gem of all with the others, he took care to inscribe this one with a dedication to Pope Marcellus, then dead more than ten years. King Philip could not well take offence at this offering, for in those days a pope was in many respects looked upon as something more than a king. Palestrina knew perfectly well that the one mass dedicated to the late pope was worth all those he dedicated to the king, and more; but, with an ingenuity and *finesse* of expression in which the Italians surpass all nations, he adroitly complimented the king *apropos* of those dedicated to himself without even mentioning the name of Pope Marcellus. In his letter to the king he writes: "Gravissimorum et religiosissimorum hominum secutus consilium, ad sanctissimum missæ sacrificium novo modorum genere decorandum omne mecum studium, operam industriamque contuli. Hos ingenii mei conatus *non quidem primos*, sed tamen *feliciores*, ut spero, tuæ majestati *potissimum* dicandos existimavi." (The italics are ours, and the words thus indicated undoubtedly merit this qualification.)

It does not come within the purpose of this essay to repeat the encomiums justly paid to these musical compositions of the Prince of Music, or the approving verdict passed by the pope

and the cardinals (not pope and council) after hearing the third one rendered on the 19th day of June following in the Sistine Chapel. The conditions required by the commission were declared to be sufficiently fulfilled, and the endorsement by the pope certainly gave encouragement to others to compose masses in similar style, and thus a true measure of reform was accomplished, an extraordinary measure indeed, considering the scandalous and irreverent state of things which had hitherto prevailed.

I think, however, I have proved beyond question the mythical character of the Palestrina story as related by so many historians, lecturers, essayists, and other apologists for the use of concert music at the divine offices of the church; I now furthermore proclaim as wholly unwarrantable and fallacious the common inference drawn therefrom, even supposing the alleged facts to have been true, or as might be drawn from the actual approval of these works of Palestrina by Pope Pius IV. and the cardinals, viz.: that the success achieved by the great artist resulted in saving modern concerted music from practical extinction, or gave to it any remarkable impulse tending to its present astonishing progress. This is, indeed, one of the principal strands in the cable of the popular "church-music" sheet-anchor upon which the utmost reliance has been confidently placed. I propose in a few words to cut that also.

Any one who knows anything of the tonality and musical form of these masses of Palestrina and of his imitators immediately succeeding him, as also of all music of his time and of a previous date, knows that what we call *modern harmonized music* does not owe either its existence or its development to the music written in the style called *alla Palestrina*. The best proof would be to listen to one of these productions. Every one would immediately declare it to be to them a new experience and as sounding very odd and antiquated, and as certainly not being *modern* music. They could not probably tell you why they so judged it. But there are good reasons.

First of all, every learned musician knows that modern music is essentially different from the music called *alla Palestrina* in tonality and rhythm, and so dissimilar in harmonic treatment as to convince the most ordinary listener that it is cast in quite another mould, while the musical philosopher will tell you that from a moral point of view the latter is as distinctive from the former as a cowled and hooded monk is from a modern dude, or, if you will, a gentleman in full evening dress. Musical scientists

also are aware that the tonality of our modern music is the result of chromatic modulation, introduced (and not without violent protest, as introducing the very devil into music) by Claudio Monteverde, who was born the same year (1565) that Palestrina composed his great masses.

All modern music is written in either the major or minor mode, with free use of modulation by means of the "diabolus in musica"—*i.e.*, bringing the fourth and fifth degrees of the gamut into relation with the seventh, compelling the resolution upon a new tonic from the *sensible* or leading tone, which, combined with the employment of the chromatic scale, soon gave rise to the use of soft, luxuriously enervating, dissonant harmonies so characteristic of our modern compositions.

All serious writers have shown how this innovation upon the fundamental principles, both ethical and æsthetical, of musical art produced a perfectly new tonality, introducing a novel spirit which eminent musical critics like Fétis, D'Ortigue, Danjou, De Laprade, Coussemaker, Lemmens, Gounod, and others have not hesitated to stigmatize as unchaste and even devilish, by which terms they mean not only that the vilely impure sentiments of the heart find through it an easy means of expression, as it certainly can excite such degrading emotions, but that it is also rarely free from the charge of giving impressions which we call worldly, passionate, emotional, often exhibiting a reckless breaking through of those bounds of chaste reserve and refined self-respect and self-restraint which is ever the mark of pure, high-born nobility and gentle breeding. The same writers all equally recognize the contrary to be the spirit of the old ecclesiastical tonality, and have accorded to it the qualifications of chastity, modesty, guilelessness, and intellectuality. They speak of it as wanting in the tendency and even the ability to excite morally unhealthy sentiment. Some writers on the philosophy of music have also regarded the spirit of the ancient tonality as one which inspires and expresses the humble sentiments of faith, hope, and love of the divine, and proclaimed the spirit of the modern tonality to be that of doubt, despair, and infidelity.

The poet is the seer. He grasps by intuition the truth which the philosopher can only reach by long and laborious discursive reasoning. I commend to my readers the perusal of a remarkable, and to my mind most truly appreciative, poem on Chopin by Celia Thaxter in confirmation of this. I think one would be quite safe in asserting that if the fathers of the Coun-

cil of Trent could now rise from their graves and reassemble, they would unhesitatingly denounce the greater part of music heard in our churches to-day as "lascivious and impure," and not all the solicitations of every king and emperor combined would be able to prevail against their anathematizing decree forbidding its use.

Now, in what modes are Palestrina's three masses composed? Certainly not in either the modern major or minor modes, for the very good reason that such modes were not known in his day. Musicians in his time knew only the ecclesiastical modes, eight in number, of Gregorian chant. Therefore his masses, as indeed all that he ever composed, are written in the tonality of Gregorian chant.

The first of the three celebrated ones of history is in the third and fourth modes, the second in the seventh mode, and the "Missa Papæ Marcelli," the third in order, in the eighth mode. All are written for six voices, although not the same in partition.

As a fact, therefore, his music would be only agreeable and intelligible, and I venture to add, even devotional, to him who loves and understands Gregorian chant; and every word of praise bestowed upon his works redounds to the inimitable and untarnished glory of the true, divine melody of the church, of which, indeed, Palestrina's music may be said to be a harmonized application and illustration in its prodigious fecundity and inexhaustible wealth of sacred melody, in which characteristics, despite the contrary opinion of some unlearned critics, it is judged by all distinguished musicians, Catholic and non-Catholic, to be vastly richer than any music ever yet composed, or ever likely to be composed, in the modern tonality.

The very contrary to the supposition of these apologists is the case. It is modern music as we have it, becoming more and more intoxicatingly beautiful and deliriously impassioned every day, that has been almost the death of the tonality upon which the ever-glorious chant and the wonderful works of Palestrina depend for life. Modern music has been the greatest possible enemy, therefore, to both these far superior systems of melody and harmony. We gaze upon these monumental works as upon the deeds of giants, as indeed they are; but why, I ask, have there been no giants of like stature born in the realm of that music which, its apologists claim, owes a debt of gratitude to him who, if he could hear it, would deride its puny proportions and reject its impassioned modulations as unholy? Let these

critics tell us why the race of such colossal geniuses died out with the gradual neglect of the study and execution of Gregorian chant and of the works of those who wrote only in its tonality.

I unhesitatingly say that if we can show no equal or rival to Palestrina or other contemporary of his, nor to a John Sebastian Bach, one of the last of those mighty artists who took their inspiration from the ecclesiastical tonality, it is the fault, the whole fault, the grievous fault of the universal reigning influence of the comparatively weak, barren, and sensual music based upon the new modern tonality, and I found my assertions upon the arguments of the most profound musicians of this and previous centuries.

I, moreover, thus supported, add that had it not been for the complete social and artistic revolution of the debasing Renaissance with the birth of modern music, we would now be undoubtedly enjoying and able to comprehend the results of a true progress of that divine chant, and of the heavenly music of Palestrina, which it inspired, to say nothing of a like progress in the expression of other arts, instead of standing, as we do, gaping open-mouthed, wondering at, and ignorantly pretending to criticise what we feel in our inmost souls is utterly unapproachable by any efforts of ours, and what is in fact beyond our intellectual grasp.

Let our over-generous panegyrists of Palestrina, who are so pleased with the modern concert church music and so ready to condemn that about which they know so little, put these facts and considerations into their pipe and smoke them. At any rate, good people all, historians, orators, essayists, discoursers at church-organ openings, and whosoever desires to point his moral or adorn his tale with a rhetorical allusion to Palestrina, the greatest Gregorian chant harmonist whom the world has yet seen, please to take notice: No reliance to be placed upon the old and formerly serviceable "church-music" sheet-anchor, all about Palestrina and the Council of Trent, because the facts now known will sever the cable.

ALFRED YOUNG.

ST. THOMAS BECKET.

IN our undergraduate days some of us found a saying of Pugin that he invariably entered every ancient English church on which he chanced, never failing to find some novel and instructive feature in even the simplest village fane to reward him. We acted on the suggestion, and unearthed many architectural gems and curiosities in our rambles around Cambridge. For instance, in a most unpromising little rural temple in the decorated style we came on a grotesque mural representation or caricature of a bishop, with the letters "S. TOMAS," of varying size and pattern, grouped around the head. The vicar told us that this painting had been lately exposed by the removal of some wainscoting, possibly placed there in the times of the civil troubles to protect the saint from Cromwellian iconoclasts; though how it survived the age of the Tudors is a mystery. Of course the toes of the bishop were turned in, the joints anywhere, the face expressionless and inane, and as a work of art it was, as Balzac says of some one else, "as much like a man as a goat with a nightcap on is like a girl." However, the rude fresco suggested some considerations. This Archbishop of Canterbury had been represented in English history as a worldly, ambitious man, who, when sated with luxury and indulgence, suddenly commenced a career of turbulent and ungrateful opposition to his royal friend and benefactor, which not unnaturally terminated in his death. The inference was that our ancestors who made a hero of such a personage must have been a set of unreasoning numskulls hard to match in the annals of stupidity.

He was born on the 21st of December, 1117, St. Thomas' Day, in the comparatively peaceful times of the third Norman sovereign, and, regardless of snow and wintry blasts, was taken out the same day after Vespers to be baptized. The house where the parents of Thomas resided was in Cheapside in the city of London, on the site where Mercer's Hall now stands between Old Jewry and Ironmonger Lane. However, the Cheapside of the twelfth century had few points of resemblance to the crowded, bustling thoroughfare now connecting St. Paul's with the Mansion House, though names of neighboring streets recall usages extinct long ages gone. Cheapside was then a wide, ir-

regular space, a bog in winter, a Sahara in hot seasons. On the north side were scattered the sheds or booths of traders, not all unlike the frame houses of a mushroom "city" in the far West; the "Poultry" at the eastern extremity marks the spot where the cockney housewife in old times cheapened a Michaelmas goose or haggled over a capon, and Scalding Alley hard by is also suggestive. Of course the well-known romance of Thomas's parentage must be mentioned: how Norman Gilbert and his "varlet" Richard, going to the Crusades, were captured by the Saracens and kept in durance vile by a certain emir or admiral for one or two years. Of course the emir's daughter must needs fancy herself smitten with the prisoner, and offer to liberate him if he would make her his wife. "Mr. Becket," however, as Alban Butler calls him, was not a lady's man, and preferred to wait till he and his servant could contrive their own escape. But he found it easier to get rid of the Saracen fetters than of the Saracen lady. It was evidently leap year; at any rate, one fine morning there was the damsel in outlandish attire, with a queue of tag-rag at her heels, shouting out his name all down the London streets. Of course, in a town no larger than Denver he was bound to hear of it, and in high dudgeon handed over the fair (or swarthy) Eastern to a hard-featured old gossip of his acquaintance and consulted the bishop. He recommended baptism and marriage, and Gilbert with admirable docility assented. The lady was baptized "by six bishops" (though the chronicler fails to state how they managed it), and married to Gilbert outright. Matrimony under constraint evidently did not prove attractive to him, for the day after the wedding he experienced an uncontrollable craving to revisit Syria, and, leaving his bride in charge of Richard, departed from home, taking care not to return for several years. However, within the year Mrs. Becket gave birth to Thomas, and found herself with an establishment and baby, if not a husband. This story, proving that independent ladies flourished seven centuries ago, unfortunately fails to satisfy that grim sceptic, modern criticism.

What appears fact is that Gilbert and Matilda his wife were members of the Anglo-Norman colony in whose hands all the wealth and influence of the kingdom then lay; that the father was a flourishing London merchant, and at one time sheriff, portgreeve, or vice-comes of the city (for as yet there was no lord-mayor), and that they were worthy folk and generous. The picture of Matilda weighing her son on his birthdays against

food, clothing, and other alms for the poor, one would not wish to sacrifice; and he was betimes placed at one of the three schools which were attached to the three chief London churches. We see the child then passing Bow Church (some parts of which, in spite of the great fire, still remain under the striking building of Wren) on his way to school, and on holidays joining with his mates in cock-fighting, tilting at the quentin and ball, or in the winter gliding on bone skates over the frozen wastes at Moorfields. Later he was placed in charge of Robert, head of the Regular Canons of Merton in Surrey, and with him he maintained an intimate, lifelong friendship. Thus his youth was passed with the Cheapside dwelling as his headquarters. The citizens had hardly yet commenced the erection of stone houses, the neighboring forests supplying an abundance of building material, albeit rather inflammable, so that it was said that but for fires and drunkenness London would be a comfortable place of residence. Poor Gilbert's means were largely invested in house property, insurance companies as yet were non-existent, and he had the mortification in his declining years to see most of his wealth go up in smoke. Yet his old friends stuck to him, and we find a wealthy Norman kinsman and soldier, Richier de l'Egle, frequently calling in for young Thomas and taking him off hunting or hawking.

He finally proceeds to the celebrated University of Paris, and returns when of age to close the eyes of his parents. After a year in the old home a relative, Osborn Witdeniers (a family now extinct, "Eightpence" not occurring as a surname in the Post-Office Directory), gave him employment as clerk to the Court of London, and he had the advantage of three years' business training which must have proved of ultimate service. He is now twenty-five years of age, and in the turbulent reign of Stephen, the country in the agony of a contested succession and torn by civil strife. "God sees the wretched people," says the Saxon chronicle, "most unjustly oppressed; first they are despoiled of their possessions, then butchered." However, Thomas belonging to the conquering race, which "high-mettled" the Dano-Saxon plebs, would not suffer much personal inconvenience from this, and we now find him in a country nobleman's household as keen as any other Norman gentleman in hawking. "Alas!" says he in later times, "he who had charge of the birds has now custody of the sheep." We find him one day, when hawking, falling off his horse into a mill-race between Mill Hill and Ware, to the north of London. The miller,

not knowing of his mishap, chances to stop the mill-wheel in the nick of time, and he is fished out none the worse for his ducking. This passed for a miracle at the time.

The influence of a relative now obtained him entrance into the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the leading seat of learning in the kingdom. Theobald was himself a kinsman of the Beckets; at any rate the archbishop and Gilbert were natives of the Norman village of Thierceville and well acquainted, and members of the prelate's household had been amongst the visitors at the Cheapside house in the old days. Behold, then, Thomas, with his servitor, Ralph of London, on their horses, leaving the capital behind them and entering the great northern forest that stretched from the Thames to the Fens. They had not far to go, for Harrow is but ten miles from the capital, and now two lines of rail take one there in half an hour every few minutes. The school for which it is celebrated, and which with the royal foundation of Eton takes precedence in common esteem of all the English schools, was not founded till four centuries later; but Harrow-on-the-Hill, or Harewe atte Hulle, where the archbishop's manor was situated, must always from its elevated position have been a conspicuous object. It was a very ancient possession of the See of Canterbury. Though the present handsome edifice, with its tapering spire, is not more than five hundred years old, it contains the columns of Lanfranc's building erected three centuries earlier, and the west door is evidently Saxon work. In those early days, when the primeval forest for the most part was untouched, the wealth of the land consisted in great measure in large herds of hogs, which subsisted on the mast of the oak and beech forests and supplied a coarse subsistence to the people. Here and there were clearings around rude wooden dwellings, as now in Arkansas and the backwoods in Canada, and the extensive fen country teemed with fish and fowl. So to Harrow Thomas betook him to try his fortune, and the roads must have been but indifferent, for he only reached the village late in the evening, and thought it more seemly to put up at the inn than to disturb the inmates of the palace at so late an hour. He was already in minor orders, and is described as slim and of great height, pale and dark, with a long nose, cheerful, keen, winning in manner and frank, but with a slight stammer or hesitation in his speech. The landlady, it is said, had a dream about him which pointed to his future eminence. Thomas now became an earnest student; his education hitherto had been somewhat desultory, but, finding himself behind his comrades in

literary attainments, he hastened to overtake them, which the native vigor of his intellect enabled him to speedily accomplish. The archbishop's court was a sort of school of the higher clergy, all, of course, of the ruling Norman race; so here Thomas made the acquaintance of many of his future associates or opponents, amongst others of Roger du pont d'Evêque, the future Archbishop of York, who even thus early was a determined antagonist, and on two occasions contrived to bring about the dismissal of Thomas from Harrow. We find him, however, rising higher and higher in the favor of Theobald and accompanying him on an embassy to Rome, and the assiduous scholar afterwards obtained permission to study canon law at Bologna, the most celebrated university for legal knowledge in Europe at that period; thence he proceeded later to Auxerre. He was now a deacon, but possessed of a number of benefices, St. Mary-in-the-Strand, the provostship of Beverley, and many other appointments; he was also given the archdeaconry of Canterbury, a post worth £100 a year, then a considerable sum, and ranking next to the bishoprics and mitred abbeys. This system of pluralities is a distinctive feature of mediæval English church life.

Thomas now rendered a very important service to Henry, afterwards king, and son of the Empress Maud, advising Theobald as to a suitable settlement of the crown and proceeding for him to Rome in Henry's interests. It was arranged that Stephen should retain the crown for life and be succeeded by Henry. The king, however, very naturally endeavored to put aside this compact, and to obtain the coronation of his son Eustace. The question was solved by the death of this prince, speedily followed by the demise of his father, and the crown passed quietly to Henry II. in 1154, he being then twenty-one years of age, vigorous in mind and body, powerful in his territories, not only of England and Ireland, but also of Normandy, Poitou, and Aquitaine, and determined that there should be one authority, and one only, in his dominions, and that himself. A strong hand was the necessity of the times; during the two decades of civil strife numerous castles had arisen throughout the land, where the barons, kings in their own neighborhood, tortured and despoiled their hapless tenantry. These abodes of tyranny Henry razed to the ground, the Flemish and other foreign adventurers he expelled. And now he sought for a capable lieutenant to aid him in his measures of reform, and gratitude, personal liking, the archbishop's commendations, all pointed the same way; and Thomas of London, nearly double the king's age, became chancellor and,

after Henry, the most powerful person in four kingdoms. He is now again in London, maintaining a state nearly equal to the king's, for no request of his is refused, and benefices, sinecures, pensions are showered on him in profusion. The chancellor has a numerous retinue, hundreds of knights, troops of serving-men; many sons of nobles are entrusted to his keeping, and even Henry, the king's son. His display is lavish, his hospitality unbounded; besides the tables placed for the guests in his hall, rushes or hay are strewn on the ground to seat the knights who cannot otherwise find space, and, after them, crowds of humbler folk obtain admittance and are regaled on the remains of the repast. We have a picture of the king occasionally riding into the hall, leaping off his horse, and draining a horn of wine to his chancellor on his way to the chase, or vaulting over the table and seating himself at the board by the side of his friend. Again, the pair are riding through the London streets one bitter winter day, their attendants behind at a respectful distance. The king points to a thinly-clad beggar: "Would not a cloak be well bestowed on that poor, shivering wretch?" And on the chancellor assenting, the king replied: "Then, as you say it, I will give him yours!" A struggle ensues, the two nearly unhorsing each other in their efforts, to the amazement of their followers, and finally the handsome scarlet and gray mantle of Thomas is conveyed to the shoulders of the mendicant, the chancellor being of course speedily supplied with another by one of his people. If the king, however, once clothed a London beggar, we are not to imagine he showed any great regard for the citizens. They considered themselves as nobles—and indeed their city even then was of considerable importance—but Henry never forgot their treatment of his mother Maud, and his hostility was a decided disadvantage. As an instance of his resentment, a messenger once came to him with unwelcome communications; he had the luckless man's fingers forced into his eyes till the blood flowed, and hot water poured down his throat. In his rage the king became like a wild beast, roared, growled, foamed at the mouth, tore his clothing, and rolled on the ground. In spite of these occasional outbursts of violence common to all the early Norman kings of England, Henry was ordinarily a just and temperate monarch; the land under him felt a sense of security unknown since the days of his grandfather. It is to be remarked that the king enforced the surrender of the crown lands weakly given up by his father to the barons. He held, as did the archbishop later of the demesnes of his see, that

a life-tenant had no power to alienate possessions designed to adequately support the dignity of his office.

Henry, bent on consolidating the power of his family by every available means, thought of a French matrimonial alliance, and entrusted its execution to Thomas, for foreign affairs was especially the province of the chancellor; besides, what diplomatist more fitting than he whose subtle statecraft had been so eminently exemplified by the success of the negotiations which resulted in peacefully placing the crown on the head of Henry? We see, then, Thomas setting out for Paris with congenial state to arrange the betrothal of Henry, the king's son, to Marguerite, the daughter of Louis. The children were but five and three years of age, but thirteen years later the marriage actually took place. Those were the palmy days of Thomas of London; he journeyed with two hundred gay attendants, knights, esquires, sons of nobles, the *élite* of his country; the entire *cortége* must have been one thousand strong. Eight wagons contained clothing, chapel furniture, and presents. Brave show was there of horses, hawks (the chancellor's special delight), and hounds; monkeys were perched on led horses, and grim mastiffs, for which Britain had always been famous, guarded every wagon. And so the brilliant array proceeds in joyous sort through the Anglo-French domains and then enters the French territories. In passing through the towns and villages the English youths sing their national songs, the Frenchmen are duly impressed, declaring that if such be the chancellor, his master must be indeed a potent seigneur. Louis gave orders at Paris for ample supplies to be provided for the English embassy, but Thomas' emissaries had forestalled him and bought up all available stores. At the French capital the officer of Henry surpassed himself in generosity; a cloak to one, a charger to another, a hawk to a third, gained him adherents on all sides; nothing was spared, he carried all before him, and his mission terminated to the satisfaction of all. But Henry and Louis were often at war. Thus, in 1159 we find Henry at war with his suzerain and besieging his castle at Toulouse, which would doubtless have yielded had the advice of Thomas been taken, who in full armor appeared at the head of his seven hundred knights and panted for the assault. After this we find the Archdeacon of Canterbury leading twelve hundred knights and four thousand others, and supporting them six weeks at his own cost, himself unhorsing a French knight and taking his charger as a prize. Fighting churchmen form a conspicuous feature in

mediæval warfare, leading their tenantry into the field, and even if they scrupled at shedding blood, seeing no harm in braining an adversary with a mace; even as late as Flodden we find the Archbishop of St. Andrews, with two other bishops and two abbots, amongst the Scottish slain.

At the time under consideration Nicholas Breakspere, the only English pope, better known as Adrian IV., died and was succeeded by Alexander III., who eventually canonized St. Thomas. Soon after, in 1161, the aged Archbishop Theobald died, lamenting his inability to see again the king whom he had been instrumental in placing on the throne, Henry being at the time in Normandy. And now the king thought the hour had come for consolidating the whole power of England under his own rule; this had been his constant policy, and he had speedily abated the pretensions of the barons, to the great satisfaction of the people, who remembered the troubles consequent on divided authority in the previous reign. He now hoped to reduce his other powerful rival, the church, by placing at its head his favorite minister as successor to Theobald. When the mitre was offered to the chancellor he declined it, saying that were he archbishop he should feel it his duty to oppose the king in many matters, with the result of changing their present friendship into estrangement. The king, however, would hear of no refusal, but Thomas did not yield till the pope advised him to do so. So, in 1162 the king gave leave for the election of Thomas to the See of Canterbury. On Whitsunday he was made priest, and bishop the following Sunday, by Henry, Bishop of Winchester, brother of Stephen, and one of the most prominent persons in the kingdom. As the king was still in his French possessions, the new archbishop did homage to the young King Henry, his pupil, now eight years of age.

Thomas now commences an entirely new manner of life, which must have proved very painful at first. Besides being archbishop and metropolitan of all England, he finds himself abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury, for at the time every cathedral in England except London and Salisbury had its monastery attached. He accordingly rose at two for Matins, then washed the feet of thirteen poor men, presenting each with a piece of money and attending them at breakfast. He then devoted himself to study of the Scriptures with his constant attendant, Herbert of Bosham; afterwards he took a little repose, and one hundred poor men were served with a meal. At three he dined in hall with the monks, having

no music, and causing some pious book to be read by one of his attendants; the soldiers and retainers were seated at another table, so far removed as not to be disturbed by the reading, which would not interest them, and the poor were served elsewhere. To the latter he also gave a tenth part of his income. The prelate did not at first discontinue his rich clothing, which gave offence to some, and he subsequently adopted the use of the black cappa with lamb's wool which had been worn by the Canons of Merton, of whom he had been a scholar. He found on trial that the frugal fare of the monks impaired his health and unfitted him for his work, so he drank wine as St. Paul counselled Timothy to do, "not much, but the best obtainable." Thus, also, he gave offence, for it is impossible to satisfy everybody, and we hear of an ill-conditioned fellow censuring him at his own table for his delicate fare and provoking the retort, "Brother, methinks you take your beans with more appetite than I do my pheasant." He wore a hair shirt and drawers, of which no one knew anything but his confessor and his body servant; to say nothing of such extraordinarily early rising. Over his black robe he always wore a surplice and stole, to be ready to duly exercise his ecclesiastical functions wherever he might be, and it is said that when on his journeys people came to him for confirmation he did not, as the other bishops, perform the rite in his saddle, but always dismounted.

Later he resigned the chancellorship, to the king's annoyance, but the zealous man determined to address himself solely to ecclesiastical functions. In 1163 we find him crossing in great state from Romney to Gravelines to attend the Council of Tours, at which seventeen cardinals were present, besides one hundred and twenty-four bishops and four hundred and fourteen abbots. St. Thomas lodged in the king's palace, and at the same time restored the young king to his father. On his return to England we find the archbishop consecrating the important abbey of Reading, the remains of which may now be seen from the railway. Then he, with twelve other bishops, performed the translation of the remains of Edward the Confessor, who was now canonized. The body was perfect after an interment of one hundred years, with long, gray beard, clothed in a golden robe with purple shoes, and having a golden crown on the head. The king and some of the leading nobles placed the body in the tomb in Westminster Abbey, where it now lies. Henry was now growing estranged from his former favorite. He had not been pleased at the resignation of the chancellor-

ship, and when the archbishop commenced recalling grants of church-lands which had been made by his predecessors on the same grounds as the king had reclaimed the alienated crown-lands he was still more offended. Then Thomas opposed an arbitrary tax, declaring that neither he nor his tenants would pay it to the royal officers. This was the first time the king's right to tax had ever been questioned, and it is no wonder that the conduct of this twelfth-century Hampden thoroughly enraged the monarch, who swore "Par les oitz Deu" (by God's eyes) that he would be obeyed. These strained relations between the heads of the church and the state were brought to a focus at the council at Westminster, the king's desire being to establish one uniform law for the whole realm. In Saxon times the bishop and earl in each county had sat together, jointly adjudicating on all cases whatsoever, but since the Conquest church courts had sprung up, withdrawing many persons from the jurisdiction of the king's judges. Speaking of these times, Hallam says:

"To resist had indeed become strictly necessary, if the temporal governments of Christendom would occupy any better station than that of officers to the hierarchy. . . . From that time [the twelfth century] it [the ecclesiastical power] rapidly encroached upon the secular tribunals, and seemed to threaten the usurpation of an exclusive supremacy over all persons and causes. The bishops gave the tonsure indiscriminately, in order to swell the list of their subjects. This sign of a clerical state, though below the lowest of their seven degrees of ordination, implying no spiritual office, conferred the privileges and immunities of the profession on all who wore an ecclesiastical habit and had only once been married. Orphans and widows, the stranger and the poor, the pilgrim and the leper, under the appellation of persons in distress (*miserabiles personæ*), came within the peculiar cognizance and protection of the church; nor could they be sued before any lay tribunal. And the whole body of crusaders, or such as merely took the vow of engaging in a crusade, enjoyed the same clerical privileges."

We will now quote from the same authority as to the nature of the royal prerogative at the period we are considering:

"It was not a sanguinary despotism. Henry II. was a prince of remarkable clemency, and none of the Conqueror's successors were as grossly tyrannical as himself. But the system of rapacious extortion from their subjects prevailed to a degree that we should rather expect to find among Eastern slaves than that high-spirited race of Normandy, whose renown then filled Europe and Asia. The right of wardship was abused by selling the heir and his land to the highest bidder. That of marriage was carried to a still grosser excess. . . . Men fined for the king's good will; or that he would remit his anger; or to have his mediation with

their adversaries. . . . The right of general legislation was undoubtedly placed in the king, conjointly with his great council, or, if the expression be thought more proper, with their advice. So little opposition was found in these assemblies by the early Norman kings that they gratified their own love of pomp, as well as the pride of their barons, by consulting them in every important business. But the limits of legislative power were extremely indefinite. New laws, like new taxes, affecting the community, required the sanction of that assembly which was supposed to represent it, but there was no security for individuals against acts of prerogative which we should justly consider as most tyrannical. Henry II., the best of these monarchs, banished from England the relations and friends of Becket to the number of four hundred. At another time he sent over from Normandy an injunction that all the kindred of those who obeyed a papal interdict should be banished and their estates confiscated. The statutes of those reigns do not exhibit to us many provisions calculated to maintain public liberty on a broad and general foundation."

These lengthy quotations from a master have been judged advisable as enabling the reader to form his own conclusion as to the just division of praise and blame between the two parties to this long dispute; of course I speak of its legal aspect. The leading demands of Henry were that offending clerics should be degraded by the church courts and then handed over for punishment to the civil power, and that the "royal customs" should be maintained. It was averred that, as the ecclesiastical tribunals only dealt out mild punishments and never inflicted a capital sentence, many miscreants failed to obtain their deserts and several cases were cited, as, for instance, that of a cleric who had seduced a girl and murdered her father, practically with impunity. The bishops were unanimously of opinion that the royal demand should be acceded to, with the exception of the primate, who maintained that it was manifestly unjust to punish a man twice for the same offence. As to the vaguely described "royal customs," the bishops promised to observe them, with the equally vague reservation, "saving their order," thus thoroughly exasperating the king.

Another bone of contention was the king's practice of keeping benefices vacant that he might enjoy their revenues. Several sees were at this time unfilled—Lincoln, for instance, had no bishop for seventeen years together. When Thomas had been chancellor he and the king had tried to obtain an undertaking from a bishop designate that he would retain from the revenues of his see merely sufficient to maintain himself and his household, handing over the residue to the king, to be spent by him "as the Lord should put it into his heart," a suggestion which the churchman indignantly repelled. Thomas had a conference with the king at Northampton which was barren of results, but

afterwards at Woodstock he yielded at the suggestion, real or pretended, of the pope and cardinals, and was partially reconciled to Henry. Then followed the celebrated conference in the first month of 1164 at the royal palace of Clarendon in Wiltshire, where the archbishop promised to observe the "royal customs," but afterwards refused to sign and seal a document to that effect. He thus failed to satisfy the king, and was bitterly reproached by his attendants for his complaisance. He repented of what he considered his fault, and sent to the pope at Sens requesting absolution, refraining the while from performing ecclesiastical functions.

The archbishop vainly strove for a peaceful settlement, his wishes and those of the king being diametrically opposed, and he was refused access to his royal master at Woodstock. He now made a futile attempt to cross the Channel and meet the pope. In October he met the king and his council at Northampton. The upshot of this council was that open war was declared against the primate. Though on his elevation to the episcopal bench all claims the crown might have had against him as chancellor had been cancelled, yet now all sorts of demands were put forward, as much as thirty thousand marks being asked for on various pleas. He was, moreover, found guilty of high treason, and, fearing for his life, he made his escape at night by a gate of the city which by some negligence was unguarded, and, accompanied by a few lay brothers of the White Canons of Sempringham, himself attired as one of them, rode through the rain and darkness to Grantham and then to Lincoln. We then find him at Boston, thence passing by water to Haverholme, always journeying by night and staying in houses of St. Gilbert's order. After enduring many privations he reached one of his own villages on the coast near Sandwich, which is but eight miles from Canterbury, there found a boat, and embarked for the Flemish coast three weeks after his flight from Northampton. On the same day the bishops, sent by Henry to state his version of the quarrel to the pope, also embarked. Thomas landed near Gravelines, and then passed by St. Omer, travelling on foot with three lay brothers who addressed him as Brother Christian. Henry was much enraged against the Sempringham Canons for having assisted the fugitive, and tried in vain to extort an oath from St. Gilbert, their head and founder, now seventy-three years of age, that he had not supplied the archbishop with money. Though he might truthfully have complied, the old man refused, thinking that such a concession

might imply that to assist St. Thomas was a crime, and such was his reputation for virtue that his refusal incurred no punishment. For private reasons Thomas had little clemency to expect from the Count of Flanders, and he was glad to reach French territory unmolested. Here, in spite of the adverse representations of Henry's embassy, he was received with consideration by Louis, who possibly was not averse to dealing a side blow at the English king. Thomas was joined in France by Herbert of Bosham, his Welsh cross-bearer, and others of his household, and with them reached the pope at Sens at about the same time as did the emissaries of Henry. The latter failed to persuade the pontiff that, as Thomas had taken needless alarm, he should admonish him to return to England; and after enjoying the papal hospitality for three weeks the archbishop accepted an invitation to the Cistercian monastery of Pontigny in Burgundy, where he and his attendants remained in seclusion for some years. So enraged was Henry at this that he banished the relatives and friends of the prelate and his adherents to the number of four hundred, first binding them on oath to personally appear before the prelate, hoping that the sight of their misery might constrain him to return. A few escaped on payment of heavy fines, but the suffering incurred by the majority was very great, neither age, sex, nor condition being considered, so that some expired, whilst others, more fortunate, were supported by the charity of the King of Sicily and various other princes. Thomas, meanwhile, remained at Pontigny, devoting himself to study and assisting in the field-work of the monks. But in 1166, Henry having threatened vengeance on all the Cistercian houses in his realms if Thomas continued in one of their monasteries, he thought it right to leave Pontigny, and we next find him at Vezelay. About this time he is said to have had a vision of his mode of death.

The pope now appointed him legate to England, and he writes three conciliatory though fruitless letters to Henry, who had about this time some negotiations with the emperor and the anti-pope; Thomas also excommunicated the Bishop of London and other English adherents of Henry. We next find him at Sens, where he resided in the palace of Louis for several years and lived on his bounty. There were several conferences with Henry, and at length they appeared to be reconciled. It being held unsuitable to ask a king to promise generous treatment to a subject on oath, Louis suggested that Henry should give Thomas the kiss of peace, but this on one ground and another

was always evaded. But the pope advised the primate's return to England, and towards the close of 1170 he resolved to obey, though he told Louis he was going to his death, in which that monarch agreed with him. So he landed at Sandwich and proceeded to Canterbury, being welcomed with every demonstration of delight at the port, on the road, and in the city itself, where the inhabitants came out to meet him in silks, gay clothing, and festal attire. However, he soon began to experience court opposition. Henry was in Normandy, but his request for an audience of the young king at Winchester was denied. He journeyed to London, but was ordered back to his diocese.

We then find him at his house at Harrow receiving the abbot of St. Albans. The rents of his lands were still collected by the royal officers and appropriated to the king's use. So things went on, the primate living as of old with the Christ Church monks, till on Christmas day he preached a sermon in the cathedral from the text, "Peace on earth to men of good will." After expatiating on this theme for a time, he went on to say that there was no peace for men of evil will, and there and then pronounced sentence of excommunication against several bishops and others, amongst them Nigel de Sackville, who had been made rector of his church of Harrow in his absence, and Robert de Broc, Nigel's vicar, who had on his journey insulted the prelate by causing the tail of one of his sumpter horses to be cut off. The excommunicated persons quickly repaired to the king in Normandy, complaining of the treatment they had received, which naturally drew forth some violent expressions from Henry, who said he should never enjoy any peace so long as this turbulent upstart lived. Four knights, taking this as a hint, at once set out for England, and, travelling by various routes, met at the castle of Saltwood near Canterbury. Their names were Reginald Fitzurse, Tracy, Richard de Bret, and Moreville. Having placed some of their followers at various points of the town to prevent interference, they came to the palace and found the archbishop, who had just dined, seated on his bed conversing with some monks. They sat down on the floor, at first abstaining from speech, but afterwards using insulting expressions, saying they had come on the king's behalf and demanding the restoration of the excommunicated persons. They then retired to put on their armor, and the monks and Thomas betook themselves to the church, where it was already half-dark and where Vespers was being chanted in the choir.

Some were for barricading the building, but the prelate said he would never consent to the conversion of his church into a fortress; others were for concealment, and there was general terror and consternation, the only person whose nerve was steady being Thomas, who bade them be quiet, and behave like men. "All monks are cowards," said he.

Soon the four knights, with Randolph de Broc and one attendant, appeared armed with their weapons, and some workmen's axes and tools which they had snatched up in the cloisters where repairs were in progress. They entered the church and loudly asked for the archbishop, and he came forward, standing near the altar of St. Benedict, on the left-hand side of the upper part of the church and near the choir, to which he was probably proceeding to place himself in his chair. An altercation then commenced, the dauntless prelate from his lofty stature towering above his opponents. Moreville, the mildest of the four, merely kept back the people. The bishop reproached his adversaries with their conduct towards him, as they were "his men," they having sworn fealty to him when he was chancellor. They answered that they were the king's men, and acknowledged no other allegiance. They then attempted to drag him from the church, but holding firmly to a column he maintained his ground, and in the scuffle one of the knights was thrown down. Only three of his friends were now with Thomas; Herbert and his cross-bearer he had in the morning despatched over sea for safety. Robert, his old tutor of Merton; Edmund Grim, a Saxon clerk from Cambridge, and William of Salisbury alone remained. A blow was now aimed at the head of the prelate; Grim broke the force of the stroke with his arm, which was nearly severed. The martyr was brought to his knees by the blow notwithstanding. Another cut took off the crown of his head where he had been anointed, and so he was done to death, deserted at the last by all his friends. De Broc, who had been a cleric, with his sword point removed the brain from the skull on being reproached with having struck no blow. The conspirators performed no further act of violence, contenting themselves with ransacking the palace and removing such plate and valuables as they could find, and flinging the bishop's hair-shirts contemptuously on the ground.

As soon as the monks found that there was no violence to fear, they crept stealthily back from the roof, crypt, altars, and other recesses where they had been skulking, and ap-

proached the remains of their late master. They found him lying on his face before the altar of St. Benedict, his robes not disarranged and his countenance serene, marked by but one stream of blood which had coursed over it. Lights were brought and they proceeded to strip the body, his surplice and canon's black robe with lamb's wool being removed; beneath this were several lamb's-wool garments which the saint had needed for his health. It now appeared that he had been a man of spare figure, his apparent bulk being due to his numerous garments. When the monks discovered the cowl on the person of their late master, which he had received from the pope, they were filled with joy; he had been then, after all, a monk like themselves. But this was nothing to the hair-shirt reaching to his knees, which they then beheld, and the hair-drawers "seething like a pot" with vermin. He had indeed been a holy man. This last sign of austerity was doubtless in accordance with the spirit of the times, but the state of the saint's garments does not say much for the efficiency of "Brun son vaslet" whose duty it was to wash them.

So the church was barricaded, and these pious though feeble persons, four score of whom had not the spirit to resist the onset of two or three swashbucklers, spent the night in hysterical devotion by the remains of their late master, who, had they numbered among them one Friar John to lay about him with his sorb-apple-tree staff, had been alive amongst them now. The body was hastily concealed, the church for nigh a year was bare and desolate, and it was not till two or three years later that Prior Richard of Dover was elected to the vacant see. The murderers, according to a legend, fled to Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, whence, after a year, they repaired to the pope, who sent them on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, soon after which they all died. There are, of course, some vile puns on their names: Fitzurse, a regular bear's cub, and so on. Actually, they were all back at court within a year or two. Moreville held influential appointments in the north, where he died at an advanced age in the time of King John; the sword which he bore at the murder is said to be now at Brayton Castle, the property of Sir Wilfred Lawson. The others came from the fair county of Somerset. Fitzurse is said to have crossed to the Emerald Isle and founded the McMahon family, the name of the Somerset branch of the family eventually changing to Fisher. Salford Bret, in the same county, still bears the name of Richard the Breton. The Tracy family are still in Gloucestershire, Lord

Wemyss and Lord Sudeley (known for his great experimental jam factory and fruit farm) being descendants of the slayer of St. Thomas. The farm of Woollacombe Tracy, on the coast of North Devon, is said to have been his retreat for a while after the murder. He went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and gave the manor of Daccombe, in Devon, to the church of Canterbury for the support of a monk to say Masses, and this property still belongs to the chapter of that cathedral. William Courteney, the grandson of Tracy, founded in 1210 the Priory of Woodspring, near the Bristol channel; it was dedicated to St. Thomas, and some of Bret's descendants endowed it with lands. In a church some three miles off and formerly connected with it was discovered in 1852 in a hollow in the wall a crumbling wooden cup containing blood. It is probably that of St. Thomas, hastily concealed in the time of Henry VIII.; it has been placed in the Taunton Museum.

Henry, on hearing of St. Thomas's death, was much distressed; refrained from food, abstained from society, and even neglected his affairs for some time; he also sent an embassy to assure the pope that he had had no part in the murder and to express his grief at the occurrence. A great number of miracles are said to have been worked at Canterbury and elsewhere immediately after the murder, and two of the monks were fully occupied in drawing up a chronicle of these occurrences. Grim, whose arm had been wounded in trying to defend the head of St. Thomas, after a year of futile doctoring bound his arm in a bandage soaked in water in which was an infinitesimal quantity of the saint's blood, and was soon healed. We also hear of the restoration to health of numerous fever-stricken, palsied, blind, and paralyzed folk. But the most remarkable case of all is one narrated by Alban Butler of a man who, having stolen a pair of gloves, was condemned by the water ordeal, whereat his eyes were dug out and several of his members cut off. However, on invoking St. Thomas, the lost parts were restored. We hear also of a monk crossing a bridge over the Thames, but cautiously dismounting and driving his horse before him. The poor animal, however, fell through a hole in this wonderful erection, and dangled over the water holding on by his forequarters. The monk wept and addressed himself to the Blessed Thomas, when the horse stood before him again on the bridge. "And now," writes he, "the Lord hath put a new song in my mouth." So the martyr was canonized within eight years of his death, and his shrine began to be much frequented. Henry himself in 1174, being in distress from the rebellion of his sons, the hostility of

the Scottish king, and the threatening aspect of France, landed at Southampton and made the Canterbury pilgrimage, walking into the city in sackcloth, his bare feet lacerated by the cobble-stones. At the shrine he made rich offerings, remaining there all night prostrate, and being scourged by the bishops and monks, who now had their revenge. No wonder we next hear of the monarch as sick in bed in London. The conspirators at this time ceased their hostility, and William the Lion of Scotland was taken in a mist in the North at the very time of Henry's penance. Henry was much impressed by this coincidence, and so was William, who always remained convinced that his capture was due to St. Thomas's influence. Five years later Louis of France ventured himself in his rival's dominions to pray at St. Thomas's shrine for his son Philip's health, and was at a loss at which to marvel most, his son's recovery or his own immunity from seizure. What a temptation to Henry! With Louis and William he might have commenced a museum of kings. So for ages the roads to Canterbury were crowded with pilgrims, who returned with leaden vials containing water in which some blood of the saint was said to be diluted. Of this Henry had drunk at his pilgrimage.

When Stephen Langton was archbishop and Henry III. a child occurred the translation of the remains of St. Thomas. The festival was celebrated with such lavish expenditure that the See of Canterbury was long after burdened by the costs incurred by fountains of running wine, free hay and straw for all on the road from London, and the entertainment of hosts of guests. The king, the papal legate, and some score or more of bishops attended, besides nobles, abbots, and crowds of pilgrims. After this jubilees were celebrated every fifty years, the last one being in 1520. There were four places of pilgrimage in the cathedral: the place of the martyrdom, the first resting-place of the remains, the place where the head was kept, and the altars west of the shrine. The Black Prince, whose well-known effigy is in one of the west windows of Westminster Abbey, left by will in 1376 some rich hangings, "a servir devant l'autier ou Monseignour Saint Thomas gist et à l'autier la ou la teste est et à l'autier la ou la poynte de l'espec est," the sword spoken of being the one broken at the murder. The shrine was constantly being enriched by costly offerings and was one of the most gorgeous in Europe. Finally, Henry VIII. brought Thomas, some time Archbishop of Canterbury, to trial for rebellion against his lawful prince, and he, having been found guilty, was sentenced to be burnt and his ashes scattered abroad, which was forthwith done; also his pos-

sessions were confiscated to the crown. Sixteen men could hardly carry the huge mass of gold and jewels from the church, and the handsomest stone, the gift of a king of France, Henry took and stuck on his thumb in a ring. There is a bull of Paul III. treating of these doings.

As to the family of St. Thomas, many of them, doubtless, remained in their continental exile. We hear of Rohese, a sister of the martyr, in great poverty, applying to Henry at the time of his Canterbury pilgrimage for assistance, and receiving from him the rent of a mill for maintenance. Another sister, Mary, was Abbess of Barking. A third sister, Agnes, with her husband, Thomas Fitz-Theobald de Heili, converted the old house in the East Chepe (or market) into a hospital, calling it St. Thomas Acons, *i.e.*, Acre in Palestine. In the time of Henry VIII. this institution was, of course, surrendered to the crown; the Mercers' Company then obtained it by purchase, and there now stands the magnificent hall of the company. It has been said that the Irish Butlers of Ormonde are descended from Agnes. A couple of centuries after the martyrdom we find two of the saint's kin, the Blessed John and Peter Becket, Augustinians, at Fabriano; the church where their bodies lie there is called by their name, and their festival is celebrated on the first day of the year. There were great numbers of relics of the saint in England, but they were made away with in the sixteenth century. Till lately St. Thomas's vestments were used on his festival in the church at Sens, the tallest ecclesiastic being selected to wear them and he being forced to pin them up.

It has been the fashion in England to follow many ancient authorities and aver that St. Thomas was a restless, turbulent, ambitious man, of great ability, doubtless; but that he owes his fame as a saint not to what he did but to what he suffered, and that for such suffering he had only himself to blame. A recent writer in that excellent magazine, *The Boy's Own Annual*, sheltering himself behind the D.D. which he appends to his name, propounds this view to his youthful and confiding readers in a shallow little paper. True, we do not have bishops swarming with vermin, wriggling painfully in hair-shirts, and inflicting self-castigation in these days. But the words of Lord Lyttleton, written over a century ago, would appear to be worthy of notice: "This man" (St. Thomas), "was the most extraordinary of the age he lived in, and from the singularity of his character (to which there are few parallels in the history of mankind) deserving the notice of all ages."

CHARLES E. HODSON.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

THE divorce question: this is certainly one of the most serious and important of the problems presented to us now. And it is one which cannot well wait for a solution; it demands its answer more and more urgently every day, and nowhere so much as here in America. Marriage, as a permanent state of life, seems to be almost ceasing to be even an idea among the masses of our people, so numerous and so slight are the causes for which it can legally be dissolved. It matters little whether the form observed in entering on it be solemn or not; it is not so practically to those who know that the courts will readily grant a release from it, unless they also are convinced that there is a power and a law above that of the courts which those courts cannot set aside. Such, of course, is the case with Catholics; there are few among us so poorly instructed in their faith as not to know that, according to its teachings, what God hath joined man cannot put asunder; few, indeed, who will presume, after having once entered on what they understand to be a valid marriage, to make a similar contract with another party unless they have a reasonable assurance that the former one is dead. Yet even Catholics can be found who will venture on marriage with persons who have been divorced, under the impression, as it would seem, that marriages outside the church are not really joined by God.

But this which we say of Catholics cannot be said of any other large body of our people. More or less, no doubt, the same idea may prevail in other Christian denominations; individuals may be as strongly convinced of it as we are. But the absence of any authoritative religious teaching outside the Catholic Church, and the principle of private judgment introduced at the Reformation, have forced Protestants in general to resort in this as well as in other practical matters to the only tribunal left to them, that of the state.

For in matters of this kind an authority of some kind is plainly necessary. That one person should dissent from another as to some purely dogmatic question involves, as a rule, no immediate inconvenience; they may agree to differ, and leave their differences to another world for settlement, so that matters of religious belief are usually considered in modern times as having

no special effect on one's ordinary life. This is not actually the case, for there is really no matter of faith which does not have its effect in determining our actions; still, its influence is more remote, and the world generally can tolerate divergence here. But when it comes to a point like this private judgment can no longer serve as a law-giver or an interpreter of God's law; it concerns others besides the two parties themselves whether their marriage is to stand or be broken, and some judge must determine it whose decision will be respected.

So the state has come to be the arbiter; but every one, however sincere a Protestant he may be, must see that great inconvenience must come and has come from this jurisdiction of the state over marriage. For whether a couple are lawfully and validly married or divorced ought to be, at least as all Christians look at the matter, a fact absolutely ascertainable and entirely independent of the location in which they may happen to be. If not, we are reduced to one of two alternatives, either of which is sufficiently painful, namely, either that the most lax law anywhere prevailing in the civilized world must be the standard for the rest of it, or that polygamy becomes practically possible. If one nation, for instance, makes marriages of first cousins invalid while another does not, the stricter law avails nothing, unless it refuses to recognize such marriages entered into in the other country, and treats at least its own subjects thus married there as being in a state of mere concubinage; for, if it recognizes them, its law can be evaded by the mere expense of a journey. But if it does not recognize these marriages, it evidently must allow the parties whom it regards as unmarried to marry others on its own soil, unless it takes the illogical course of punishing as a crime an act committed outside of its own jurisdiction and conformable to the laws of the place where it occurred. This would be paternal government, in which the present age does not believe; so that the case reduces to that which has been stated, either that the stricter law amounts to little or nothing (at least for the wealthy), or that a man can have two legal wives, or a woman two legal husbands.

The same may be applied to the case of divorce. One nation, perhaps, grants divorces on very easy terms; even mutual consent may practically be deemed sufficient. Other nations must either recognize this as valid or refuse to do so. If they refuse, a man thus divorced has still his former wife in their territory, but may have another in the land where the easy law prevails. If, on the other hand, they recognize this easy law, their own

stricter ones cannot be enforced, unless, as before, we suppose them to have a paternal government which follows their subjects wherever they go, in which case they may indeed forbid a second marriage or deny its validity on their own soil; but of course this makes their recognition of the foreign law incomplete.

Now, all this, which is still mainly theoretical as far as different nations are concerned, has become an actual fact in these United States. Foreign nations do not as yet easily grant divorces unless the parties applying have really become permanent residents in their limits; still, there is no real international legislation on the subject, and they may do as they please; the matter would not make a *casus belli*. But the different commonwealths making up our Union do not stand so much on ceremony. Our migratory habits make it necessary that all rights of State citizenship should be easily acquired, and it is extremely easy, in this matter of marriage and divorce, for one even who is really an inhabitant of any one State, and who has no intention of permanently settling elsewhere, to avail himself of the laws of some other State which may be more convenient for his purpose than those of his own. That this is continually done is notorious; and the consequences deduced above from diversity of legislation on this matter are real facts among us. The tendency on the whole is toward the alternative of accepting the code of the easier State; but we are still often driven to the other. To quote Judge Bennett (*The Forum*, January, 1887): "Owing to this diversity of divorce laws, a husband who has obtained a divorce in one State on trivial grounds, and which in some States will be regarded as valid, in others not, may marry again, and with his new wife and children travel through the United States, and in some places his new relations will be considered legal and proper, while in others he will be a bigamist, his new wife a paramour, and their children illegitimate."

There is no need to go into details on this matter. It is not a matter of detail or of statistics; neither can the condition of things be remedied by any patchwork or half-way measures. And it is manifestly one which is from its very nature progressive from bad to worse. So that it is not at all surprising that the demand for an amendment to the Constitution making divorce a matter of national legislation is becoming general.

That this would be of great service there can be no doubt.

It hardly seems that there can be two sides to the question; the most ardent adherent of State rights must surely be willing here to waive theories concerning the good of the State, however well grounded they may be, for the sake of preserving the State itself. For States and nations have their basis in the family; they have never had any other, and certainly few of us believe that they ever will have. But the family itself is directly attacked by the prevailing and rapidly increasing facility and frequency of divorce; any legislation tending to strengthen it is, then, for the State's good.

But supposing a constitutional amendment made, and a divorce law passed acting with uniformity through the country, will it be satisfactory? Of course the present legal uncertainty of marital relations will be removed, except in the somewhat unpractical cases in which foreign countries may be concerned; and if the law is like that of the stricter States, much will be gained for the stability of the family. But will it really remove all difficulty?

There is no reason why it should fail to do so for those who believe in the power of the nation to make laws of this kind. Those who do not, of course, cannot accept its decisions, except for matters of property and inheritance. Catholics, of course, are among this number, and indeed constitute its greater part; our difficulties certainly will not be removed by any law that the nation or any State may make, but any law which makes legal divorce less easy will make things easier for us. We cannot, then, in theory approve of national legislation any more than of State legislation on this subject, but we can nevertheless be glad of any change which makes the actual results of such legislation less disastrous.

All other Christians will no doubt in this agree with us. There is little danger of any law being made so strict as to exceed what any believer in Christ's authority would consider to be warranted by his words, or by any other teachings of Scripture. But would they have a right to be logically satisfied with it any more than we?

Let us look at the case in what we may call its logical aspect. Christians believe—Christians, that is, in the sense just above given—that the words, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," are final and decretive. The troublesome questions for them must then be, 1st, What hath God joined? 2d, When does God put it asunder? Or, in other words, what constitutes a true and valid marriage, and in what cases God

himself will annul it, are the points which touch and must touch the Christian conscience. Yes, what constitutes a true and valid marriage and what hath God joined are one and the same question for Christians. We are assuming nothing unwarranted here, though it is not directly taught in the words of Christ which we have quoted. That every true marriage has the divine sanction no Christian doubts.

It is a matter, then, of the law of God. What makes a true marriage is a thing for him to determine. What are the degrees of relationship within which, for instance, he forbids it and makes it invalid? Can a woman's second marriage be valid, even though her former husband should have been away for a long time and supposed to be dead, if he really is still alive? Many questions like these can be asked. Who is to answer them?

Shall we say that the law of the land can do so? This may seem reasonable enough. The law of the land certainly has a right to speak in the name of God, and it does so speak; and it is only because it does that it commands our obedience. All authority, parental, social, ecclesiastical, national, is from God, as St. Paul tells us. If we lose sight of this, as too many unfortunately do, we only obey for fear of the consequences of disobedience, or because we ourselves wish to secure the end for which the law was made, or for the sake of order and good example. The law of the land, it may seem, can then so speak in this matter as it can in others, that of property, for instance.

But when we come to examine more thoroughly we find a difficulty in this particular matter of marriage which does not exist elsewhere. The law of one nation confers possession of some article by inheritance or in some other way on a particular person. Of course this is subject to the interpretation of the courts; but when the case has been carried to its last appeal we submit to the final judgment as having really divine authority, not because we suppose it to be necessarily in accordance with the eternal principles of justice, but because we believe that God has given to nations power to dispose in this way of the property of the individual citizen for the sake of order and peace. There is no danger that the same property will be decided to belong entirely to two different persons within the territory of the law's jurisdiction; and even in the case of conflicting national laws, as in matters, for example, of patent or copyright, there is no essential incongruity in a thing belonging to one man in one

place and to another in another. But in the Christian point of view there is such an incongruity in a man's being the husband of one wife in one place and of another in another.

What has been said as to the determination of the requisites for true marriage of course applies equally well to the interpretation of God's law on the subject of divorce. The law of a nation can deprive a man of property, and we submit to its decision as authoritative; we can respect it as having a divine sanction, even should it not be recognized elsewhere; and we can respect elsewhere the contrary decision as well. But we cannot, if we are Christians, believe that a man can in one country be divorced in the sight of God from one wife and have another, and in another country return to the one whom he left.

The only logical solution of the difficulty is, therefore, the one of which Catholics are in possession. The only way to have thoroughly satisfactory marriage and divorce laws is to have a law-making power for them the jurisdiction of which is world-wide. And the only way to get at the divine law on this immensely important subject is to have a court which can interpret it, not necessarily with infallibility, but without appeal, so that all who believe in the legitimate authority of this court (or divine authority, which is the same thing in the Christian view) shall be able to act with a clear conscience in accepting its decisions.

We have just implied a distinction between a law-making power and a power to interpret the law of God, and that these should be, and are with us, vested in the one central and world-wide authority. A few words of elucidation will, perhaps, not be amiss.

In the matter of marriage, as in others, the Catholic Church claims to act in this double capacity; first as a law-maker, and here her power only affects those who are within her jurisdiction—that is, those who by baptism have been admitted into her pale; and secondly as an interpreter of the divine law, which exists entirely outside and independent of her own law-making power, and, of course, affects others as well as Catholics, the Turk or the Buddhist as well as the Christian. It is in virtue of this power, for instance, that the church pronounces polygamy to be against the law of the New Testament for any one, whether Christian or not.

Now, for her own subjects the church has a full code of law on the matter of marriage. Of course, like any other code of

law which amounts to anything, it is not thoroughly understood by any except those who study it professionally; it establishes a considerable number of impediments invalidating marriage, not only on account of consanguinity, but for many other reasons. Every impediment which it establishes can, of course, be removed, either in general or in the individual case, by the supreme authority in the church, and this power is often delegated more or less extensively to bishops and other subordinates. These impediments give no difficulty to any conscientious Catholic contemplating marriage, but of course make it necessary for him to consult a clergyman some time beforehand, as any man of common sense would consult a lawyer before taking any important step of which he did not fully know the legal bearings.

Again, acting in her other capacity as interpreter of the divine law, the church also informs the faithful about that law as it affects either their own capacities for marriage or those of other people outside her limits; she tells them, for instance, that divorces have no more power to break up a true marriage outside her fold than inside, and warns them against marrying persons thus divorced—a true marriage; for, of course, a marriage which is not true or valid may be apparently broken up with the consent of the church, though her tendency is always rather to remove the invalidating cause and make the apparent marriage a real one.

For Catholics desiring to act in accordance with the law and teaching of the church, and informing themselves about it in time, it is evident that the whole difficulty about marriage which arises from the diversity of legislation disappears. We need not run against the varying statutes, or avail ourselves of them, if we do not choose. Of course, we do not expect the world in general to accept our views on this matter; but it furnishes a remarkably good illustration of the weakness and inconvenience (to say the least) of the Protestant doctrine of private judgment, applied, as it must needs be, for want of an authoritative tribunal, to matters of morals as well as of faith. Here is a case which will not wait till the next world for decision; Christians, at least, believe there is an essential right and wrong in this matter, which mere human law cannot make or unmake, and to which human law ought to conform. But how shall we find out what it is? Scripture is vainly called to aid; doctors disagree as to its meaning, and their conclusions only become more widely divergent by discussion, till at last faith in Scripture itself be-

gins to waver; and meanwhile the evil we are trying to remedy daily grows worse and worse.*

And if any one looks at the matter without prejudice, he also will easily see, in this as in other subjects, the absurdity of the idea that the possession of an authoritative tribunal fetters and paralyzes the human mind; with precisely as much reason one might say that the Supreme Court of the United States, or of any other country, and the legislature which makes its laws, paralyze the legal mind and destroy all possibility of legal discussion and investigation. It is by such discussion and investigation that conclusions are attained in the Catholic Church as well as in the state; but were there no possibility of arriving at any definite conclusion, the motive for investigation would be gone, and it is only by tribunals and legislatures that conclusions can be definitely reached. So far, then, from there being in the church any more than in the state a damper on intellectual activity, they are a most efficient and necessary stimulus to it.

However, we are not writing polemics just at present and will let this train of thought drop here. To revert to the practical subject under consideration, it is plain enough that uniform national legislation on this matter of marriage and divorce would simplify matters for us, and be welcomed by us as a great boon,

* A recent work, *Marriage and Divorce*, by Ap Richard, M.A. (Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.), furnishes an apt illustration of this. The author addresses an English audience, and treats the subject of divorce at some length from a religious point of view. His conclusions are worthy of attention.

"(1) To sum up, then, we say, first, . . . that our present laws and popular sentiments on some points relating to marriage are not truly in accordance with that authority on which they are professedly based, namely, the teaching of Scripture.

"(2) With regard to the question of polygamy, although we do not advocate any general adoption of this practice—especially among Englishmen—yet we assert as a matter of fact that it is not condemned in principle or prohibited, even in the Gospel writings; and therefore that in some particular cases, such as desertion, insanity, penal servitude, and perhaps some others, the injured party might properly be allowed to remarry, either with or without a formal divorce preceding. And furthermore, that this practice not being condemned in the Bible, we ought not to condemn it on religious grounds, in other nations or races of men who choose to allow it.

"(3) With regard to divorce, we say that there is no positive law in the Bible which makes the bond of marriage indissoluble—nothing more than strong personal exhortations to that effect. That this permanent union of man and wife cannot be justly insisted on as a Christian duty, except in a church where the principles of church discipline are faithfully and effectually maintained—a condition which is grossly and manifestly wanting in the Church of England at the present time.

"(4) That the church and the state have distinct duties and functions to perform in relation to these questions in which religious principles are involved: the church to teach and maintain its own doctrines and discipline among its own members; the state not having any commission to teach or enforce religious dogmas, but only to maintain such fundamental principles of religion and morality as are generally accepted by the people, as being essential for the general welfare, and such as do not trespass on the due liberty of conscience of any individuals."

though it would not be so complete and satisfying as to our Protestant fellow-citizens. It would also obviously go far to insure the stability of the marriage bond and the sanctity of the family in the nation at large, and that is as much an object of interest to us as to any others who enjoy the advantages of our national laws and institutions. And we should regard it as being, in a certain sense, a step in the right direction, as making a legislation which should be uniform everywhere, uniform over a very considerable part of the world, and that part, moreover, in which we are more immediately and strongly interested.

George M. Searle.

ON ST. PETER'S DENIAL TO THE SERVANT-MAIDS, AND HIS SINKING IN THE WATER.

St. Matthew xxvi. 69–71; Ibid. xiv. 30.

He sank—like all who leave his ship:
To women's tongues he dared disown
His Master. Both the shafts are thrown,
Yet faith receives no shock.
All women can from ready lip—
Though love's own bow—let swiftly slip,
With aim unerring, taunts that wound;
But never was the woman found
Who had the art to cast a Stone,
Nor yet was water ever known
To float a solid Rock.

Alfred Young.

PUCK'S TRICKS ON COL. INGERSOLL.

"Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down."
—*Puck, in Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

Col. Ingersoll's religious or irreligious tilts are among the most prominent features in recent American periodical literature. As on many former occasions, his admirers have been delighted by his dazzling arts; his opponents, no doubt, have been astonished by his novel controversial gladiatorship, and the onlookers fascinated by his reckless daring. All, however, must have approved the spirit which, according to his own declarations, animated the distinguished disputant. He would not "seek in any way to gain a victory over truth." "He loads the dice against himself who scores a point against the right." "In this spirit, having in view only the ascertainment of the truth," he meets his adversaries. Surely no writer could have a nobler aim, and surely no well-meaning man can hesitate to aid him in realizing it. This, indeed, is the sole purpose of the following pages. Col. Ingersoll, we are convinced, will welcome heartily our attempt to assist him in our humble way to achieve his great end.

We may as well state at once that this paper will not deal with Col. Ingersoll's religious controversies. We are concerned with the truth of his historical statements. Historical truth, surely, is as sacred to Col. Ingersoll as religion. Yet up and down his articles, published in the October and November numbers of the *North American Review*, some spirit of mischief—let us, with Shakspere, call him Puck—has scattered historical errors. It would be absurd to assume that Col. Ingersoll, who is so positive about man's future, should be in the dark regarding his past. The self-appointed champion of truth, we must suppose, is incapable of gross negligence in verifying his statements. Evidently these mistakes are the work of another's hand. Puck seems to have come when the colonel was asleep and to have sown cockle in his historical wheatfield, and, as usual, the cockle has thriven better than the wheat.

To point out and refute all the historical errors in the articles referred to is not possible; besides, it would be tedious. Some statements are so general that it would require volumes to

refute them; some so vague that it would take an essay to define their precise meanings; some are such skilful tissues of truth and error that it would need a treatise to unravel the truth from the error. All these we leave aside. There is a fourth class of statements, however, erroneous like the rest, but definite, so that a few words will suffice to point out their falsity. Some of these we shall lay before our readers, for space will not allow our treating even all of these.

I. We read on page 402: "Thousands of 'saints' have been the most malicious of the human race." Here we learn to know Col. Ingersoll in a new *rôle*, that of a profound hagiologist. It is edifying to imagine the colonel spending his leisure hours in the perusal of "thousands" of lives of saints. Unfortunately, Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, in twelve volumes, one of the largest works of the kind in a modern language, does not contain "thousands" of lives of saints, "malicious" and good-natured. It includes about one thousand seven hundred named saints. Of many of these little is known except the names. Who would charge Col. Ingersoll with being the author of the assertion quoted above? He is a shrewd lawyer, not a poet. He was writing an argument, not a Fourth-of-July oration. He knows that extravagant hyperbole defeats itself before a jury as intelligent as the readers of the *North American Review*.

II. "The Catholic Church all the years of its power preferred magic to medicine, relics to remedies, priests to physicians" (p. 404). Col. Ingersoll has no doubt consulted the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, article "Medicine." There he has found that the Benedictines practised medicine, not magic, when there were no other physicians; he has found that they improved the science and introduced new remedies, *e.g.*, cassia. In Denifle's *History of Mediæval Universities*, one of the most scientific works on the subject, he has read that the popes established or approved of numerous universities, with *medical* faculties, in many of which theology was not taught; he will call to mind, for instance, Montpellier, Pisa, Toulouse, Heidelberg, Vienna, Prague, Paris, Bologna, and many others. In Virchow (*Hospitaeler und Lazarette*, pp. 15, 16) he has learned that Innocent III. covered a great part of Europe with "real hospitals for the diseased and weak." Had the church preferred magic to medicine and relics to remedies, it would never have established these medical universities and hospitals. Col. Ingersoll did not need to have this pointed out to him; he is too clear-headed.

III. "It [*i.e.*, the church during the years of its power] hated

geologists" (p. 404). The ancients called Aristotle the father of zoölogy and Theophrastus the father of botany. We moderns know that sciences grow, and are seldom born full-armed, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. Yet that the few geological facts known before Werner (1780) and Hutton, and the wild speculations upon them, were not scientific geology we must assume the learned colonel to know full well. Anybody else can find them in any cyclopædia; *e.g.*, Chambers's, article "Geology." Werner was the first to establish regular stratification. Paleontology, without which geology is scarcely in a tadpole state, is at most as old as the century. "It was reserved to our century," says Pictat (*Paléontologie*, pp. 10, 11), "to give a philosophic basis to paleontology, and consequently to elevate it to the rank of a distinct science." The learned colonel will at once think of the great Cuvier as the man to whom this was mainly due. But surely to assert that the church in the middle ages, when the science of geology was not yet born, hated geologists is a joke that the scientific colonel could not perpetrate. That must be Puck's joke.

IV. "It [*i.e.*, the church during all the years of its power] persecuted the chemist" (p. 404). "Chemistry," says one of the most illustrious French chemists, Prof. Adolphe Wurtz, "is a French science. It was founded by Lavoisier of immortal memory. For ages it had been nothing but a collection of obscure receipts, often fallacious, used by alchemists and afterwards by iatrochemists. . . . Lavoisier was at once the author of a new theory and the creator of the true method in chemistry (*History of Chemical Theory*, p. 1). The science of chemistry, therefore, dates back to the end of the eighteenth century, and the period since the French Revolution is surely not included in what Col. Ingersoll calls the years of the church's power. So the church, it seems, performed the miracle of persecuting non-existent chemists.

V. "It [the church] opposed every discovery calculated to improve the condition of mankind" (p. 404). Our learned colonel, it is presumed, is well acquainted with the history of the discovery of America. As a historian, an American, and a philosopher he will not deny that it "was calculated" to benefit mankind. Of course he knows that to Fray Juan Perez, prior of La Rabida, and to Cardinal Mendoza Columbus owed his success at the court of Isabella, and that without the aid of those churchmen Columbus might never have discovered the New World. The mariner's compass was discovered during the middle ages, a dis-

covery that has wonderfully improved the condition of mankind. Col. Ingersoll knows full well that the church never opposed its introduction. Why should she? The printing-press was an invention of the fifteenth century; that it has benefited mankind the colonel will surely not dispute. Yet prelates and priests of every degree were the first to patronize the early printers and to spread the invention, as Col. Ingersoll has read in Janssen's *Geschichte des deutschen Volkes*, vol. i. p. 13, or elsewhere. Here are three discoveries which the church did not oppose and which the erudite colonel will admit have been controlling factors in modernizing the world. We might mention others, but these suffice. Col. Ingersoll cannot have been ignorant of them; besides, both he and most men outside of Bedlam know very well that no institution which opposed *every* discovery calculated to improve the condition of mankind could have so greatly influenced the destinies of so large a part of mankind for the past fifteen centuries.

VI. "When Christianity was established the world was ignorant, credulous, and cruel. The Gospel, with its idea of forgiveness, with its heaven and hell, was suited to the barbarians among whom it was preached" (p. 409). The Gospel, as all except the most ignorant are well aware, was first preached and spread among the Jews, the Greeks, the Hellenized Orientals, and the Romans. Could Col. Ingersoll call the Greeks and Romans, who worshipped the Zeus or Jupiter whom he prefers to the Christian Jehovah, barbarians?

VII. We now come to a point of especial interest. On p. 411 Col. Ingersoll quotes a lengthy passage from Draper's *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*. The passage is enclosed in quotation marks and ascribed in due form to Dr. Draper. We shall lay before our readers in parallel columns the first lines of the original and of the citation:

Dr. Draper (p. 280).	Col. Ingersoll's Quotation.
"The Duke of Nepi compelled some bishops to consecrate Constantine, one of his brothers, as pope, but more legitimate electors subsequently, A.D. 768, choosing Stephen IV., the usurper and his adherents were severely punished; the eyes of Constantine were put out; the tongue of the Bishop Theodorus was amputated, and he was left in a dungeon to expire in the agonies of thirst."	"Constantine was one of the vicars of Christ; afterwards Stephen IV. was chosen. The eyes of Constantine were then put out by Stephen, acting in Christ's place. The tongue of the Bishop Theodorus was amputated by the man who had been substituted for God. This bishop was left in a dungeon to perish of thirst."

The picture speaks for itself. Critics would say this is not quoting but garbling an author, an offence of which Col. Ingersoll ought surely to be incapable. He would "not seek in any way to gain a victory over truth." "He has in view only the ascertainment of the truth." And then does he not tell us in epigrammatic language that "He loads the dice against himself who scores a point against the right"?

VIII. From a comparison of Draper's Draper with Ingersoll's Draper it appears, first, that Constantine was not a "vicar of Christ," but a usurper; second, not that Stephen put out Constantine's eyes, but that they were put out. They were put out by a captain named Gratiosus, the head of the Roman party, as we read in Gregorovius, *Geschichte der Stadt Rom*, vol. ii. pp. 318, 319. It is unnecessary to remind the learned Col. Ingersoll that Gregorovius is a historian of undoubted authority, a Protestant, and by no means an admirer of the Papacy. On the civil history of the popes during the middle ages there is, perhaps, no greater authority, for whilst completely at home among modern writers who have dealt with his subject, he has, wherever he could, had recourse to the original sources. Of Theodorus Gregorovius tells us that he was imprisoned with Constantine by the same Gratiosus.

IX. "His [Leo III.'s] successor, Stephen V., was driven ignominiously from Rome." This does not agree with the accounts of historians. According to Gregorovius, vol. iii. pp. 35–37, Stephen, on his election, made the Romans swear fealty to Louis the Pious, and shortly thereafter set out in person to France to obtain Louis' ratification of his election. He crowned that monarch emperor, returned to Rome, and died within three months after his return.

X. "There was an *ecclesiastical* conspiracy to murder the pope [John VIII.], and some of the treasures of the church were seized, and the gate of St. Pancrazia (*sic*) was opened with false keys to admit the Saracens. Formosus, who had been engaged in these transactions, who had been excommunicated as a conspirator for the murder of Pope John, was himself elected pope in 891" (p. 411). According to Gregorovius (iii. p. 186, 187) the Roman nobles, laymen all, who favored a German instead of a French emperor, were hostile to John VIII., and were charged with conspiring against him and Charles the Bald. The return of John to Rome forced these men to flee; they robbed the Lateran and other churches, opened the gate of St. Pancratius by night, and took refuge with the margraves of Spoleto and

Camerino. The pope charged them with the design of delivering Rome to the Mahometans who were plundering the Campagna. "That they had a treasonable understanding with the Saracens is unlikely," says Gregorovius, "and Formosus certainly must be acquitted thereof." Formosus, whom Gregorovius calls a holy man, eminent for talent and learning, had favored the sons of the Emperor Louis II. against Charles the Bald, and thus drawn on himself the displeasure of the pope, as both Gregorovius and Von Reumont say. He fled from his See of Portus, and John VIII. summoned him before the same synod before which the Roman nobles were to appear. Formosus, failing to appear, was excommunicated for conspiring against the pope. But in the pope's murder Formosus had no hand, for John VIII., if murdered at all, was murdered by his own relatives (Gregorovius, iii. p. 214).

XI. "Boniface VI. was his successor" (p. 411). Boniface was a usurper. For "the Romans had placed Boniface VI. by *force* on the chair of Peter," says Gregorovius (iii. 235). "His name was not struck off the list of popes, though the council of John IX. in 898 declared that he was no pope" (Gregorovius, l. c., foot-note). Neither Von Reumont, *Geschichte der Stadt Rom* (i. p. 218), nor Hergenroether, *Kirchengeschichte*, count him among the popes.

XII. Sergius III. "lived in criminal intercourse with the celebrated Theodora, who, with her daughters Marozia and Theodora, both prostitutes, exercised an extraordinary control over him" (p. 412). This and several of the following statements are based on the historical work called *Retribution* (*Antapodosis*), by Luitprand of Cremona. The purpose of this work was, according to the Protestant Wattenbach, whom Col. Ingersoll knows to be one of the foremost authorities on the middle ages, "to pay back all who had been kind or hostile to him according to their deserts" (*Deutschlands Geschichtsquellen*, p. 264). Besides, "in his eyes all women seemed to be strumpets" (Gregorovius, l. c. iii. 298). The statements of this Luitprand were accepted without sufficient critical examination by the Catholic Church historians Baronius, Mansi, and Mittarelli, whilst Protestants like Leo, Schlosser, and Wattenbach, as well as the great Catholic scholar Muratori, have recognized that his testimony is not to be relied on. "Duret," says Gregorovius (l. c. p. 261), "has shown up his errors, and he is followed by F. Liverani." Now let us hear Gregorovius on Sergius III.: "The church historians, especially Baronius, have

cursed his memory as that of a monster; his share in the suit against Formosus, his violent elevation to the Papacy, the intimacy with Marozia, daughter of Theodora, with which the historian Luitprand charges him, are the bases of this judgment. It might be more favorable, perhaps, if we had a clear knowledge of that period, and Sergius, who amidst its storms remained pope for seven years, may be regarded as a man of force" (l. c. p. 257). On page 269 Gregorovius expresses his opinion that Sergius III. was a relative of Theophylactus, the husband of Theodora, and really the civil ruler of Rome; this relationship, he is inclined to think, gave rise to Luitprand's story of criminal intimacy between Sergius and Marozia. We have seen who the elder Theodora was. Marozia, her daughter, was the wife of Alberic I., the conqueror of the Saracens on the Garigliano, and successor of Theophylactus as master of Rome; of the younger Theodora little that is certain seems to be known. Gregorovius sums up his judgment on these women as follows: "In the diminished circle of the Roman world we must not look for a new Messalina or Agrippina in Theodora and Marozia, but must regard them as ambitious women of great intelligence and courage, passionately fond of pleasure and power, and full of craft" (l. c. p. 271). On page 297 he pronounces the story that Sergius III. was the father of John XI. by Marozia unproven. Hence we conclude, 1st, that Sergius did not live in criminal intercourse with Theodora, as Draper says; 2d, that Marozia and Theodora were not prostitutes in the ordinary meaning of the word; 3d, that Gregorovius knows nothing of these women exercising any extraordinary control over Sergius III., whom he describes as a man of great energy but of little spirituality.

XIII. "The love of Theodora was also shared by John X. She gave him the archbishopric of Ravenna" (p. 412). Let us hear Gregorovius (iii. p. 261): "The past of John X. is partly involved in dark rumors, the origin of which is doubtful. They are found among the stories of the Lombard Luitprand, who was not born until John's pontificate, and whose frivolous character lessens the credibility of many of his statements. He relates that Archbishop Peter of Ravenna often sent his presbyter John to Rome on church business, and that this one here became the paramour of a noble Roman lady, Theodora. After being advanced to the See of Bologna he became archbishop of Ravenna on Peter's death; but the passionate Theodora called him from distant Ravenna to Rome and made him pope." Now, Duret, in Kopp's *Geschichtsblaetter aus der Schweiz* (vol. i. p. 13),

has shown that there was no Archbishop Peter of Ravenna at that time, that John succeeded Kailo in the See of Ravenna in 905, and became pope in 914; whilst in Luitprand Theodora puts him in St. Peter's chair shortly after his appointment to Ravenna, her passion not permitting her to leave her lover at so great a distance as Ravenna. Luitprand is also astray on the pope whom John succeeded. No wonder, then, that Gregorovius decides that it is not quite certain that John was Theodora's lover (l. c. p. 263). "John," says Gregorovius (l. c. p. 272), "was no servile favorite of women, but proved himself an independent, nay great, man, so that he surpassed in warlike fame his predecessor. John VIII. took the affairs of Italy into his hands like John IX., and became without question the first Italian statesman of his time."

XIV. "Marozia inclined to attribute him [John XI.] to her husband Alberic, whose brother Guido she afterward married" (p. 412). Guido, Margrave of Tuscia, was not the brother of Alberic, Marozia's first husband, but the step-brother of Hugh of Provence, afterwards King of Italy (Gregorovius, iii. 291–300).

XV. "John XIII. was strangled in prison" (p. 413). Compare Gregorovius with this: "John XIII. crowned Theophamor as empress April 14 (972), and at the same time married her [to Otto II.] before an assemblage of German, Italian, and Roman nobles, whereupon splendid festivals were celebrated. . . . After these festivals the imperial family left Rome to return to Germany, and soon after John XIII. died, on September 6, 972."

XVI. "Boniface VII. imprisoned Benedict VII., and starved him to death." In Gregorovius (iii. p. 393–5) we learn, 1st, that Boniface VII. was not a pope, but an anti-pope; 2d, that not he but the Romans, at the instigation of Crescentius de Theodora, threw Benedict VII. into prison; 3d, that Benedict was not starved but strangled to death.

XVII. "Pope John XVI. was seized, etc." (p. 413). Pope John XVI. was not pope at all, but the anti-pope of Gregory V. (Gregorovius, l. c. iii. 435 ff.)

XVIII. "Benedict IX. put up the Papacy at auction, and it was bought by a presbyter named John, who became Gregory VI. in the year of grace 1015" (p. 413). Of this transaction Gregorovius (l. c. iv. 48 ff.) gives the following account: "Benedict IX. saw that he must abdicate. Bartholomew, Abbot of Grotta Ferrata, persuaded him to do so, but he shamefully sold the Papacy like merchandise for money. For a considerable annuity, consisting chiefly of the English Peter's pence, he re-

signed the Papacy by a formal contract to John Gratian, May 1, 1045. . . . John Gratian, or Gregory VI., with daring courage, perhaps understood by the fewest of his contemporaries, disregarded the canon. He bought the Papacy to take it from the hands of a criminal, and this remarkable man, who in these terrible times was looked upon as an idiot, was perhaps a man of an earnest, magnanimous spirit. . . . He had the will to save the church, that required, and shortly after received, thorough reform." This account is substantially the same as Von Reumont's and Hergenroether's. It will be seen that there is no question of putting up the Papacy at auction, though it is true that Benedict IX. was led to resign only by the written promise to pay him an annuity after his retirement.

In two and a half pages of matter quoted from Dr. Draper we have drawn attention to eleven serious errors, and we might point out several more. At this we are not surprised. But we are surprised that Col. Ingersoll, who in his law practice would certainly not call a toxicologist as an expert on machinery, nor an alienist as an expert in chemistry, should call a distinguished, superannuated chemist and physicist as an expert on history. It would not be creditable to his shrewdness, and we are inclined to see here again the fine hand of Puck.

XIX. In the November number of the *North American Review*, on page 508, we read as follows: "Giordano Bruno had ventured to assert the rotary motion of the earth; he had hazarded the conjecture that there were in the fields of infinite space worlds larger and more glorious than ours. For these low and grovelling thoughts, for this contradiction of the word and the vicar of God, this man was imprisoned for many years. But his noble spirit was not broken, and finally, in the year 1600, by the orders of the infamous vicar, he was chained to the stake." In the eighth volume of Symonds' *History of the Italian Renaissance* (p. 168 ff.) is the substance of the charges on which Bruno was tried before the Venetian Inquisition. Among them we find such as the following: "The doctrines of the Trinity, the miraculous birth of Christ, and Transubstantiation were insults to the Divine Being. Christ had seduced the people by working apparent miracles. So, also, had the apostles." "He did not believe in the punishment of sins, but held a doctrine of the transmigration of souls and of the generation of the human soul out of refuse. The world he thought to be eternal. He maintained that there were *infinite* worlds all made by God, who wills to do what he can do, and therefore produces infinity."

"Indulgence in carnal pleasures ought not to be reckoned sinful." "Certain gross details," says Symonds, commenting on these charges "(the charges, for example, of having called Christ a *tristo* who was deservedly hung, and of having sneered at the virginity of Mary), may possibly have emanated from the delator's own imagination. Bruno emphatically repudiated these, though some passages in his philosophical poems, published at Frankfort, contain the substance of these blasphemies" (p. 170). The accusations, as recited by Symonds, contain no charge that Bruno taught the rotary motion of the earth. Nor is he accused of teaching the existence of "worlds larger and more glorious than ours"; he is said to have taught the *infinity* of worlds, a very different thing, as the learned colonel no doubt is fully aware. "At the very end of his examination he placed himself in the hands of his judges, 'confessing his errors with a willing mind,' acknowledging that he had 'erred and strayed from the church,' begging for such castigation as shall not 'bring public dishonor on the sacred robe which he had worn,' and promising to show a noteworthy reform and to recompense the scandal he had caused by edification at least equal in magnitude.'" Such was the attitude in 1591 of the man "whose noble spirit was not broken," as the historical colonel says. In 1592 Bruno was extradited by Venice to Rome, and for seven years we hear no more of him. Then he was tried before the Inquisition at Rome. All the documents relating to this trial, including the sentence, are preserved in the archives of the Inquisition, but they have never been published. Signor Berti attempted to get at them, but failed; the Jesuit Father Previti made a like attempt and failed, as may be seen in the very interesting article on the "Ultimate Fate of Giordano Bruno," in the October number (1888) of the *Scottish Review*. But as the colonel states the reasons of Bruno's condemnation so positively, we must assume that the Inquisition granted him favors it had refused to the Jesuit, or that Puck has again tricked his unfortunate victim. Twice, certainly, has the colonel slipped in his rhetorical and pathetic word picture of the doom of Giordano. Is he right in his third statement, that Bruno was burnt at the stake? Symonds says he was burnt; so does R. C. Christie in *MacMillan's Review*, 1885; but the writer of the article in the *Scottish Review*, mentioned above, who had more and safer information than either Symonds or Christie, gives a Scotch verdict. As an expert on evidence, the colonel will find the article very interesting reading.

XX. "Before the establishment of Christianity the Roman matron commanded the admiration of the known world. She was *free* and noble" (p. 513). Now let us consult the greatest authority on Roman law and history, Professor Mommsen: "Always and of necessity women belonged to the house, not the state, and in the house they were subject, the daughter to the father, the wife to the husband, the fatherless girl to her nearest male relatives." "The father not only enforces the strictest discipline among his family, but he has the right and the duty to judge them and to punish them in life and limb according to his discretion." "As long as the father lives his subjects (wife and children) could possess no property of their own, and, therefore, could sell it only by order of the father, and not dispose of it by will at all. In this respect wife and children stand on the same line as slaves" (*History of Rome*, German edition, pp. 58-59). "The husband has the power of correction and punishment, not only in marriage with *manus*, but in each kind of marriage" (Becker's *Gallus*, p. 156). "The Roman wife has no company of her own; her husband's friends are hers also; but she does not share the enjoyments of the men, and especially to drink wine is unbecoming to her." "When she goes out in the proper garb of the wife, the *stola matronalis*, which, however, she does not do without the husband's permission, nor without being accompanied, she is sure of respectful treatment" (Marquardt, *Privatleben der Roemer*, p. 57-59). Such was the liberty of the Roman matron.

But we must stop. Our space, but not our material, is exhausted. In conclusion, we desire to express our sincere sympathy with the victimized colonel. It is a sad fate for a keen lawyer to be made to pose as an extravagant ranter, for a lover of truth to appear as the disseminator of falsehood; for a champion of right to seem to have taken unrighteous liberties with the testimony of a friend; for a jurist to slip up on one of the most notorious points of the Roman law. We sympathize with the colonel and denounce Puck, that rascal and trickster. We advise all controversial gladiators to beware of him. For ourselves, we promise the victimized colonel, should we ever meet the wicked imp, to remind him at once of the colonel's epigram, "He loads the dice against himself who scores a point against the right."

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

If it contained less landscape-painting, fewer moonlights and starlights, not more than half so many pages, in short, of poetic but somewhat mannered description of external nature, *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) would be a very good novel. As it is, the most conscientious reader's effort to follow the fortunes of two very agreeable people, Teck Jepson and Marcella Strobe, is likely to resolve itself into a series of less and less regretful skips through night-scenes, rain-storms, "skies splendidly aflare," and mountain-sides covered with "a monotony of summer greenth," in order to get at the real and vivid human interests upon which these pretty things are huddled in cloying profusion. One gets to feeling that pad is pad, be it never so decorative, and to reflecting upon the patness with which the Websterian definition of one variety of it, "Some soft, flat material for writing upon," applies to nearly every other. The delicate and charming sense of humor which Miss Murfree shows so often when she is dealing unaffectedly with her "even Christian," makes one wonder the more that a mere sentiment of incongruity should not now and then have power to stay her facile hand from such gorgeous but irrelevant scene-painting. The mind grows fatigued with the constant jerks to which her manipulation of the picturesque subjects it, and ends by refusing to leave its prosaic but humanly interesting fellow-creature for the sake of "glistering" stars, "acrobatic grasshoppers," "trumpet vines a-blooming scarlet," "clouds that in their silent shifting illustrate an infinite gradation of neutral tints between pearl and purple," "gallant winds a-blaring all their bugles," "great white stars, pulsating in some splendid ecstasy," or any other artificial fly of that description, full of color, indeed, but unsucculent and empty. Nature is an environment, not a goddess; it is a hint, a suggestion, not the fruitful and tender mother that the art of to-day seeks to transform it into. For the most part, the soul takes from it only what it takes to it—which is the reason why Miss Murfree's uncouth, Anglo-Saxon, unpoetic mountaineers fail to fit into a landscape which, albeit native to them, becomes under her treatment of it purely personal and subjective. Considered as mountaineers, they are entertaining and sufficiently well defined. They have their proper place, and not more than their just dimensions, in a

story which of itself is so brief, and so slenderly supplied with plot, incident, or large issues, that it would have gained immensely in strength had its "art-properties," which consist for the most part of brilliant pigments—of adjectives, that is, and adjectival nouns—been courageously sacrificed to form. Miss Murfree has so much talent, and she uses it so purely and to such wholesome ends, that one would like to see her beginning to apply the pruning-knife to its excrescences, to see her lopping off her mannerisms and her tricks of pretty speech, full of sound and color but signifying nothing of importance, and settling down to the true business of the novelist—the study and delineation of men and women and their interaction on each other's souls. The hand that drew Marcella and little Mrs. Strobe, the scene in which Clem Sanders proposes and meekly accepts his snubbing, and the domineering, just-souled Teck Jepson, from his first appearance to his last, wastes its proper energy; and will be likely to lose something of its natural reward in turning aside so often to the irrelevantly picturesque. *Silas Marner* would be a better model for Miss Murfree than *A Princess of Thule*. At present she is too "artistic" for the purpose of real, enduring art.

Houghton & Mifflin also bring out in two handsome volumes the poetical remains of Miss Emma Lazarus, who died in New York late in 1887, still young, yet not, as it seems to us, at an untimely moment for her fame. Her talent, which was unusual, but fuller of distinction than of promise, developed very early. The first collection of her poems was published when she was seventeen; none of the verses contained in it seems to be reproduced in the volumes now issued. She was writing for the New York *Ledger* by the time she was eleven, when the little Sallie M. Bryan, now Mrs. Piatt, was another of the youthful precocities admitted to its columns. At the age of twenty-one she published *Admetus and other Poems*, which gained admiring recognition in literary circles, and marked, we think, her highest achievement in the technique of her art. The verses of that period showed her to possess an exquisite ear for melody, a severe sense of form, a critical though assimilative taste in reading, and a pure, refined, entirely feminine soul. They showed no more than that, unless one adverts more specially to her almost uniformly happy choice of words, and her instinctive avoidance of that snare of fine epithets which so often does duty as good writing. Neither her themes nor her treatment of them was as a rule original; though we except the poem called *Epochs*,

which produces the effect of autobiography. She selected classic or romantic subjects, and dressed them up with a skill and a choice of details which allows the result to be ranked with the work of Morris and various other versifiers of more or less renown, and not easily distinguishable from theirs. For she struck no new note of feeling, she had no new vision of the realities which underlie words and sometimes wear them thin with their sharp edges. Nor did she ever gain one. She was a Hebrew by race, and in the latter years of her life the persecutions which the Jews underwent at the hands of Russia kindled in her a fire which she took to be Hebraic. But it was hardly that—or if it were, it was not, at all events, the prophetic ardor of the Miriams, the Deborahs, the Annas of a people who were still the chosen of God. Some of the lyrics she wrote at this time—take "The Banner of the Jew," for example—ring admirably to the ear, but it would have needed only the faintest little suspicion of humor in their author to make them take the slight variant in tone which would have kept the reader's sigh of sympathetic indignation from verging so closely on a smile. The Jew, as a Jew, as the convinced and faithful adherent of a law which has been abrogated, and the seeker after a sign which has been given and rejected, is a dead issue at the close of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. When his race suffers now from ignorance, greed, or superstitious fury, as it was doing, and not in Russia alone, at the time when Emma Lazarus found the inspiration for her latest work, it is anachronistic, to say the least of it, to nurse a factitious sympathy for his outworn creed and try to mix it up with the natural and genuine feeling which the case demands. Humanity suffers in his person, but it is a humanity which God has assumed and so given a value beyond its own. It was, we must believe, a deeper spring than that of race, deep as that rightfully and inevitably lies, which was really touched in Emma Lazarus. Until 1881 she had cared little for her own people; her religious training appears to have been vague, and it was certainly not coercive in its influence. As late as 1882 she was inclined to accept Lord Beaconsfield as a typical Jew. She liked, and was admitted into, society of a kind which Jews are rarely found in, and all her tastes led her to cultivate pagan or romantic ideals and to neglect those distinctively Hebraic. And when her humanitarian ardor flares up and she calls for "a million swords to wave"—nineteenth century Jewish swords be it remembered—for the salvation of their oppressed brethren, one feels that the effects of that neglect are hardly yet outworn.

Her most serious work, so far as purpose goes, is the "Dance to Death," a long, five-act tragedy of the thirteenth century, descriptive of the burning alive of all the Jewish inhabitants of a German town on a false accusation of poisoning the wells. It is an element of that distinction in her talent of which we have already spoken, that she wrote nothing which does not permit itself to be read with a certain pleasure. But in this tragedy her premeditated intensity of feeling has the effect of all deliberately premeditated things in art. And her technique falls off, her rhythm has a halt, her choice of words is less happy than it was. "The Spagnoletto," spite of the painfulness of its last scene, is better work than this, true in feeling, and more agreeable in diction, as well as at least ten years earlier in time.

From the same publishing house we have received *The Chezzles*, by Lucy Gibbons Morse, and a little volume of selections on the general topic of old age and its consolations, made by Margaret E. White, and entitled *After Noontide*. The first is a pleasantly written story for young people of all ages, narrating the adventures of Challey and Bob Chezzle, during their stay at the seaside with Captain Coffin, while their mother was absent in France, in attendance on a sick brother. In addition to the small boys just named there are several other children in the book, notably a little French cousin of the Chezzles, who learns her English chiefly through the medium of the slangy letters of the boys to their mother; and a deaf-mute, who is one of their playmates while they are domiciled with Captain Coffin. The mute is handled with considerable pathos. The story is entirely wholesome in tone and likely to interest young readers.

After Noontide is composed of brief extracts from one hundred and thirty different authors, ranging from Job to the nameless writers of a "newspaper extract" and an "old letter." Apparently it is intended as a sort of hand-book, a *vade mecum* for those who have begun the downhill journey of life, and seek to reassure themselves against the fear that death may prove to be something more than a mere imaginary line between their present narrow but dear existence and one which shall be wider and fuller, but drawn on the same general lines. Very few of these excerpts relate to the physical aspects of age and the cares likely to prolong life in moderate comfort beyond its ordinary limit. The centenarian M. Chevreul is once quoted in reference to his habits in eating, and the example of Cornaro, who at the age of one hundred still retained his senses, his vigor, and his fine

voice, is also adduced as a proof of the good effects on the bodily health of abstinence in point of diet. But for the most part the craving for immortality, and the natural and philosophical grounds for the hope that life and individuality in some manner survive the great change, are embodied in the utterances of the writers quoted. They show a good deal of religious feeling, but very little that is Christian in the sense that it sounds the note of assured hope, based on faith in Him who "brought life and immortality to light." The authors cited most frequently are Longfellow, Holmes, the Unitarian Orville Dewey, William Mountford, James Martineau, and Theodore Parker. Holy Job supplies two sentences, King David one, King Solomon one, and The Preacher two; while from the second book of Machabees the account of the constancy of Eleazar in the face of death is given. But of the New Testament writers St. Paul alone bears witness to his faith and trust, and that but once.

The note struck most often is resignation, as in this from the German work known as *The Layman's Breviary:*

> "Consider! thou canst not do otherwise
> Than as earth's order wills, and all thy wails
> Only torment thyself!"

And again, from Amiel:

"My liberty is only negative. Nobody has any hold over me, but many things have become impossible to me, and if I were so foolish as to wish for them, the limits of my liberty would soon become apparent. Therefore I take care not to wish for them, and not to let my thoughts dwell on them. I only desire what I am able for, and in this way I run my head against no wall, I cease even to be conscious of the boundaries that enclose me."

The late Frederick W. Robertson has something to say more suggestive than this of Christian hope for the next life, less suggestive of an animal tied to a post and careful not to gall his leg by going to the end of his tether. He writes:

"It is a mistake of ultra-spiritualism to connect degradation with the thought of a risen body; or to suppose that a mind, unbound by the limitations of space, is a more spiritual idea of a resurrection than the other. *The opposite to spirituality is not materialism, but sin.* The form of matter does not degrade. For what is this world itself but the Form of Deity, whereby the Manifoldness of His Mind and Beauty manifests, and wherein it clothes itself. It is idle to say that the spirit can exist apart from form. We do not know that it can. Perhaps the Eternal Himself is more closely bound to His works than our philosophical systems have conceived. Perhaps matter is only a mode of thought."

"Perhaps"—that is the keynote of it all. The little book

contains some suggestive and some beautiful passages, and will doubtless find its way to many a sick-room destitute of more substantial comfort. But to those who are Christian in something more than name, who, however commonplace in other respects, have this, at least, in common with the martyrs of all ages, that they realize the supernatural side of Christianity with some approach to intensity, it could be of little or no importance.

Last Chance Junction (Boston: Cupples & Hurd) is by Mrs. Sally Pratt McLean, the author of *Cape Cod Folks*, and, like that notorious novel, it has gone through several editions. It is not worth reading, being vulgar by essence alike in its conception and execution. If it has a redeeming trait we have failed to find it. Still, it is not technically immoral.

Roberts Brothers (Boston) bring out a volume of *Sunday-school Stories*, attributed on the title-page to the Rev. Edward E. Hale, but in reality the work of seven or eight different writers, some of them members of Mr. Hale's own household. They are all unsigned, the authors having an inclination to find out whether any so perceptible difference in their work existed that Mr. Hale's own would be promptly disentangled from the mass by the discerning critic. Our own discernment fails to find any notable difference between the tales. They are all on a very even level of unexciting and monotonous goodiness, which we should think would prevent a great rush being made for them by the average Sunday-school scholar. Two of the stories introduce Catholic missionaries in a very amiable and pleasing way, and with an evident and commendable intention to be fair to them and their work. The book, considered in the character which it assumes, as a series of tales illustrative of Gospel lessons, is another peculiarly apt instance of that lack of the supernatural sense in matters professedly religious to which we have already alluded as peculiar to certain varieties of Protestantism.

Harper & Brothers (New York) have issued a cheap reprint of *The Countess Eve*, by J. H. Shorthouse, the author of *John Inglesant*. It is a singularly exquisite piece of literary workmanship, but the title of novel, which is given it, seems something of a misnomer. Its keynote is thus struck in its opening passage:

"In the science of sound there are partial tones, which are unheard, but which blend with the tones that are heard, and make all the difference between the paltry note of the poorest instrument and the supreme note of a violin. So, in the science of life, in the crowded street or market-place or theatre, or wherever life is, there are partial tones, there are unseen pres-

ences. Side by side with the human crowd is a crowd of unseen forms—principalities and powers and possibilities. These are unseen but not unfelt. They enter into the houses of the human beings that are seen, and for their coming some of them are swept and garnished, and the last state of these human beings is radiant with a divine light and resonant with an added tone; or, on the contrary, it may be that, haunted by spirits more wicked than themselves, the last state of such beings is worse than before —subject to a violence and tyranny abhorrent even to themselves; impalpable and inevitable, as it would seem, even to the confines of despair."

Mr. Shorthouse develops this theme at no great length—his story may be read aloud within two hours—and with extreme delicacy and precision of mere phrasing, but yet with a vagueness which the reader feels to arise from a lack of definite grasp of it on the author's part rather than on his own. For we can hardly suppose him to wish to imply that human beings are mere instruments, more or less carefully fashioned, with more or fewer notes according as the original design of their Creator has been marred by heredity, and chiefly adapted to be played upon by superior and purely spiritual forces, either "malefic," as Mr. Shorthouse invariably says, or beneficent. Yet that is about the sum of what one gathers from the story of the actor, Felix la Valliere; his friend the musician, Claude de Brie; the Countess Eve; her husband, the Comte du Pic-Adam; and the Abbess. In the view of Mr. Shorthouse men and women seem to be mere puppets, moved to action by beings of whose existence they may remain nearly or quite unconscious during life; with but one real possession of their own, a will, which committed sin may enfeeble to helplessness, and but one aid, prayer, which sin, again, may almost incapacitate them from employing. There is a sense in which such a thesis might be plausibly sustained, but as Mr. Shorthouse puts it, the human spirit is reduced to a practical nonentity, a mere capacity for being turned hither and yon by invisible forces, having no real option of its own, and yet clothed with undivided responsibility and an infinite capacity for eternal joy or eternal pain. La Valliere is not unlike Donatello in *The Marble Faun.* He is represented as a highly sympathetic nature, the sport of his impulses, a born actor to whom actual life is not more real or more vivid than that of the stage, to whom "not only was moral law unknown, as it seemed, but physical law seemed also uncertain and insecure, so that nothing that could have happened in the world of sense would have surprised him, and he was an avowed believer in Mesmer and the fashionable cabalistic *diablerie* of the day." On the occasion of his first visit to the Count and Countess du Pic-Adam, made in

company with his friend De Brie after a play in which he has sustained a chief part, while somewhat more excited by wine than usual, he sees a shadowy figure, which gradually takes firmer shape and the dress of a French abbé, whispering into the ear of the Countess Eve. This apparition is visible to none but himself, but on his speaking of it to the count, after madame's departure from the *salon*, the husband finds nothing incredible in his statement. He says:

"I do not know whom you may have seen. I saw no one but ourselves. But there are other things than ourselves constantly around us—the remembrance of other days, the effects of past actions, the consequences of past sins, the trail, taint, poison of committed sin."

De Brie, also, "to whom God had given the faculty of purity, and training had given the winsome grace of an ideal life," finds no difficulty in crediting La Valliere's story. He simply remarks:

"The wonder is, not that you saw him, but that we, all of us, see so little. The whole of nature is ensouled. There is no such thing as matter, as material existence. Everything is instinct with the nature of God, or of the enemy of God. . . . We have entered into a new life. The old centuries slumbered in a shadowy dream-life, a life of the unseen and of the soul. They had the truth, but they did not know it; we know it, but have lost its possession. I have often thought, but to-night it comes upon me with an irresistible certainty, that you are in yourself at once the embodiment of both—of the mystical life of the past centuries, and of the material life of to-day. You have the ignorant instinct of the past towards the unseen and the ideal; and you have the animal instinct of the present, untrammeled by the new-born conscience and responsibility which, in most men, stands in the way of the moral *abandon* which is necessary for the magnetic union with the unseen. . . You always remind me of those old Greek natures, half-human, half-fay, to whom belonged the secrets of nature and of the sky, of the elements and of the spirit world—pure animals such as we see among us now, our dogs and falcons, the creatures of their training and circumstances, but how perfect of their kind!"

And again:

"He is nothing in himself," he thought, "he is nothing but a lovely mask. This highly strung, sympathetic nature, this magnetic temperament, this careless, happy, Greek conscience and unshackled will and purpose, confined by no scruple, bounded by no law—to what fell use might it not be put? How perfect and beautiful an instrument and dwelling-place for a malefic spirit to use and to inhabit!"

Just what origin, what meaning Mr. Shorthouse consciously assigns to the tempter whom he has thus clothed in the external habit of a French abbé, though, as he says, "the expression of its

face was such as no French abbé—no, nor any other man—had ever displayed," we confess ourselves puzzled to decide. He is a "malefic spirit," born, apparently, of a youthful, sensual sin on the part of the Count du Pic-Adam, and now engaged in luring the innocent, virtuously-minded but unloved Countess Eve into the repetition of a similar sin with La Valliere. Neither she nor the actor are represented as moved by their own natures or their proper desires—they become the sport of the tempter, he by reason of his facile surrender to a perfectly recognized lure whose end he knows, she in unsuspecting innocence, without a thought of sin. The sin is never committed, the tempter is foiled, but no thanks for that is due to the conscience or free will of either of those he seeks to dupe. The count, who, twenty years before, had supposed himself to become, as the result of a moment's mad delirium, the cause of the suicide of the girl he loved, recognizes her living, in the person of an abbess, who holds up a crucifix and seems to puzzle him less than she does the reader by solemnly declaring, "God in his unspeakable pity has had mercy upon us, and has utterly abolished the whole *body* of sin." The italics belong to Mr. Shorthouse. While this scene is going on, La Valliere is making his way to the private garden of the Countess Eve, known as Paradise, whence she has promised to ride out with him and "see something of life." She is faithful to the minute of her tryst, but some contradictory emotions cause a slight delay and alteration of La Valliere's route, so that she opens the door before he comes. "No finite understanding," says Mr. Shorthouse, "can realize to the full what the delay of these few moments meant." What they made room for was that the countess, having opened the garden door,

"the moment that she passed the threshold, she saw It for the first time. It was only for a second. All the power of hell, all the glamour and delusion and sorcery at the command of the Prince of Evil, were exerted at the moment to recall the false step, to cancel the sight; but it was too late. She had seen, by the power and light of God's conscience in a pure spirit. She had seen, at the moment of a fatal error, the face of committed Sin."

So she goes back into Paradise, and when La Valliere arrives he finds her there *en tableau* with her husband and De Brie, with "a radiance of the wondering joy and escape of deliverance upon her lips, and within her eyes; but through the meshes of her chestnut hair, and across the gleam of her violet eyes, an appalling, mystic light, the singe and glow of the flame of the pit." And in front of this trio stands the abbess "like an archangel of

God," the crucifix, that turned its flashing light every way, in her uplifted hand. And "fear not," she says mysteriously concerning the shadowy abbé; "he will return no more. *The sin which gave him birth, which kept him in existence and gave him his malefic power, is abolished and blotted out;* for by this sign, the sign of the Crucifix, than which none other shall be given while the world endures, Death and Hell are cast into the lake that burns for ever."

But it is an old fashion with Mr. Shorthouse, as those who remember *John Inglesant* will know, to make his imaginary religious of both sexes more than a trifle mysterious in their ways and utterances, at least to the apprehension of his Catholic readers. They, at least, are without all question puppets, obeying no law of any known being save the fancy of their creator. How, by the way, one would be glad to know, did the nuns belonging to the convent of this oracular abbess happen to be singing at Vespers on a Sunday in spring, first the antiphon "*Missus est Gabriel angelus*," which belongs solely to Advent and Lady-day, and afterwards that beginning with "*Magnum hæreditatis mysterium*," which is in use only from Christmas to Candlemas?

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

PADRE AGOSTINO.*

Padre Agostino seems to be that desideratum of the present age in Europe, a powerful exponent of religion who does not arouse the hatred of the masses. He assails vice and is tolerated, nay applauded, by even the vicious; it is because he knows how to stir into living fire the smouldering embers of faith in the sinner's bosom. He vigorously attacks, condemns, and anathematizes materialism and scepticism, and yet sceptics and atheists are drawn to hear him; they have, all unconsciously, a little implicit religion left in their souls, and his noble eloquence has made it a living force in them. He is a sound adherent of the rights of the Holy See, and yet loves his country and awakens a religious interest in the hearts of even the Italianissmi. Perhaps his power is due to the fact that he does not parade too conspicuously the weeds of mourning for the dead past. He is aided, too, by the positive view which he takes of religion. He seems willing to try every spirit and, distinguishing reason from aberration, he shows that even the wildest aspirations may be in some sense

* Selections from the Sermons of Padre Agostino da Montefeltro. Edited by Catherine Mary Phillimore. New York: James Pott & Co.

realized, if only entertained in a religious spirit. "My friends," he cries out to the vast throngs of Italian men, "your great desire is to press onward, to advance in every sense of the word. Well, then, in the name of the faith of our fathers, I say to you, *forward!*"

The positive side of religion, or the good things it gives to men, is ever progressive and always bears the aspect of progress. The negative or restrictive side of religion—that is to say, the evil things it forbids men—ministers indeed to the elevation of the soul, but it does so only indirectly, and it does not bear the appearance of elevation and is too often unduly emphasized. One not seldom comes across good men who will characterize all religion by those virtues which merely clear the field for the divine husbandry. Padre Agostino dwells on the positive good of religion; the exercises of penance and the painful burdens of life are made to appear as they are, the means to the end, which is union with God in all joy.

His method is philosophical in its general lines, but popular in its treatment of topics. He makes copious use of figures of speech, which do not seem out of place in discourses pitched in so high a key. He is essentially Italian in temperament and in manner, as Lacordaire was French, though as an orator these selections do not entitle the Italian Franciscan to so high a rank as that of the great French Dominican. He may rather be compared to Father Tom Burke, without his verbiage and humor. We have a presentation of the essential truths of religion in picturesque form, yet with great directness and clothed in language extremely sympathetic, altogether calculated to reach and possess a great variety of minds and all grades of intelligence. He evidently possesses much power over his hearers, owing in great part to his unaffected sympathy with the people. He is a man of the age. His tears for the old order of things in Italy, if he sheds any, are for the ancient faith and manliness and purity and bravery and charity of his race. He is a man of the times, but a Christian, and gives evidence of a vocation to be an apostle.

The topics treated in these selections make this little book of value for Lenten courses of sermons—God, the soul, its immortality, the purpose of life, the family, human suffering, hope, the observance of Sunday, liberty, the working classes.

NEWS FROM THE SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS.

The Bulletin of the Permanent Committee of the International Scientific Congress of Catholics for January announces the publication of the first volume of the Report of the Congress of 1888. The second volume will be ready next April, the two volumes containing from 1,300 to 1,400 pages large octavo. The first volume, besides introductory documents, contains the communications read in the sections of religious and philosophical sciences, with an account of the oral discussion. The following are the pieces published. In the religious sciences: 1. A fragment of the Babylonian Ritual, *A. Loisy;* 2. The religion of ancient Egypt and the foreign influences affecting it, *J. Robieu;* the Book of Wisdom, *J. Corluy;* 3. Biblical genealogies, *De Broglie;* 4. Archaisms in the Pentateuch, *J. Graffin.*

In the philosophical sciences: 1. Spencer's doctrine of evolution, *J. Gmeiner;* 2. Evolutionist ethics, *A. de Margerie;* 3. Pessimist Metaphysics, *Charles Huit;* 4. Synthetic judgments *a priori*, *T. J. O'Mahony;* 5. Whether

the principle of causality is an analytical or an *a priori* synthetical proposition, *A. de Margerie;* 6. Grounds of the notion of causality, *E. Domet de Vorges;* 7. Origin of language, *Rousselot;* 8. Speech and language, *Dr. A. Ferrand;* 9. Christian Philosophy promoted in Hungary by Leo XIII., *J. Kiss;* 10. Matter and form in view of modern sciences, *A. Farges;* 11. The reform of cosmology, *A. Hernandez y Fajarnez;* 12. Plato and the mediæval period, *Charles Huit;* 13. Organism and thought, *J. Gardair;* 14. The *a priori* argument for the existence of God, *A. F. Hewit;* 15. Definition of the absolute, *A. Braun.* Three of the essays are in Latin, the rest are in French.

Preparations for the Congress of 1891 have been begun. Besides the long list of questions proposed before the first Congress, only a few of which have been touched, the commission will propose new ones on special matters which are at present the most interesting. Some of these are indicated in the Bulletin. The text of the Vulgate, the Syriac and Coptic versions, the chronology of the apostolic age, the apocryphal gospels, the Apocalypse, the Old Testament prophecies in view of modern exegesis, are topics proposed for examination in sacred science. There are also a number of questions in political economy.

Those who wish to obtain copies of the Report of the Congress should address Monsieur J. Guieu, Paris, Rue de la Chaise, 20.

READING CIRCLES.

From the information already obtained it may be affirmed as positively true that the works of Catholic writers on subjects of general interest are rarely found in public libraries. We request our correspondents to inquire persistently into the reasons for this state of things. If there is a deliberate policy of ignoring the literary treasures of Catholic origin, the sooner we know it the better. Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will need no introduction to the distinguished writer of the following letter:

"NEW YORK CITY.

"I am delighted to see that at last a clear, decided mind has suggested a much needed, timely, practical movement for the encouragement of good Catholic reading and writing. The plan, as sketched in the circular on Reading Circles, evidences a full, thoughtful knowledge of Catholic needs—pressing needs. 'If properly organized and carefully conducted' the 'Reading Circles' must have a wide influence for good, not on young ladies only, but also on men, young and old, many of whom 'know very little of the writers of their own religion, or the place of excellence these writers have attained.' Instead of gratifying or nourishing ourselves at our own well-filled tables, we contentedly feed on the husks of the prodigal and call our sad meal a feast.

"The idea of the 'guide lists' promises to benefit publishers as well as readers. Here it is, especially, that every one can see the care with which your admirable plan has been thought out. Why should not the publisher be helped as well as the reader? As it is, putting aside the ascetic work, the publisher lacks any safe means of gauging his public. We have no way of telephoning him what we are ready for. The 'guide list' will serve as a publishers' thermometer as well as a readers' barometer. The readers will know when to come in out of the rain, and our publishers will be able to tell the exact temperature on an abnormally cold day and the point above zero at which we really begin to warm up. We shall have better books with the 'guide lists,' better in the quality of intellectual material, better in the way of bookmaking, however good that may be now, and cheaper.

"I see the 'Reading Circles' creating readers and writers and encouraging, aiding our publishers. As it is, the American Catholic literary man has no field—other than Potter's field. The writer cannot work, let alone live, without a public. At present the Catholic writer is forced to become a colorless, lifeless *littérateur*, or else to follow false gods, become

un-Catholic, wallow in the muck of realistic popularity. The evil is greater than we think—a positive evil, and one worth expense and sacrifice and zealous work to remedy. Every thinking Catholic will hail your movement as the first one to give the Catholic writer hope of having a little home in a promised land, where he may securely tend the vine and olive and uproot the noxious weed.

"By all means let the scope of your idea be wholly democratic, including all women, if not all men, and writers of every land. Let the 'Reading Circles' know all our good writers of whatever nationality. These are times for the largest brotherhood of Catholic thought. We cannot know each other too well, whatever be our geographical or linguistic limits. As Americans we shall be satisfied only with the best. Do not fear for the American writer. All he asks is a fair field. Give him a reading public, and he will hold his own in diverting or educating American Catholics and in preserving the traditions of a noble English literature.

"Not only will the 'Reading Circles' and the 'guide lists' help Catholics, but they will serve our American society at large. The public library will learn to know us better than it does. We shall be recognized not simply as readers, but also as the owners and makers of a good, honest, healthy literature; a literature characterized by a just sense of art and by a high aim, clean as well as modern, and covering every branch of literary composition.

"And our schools, convents, colleges—will not the 'guide lists' serve them also? In the school the ground-work of a sound appreciation of the value of good reading should be laid. To instil the sense of reading as a duty, and to make it a pleasurable habit, is one of the most important requirements of the most primary education. The 'guide list' should be, and doubtless will be, a valued school-teachers' guide.

"There are ten millions of us, they say. Were there only a single million we should show more real intellectual life than we do. Is there any one who will dare say that we have not the material of a reading public? With our colleges scattered all over the land, it would be a shame if we had not the material for writers, competent and justly ambitious to contend with the vicious talents that so powerfully master the thought of our day.

"Surely you may count on the success of your good undertaking. You deserve encouragement from all classes of men and women. And you will have encouragement, if for no other reason, because you have chosen the right moment to plant 'a grain of mustard seed.' *Euge!*

JOHN A. MOONEY."

"ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"If I can do aught in this vicinity to encourage the plan for Catholic Reading Circles I will gladly do so, as I heartily approve the suggestion, particularly for the working-girls.

E. G."

"HELENA, MONTANA TERRITORY.

"I was much pleased and interested in an article I saw in last week's *Catholic Sentinel* about Reading Circles. Such a society is very much needed here. I suggest that the society be social as well as literary. I will most gladly do anything I can for the success of such a circle.

M. A. C."

"BUFFALO, N. Y.

"Being much interested in the proposed plan of Reading Circles, I would venture to call attention to the 'Society for Studies at Home,' the secretary being Miss A. E. Ticknor, 41 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass. I have been a member of this society, the only fault of which is the non-Catholic spirit of the instruction. The plan of studies, however, is far superior to the Chautauqua Society, the members advancing individually, not in classes. I desire to show my active interest in the society, and my services are at the disposal of the Circle in any capacity within my ability. My studies with the Boston society included the dawn of history (iron, stone, and bronze ages; also Egyptian history), and this winter embraces the art course, particularly the period of the Renaissance.

J. L."

"M——, N. Y.

"My letter but feebly expresses the great interest I feel in having Catholic literature more widely circulated among our people. The diffusion of Catholic reading matter is truly an 'apostolic work.' I hope that the seed sown by THE CATHOLIC WORLD may flourish and bring forth fruit. The *seed* is good if the *soil* be not barren.

"Why confine the Circle to women? Perhaps it is the better plan, for if the next generation of mothers are truly Catholic, the sons and daughters will be all right.

"The fact that such men as Brownson, McMaster, and others of the laity, and Hecker, Hewit, Kenrick, and others, have been children of the church ought to command the attention of all thinking people. A Catholic young man, who reads the newspapers of the day and calls himself intelligent, said to me a short time ago that no one yet had answered Ingersoll. The young man had never heard of Father Lambert and others who have recently answered Ingersoll's questions, to say nothing of the answers by the fathers to the heretics in the first centuries.

B. E. B."

"I read with pleasure the article on 'Reading Circles.' The idea is a grand one. Here in —— we have at least ten or twelve Catholic young lady teachers in our schools, all graduates of the high-school, excellent young ladies, but having no knowledge of Catholicity except what was taught them in many instances by uneducated parents. They are Catholics simply because their parents are, like the boy that was a 'Dimocrat bekase his daddy was.' These young ladies could draw around them many others, and excellent results would follow. We have no Catholic schools; hence the more need of a 'Reading Circle.' If you will be kind enough to send me all the necessary information I will make an effort to organize a circle.

"C. H. S."

"CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"I desire to lend my heartiest co-operation to the plan of forming Catholic Reading Circles. But why should the membership be limited to young women? It is true that they have more reading time than men have, but in most of our larger cities there are now either formed or being formed societies for young men—lyceums, dramatic clubs, social clubs, etc., under the auspices of pastors or of sodalities. Why not include these young men in the charity of the founders of the Reading Circles? Another way to build up these Circles is to solicit the aid of the convent academies. Let young girls become interested in a course of instructive reading during (say) the last year at school, and they will be more likely to continue it than if they were initiated only after leaving school. But this plan, as I said, can only be carried out with the co-operation of the academies. I do not think it would interfere with the course of study.

"For the benefit of those among us who are ignorant of the work of the St. Anselm Society could you not give a short account of its methods and their results? J. C. W."

The foregoing letters, coming as they do from different places and representing more than one class of society, indicate most clearly the need of organized effort on behalf of Catholic literature. Such letters are interesting and instructive, and are especially valuable as showing existing realities in actual life. A prominent editor, after listening to one of these letters, said: "That letter is significant, and should do more to encourage the work proposed in these Reading Circles than a long article by a clergyman or a professional writer."

For the information of some of the correspondents it may be stated that the writer of the first communication on the subject of Reading Circles published in the December, 1888, CATHOLIC WORLD had in view chiefly the needs of her own sex. With special delight she will read what others have to say for the young men. The movement is still in the formative period, plastic enough to be adjusted to all who come within range of its influence, whether they live in the United States or in Canada. Let us hear what action the young men wish to take in the matter. They have the same opportunity of sending letters which has been granted to others. Write only on one side of the paper, and address letters to the office of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, 6 Park Place, New York City—Department Reading Circles.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Owing to the space taken up by the Index several notices of new publications must be held over until our next issue.

SAINT THOMAS ET LA PREDESTINATION. Par E. C. Lesserteur, Ancien Professeur de Theologie. Paris: Lethielleux.

This is a book for theologians only, and to these of the greatest value, one which we cannot too strongly recommend to their attention.

The paramount authority which St. Thomas has obtained, and which has been so much augmented by the recent instructions from the Holy See in respect to the use to be made of his works in teaching philosophy and theology, make it a matter of the highest importance to ascertain his genuine doctrine. A certain school of theologians have assumed the name of Thomists, and claimed for their particular opinions the sanction of the Angelic Doctor. These opinions are not generally accepted or taught; yet they have been quite commonly supposed to have been really taught by St. Thomas, and there has been some anxiety awakened lest the deference justly due to his authority should involve as a consequence the recognition of the claims of this so-called Thomist School to be the orthodox and Catholic school, *par excellence*. Very able authors—*e.g.*, Liberatore, Franzelin, Schrader, etc.—have strongly combated this claim, and very recently, in respect to one most important question, viz: physical predetermination, Cardinal Pecci has satisfactorily proved what has been heretofore asserted and proved, that it is an invention of Bannes and not a part of the system of St. Thomas.

The most capital topic of controversy is Predestination. This is handled by Lesserteur in a most thorough manner. The doctrine of St. Thomas is presented directly from all the works in which the topic is handled. Side by side is placed the theory deduced from the writings of St. Thomas by the class of theologians of whom Bannes and Billuart are the representatives.

According to this latter theory, the first intention of the creation, and of the supernatural order into which it is elevated, is the manifestation of the divine goodness. By an antecedent will God prefers, in itself considered, to manifest his goodness by the final beatitude of all angels and men. But, considering all things, especially that the greater perfection of the manifestation of his goodness and the higher beauty of order in the universe requires the exhibition of the divine justice, God wills and decrees to bring only a certain number to beatitude, who are predestined to glory and prepared for it by special and infallibly efficacious graces. The rest of mankind are permitted to sin without final repentance by their own free-will, though not deprived of sufficient grace to secure their final salvation by a right use of their freedom. The just receive the reward of their merits in eternal glory, sinners the retribution of their demerits in eternal punishment. God is glorified by the manifestation of his goodness under the aspect of benevolence and mercy, and also under that of justice; and the universe, also, is perfected in order and beauty, as an image of all the divine perfections.

The salient point in this exposition is: that predestination is antecedent to all foreknowledge of the free acts of men.

Lesserteur presents an exposition of the doctrine of St. Thomas which is entirely different from this.

The chief point of difference is in respect to the will of God to manifest his justice. Our author asserts and proves, that God does not will to manifest his justice, for its own sake, and in his first intention. By his antecedent will, God wills to give beatitude to all angels and men. He also wills that they should merit this beatitude, gives them grace to enable them to do it, and predestines to salvation all who make due usage of this grace. The ordination of sinners to glorify his justice is consequent upon the foreknowledge of sin and demerit. The predestination of the elect is also consequent upon the foreknowledge of their good use of free-will and grace.

In our opinion, it has been fairly proved in controversy, that the distinctive opinions of a certain school should be regarded as having Bannes for their principal author, and not St. Thomas. We consider that this is a great gain to theological science. The system maintained by Bannes and Billuart is one which presents a weak side of defence against Calvinism and Determinism. It obscures the great doctrines of the universal love of God to his creatures, his sincere will to save all men, the freedom of the human will, and the sufficiency of the grace which is conceded on the part of God and offered to all. It is most desirable that this theory of a particular set of quite modern theologians should be relegated to the region of obsolete opinions. We desire most heartily that the genuine theology and philosophy of St. Thomas may prevail, and in order that it may, that it be cleared of extraneous and incongruous adhesions which mar its symmetry and beauty.

This is not a mere matter of contention for victory in the arena of metaphysical and theological polemics. It is one of practical moment, concerning the salvation of souls. In this age of atheistical tendencies it is imperatively necessary to vindicate the goodness of God by proving that disinterested love is the only motive impulse of his creative act and his sovereign providence. The one great aim of those who preach the Gospel is to convince and persuade men that they can save their souls if they will, and that God is ready to give them grace and final perseverance if they will use the means in their power. The doctrine of St. Francis de Sales and St. Alphonsus, who are not only theologians but Doctors of the universal church and apostles, gives us a much better basis for persuading men to love God because he has so loved them and the world, than the theories of Bannes and Billuart, notwithstanding the respect which is due to these distinguished and able theologians and their school. We are convinced that the doctrine of these two great saints, which is also the common doctrine held and taught in the church, is the genuine doctrine of St. Thomas.

LIFE OF ST. JEROME. By Mrs. Charles Martin. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This does not pretend to be a complete biography of St. Jerome, but rather a sketch of his life made after what seems a fair study of materials readily accessible to the public. Such a sketch is made with no great difficulty as far as collating the matter goes, for the saint's life is revealed in

its minute details by his copious correspondence, extending over the whole of his public career and revealing his traits of character as well as chronicling events with both accuracy and fulness. The authoress acknowledges her indebtedness to French writers. French literature is copious on nearly all topics, and on none more so than the great heroes of the early ages of the church.

St. Jerome was one of those saints who, while in a high state of supernatural perfection, retained some traits of ordinary human nature. In character he was militant, tenacious of his rights, easily aroused to indignation at wrong-doing, inclined to push an adversary to the wall—though he deemed his adversaries the enemies of religion—and not always averse to mingling personal invective in his polemical writings. He was a strong man, and his strength was sometimes pitiless. It was as well his misfortune as his glory that he was endowed with an immense capacity to love; this gave him many hours of misery. For he saw the empire and city of Rome, which he loved with patriotic fervor, rotting slowly inwards towards the seat of vitality; finally saw its degenerate armies swept away by Alaric's hordes and the great capital of the world taken and pillaged. He saw, too, the fatal tendency of many minds, some of them leaders in the religious world, to adopt heretical views, for he was almost contemporary with Arius, and Pelagius was in Palestine sowing the seeds of error before St. Jerome's death. His hardy spirit sprang to the defence of the truth with fierce, if even sometimes with indiscriminate, zeal, and his polemical treatises and epistles are luminous witnesses of the orthodox faith of the church, and are at the same time the product of an intelligence of the first order cultivated to the highest degree. Nevertheless, though always right in his doctrine he was not always charitable, or even just, to his opponents, however sincerely he meant to be so. He was a hot champion of the church and faith of Christ, but more than once he smote his brethren, mistaking them for enemies. We are not a little surprised, therefore, to find this *Life always* siding with him in his disputes. It is more than doubtful if Origen was really the "arch-heretic," the "heresiarch" the authoress so confidently calls him. Pope Leo in one of his encyclicals expressly leaves open the question of his orthodoxy, and the most recent, perhaps the most satisfactory, study of his works rehabilitates him as a sound Catholic father of the church. Nor was John of Jerusalem altogether wrong; and even Rufinus has a standing in court and a fair chance with his tremendous but most bitter antagonist. Yet if we must criticise, and we wish to do so emphatically, the blind partisanship of this *Life*, we do not wish the reader to think that its main purpose is defeated by this defect. The chief purpose of the book is to show St. Jerome's relation with St. Paula and her companions, and it has succeeded in doing so admirably; in fact, it is a joint life of both St. Jerome and St. Paula.

For this rugged nature, austere, penitential in the extreme, exacting of himself, and no less so of others, was the foremost guide of women in the paths of perfection which his age produced. He stands out conspicuously, it is true, as possessing a wonderful gift of discerning and expressing the truth, and most of all as the greatest exponent and interpreter of the written word of God who ever lived. But nearly his whole private life after he had passed middle age was spent in some sense in the company of devout women. In those stormy times the instinct of Christian sanctity

impelled men and women to the land of the tenderest Christian memories and to the neighborhood of those two cities of all others the most sacred, Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Thither the forebodings of the ruin of civilization in the West, the symptoms indicating that society, corrupt to the core, was about to collapse, the aspect of Christianity itself everywhere walking amidst the defilements of a paganism by no means extinct, everywhere in deadly conflict with heresy—all this drew the aspirations and, in a multitude of cases, the footsteps of the choice spirits of the West to Egypt and the Holy Land, to the caves and monasteries in which the peace of heavenly contemplation could be securely enjoyed.

How St. Jerome co-operated with St. Paula and her daughter, St. Eustochium, in the establishment of a monastery of Western women at Bethlehem is extremely interesting and is well told, from the first stirrings of the Holy Spirit in these courageous souls till they and their director were called to their eternal reward, their bodies laid beside the place where the Babe of Bethlehem was born. They united there beside our Lord's crib the East and the West, the solitude and austerities of the Eastern deserts and the activity of the Romans. The authoress gives us an appreciative and sympathetic narrative of all this, sketching the two sides of St. Jerome, the rough-riding knight-errant in fierce conflict with all opponents of Holy Church and the tender friend, the wise director, the patient instructor of devout women.

These brilliant and learned women, to whom the great commentator dedicates some of his best-known works, are an appropriate study for our own day. The mission of women has become much wider than ever before, and it is doubtless in accordance with the intimations of Providence that a higher education is being commonly given them. We thank Mrs. Martin for her book and wish it a wide sale, recommending it especially to those who in training women for the world follow the lines mainly of social conventionality; they may learn from its pages to take broader views of the moral and intellectual fitness of the sex for the various avocations of life.

SURSUM CORDA. A Manual of English Hymns and Prayers for the use of Catholic Schools and Choirs. Benziger Bros.

This appears to be chiefly a collection of hymns (words only) gathered from some ten or more hymn books, in which they have already been published with accompanying music, reference being made under the title of each hymn to the music book from which it is taken.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF P. H. SHERIDAN, GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY. In two volumes. New York, 3 East 14th Street: Charles L. Webster & Co. Price, $6.

THE HISTORY AND FATE OF SACRILEGE. By Sir Henry Spellman. Edited in part from two MSS., revised and corrected, with a continuation, large additions, and an introductory essay. By two Priests of the Church of England. A new edition, with corrections, additional notes, and an index, by Samuel J. Eales, D.C.L. London: John Hodges. (New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: For sale by Benziger Bros.)

IL VALORE DEL SILLABO. Studio Teologico e Storico del P. Carlo Giuseppe Rinaldi, D.C. D.G. Con Appendice di Documenti. Roma: Presso l'Amministrazione della *Civiltà Cattolica*.

MARY OF NAZARETH. A Legendary Poem in Three Parts. By Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart., author of "The Valley of Tears," "Towards the Truth," and other poems. Part I. "Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata." London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

CONTEMPLATIONS AND MEDITATIONS ON THE HIDDEN LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. According to the method of St. Ignatius. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. Revised by Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

DREIUNDDREISSIGSTE GENERAL-VERSAMMLUNG DES DEUTSCHEN RÖMISCH KATOLISCHEN GENERAL-VEREINS in den Ver. Staaten von Nord-Amerika gehatten in Cincinnati, O., 2, 3, 4, und 5, September, 1888. Milwaukee: Druck des "Columbia."

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